

ement of the utmost tenacity. The workmen have long left this untouched from the impossibility of detaching the bricks from the cement. As the palace is in the midst of other elevated ruins the precise height cannot be ascertained—though it is possible the elevation may be on a level with the plain. The walls are eight feet thick—they are rent throughout—but evidently not by the hand of man, as nothing but some violent convulsion of nature could produce the vast chasms, observable in this ruin. The freshness of the brickwork is such, that we should have had difficulty in identifying it with the ruins of Babylon, had we not found it situated in the midst of other buildings, instead of being detached from them. The solid appearance of the original structure impressed the mind the more strongly with the image of devastation which it now presents.

Your Obedient Servant.

H. H.

The following exquisite little poem is from the pen of Mr. O. W. Holmes, whose tributes to the muses, have, from time to time, for several years, enriched the columns of the Boston papers. There is an essence of pathos in some stanzas, which cannot be excelled by any writer of the day. Its benevolent philosophy is also of a taste far superior to that sickening sensibility that has predominated since the Della Cruscan era. The pathos of the fourth stanza, and the philosophy of the last, deserve the meed of immortality for their author.

#### LINES ON AN OLD GENTLEMAN.

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door—  
And again,  
The pavement stones resound  
As he loiters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And looks at all he meets,  
So forlorn.  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has pressed  
In their bloom;  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On his tomb!

My grandmamma has said—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff—  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here—  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches—and all that,  
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the Spring!  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough,  
Where I cling.

The following account of the superstitions of Ireland is given by Leitch Ritchie, in the Picturesque Annual for 1832.

#### SUPERSTITIONS OF IRELAND.

There exists still a belief in charms, and the powers of witchcraft; but for the marvellous effects of its power, we are commonly referred to a distant period. The received opinion of witches is, that they are old, wrinkled hags, who sold themselves to the devil to obtain a part of his occult art, such as taking the milk, or butter, from their neighbours' cows, or riding through the air on a broomstick. A belief still prevails, of the existence of fairies; and their non-appearance, at present, is alleged to arise from the general circulation of the Scriptures. Fairies are described as little spirits, who were always clad in green, and inhabited the green mounds called furths. Numerous stories are told of their being seen at those places, "dancing on the circling wind," to the music of the common bagpipe. The large hawthorns growing singly in the fields, are deemed sacred to fairies, and are hence called gentle thorns. Some fields east of Carrickfergus, were formerly called "The Fairy Fields." Brownies, now alleged to be extinct, were another class of the same family; they are described as large rough, hairy spirits, who lay about the fires after the people went to bed. A warning-spirit, in the likeness of an old woman, called Ouna, or the Banshee, is said to have been anciently heard, wailing shortly before the death of any person belonging to certain families. At present, this spirit is almost forgotten. Wraiths are still talked of as being seen. These are described as the shadowy likeness of a person, a short time before the decease of the real person. Other warnings, and appearances are also believed to be death-warnings, such as strange noises, the shadowy likeness of a waving napkin, etc. It is believed that the luck of a cow, or any other animal, may be taken away by a look, or glance of the eye, of certain people, some of whom are said to be unconscious of their eye having this effect. It is called the blink of an evil eye; and the charm is believed to extend, in some instances, to children. When this is alleged to occur, the persons are said to be over-looked, or overseen; and it is supposed that the person will not recover, unless some charm is used to counteract its effects. There is an opinion that certain people are able to take milk from a cow without touching her, or the butter from the milk, letting the milk remain. When churning, or making cheese, fire is never suffered to be taken out of the house during the operation. The first time that a cow is milked after calving, it is common to put a piece of silver in the bottom of the pail, and to milk upon it. Salt is in daily use with some in a similar way, to prevent witchcraft. Horse-shoes are nailed on the bottom of the churn for a like pur-

pose, and old nails from horse-shoes are sometimes driven in the churn-staff. Certain days are deemed unlucky; few persons will remove to or from a house, or service, on Saturday, or the day of the week on which Christmas is held that year. On New-year's Day and May-day, fire is rarely permitted to be taken out of houses, lest they lose their luck. Persons going on a journey have often an old man's shoes thrown after them, that they may come speed in the object of their pursuit. Crickets coming to a house are held to bode some change to the family, but are commonly deemed a good omen. A stray dog, or cat, coming and remaining in a house, is deemed a token of good fortune.

The people who follow the fishing business retain a different class of superstitions, but are not communicative to others on this head. The following have been observed. Meeting certain persons in the morning, especially women, when barefooted, is deemed an omen of ill-fortune for that day. To name a dog, cat, rat, or pig, while baiting their hook, is surmised to forebode ill-luck on that day's fishing. They always spit on the first and last hook, they bait, and in the mouth of the first fish taken off the hook, or line.

Although the people are generally Protestants yet, if a person is suddenly deranged, or a child overseen, the lower orders rarely apply to their own minister for relief but to some Roman Catholic priest and receive from him what is called a priest's-book. This book, or paper, is sewed to the clothes of the afflicted person, or worn in an amulet, about the neck; if lost, a second book is never given to the same person. It has also been observed, that if a Protestant of any denomination, male or female, is married to a Roman Catholic, the Protestant, three times out of four, becomes a Roman Catholic, and generally a zealous one: the Roman Catholic seldom becomes a Protestant.

On the death of a person, the nearest neighbour ceases working till the body is interred. Within the house where the deceased is, the dishes, and all other kitchen utensils, are removed from shelves, dressers; looking glasses covered, or taken down; clocks are stopped and their dial-plates covered. Except in cases deemed very infectious, the corpse is always kept one night, and sometimes two. This sitting with the corpse is called the wake, from Likewake, (Scottish,) the meeting of the friends before the funeral. These meetings are generally conducted with great decorum; portions of the Scriptures are read, and frequently prayer is pronounced and a psalm given out, fitting for the solemn occasion. Pipes and tobacco are always laid on a table, and spirits and other refreshments are distributed during the night. If a dog, or cat, passes over the dead body, it is immediately killed, as it is believed that the first person it would pass over afterward, would take the falling sickness. A plate with salt is frequently set on the breast of the corpse, which is said to keep the same from swelling.

#### LONDON CRIES.

A story was told me the other day, concerning one of those old clothes' merchants, which very forcibly illustrates the saving of labour principle, and the truth of the proverb that every one understands his own business best.

Those who are familiar with London cries, know that the cry of a Jew who wishes to buy, sell, or exchange dilapidated garments, is a sort of indescribable sound, which may, perhaps, be nearest expressed by the letters, "Klo! klo! O klo!" G—, who was new to London, and of a shy, diffident, but curious and fidgety temperament, was sadly puzzled to know what this cry could possibly mean; and, laudably desirous of adding to his stock of knowledge, made several earnest inquiries upon the subject, the fruits of which were laughter and ridicule. This G— did not at all relish; and he, therefore, smothered his curiosity, and asked no more questions—but still the everlasting cry haunted him. What could it mean? He pined in thought—his appetite fell off—he became feverish and irritable. At night his slumbers were broken by visions of many old men, who carried bags upon their backs, and unceasingly ejaculated, "Klo! klo! O klo!" and when he started, in a morning, from his restless pillow, and hurried forth to cool himself, in every street or square he encountered one of those long-bearded, inscrutable beings—and they glared strangely at him, and their lips moved, and out of their mouths came the everlasting "Klo! klo! O klo!"

"This is not to be borne," muttered G— to himself; "my life is rendered miserable!"

"Klo! klo! O klo!" resounded from the opposite side of the street.

G— lost all command of himself. "My good lad," said he addressing a pot-boy, "can you tell me what that man means by 'Klo! klo! O klo!'"

The pot-boy requested to know "who the gemman was pricking fun out off," grinned in his face, shook his pots, and went off whistling "Jump Jim Crow."

The ice once broken, G— went on, and addressing, in his blindest manner, a pretty nursery-maid, who was taking the air with seven children and two lap-dogs, requested an explanation of the mysterious cry of "Klo! klo! O klo!"

The nursery-maid, fully convinced that G— was asking the road he knew, and suspecting him of Giovanni-ish propensities, exclaimed in a tone of conscious rectitude—"I aint what you take me for!" after which she whisked off in a fit of virtuous indignation.

"I will know—I will be satisfied!" exclaimed G— in a determined voice, and with his whole manner marked by the power of irresistible will, as he darted into the middle of the street toward a hackney-coachman, in order to reiterate his inquiries.

The hackney-coachman put his horses in motion as he saw him approach, in the pleasing anticipation of "a fare;" but, when he heard the question submitted to him for solution, his countenance assumed a very wrathful expression, and he desired G—, in substance, to go to the infernal regions, only, not being a classical scholar, he availed himself of a short but energetick monosyllable, signifying precisely the same thing.

"I will write to the secretary of the Home Department about it," quoth G—; "I will not be baffled!"

Just as he had formed this determination, a hollow voice at his elbow pronounced the fatal sounds—"Klo! klo! O klo!"

G— could stand it no longer; but, turning suddenly round, resolutely confronted the mysterious one.

"Friend," said he, endeavouring to repress his agitation, "in heaven's name, what do you mean by 'Klo! klo! O klo!'"

"Mean!" replied the mystery; "why, I means 'Clothes! old clothes!'—what else should I mean?"

G— drew a long breath, took off his hat, wiped the perspiration from his throbbing temple, looked at the man "more in sorrow than in anger," and then, shaking his head impressively, and pausing between every word, so as to give greater force to his rebuke, he exclaimed—

"Then—why—the—deuce—don't you say old clothes?"

"Sir," replied the man very civilly, "if you had to cry that cry as I have, may be twenty thousand times in a day, it wouldn't be long before you'd find out the difference of trouble between saying 'O klo!' and 'Old clothes!'"

It was unanswerable. G— attempted no reply. He put on his hat and strode away.

There is an excellent moral in this anecdote—if the reader can find it out.

William Cox.

#### WEEPING.

Young women are full of tears. They will weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress, as for the loss of an old lover. They will weep for anything or for nothing. They will scold you to death for accidentally tearing a new gown, and weep for spite, that they cannot be revenged on you. They will play the coquette in your presence, and weep when you are absent. They will weep because they cannot go to a ball or a tea-party, or because their parents will not permit them to run away with a scamp; and they will weep because they cannot have every thing their own way. Married women weep to conquer. Tears are the most potent arms of matrimonial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused his wife, she weeps, and he repents and promises better behaviour. How many men have gone to bed in wrath, and risen in the morning, quite subdued with tears and a curtain lecture! Women weep to get at their husbands' secrets, and they also weep when their own secrets have been revealed. They weep through pride, through vanity, through folly, through cunning and through weakness. They will weep for a husband's misfortune, while they scold himself. A woman will weep over the dead body of her husband, while her vanity will ask her neighbours how she is fitted with her mournings. She weeps for one husband, that she may get another. The "Widow of Ephesus" bedewed the grave of her spouse with onyx, while she squinted love to a young soldier with the other. Drunkards are much given to weeping. They will shed tears of repentance this moment, and sin the next. It is no uncommon thing to hear them cursing the effects of intemperance, while they are poisoning the cup of indulgence, and gasping to gulp down its contents. The beggar and the tragedian weep for a livelihood; they can coin their tears and make them pass for the current money of the realm. The one weeps you into a charitable humour, and the other makes you pay for being forced to weep along with him. Sympathy bids us relieve the one, and curiosity prompts us to support the other. We relieve the beggar when he prefers his claim, and we pay the tragedian beforehand. The one weeps whether he will or not, but the other weeps only when he is well paid for it. Poets are a weeping tribe. They are social in their tears; they would have the whole world to weep along with them. Their sensibility is so exquisite, and their imaginations so fantastick, that they make even the material world to sympathize with their sorrows. The dew on the cheek of the lily is compared to tears on the disconsolate maiden; when it glitters on the herbage at twilight, it is called the tears of the evening; and when the sun rises and exhales the dew-drops from the flowers, it is said to wipe away the tears of the morning. Thus we have a weeping day and a weeping night. We have weeping rocks, weeping waterfalls, weeping willows, weeping grottoes, weeping skies, weeping climates; and, if any signal calamity has befallen a great man, we have, to finish the climax, a weeping world.