

POETRY.

REMONSTRANCE.

ADDRESS BY ST. BASIL TO A FALLEN VIRGIN.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Remember now that virgin choir
Who loved thee, lost one, as thou art,
Before the world's profane desire
Had warm'd thine eye and chill'd thy heart.

Recall their looks, so brightly calm,
Around the lighted shrine as even,
When, mingling in the vesper psalm,
Thy spirit seem'd to sigh for heaven.

Remember, too, the tranquil sleep
That o'er thy lonely pillow stole,
While thou hast prayed that God would keep
From every harm thy virgin soul.

Where is it now, that innocent
And happy time, where is it gone?
Those light repasts, where young Content
And Temperance stood smiling on;

The maiden step, the seemly dress,
In which thou went'st along so meek;
The blush that, at a look, or less,
Came o'er the paleness of thy cheek.

Alas, alas! that paleness, too,
The bloodless purity of brow,
More touching than the rosiest hue
On beauty's cheek,—where is it now?

SELECTIONS.

DAWSON THE PLAYER.—In the play scene in Hamlet, George Dawson, in his young days, had to perform "one Lucianus, nephew to the Duke," and, at his entrance, was so much frightened, that he stood still and silent. Mossop sitting on the ground at Ophelia's feet, addressed him, as usual, with "Come murderer leave your damnable faces and begin." This frightened the boy still more, as, at the moment, he forgot these words were really in Mossop's part, and thought they were addressed to his own very self. The elder Dawson, his father, was the Polonius for the night; and, standing on the lower step of the throne, watched the whole affair with gentleman-usher-like propriety. George, with the little bottle in his hand, and drawing close to the lower curl of the player-king, asleep in his chair repeated,—"Hands back—no, thoughts back—and time agreeing, and no creature seeing—the mixture vile of—of—of." Here he happened to cast a look towards the angry face of his father, who bit his lips and shook his wand at him, in wrath and reproach. Unable to recollect another word of the speech, he hastily cried out—"Into your ear it goes!" and, dashing down the bottle ran away, to the horror of his father, the anger of Mossop, and the amusement of everybody else.

Though young George could make but little of a printer's devil, or mock assassin, he became afterwards quite a favorite comedian, and an excellent harlequin. In the latter, he one night had nearly tragedized the pantomime. Pantaloon, clown, and other fools, being in full chase after him, he had to make his escape by leaping through the scene. The carpenters, as in custom and duty bound, ought to have received him behind the scenes, by holding a carpet ready. Unmindful of this, they were taking their mug of ale: no carpet was there, and, as it fell out, poor Harlequin George fell down on the boards—a descent of some eight or nine feet. Happily no bones were broken; but through this act of negligence he was most severely hurt, and kept out of employment many months.—*O Keffe's Recollections.*

NAPOLEON AND HIS BROTHER LUCIEN.—They met at Mantua; and the Emperor, unfolding a map of Europe, desired his brother to choose any kingdom he pleased, and that he (Napoleon) would engage, on the honor of a brother, to secure the same to Lucien. The latter told his brother plainly, that his principles were not changed, and that what he was in the curile chair on the 18th Brumaire, that he was at the moment in which he stood beside the Emperor of France. "I do not sell myself," said Lucien with enthusiasm. "Hear me, my brother, listen to me; for this is an important hour to both of us. I will never be your prefect. If you give me a kingdom, I must rule it according to my own notions, and, above all, in conformity with its wants. The people whose chief I may be, shall have no cause to execrate my name. They shall be happy and respected; not slaves, as the Tuscans and Italians are. You yourself cannot desire to find in your brother a pliant sycophant, who for a few soft words would sell you the blood of his children; for a people is after all but one large family, whose head will be held responsible by the King of Kings for the welfare of all its members."

The Emperor frowned, and his whole aspect proclaimed extreme dissatisfaction.

"Why, then, come to me?" said he, at last, angrily; "for if you are obstinate, so am I, and you know it; at least as obstinate as you can be. Humph! Republic! You are no more thinking of that than I am; and besides, what should you desire it for? You are like Joseph, who bethought himself the other day of writing me an inconceivable letter, coolly desiring I would allow him to enter upon kingly duties. Truly nothing

more would be wanting than the re-establishment of the papal tribute." And shrugging his shoulders, he smiled contemptuously.

"And why not," said Lucien, "if it conduces to the national interests? It is an absurdity, I grant; but if it was beneficial to Naples, Joseph would be quite right in insisting upon it."

Napoleon became angry, and asked Lucien why he came to meet him, and precipitately said—"You ought to obey me as a father, the head of your family; and by heaven you shall do as I please!" But Lucien calmly told him that he was no subject of Napoleon's, and would never bow his head to the iron yoke of such a man. After a long and dubious silence, the Emperor summoned sufficient calmness to say, "You will reflect on all that I have told you, Lucien; night brings counsel.—To-morrow I hope to find you more reasonable as to the interests of Europe, at least, if not your own. Good bye, and a good night to you, my brother."

Lucien grasped the hand of his brother and exclaimed, "Good bye, and a good night to you, my brother. Adieu!" "Till to-morrow," exclaimed Napoleon; but Lucien shook his head, fled the room, and entering his carriage, ordered his postillion to get out of Mantua as speedily as possible.—The brothers did not meet afterwards until Napoleon encountered adversity. It is well known that Lucien never forgave Napoleon for destroying the republic. He addressed him once, it appears, in the following manner:—"You are determined to destroy the republic!" exclaimed the enraged Lucien; "well assassinate her, then;—mount your throne over her murdered remains, and those of her children—but mark well what one of those children predicts. This empire, which you are erecting by force, and will maintain by violence, will be overthrown by violence and force, and you yourself will be crushed, thus!" and seizing a screen from the mantelpiece, he crushed it impetuously in his hand, which trembled with rage; then, as if still more distinctly to mark his resentment, he took out his watch, dashed it on the ground, and stamped upon it with the heel of his boot, repeating: "Yes—crushed, ground to powder—thus."—*Madam Junot.*

WALPOLE'S ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION.—A day or two before the bill of pains and penalties was to pass the House of Commons against Atterbury, Johnstone advertised Sir Robert to be circumspect, for three or four persons meditated to assassinate him as he should leave the House at night. Sir Robert laughed, and forgot the notice. The following morning Johnstone came to him in a triumphant manner, telling him that though he had often scoffed at his advice he had for once followed it, and by so doing preserved his life. Sir Robert did not understand him, and protested he had not given more credit than usual to his warning.—"Yes," said Johnstone, "you have; for you did not come from the house last night in your own chariot." Walpole affirmed that he had; but his friend persisting, Sir Robert examined one of his footmen on the subject, who replied, "I did call up your honour's carriage; but Colonel Churchill being with you, and his chariot driving up first, your honour stepped into that, and your own came home empty." Johnstone elated, pushed the examination farther, Sir Robert's coachman recollected that, as he left Palace-yard, three men, much muffled up, had looked into the empty chariot. The mystery was never cleared up; and Sir Robert said, it was the only instance in which he had seen any appearance of a real design against his life; although, during the rebellion of 1715, a Jacobite, who sometimes furnished him with intelligence, while sitting alone with him one night, suddenly put his hand in his bosom, and rising, said, "Why do not I kill you now!" Walpole, starting up, replied, "Because I am a younger man and a stronger." They then sat down again, and discussed the person's information; and Sir Robert had afterwards reason to believe that the object of the spy was certainly not to assassinate, but, by intimidation, to extort money from him.—*Georgian Era.*

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.—In figure, Lord Chatham was eminently dignified and commanding. "There was a grandeur in his personal appearance," says a writer, who speaks of him when in his decline, "which produced awe and mute attention; and, though bowed by infirmity and age, his mind shone through the ruins of his body, armed his eye with lightning, and clothed his lip with thunder." Bodily pain never subdued the lofty daring, or the extraordinary activity of his mind. He even used his crutch as a figure of rhetoric. "You talk, my lords," said he, on one occasion, "of conquering America,—of your numerous friends there,—and your powerful forces to disperse her army. I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch!" Sir Robert Walpole could not look upon, or listen to him, without being alarmed, and told his friends, "that he should be glad, at any rate, to muzzle that terrible cornet of horse."—*Id.*

CORRUPTING UNUSUAL WORDS.—It is Du-gald Stewart who remarks, if I remember, in his "Dissertation," "that ideas are often conveyed to the mind through the senses by

very meagre and mutilated signs." Thus a person who reads rapidly, does not, most probably see more than a very small proportion of the letters, or even of the words, whose meaning at a glance he apprehends: this is proved by the pains required to be taken to analyse the orthography of any new or unusual term when it occurs. A steam-boat on Loch Lomond bore the classic name of Euphrosyne, which the Highlanders regularly corrupted into the Hugh Frasee. A very pious puritan, who kept an inn in Holborn, in Cromwell's time, put as a motto to his sign, "God encompasseth us." In the course of years the sign became obliterated; and when it came to be renewed, from the treacherous recollections of those amongst whom its designation was remembered, it was intitled, "The Goat and Compasses," a blazonry being given to suit the motto. In Fifeshire there is a farm, which, from standing on the limits of the celebrated ground of the boar hunt, near St. Andrew's, received the Latin appellation of *Apri Cursus*. This, in process of time, was first corrupted into Upper Curus; and then, to find a counterpart to its new name, the next farm lower down the valley was called Nether Curus.—A beautiful villa, near Loch Lomond, was named by its travelled possessor, "Belle Retiro." The country people called it "Bull-rutier." Perhaps the most thorough transmutation of a Roman expression of any we possess, if the classic antiquary be correct, is that of *Hilariter Celeriter* into our Scotch helter skelter. A celebrated philosopher once received a note from his Italian valet, addressed Somfriday. It may be necessary, to explain, that it was meant for Sir Humphrey Davy.—*Dundee Constitutional.*

SIAMESE SOUP.—Quin in his old age, became a great gourmand, and, among other things, invented a composition which he called his "Siamese Soup," pretending that its ingredients were principally from the "East." The peculiarity of its flavour became the topic of the day. The "rage" at Bath was Mr. Quin's soup; but as he would not part with the recipe, this state of notice was highly inconvenient; every person of taste was endeavouring to dine with him; every dinner he was at, an apology was made for the absence of the "Siamese soup."—His female friends Quin was forced to put off with promises; the males received a respectful but manly denial. A conspiracy was accordingly projected by a dozen *bon vivants* of Bath against his peace and comfort. At home he was flooded with anonymous letters; abroad beset with applications under every form. The possession of this secret was made a canker to all his enjoyments. At length he discovered the design, and determined on revenge. Collecting the names of the principal confederates, he invited them to dinner, promising to give them the recipe before they departed—an invitation, as my reader will suppose, which was joyfully accepted. Quin then gave a pair of his old boots to the housemaid to scour and soak, and, when sufficiently seasoned, to chop up into fine particles, like minced meat. On the appointed day he took these particles, and pouring them into a copper pot, with sage, onions, spice, ham, wine, water, and other ingredients, composed a mixture of about two gallons, which was served up at his table as his "Siamese soup." The company was in transports at its flavour; but Quin, pleaded a cold, did not taste it.—A pleasant evening was spent, and when the hour of departure arrived, each person pulled out his tablet to write down the recipe.—Quin now pretended that he had forgot making the promise; but his guests were not to be put off, and, closing the door, they told him in plain terms that neither he or they should quit the room till his pledge had been redeemed. Quin stammered and evaded, and kept them from the point as long as possible; but when their patience was bearing down all bounds, his reluctance gave way. "Well, then, gentlemen," said he, "in the first place, take an old pair of boots!"—"What! an old pair of boots!"—"The older the better. (They stared at each other.) Cut off their tops and soles, and soak them in a tub of water—(they hesitated)—chop them into fine particles, and pour them into a pot with two gallons and a half of water."—"Why, d—n it Quin," they simultaneously exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that the soup we've been drinking was made of old boots!"—"I do, gentlemen," he replied, "by G—! my cook will assure you she chopped them up." They required no such attestation; his cool, inflexible expression was sufficient; in an instant horror was depicted on each countenance.—*Bernard's Prospects of the Stage.*

PRECOCITY OF PITT.—He received the rudiments of education under the parental roof; and notwithstanding his delicate health prevented him from devoting more than half the usual time to study, his progress was so rapid, that Lord Chatham, who assisted the Rev. Edward Wilson in instructing him, frequently expressed his firm conviction, that the boy would one day increase the glory of the name of Pitt; for that he would be the first man in the senate, whether in administration or not, and if a minister at all, that he would be premier. One evening a member of parliament proposed taking the earl's

sons to hear an important debate in the House of Commons; but Lord Chatham would only suffer the elder, John, to go; "for," said he, "if William hears any arguments of which he does not approve he will rise to controvert them; and, young as he is he has not even in that able assembly many equals in knowledge, reasoning, and eloquence!"—*Georgian Era.*

A REGAL LUNATIC.—Christian the Seventh of Denmark, who died in 1808, it is well known, was long a lunatic. He knew one written document from another by its outward appearance, but seemed to delight in affixing his signature any where but on the fitting spot. Here he would decorate it with letters as large as the sheet itself, and there he would sketch all sorts of grotesque figures upon it, or subscribe some important decree of the cabinet, like a Cockney chapman, with the words "Christian and Company." It was no rare occurrence for the stricken monarch to labour hard at inditing his signature for an hour or two, and then, sending his pen to the furthest corner of the apartment, cry out, "We will no more; we've signed enough to-day!" He was one day conversing with a foreign envoy, when he suddenly stroked his proboscis, exclaiming, "If your master's nose had been pulled so long as my servants have pulled mine, his would be just as long as my own." Those who dined at his table usually made no account of his Royal presence, but chatted, roared, and amused themselves as if he had been a thousand miles from the spot. On one occasion, some ladies on either side of him having bent across him for the purpose of whispering some secret into one another's ears, he pushed each of their heads back into its proper place, then threw his clenched hands on the table, took round with fury in his eyes, and raising his voice to its loudest pitch, roared out amidst their revels, "Suppose I should suddenly come to the right use of my senses again—what next would you expect?" You might have heard a feather drop on the ground as the posing thundering query echoed in their ears.—There was not a soul present but quaked at the proof of returning sanity; nor did his majesty choose to relieve them of their anxiety for several minutes. At last he nodded to them, and resumed with a good-humoured smile, "Well, well, my friends, we'll let it pass for this once!"—*From the inedited Reminiscences of a Courtier of his Times.*

CHARLES EDWARD STUART.—His wife, by whom he had no children, according to Dutens, whose narrative we shall abridge, soon became disgusted with his conduct. He often beat her; and at length, driven to extremities by many revolting scenes, she determined to free herself from his tyranny.—But to escape was difficult, for he rarely permitted her to quit his presence, and when compelled to lose sight of her, he invariably locked her up. A scheme for procuring her freedom, was, however, eventually devised by Alieri, the poet, who had long been attached to her, which was executed by two of her friends, the Signor Orlandini and his wife. The latter, who as well as her husband and Alieri, were intimate with Charles Edward, persuaded him one morning to take her and the princess to see the works of the nuns in a neighbouring convent. Orlandini met them, apparently by accident, and escorted them up a flight of steps to the entrance door, which, by a preconcerted arrangement, they were permitted immediately to enter.—Orlandini then returned to meet Charles Edward, who came panting up the steps after his wife. "These nuns," said the signor, "are very unmannerly: they shut the door in my face, and would not let me enter with the ladies."—"Oh! I will soon make them open it," replied the prince. But he was mistaken. On reaching the door, he knocked for a long time without effect. At length the abbess came to the grate, and told him that his wife had chosen that place for her asylum, and could not be disturbed. His rage at this intimation was boundless; but his clamours were of no avail, and he was soon compelled to withdraw.—*Georgian Era, Vol. I.*

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE THE SECOND.—The king felt very indignant at being opposed, as he frequently was by his ministers, and sometimes obstinately persisted in having his own way. Perceiving that the name of a general, whom he admired, was omitted in a list of promotions, his majesty inquired for what reason that particular person's name had been so unaccountably passed over. "The man is mad," replied the minister. "Oh! is he?" said the king, "then let him be advanced and employed, so that he may have an opportunity of biting a few of my other generals."—*Id.*

It is a gift to be able to think, another to think successively; it would be a much greater not to think at all. "You cannot imagine (said a thinker to me), how heavily my mind hangs on me."

The candle-makers, one and all, declare that the abolishing of general illuminations effectually contradicts the much-boasted assertion of this being an enlightened age.

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