

POETRY.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral-note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our Hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short, were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread
O'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
And we heard by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

VARIETIES.

THE TWENTY-FOUR LETTERS.—The father of the ingenious self-taught mathematician, Edmund Stone, was gardener to the Duke of Argyll. Edmund had attained the age of 18, when the Duke, walking, one day, in his garden, saw lying upon the grass a Latin copy of Newton's Principia, and, concluding it belonged to his own library, directed it to be carried back and placed there. This was about to be done, when young Stone, stepping forward, claimed the book as his own. "Yours?" replied the Duke; "do you understand geometry, Latin and Newton?" "I know a little of them," answered Stone, modestly. The Duke then entered into particular conversation with him, and requested to know how he had obtained his present knowledge. "A servant," said Stone, "taught me ten years since, to read. Does any one need to know any thing more than the twenty-four letters, in order to know every thing else one wishes?" The Duke's curiosity was redoubled, and sitting down on a bank with Stone, the latter, at his request, thus proceeded in his

account of himself:—"I first learned to read: the masons were then at work upon your house. I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things, and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told that there was another science, called geometry; I bought the necessary books, and I learned geometry. By reading, I found that there were good books in these two sciences in Latin: I bought a dictionary, and I learned Latin. I understood also, that there were general books of the same kind in French: I bought a dictionary, and I learned French. And this, my Lord, is what I have done: it seems to me, that we may learn every thing when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."—The Duke now determined to draw Stone from his obscurity, and immediately provided him with an employment which left him in possession of ample time to follow his favourite pursuits.

THE GREEK TESTAMENT.—About a hundred years ago, a shepherd boy, wrapt in his plaid, went into a book-store in Edinburgh, and asked for a second hand Greek Testament, being unable to buy a new one. The bookseller having handed him one, he asked the price. "For whom do you want it?" inquired the bookseller. "For myself," answered the boy. "Then," said the bookseller, "if you will read and translate a few verses, you shall have it for nothing." The poor boy, highly pleased with the proposal, complied with the conditions, and carried off the Testament in triumph.

Many years afterwards, the late Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, then in the midst of his fame as an author and preacher, entered into conversation with the bookseller. The latter, who was well acquainted with both his person and his character, received him with the most marked respect. In the course of conversation, Mr. Brown inquired if he remembered the circumstance above detailed. "I remember it well," replied the bookseller, "and would give a good deal to know what became of that boy; for I am sure that he has risen to eminence, in some way or other." "Sir," said Mr. Brown, "you see him before you." It is needless to add that the recollection was highly gratifying to both parties.

ASTONISHING MEMORY.—There is still living, in Stirling, a blind old beggar known to all the country by the name of blind Alick, who possesses a memory of almost incredible strength. It was observed with astonishment, that when he was a man, and obliged by the death of his parents, to gain a livelihood by begging through the streets of his native town of Stirling, he knew the whole of the Bible, both Old and

New Testaments, by heart! from which you may repeat any passage, and he will tell you the chapter and verse, or you may tell him the chapter and verse, and he will repeat to you the passage, word for word. Not long since a gentleman, to puzzle him, read with a slight verbal alteration, a verse of the Bible. Alick hesitated a moment, and then told where it was to be found, but said it had not been correctly delivered; he then gave it as it stood in the book, correcting the slight error that had been introduced. The gentleman then asked him for the nintieth verse of the seventh chapter of Numbers. Alick was again puzzled for a moment, but then said hastily, "You are fooling me, sirs! there is no such verse, that chapter has only eighty-nine verses."—Several other experiments of the sort were tried upon him, with the same success. He has often been questioned the day after any particular sermon or speech, and his examiners have invariably found that, had their patience allowed, blind Alick would have given them the sermon or speech over again.

AN HONEST INDIAN.—An Indian living among his white neighbours, asked for a little tobacco to smoke. and one of them having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following the Indian came back inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that as it was given him he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast: "I got a good man and a bad man here, and the good man say it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, why, he gave it you and it is your own now; the good man say that's not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money; the bad man say, never mind, you got it, go buy some dram; the good man say, no, no, you must not do so; so I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and the bad man keep talking all night and trouble me; and now I bring the money back, I feel good."

A GOLDEN RULE.—"I resolve," said Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." A golden rule! the observation of which would, at one stroke, banish flattery and defamation from the earth.

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