

POETRY.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

My sweetest joys have faded,  
My brightest hopes have died;  
And friends that might have aided,  
Are mouldering with the dead;  
And now the treasure only  
That could a bliss impart  
To me so torn and lonely,  
Would be—a woman's heart.

O! I have dreamt of glory,  
That never might decay—  
That I might live in story,  
When silent in the clay,  
But all these charms are gone away,  
That fancy could impart,  
And I but wish to own now—  
A lovely woman's heart.

And I have dreamt of treasure,  
That might recall my joy—  
Might bring the parted pleasure  
That blessed me while a boy;  
But now the pomp and splendour  
That riches can impart,  
I would to fate surrender,  
To claim—a woman's heart.

O! in some lonely dwelling,  
Within a mountain glen,  
Where on the breeze is swelling  
No treacherous voice of men;  
Where dew and sunshine nourish  
The wild flowers far apart,  
How sweet it were to cherish—  
A lovely woman's heart.

"WHAT IS PRAYER?"

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Unutter'd or unexpress'd—  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear—  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That any lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the confite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways,  
While Angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say behold he prays.

The saints in prayer appear as one,  
In word and deed and mind,  
When with the Father and the Son  
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone  
The Holy Spirit pleads,  
And hears on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.

Oh Thou by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth the way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,  
Lord teach us how to pray.

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY.

**Dandy**—A fool who is vain of being the lay-finger of some fashionable tailor and thinks the wealth of his wardrobe will conceal the poverty of his ideas; though like his long-eared brother in the lion's skin, he is betrayed as soon as he opens his mouth.

**Dangler**—An androgynous insect that flutters about ladies' toilettes, and buzzes impudently in their ears.

**Debates**—An useless wagging of tongues where the noses have been already counted. **Delay**—See Chancery court.

**Disguise**—That which we all of us wear on our hearts and many of us on our faces.

**Doctor**—According to Voltaire, one whose business it is to pour drugs of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows less.

**Ditch**—A place in which those who have taken too much wine are apt to take a little water.

**Doze**—A short nap enjoyed by many people after dinner on a week-day and after the text on Sunday.

**Drama modern**—Every thing except comedy and tragedy; such as melodrama, hip-podrama, &c.

**Dress**—External gentility frequently used to disguise internal vulgarity.

**Eccentricity of appearance**—The pleasure of being personally known to those who do not know you by name.

**Edition third or fourth**—See Title pages of the first.

**Education dangers of**—See Humbug.

**Egotism**—Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye.

**Elopement**—Beginning in disobedience that which commonly ends in misery.

**Ephemeral**—The whole of modern literature.

**Epicure**—One who lives to eat instead of eating to live.

**Etymology**—Sending vagrant words back to their own parish.

**Esquisse**—A dandy taken at his own valuation.

**Eye-glass**—A toy which enables a coxcomb not to see.

**Esquire**—A title much in use among the lower orders.

**Faction**—Any party out of power.

**Fan**—A plaything from whose motion a flirt derives her name and which serves to hide her face when she ought to blush, and cannot.

**Fee Doctor's**—An attempt to purchase health from one who cannot serve his own. See Fee simple.

**Felicity**—The horizon of the heart which is always receding as we advance towards it.

**Finance**—Legerdemain performed by figures.

**Finger**—An appendage worn in a ring and of great use in taking snuff.

**Flattery**—Throwing dust in people's eyes generally for the purpose of picking their pockets.

**Fool**—What a fop sees in a looking-glass.

**Forty**—The *Ne plus ultra* of a lady's age.

**Fox hunting**—Tossing up for lives with a fox.

**Frown**—Writing the confession of a bad passion with an eyebrow.

**Funding system**—Saddling posterity that when the present age is a beggar it may get on horseback and ride to the devil.

**Gallipot**—An Apothecary's bank.

**Gallows**—The remedy which society has provided for roguery; a cure without being a prevention.

**Gaming**—See beggar and suicide.

**Gastronomy**—The religion of those who make a god of their bellies.

**Goosequill**—A little tube which in the hands of modern dramatists seem to have the power of reproducing its parental hisses.

**Grandmother's Review**—See the British.

**Grape**—Nature's bottle, which the perverse ingenuity of man not unfrequently converts into Pandora's box.

**AYOUTHFUL ATHEIST**.—On Thursday Alfred Pegg was charged with obtaining shoes on false pretences from the shop of Mr Tanner. The principal witness was a boy named John Arthur aged seventeen. On being called up he refused to be sworn.

**Mr Minshull**—Why do you object to being sworn.

**Arthur**—Because I do not think there is any obligation in an oath.

**Mr Minshull**—I am shocked to hear you say so. And how is it that you do not think an oath binding? Consider boy before you answer.

**Arthur**—Because I don't believe in any religion.

**Mr Minshull**—You can read and write I suppose?

**Arthur**—Yes I can as well as most people.

**Mr Minshull**—Do you ever read the scriptures?

**Arthur**—Not lately; but whether I do or not it does not much signify, for I don't believe in anything they contain.

**Mr Minshull**—Is it possible then that you do not believe in the existence of a God?

**Arthur**—I don't indeed I don't believe in any religion.

**Mr Minshull**—Have you read any books of another sort; I mean that are written against the Scriptures?

**Arthur**—O yes plenty.

**Mr Minshull**—Is it from reading them that you disbelieve the Scriptures?

**Arthur**—I suppose it is. The long and short of the matter is that I won't take an oath. If my word is not to be taken, my oath can't be worth a farthing.

**Mr Minshull**—You are a poor wretched boy, and are laboring under a delusion, which I hope will soon be dispelled. I shall remand the prisoner until Saturday. Meanwhile I entreat you to reflect on the subject. This however I will tell you, that if on Saturday you refuse to be sworn, I shall commit you till the sessions to give evidence and if you there refuse to be sworn we shall see what the Court will do with you.

The prisoner was removed and the boy Arthur walked sullenly out of the office.

**THE MONKS OF THE SCREW**.—When Lord Avonmore was a young man better known on the turf than at the bar he founded a club near Newmarket called the *Monks of the Screw*; the rules of which he drew up in a very quaint and comic Latin Monkish verse. It was on this model that a still more celebrated club of the same name was afterwards established under his lordship's auspices in Dublin. It met on every Sunday during the law terms, in a large house in Kevin's street the property of the late Lord Tracton, and now converted into a Seneschal's court. The reader may have some idea of the delightful intercourse this society must have afforded, when he learns that Flood, Grattan, Curran, Lord Charlemont, Daly, Bowes, and a host of such men were among its members. Curran was in-

stalled grand prior of the order, and deputed to compose the charter-song. It began thus:—

When St Patrick our order created,  
And called us the Monks of the Screw,  
Good rules he reveal'd to our Abbot,  
To guide us in what we should do,

But first he replenish'd his fountain  
With liquor the best in the sky,  
And he swore by the sword of his Saintsip,  
The fountain should never go dry.

My children be chaste till you're tempted;—  
While sober be wise and discreet;—  
And humble your bodies with fasting,  
Whenever you have nothing to eat.

Then be not a glass in the convent,  
Except on a festival found,  
And this rule to enforce I ordain it  
A festival—all the year round,

St Patrick the tutelal idok of the country was their patron saint; and a statue of him mitred and crossiered after having for years consecrated their Monkish revels was transferred to Curran's convivial sideboard at the Priory. Of the hours passed in this society, Curran ever afterwards spoke with enthusiasm. "Those hours" said he addressing Lord Avonmore on one occasion, as a Judge and wringing tears from his aged eyes at the recollection, "which we can remember with no other regret than that they can return no more:—

"We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,  
But search of deep philosophy,  
Wit, eloquence and poesy;  
Arts which I lov'd, and they my friend were thine."

**ANECDOTES OF SAILOR-MONKEYS**.—It is related of a monkey on board a frigate that it was distinguished like the rest of his tribe by a propensity to gratuitous mischief, and one of his principal amusements in fine weather was to possess himself of a plate cup or saucer, which he would break to pieces in the chains, and throw overboard, watching the fragments descending through the water with infinite gratification. "This," (the reader will perhaps say) "any monkey might do;" but another of his exploits can hardly I think be paralleled by any fact in monkeyish history.

This monkey was well aware of there being a large store of apples in a locker in the ward-room; but his theivish tricks were so well known that he was excluded from all legitimate access to it. Under these circumstances he provided himself with a piece of wadding, and with this implement in one hand and swinging himself from the stern gallery with the other he broke a pane in the ward-room window with his wadding and having carefully picked out the broken glass introduced himself into the forbidden territory. Here like the animal in the fable, he gorged himself so fully that he was unable to retreat. Being taken in the fact he received the discipline of the rope's end, but derived little benefit from his chastisement.

It was at this period that a trifling mistake in wording an order inundated all England with monkeys. E—W—, distinguished by his passion for a conservatory meant to write to his correspondent in the Brazils, to collect and send him the two hundred varieties of the monkey-plant; but unfortunately omitted the word *plant*. In consequence of this order, arrived a letter from his correspondent, informing him that he had sent him one hundred and seventy-three varieties of the monkey, which were all that were known in Rio de Janeiro and its neighbourhood; but he had no doubt that the order could be completed by his agents in the interior.

Before the unhappy botanist could provide for the disposal of this wilderness of monkeys came another letter out of which dropped an ominous paper, "half printed and half written," which was a bill of lading in the usual form—"sent by the grace of God sound and in good condition on board the good ship Friendly Endeavour, one hundred and seventy-three monkeys &c. &c. &c., and so God send the good ship Friendly Endeavour with her cargo to a safe port." E—W—, having a little recovered from his consternation proceeded to read the letter from which this fearful annunciation had dropped. This was from the captain of the good ship Friendly Endeavour, informing him "that he was arrived in the river with one hundred and sixty nine out of one hundred and seventy-three monkeys consigned to him four having died upon the passage; and begging him to have them landed as soon as possible, for they began to be very mischevous."

They were landed as soon as possible, were disposed of with equal speed, and in consequence an unprecedented fall took place in the money market. Exports were now made to the remotest parts of England, and among these was a female despatched to Portsmouth who was bought a bargain by the possessor of the maritime monkey and given by him in marriage to his favourite.

For some time the happiness of the wedded pair appeared to be complete; and the frigate sailed upon a summer cruise during their honey-moon. The husband however,

soon grew indifferent; and indifference was soon succeeded by disgust. This was manifested by angry looks, chatter, and even blows upon the female persevering in her attentions.

All were much disappointed and scandalized at the evil success of so promising a union.

At length however an apparent change took place in the husband's conduct, and was hailed by correspondent joy by the ship's company. Their pleasure however was of short duration, for the traitor having one fine day decoyed his wife out to the end of the fore top gallant yard, as if to show her something at sea, slipped his paw under her sitting part and tumbled her overboard.

An odd defence against fire-arms was used by a monkey belonging to captain M—, of the navy. Captain M— had two monkeys an old and a young one, the first of which was often very troublesome, and the captain could only drive him out of his cabin by *blazing-at* him with a pistol loaded with powder and currant jelly; a discharge which produced a painful effect. The old monkey was at first astounded at the sight of the weapon which stung him so sore, but he at last learned a mode of defence, and snatching up the little monkey who was a favourite used to interpose him as a shield between the pistol and his body.—*Anecdotes of Monkeys.*

**DISAPPOINTED LOVE**.—The fatal accident and loss of lives which occurred in the Place Louis Quinze, at the marriage of the Dauphin are well known. On that occasion, amidst the distracted multitude pressed on every side trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the Rue Royale and the square was a young man, with a beautiful girl with whom he was in love. Their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union, but the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover protecting his mistress keeping her behind him covering her with his own person, sustaining ed her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror, and peril, ever-moment increased. "I am sinking," she said, "my strength fails—I can go no farther." "There is yet a way," cried the lover, "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves redoubles his ardour and strength. He resists the most violent concussions; he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns round; it was a different person! Another more active had taken advantage of his recommendation; his beloved was no more!

**HOME**.—At home it is, and only at home that we show the natural man, the real temper of the beast; perverse or sociable, over-bearing, stern, or affectionate; cross or cruel; gentle or severe; our infirmities whatever they are; the kinder pulsations of the heart, the wickeder emotions of the mind. If there be any bad blood in a fellow, he will show it—whenever he dares, whenever he can; but where can he show it more safely than at home, where his wife and children cannot help themselves; and his people are paid so much a week to bear it. See him at home therefore, whoever he may be; whatever he may be; good or bad; great or little; if you would know his true value.—Is it a pyramid? go near to it, if you would know its real strength;—it may have been built of pebbles. Is it a ruin; go near to it—nearer—it may have been richly sculptured; it may be a treasury of ornament.—A man may be a hypocrite all his life time before the public; but no man ever was before his own family.

**A MAN OF LARGE PROPERTY**.—A Learned Frenchman travelling through England in the stage-coach with a view of publishing his travels was very inquisitive, and asked the names of meadow, arable land, trees, houses, cottages, &c, all which he carefully noted down instanter: on crossing Salisbury Plain he asked what it was—Barren heath was the reply. He repeated his question at various distances, and always received the same answer. On arranging his notes for the press he took occasion to exclaim against the evils of large farms and cited, in support of his assertion, a district of several miles, all belonging to one individual, *M. le Baron Heath*, which was absolutely lying waste for want of cultivation which would not be the case if *M. le Baron* would divide it into small allotments; but this his aristocracy, and the law of primogeniture would not permit.

**CHINESE CUSTOM**.—At the coronation of the Emperors of China it was customary to present them with several sorts of marbles of different colours, by the hands of a mason, who was then to address the new Emperor as follows:—

"Choose mighty sir under which of those stones,  
Your pleasure is that we should lay your bones."  
They brought him patterns for his grave-stone that the prospect of death might occupy his thoughts and restrain him within the bounds of moderation in the midst of his new honors.