

POETRY

THE PAST.

And years have passed since last I gazed  
Upon thy faultless brow—  
Have past without a faultless change—  
Thou art just as lovely now.  
Yet somewhat there of change hath come,  
Though what I scarce may say,  
Thou look'st as though our parting hour  
Had been but yesterday.  
Thy smiles—but not with them the smile  
It wore in days gone by;  
Tis studied as a sunny mask,  
To hide the rising sigh.  
A coronet of gems and gold  
Is shining thro' thy hair;  
It is not worth the sweet wild flowers  
That thou wert wont to wear.  
Yet let that pass, and let us talk  
Over the days of old:—  
O no! I could not speak of them  
To listener so cold.  
That smile freezes up the faw  
Of many a kindly a thought—  
That courtly carelessness!—And thus  
With thee the world has wrought.  
Is this the sweet and simple girl,  
Whose inmost soul would gush  
At her least word—whose laugh and tear,  
Were genuine as her blush.  
I knew thee wed to health and state—  
'Twas with a foolish joy;  
I might have felt that all in life  
Had its own deep alloy.  
But this—my once as sister—this  
I dream'd not to behold;  
Thy candour into falsehood turn'd,  
And thy once warm heart cold.  
It jars the thoughts of former days,  
To see thee as thou art;  
Farewell; and can it be relief  
From one so loved to part.

LINES ON A SOLDIER,

FOUND LYING DEAD ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

Wreck of a warrior passed away,  
Thou form without a name!  
Which thought and felt but yesterday,  
And dreamt of future fame!  
Stripp'd of thy garments, who shall guess  
Thy rank thy lineage and race?  
If haughty chieftain holding sway,  
Or lowlier destin'd to obey.  
The light of that fixed eye is set,  
And all is movel'ss now,  
But passion's traces linger yet,  
And lower upon that brow;  
Expression has not yet waxed weak,  
The lips seem e'en in act to speak,  
And clench'd and cold the lifeless hand,  
As if it grasped the battle brand,  
Tho' from that had late tow'ring high,  
The waving plume is torn,  
And low in dust that form doth lie,  
Dishonoured and forlorn!  
Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide  
The graven characters of pride,  
That on the lip and brow reveal  
The impress of the spirit's seal.  
Lives there a mother to deplore  
The son she ne'er shall see?  
Or maiden on some distant shore,  
To break her heart for thee?  
Perchance to roam a maniac there,  
With wild flower wreaths to deck her hair,  
And through the weary night to wait  
The footsteps at the lonely gate.  
Long shall she linger there—in vain—  
The evening fire shall trim,  
And gazing on the darkening main  
Shall often call on him  
Who hears her not—who cannot hear—  
Oh, deaf for ever is the ear  
That once in listening rapture hung  
Upon the music of her tongue.  
Long may she dream—to wake is wo!—  
Ne'er may remembrance tell,  
Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,  
And hope to sigh farewell,  
The heart bereaving of its stay,  
Queenching the beam that cheers her way  
Along the waste of life—till she  
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A SKETCH.

It is now many years since the first bat-  
talion of the 17th regiment of Foot, under  
orders to embark for India—that far distant

land, where so many of our brave country-  
men have fallen victims to the climate, and  
where so few have slept in what soldiers call  
the bed of glory—were assembled in the  
barrack-yard of Chatham to be inspected  
previously to their passing on board the  
transports which lay moored off in the  
Downs.

It was scarcely day break, when the merr-  
y drum and fife were heard all over the  
town, and the soldiers were seen sallying  
forth from their quarters to join the ranks:  
with their bright firelocks on their shoulders  
and the knap-sacks and canteens fastened to  
their backs by belts as white as snow.—  
Each soldier was accompanied by some  
friend or acquaintance—or by some individ-  
ual, with a dearer title to his regard than  
either was a strange and sometimes a whim-  
sical mingling and laughter among the as-  
sembled groups.

The second battalion was to remain in  
England, and the greater portion of the di-  
vision were present to bid farewell to their  
old companions in arms. But among the  
husbands and wives, uncertainty as to their  
destiny prevailed—for the lots were yet to  
be drawn—the lots that were to decide  
which of the women should accompany the  
regiment, and which should remain behind.  
Ten of each company were to be taken, and  
notice was to be the only arbiter. Without  
noticing what passed elsewhere, I confided  
my attention to that company which was  
commanded by my friend Captain Loden,  
a brave and excellent officer, who, I am sure  
has no more than myself forgotten the scene  
to which I refer.

The women had gathered round the flag  
serjeant who held the lots in his cap—ten  
of them marked "to go"—and all the others  
containing the letters "to remain." It  
was a moment of dreadful suspense, and ne-  
ver have I seen the extreme of anxiety so  
powerfully depicted in the countenances of  
human beings as in the features of each of  
the soldiers' wives who composed that group.  
One advanced and drew her ticket, it was  
against her and she retreated sobbing.—  
Another, she succeeded; and giving a loud  
huzza ran off to the distant ranks, to em-  
brace her husband. A third came forward  
with hesitating steps; tears were already  
chasing each other down her cheeks, and  
there was unnatural paleness on her interest-  
ing countenance. She put her small hand  
into the serjeant's cap, and I saw by the rise  
and fall of her bosom, even more than her  
looks revealed. She unrolled the paper,  
looked upon it, and with a deep groan fell  
back and fainted. So intense was the anxie-  
ty of every person present, that she remain-  
ed unnoticed, until all the tickets had been  
drawn, and the greater number of the wo-  
men had left the spot. I then looked round  
and beheld her supported by her husband,  
who was kneeling upon the ground, & zing  
upon her face, and drying her fast falling  
tears with his coarse handkerchief, and now  
and then pressing it to his own manly  
cheek.

Captain Loden advanced towards them.  
"I am sorry, Henry Jenkins," said he,  
"that fate has been against you; but bear  
up and be stout hearted."

"I am so, captain," said the soldier as he  
looked up and passed his rough hand across  
his face; "but tis a hard thing to part from  
a wife and she so soon to be a mother."

"Oh captain!" sobbed the young woman,  
"as you are both a husband and a father,  
do not take him from me! I have no friend  
in the wide world but one, and you will let  
him bide with me! Oh take me with him!  
—take me with him—for the love of God  
take me with him captain!" She fell on her  
knees, laid hold of the officer's sash, clasped  
it firmly between her hands, and looked  
up in his face, exclaiming "Oh! leave me  
my only hope, at least till God has given me  
another," and repeated, in heart sending ac-  
cents, "Oh take me with him! take me with  
him!"

The gallant officer was himself in tears—  
he knew that it was impossible to grant the  
poor wife's petition without creating much  
discontent in his company, and gazed upon  
them with that feeling with which a good  
man always regards the sufferings he cannot  
alleviate. At this moment a smart young  
soldier stepped forward, and stood before  
the Captain with his hand to his cap.

"And what do you want my good fellow,  
said the officer.

"My name's John Carty, please yer honor,  
and I belong to the 2d battalion."

"And what do you want here?"

"Only yer honor," said Carty scratching  
his head, "that poor man and his wife there  
are sorrow hearted at parting I'm thinking"

"Well and what then?"

"Why yer honour, they say I am a likely  
lad, and I know I'm fit for service—and if  
yer honour would only let that poor fellow  
take my place in captain Bond's company,  
and let me take his place in yours—why  
yer honour would make two poor things  
happy, and save the life of one of 'em I'm  
thinking."

Captain Loden considered for a few mo-  
ments, directing the young Irishman to re-  
main where he was, proceeded to his brother  
officer's quarters. He soon made arrange-  
ments for the exchange of the soldiers, and

returned to the place where he had left them.

"Well John Carty," said he, "you go to  
Bengal with me; and you Harry Jenkins, re-  
main at home with your wife."

"Thank yer honor," said John Carty,  
again touching his cap he walked off.

Henry Jenkins and his wife both rose  
from the ground and rushed into each others  
arms. "God bless you captain!" said the  
soldier as he pressed his wife closer to his  
bosom. "Oh bless him for ever," said the  
wife: "bless him with prosperity and a hap-  
py heart!—bless his wife, and bless his chil-  
dren;" and she again fainted.

The officer, wiping a tear from his eye,  
and exclaiming, "May you never want a  
friend when I am far from you—your  
good lad, and your amiable and loving wife  
passed on to his company, while the happy  
couple went in search of John Carty."

About twelvemonths since, as two boys  
were watching the sheep confided to their  
charge, upon a wide heath in the county of  
Somerset, their attention was attracted by a  
soldier who walked along apparently with  
much fatigue, and at length stopped to rest  
his weary limbs beside the old finger post-  
which at one time pointed out the way to the  
neighbouring villages; but which now af-  
forded no information to the traveller; for  
age had rendered it useless.

The boys were gazing upon him with  
much curiosity, when he beckoned them to-  
wards him, and inquired the way to the vil-  
lage of Eldenby.

The eldest, a fine intelligent lad of about  
12 years of age, pointed to the path and asked  
if he was going to any particular house in  
the village.

"No my lad," said the soldier; "but it  
is on the high road to Froome, and I have  
friends there; but in truth I am very wear-  
ied, and perhaps may find in your village  
some person who will befriend a poor fellow  
and look to God for a reward."

"Sir," said the boy, "my father was a  
soldier many years ago, and he dearly loves  
to look upon a red coat—if you come with  
me you may be sure of a welcome."

"And you can tell us stories about foreign  
parts," said the younger lad, a fine chubby-  
cheeked fellow, who with his waistcoat  
thrown carelessly over his shoulders, and his  
crook in his right hand, had been minutely  
examining every portion of the soldier's  
dress.

The boys gave instructions to their intel-  
ligent dog, who, they said, would take care  
of the sheep during their absence; and in a  
few minutes the soldier and his young com-  
panions reached the gate of a flourishing  
farm house which had all the external token  
of prosperity and happiness. The younger  
boy trotted on a few paces before, to give  
his parents notice that they had invited a  
stranger to rest beneath their hospitable  
roof; and the soldier had just crossed the  
threshold of the door, when he was received  
by a joyful cry of recognition from his  
old friend Henry Jenkins and his wife; and  
he was welcomed as a brother to the dwell-  
ing of those, who in all human probability,  
were indebted to him for their present envi-  
able station.

It is unnecessary to pursue this story far-  
ther than to add, that John Carty spent his  
furlough at Eldenby farm; and that at the  
expiration of it his discharge was purchased  
by his grateful friends. He is now living  
in their happy dwelling; and his care and  
exertions have contributed greatly to increase  
their prosperity. Nothing has been wrong  
with them since John Carty was their stew-  
ard.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," said  
the wise man, "and it shall be returned to  
thee after many days."

The following ludicrous incident is relat-  
ed by Captain Skinner, as having occurred  
while he was proceeding up the Ganges, with  
a detachment of the British army.

"On sailing up the Ganges, my boat hap-  
pened to be moored by the side of a large  
budgerow, in which a somewhat choleric  
gentleman was, as I conceived at rest; all  
his boatmen and servants, to the number, I  
dare say, of twenty-five, or thirty, were sleep-  
ing, rolled up in their white shawls, upon  
the roof of the apartment in which he was ly-  
ing, which rose like a poop above the deck.  
It was a beautiful night, and in the neigh-  
bourhood of Colgong, one of the most rom-  
antic parts of the river. I was seated on  
the deck, although it was past midnight,  
enjoying the scene, when my contemplations  
were by an unusual splashing in the water.  
On turning in the direction of the noise, I  
saw the unfortunate men leaping and tumb-  
ling into the river from the boat of my pas-  
sionate neighbour, who was standing like a  
madman on the deck, brandishing a stick  
like a madman over his head. Never shall  
I forget the scene. He was not unlike Lieut-  
enant Lismahago in his appearance. The  
moon lit up his bald head, for he had  
thrown his nightcap at one of the people in  
a rage at not being able to reach him with a  
stick; and while he stood in the midst of  
the wild scenery around, with nothing on  
but his shirt, dispersing the sleepers, I would  
have given the world for Smollet's pen to  
have perpetuated the scene.

The boatmen, who were always expert  
swimmers, and did not seem to lose their

Presence of mind by the sudden transition,  
very soon reached the shore, and gazed in  
astonishment, as well as myself, at the com-  
edy in which he had taken such unexpect-  
ed and conspicuous parts. I conceived some  
terrible offence must have been given to  
have called for such uncompromising sever-  
ity—for every one was driven from his  
berth. I was soon relieved from my sus-  
pense, however. The victor strutted two or  
three times over the deserted field; then  
turning toward the routed enemy, who seem-  
ed ready to rally on the banks, shook his  
stick at them and cried out in Hindostanee,  
"I'll teach you to snore, you scoundrels!"

STRUCTURE OF INSECTS.—Many insects are  
provided with cushions at the extremity of  
the feet, evidently for the purpose of break-  
ing the force of falls, and preventing the  
jar which the frame would otherwise have  
to sustain. These cushions are formed of  
dense velvety tufts of hair, lining the under-  
side of the tarsi, but leaving the claw un-  
covered; and the filaments, by insinuating  
themselves among the irregularities of the  
surfaces to which they are applied, produce  
a considerable degree of adhesion. Cush-  
ions are met with chiefly in large insects  
which suddenly alight on the ground after  
having leapt from a considerable height: in  
the smaller species they appear to be un-  
necessary, because the lightness of their bodies  
sufficiently secures them from any danger  
arising from falls. Some insects are furnis-  
hed with a still more refined and effectual ap-  
paratus for adhesion and one which even en-  
ables them to suspend themselves in an in-  
verted position from the under surfaces of  
bodies. It consists of suckers, the arrange-  
ment and construction of which are exceed-  
ingly beautiful; and of which the common  
house fly presents us with an example. The  
mode in which these suckers operate may be  
distinctly seen, by observing with a magnify-  
ing glass the actions of a large blue-bottle  
fly in the midst of a glass tumbler. A fly  
will by the application of this apparatus, re-  
main suspended from the ceiling to the floor  
as a place of rest. Insects which like the  
gnat, walk much upon the surface of the  
water, have at the ends of their feet a brush  
of fine hair, the dry points of which appear  
to repel the fluid, and prevent the leg from  
being wetted. If these brushes be moisten-  
ed with spirit of wine, this apparent in-  
sulation no longer takes place, and the insect  
immediately sinks and is drowned.—*Roget's  
Treatise.*

MUSICAL TASTE.—A clever caricature has  
lately appeared, representing a young lady  
at her piano forte, and her cockney beau, be-  
tween whom the following dialogue takes  
place:—

Lady.—Pray, Mr Jenkins are you musi-  
cal?

Gentleman.—Vy, no Miss; I am not mus-  
ical myself, but I have a wery hexcellent  
snuff-box vot is.

FACETIOUS CHAMBERMAID.—"Tell your  
mistress that I have torn the curtain," said  
a gentleman to a punning domestic of his  
lodging house. "Very well sir; mistress  
will put it down as rent."

A LONG TIME TO WAIT.—It is the custom  
at chambers, in inns of court, when Attor-  
neys or their clerks are absent, to put labels  
on their doors, thus:—"Gone to the Temple  
return in an hour," &c. A certain limb of  
the law having recently been *non est inten-  
tus* and a charge of embezzlement brought  
against him, a friend fastened the following  
announcement to his chamber doors:—  
"Gone to Botany Bay: return in fourteen  
years."

ASSIZE JOKE.—In a cause tried in the Ni-  
si Prius Court, An Amazon, dressed in a  
riding coat and hat appeared in the witness-  
box. "Take off your hat man!" cried  
Lord Abinger. "I'm not a man," rejoined  
the indignant heroine. "Then," said his  
lordship "I'm no judge."

HIGHLAND NOTION OF TOOTH-BRUSHES.—  
A family in Edinburgh, not keeping a foot-  
man, engaged a Highlander to serve them  
during a visit from a man of fashion. Din-  
ner having waited an unseasonable time one  
day for the guest, Duncan was sent into his  
room to inform him that it was on the table.  
But he not coming, Duncan was sent again;  
still they waited, and the lady at last said to  
man, "What can the gentleman be doing?"  
"Please ye madam," said Duncan, "the  
gentleman was only sharpening his teeth."

A LEET-HANDED COMPLIMENT.—"I owe  
you one," said a withered old Coelebs to a  
lady the other night a party. "For what,"  
said she. "Why for calling me a young  
gentleman." "If I did so," was the rather  
ill natured reply, "I beg you will not re-  
gard it as a compliment, for believe me tho'  
an old man, you may still be but a young  
gentleman."

One of the coal mines at Wallsend recent-  
ly exploded, by which it is feared 22 men  
and 75 boys have lost their lives. There  
was an explosion of the same mine in 1821,  
by which 25 lives were lost.