

"Silently beautiful, and calmly bright,
 Along her azure path I saw her glide,
 Heedless of all those things that 'neath her light
 In bliss, or woe, or pain, or care abide.
 Wealth, poverty, humility, and pride,
 All are esteemed as nothing in her sight,
 Nor make her for one moment turn aside.
 So calm philosophy unmoved pursues
 Throughout the busy world its quiet way;
 Nor ought that folly wiles or glory woes,
 Can tempt awhile its notice or its stay:
 Above all earthly thoughts its way it goes,
 And sinks at length in undisturbed repose."

Coldly and calmly the full orb glided through the stillness of heaven. My thoughts were of the past—of the millions who had worshipped her—of the many she had inspired—of Endymion, of the beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus in Virgil, of Diana of the Ephesians, of the beautiful descriptions of her by the poets of every age, of every clime. The melancholy, yet pleasing, feeling which came on me I can hardly describe: my disquietude had ceased—an undisturbed calmness succeeded it: my thoughts were weaned from the grosser materiality of earth, and were soaring upward in silent adoration. I felt the presence of a Divinity, and was for a moment happy. Ye who are care-worn—whose minds are restless—go, at the peaceful hour of eve, to the green fields and the hedge-clothed lanes. If you are not poets, you will feel as poets; if you doubt, you will be convinced of Supreme Power and Infinite Love; and be better in head and heart for your journey.

SISTER! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

Sister! since I met thee last,
 O'er thy brow a change hath pass'd;
 In the softness of thine eyes
 Deep and still a shadow lies;
 From thy voice there thrills a tone
 Never to thy childhood known:
 Through thy soul a storm hath moved,—
 Gentle sister! thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught
 Hours too bright from troubled thought:
 Far along the wandering stream
 Thou art followed by a dream;
 In the woods and valleys lone,
 Music haunts thee—not thine own—
 Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
 Sister! thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!
 On my bosom pour that shower;—
 Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted,
 Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
 Bring not forth one burning word,
 Let thy heart no more be stirr'd!
 Home alone can give thee rest,—
 Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

HENRY VIII. AND NICE PUDDINGS.

The building formerly rented by the African Company, was anciently part of the dissolved priory of the Holy Trinity, Aldgate; but on account of Mrs. Cornwallis having gratified the appetite of Henry VIII. by presenting him some fine puddings, he granted this and other tenements to her and her heirs. This house was once the residence of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, a favourite of Queen Elizabeth.

CHABERT,

THE HUMAN SALAMANDER.

This exhibitor's public performances in London, seem to have excited great curiosity in a multitude of persons unacquainted with the natural quality of the human body to endure extraordinary heat. The journals teem with astonishing accounts—people wonder as they read—and, by and by, they will "wonder at their own wonder." Perhaps the most interesting account of his first appearance is the following:—

NOT! NOT!—ALL NOT!

Monsieur Chabert (the celebrated continental salamander) exhibited his power in withstanding the operation of the fiery element, at White Conduit Gardens, yesterday evening (June 7, 1826). In the first instance, he refreshed himself with a hearty meal of phosphorus, which was, at his own request, supplied to him very liberally, by several of his visitors, who were previously unacquainted with him. He washed down this infernal fare with solutions of arsenic and oxalic acid, thus throwing into the back-ground the long-established fame of Mithridates. He next swallowed, with great *gout*, several spoonfuls of boiling oil, and, as a desert to this delicate repast, helped himself, with his naked hand, to a considerable quantity of molten lead. There are, we know, preparations which so indurate the cuticle as to render it insensible to the heat either of boiling oil or melting lead, and the fatal qualities of certain poisons may be destroyed, if the medium through which they are imbibed, as we suppose to be the case here, is a strong alkali. We cannot, however, guess in what manner Monsieur Chabert effected this neutralization; and it is but fair to state, that the exhibitor offered to swallow prussic acid, perhaps the most powerful of known poisons, the effect of which is instantaneous, if any good-natured person could furnish him with a quantity of it. During the period when this part of the entertainment (if entertainment it can be called) was going on, an oven, about six feet by seven, was heated. For an hour and a quarter, large quantities of faggots were burnt in it, until at length it was hot enough for the bed-chamber of his Satanic Majesty. "O for a muse of fire!" to describe what followed. Monsieur Chabert, who seems to be a piece of living asbestos, entered this stove, accompanied by a rump steak and a leg of lamb, when the heat was at about 220°. He remained there, in the first instance, for ten minutes, till the steak was properly done, conversing all the time with the company, through a tin tube, placed in an orifice formed in the sheet-iron door of the oven. Having swallowed a cup of tea, and having seen that the company had done justice to the meat he had already cooked, he returned to his fiery den, and continued there until the lamb was properly done. This joint was devoured with such avidity by the spectators, as leads us to believe, that had Monsieur Chabert himself been sufficiently baked, they would have proceeded to a Caribian banquet. Many experiments, as to the extent to which the human frame could bear heat, without the destruction of the vital powers, have been tried from time to time; but so far as we recollect, Monsieur Chabert's fire-resisting qualities are greater than those professed by the individuals who, before him, have undergone this species of ordeal. It was announced some time ago, in one of the French journals, that experiments had been tried with a female, whose fire-standing qualities had excited great astonishment. She, it appears, was placed in a heated oven, into which live dogs, cats and rabbits were conveyed. The poor animals died, in a state of convulsion, almost immediately, while the *fire queen* bore the heat without complaining. In that instance, however, the heat of the oven was not so great as that which Monsieur Chabert encountered. If Monsieur Chabert will attach himself to any of the insurance companies, he will, we have no doubt, "save more goods out of the fire" than ever *Nimning Ned* did.