

POETRY.

SONG—BY MOORE.

When Charles was deceived by the
maid he lov'd
We saw no cloud his brow o'er-cast
ing;
But proudly he smil'd as if gay and un-
mov'd,
Tho' the wound at heart was deep
and lasting;
And of en at night when the tempest
roll'd
He sung as he pac'd the dark deck
over
Blow, wind, blow! thou art not so
cold
As the heart of the maid that de-
ceives her lover."

Yet he liv'd with the happy and seem'd
to be gay,
Though the wound but sunk *more*
deep for concealing;
And fortune threw many a thorn in
his way,
Which, true to one anguish, he trod
without feeling;
And still by the frowning of fate un-
subdued,
He sung as if fortune had placed
him above her:
"Frown, fate, frown! thou art not so
rude,
As the heart of the maid that de-
ceives her lover."

At length his career found a close in
death;
The close he long wish'd to his
cheerless roving;
For victory shone on his latest breath,
And he died in a cause of his heart's
approving;
But still he remembered his sorrow,
and still,
He sung till the vision of life was
over:
"Come, death, come! thou'rt not so
cold
As the heart of the maid that de-
ceives her lover."

From the *Independent Balance*.
THE VALLEY.

The Vale of Avoca Moore sung with
delight,
As its waters roll'd on with a trem-
ulous motion:
But oh, there's a vale that has oft burst
on my sight,
While my heart rose and fell as the
waves of the ocean.
I wandered forlorn from the home of
my friends,
Over many a moor, over many a
mountain,
Where the oak's stubborn form to the
fierce whirlwind bends,
And the snake undisturb'd laves
himself in the fountain.

The chill of neglect had a mildew cast
round,
And hard was it then truent Cour-
age to rally,
But Joy wav'd her pinions, and com-
fort I found,
For true hospitality reign'd in that
valley.

And long as this bosom a throbbing
heart owns,
And e'en should that heart with
dread anguish be breaking,
A thought of past pleasures will stifle
my groans,
And remembrance of Milgrove will
rapture awaken.

From the *Dublin Examiner*.
BEAUTY IN SMILES.

Oh weep not sweet maid, though the
bright tear of beauty
To kindred emotion each feeling be
guilts;
The softness of sorrow no magick can
borrow,
To vie with the splendor of Beauty

in Smiles.
Man roves through creation a wander-
ing stranger,
A dupe to its follies, a slave to its
toils,
But bright o'er the billows of doubt
and of danger,
The rainbow of promise is Beauty
in Smiles.

As the rays of the sun o'er the bosom
of nature
Renew every flower which the tem-
pest despoils,
So joy's faded blossoms in man's ach-
ing bosom
Revive in the sunshine of Beauty in
Smiles.

The crown of the hero, the star of the
lover,
The hope that inspires, and the
spell that beguiles;
The song of the poet, the dream of the
lover,
The infidel's heaven is Beauty in
Smiles.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.
THE HARP—A TALE.

From the *German of the Poet Korner*:
addressed to such as believe in the
agency of spirits.

The secretary SELNER had begun
to taste the first spring of happiness
with his youthful bride. Their union
was founded on that vague and evanes-
cent passion, which often lives and
dies almost in the same moment;
sympathy and esteem formed the basis
of their attachment. Time and expe-
rience, without diminishing the ardour,
had confirmed the permanence of their
mutual sentiment. It was long since
they had discovered that they were
formed for each other; but want of
fortune imposed the necessity of a te-
dious probation; till Sellner, by ob-
taining the patent for a place, found
himself in possession of an easy com-
petence, and, on the following Sunday
brought home in triumph his long be-
trothed bride. A succession of cer-
emonious visits for some weeks en-
grossed many of those hours that the
young couple would have devoted to
each other. But no sooner was this
onerous duty fulfilled than they eagerly
escaped from the intrusion of soci-
ety to their delicious solitude; and
the fine summer evenings were but too
short for plans and anticipations of
future felicity. Sellner's flute and Josephine's harp filled up the intervals
of conversation, and with their harmo-
nious unison seemed to sound the
prelude to many succeeding years of
bliss and concord.

One evening when Josephine had
played longer than usual, she sudden-
ly complained of head-ache: she had
in reality risen with this symptom of
indisposition, but concealed from her
anxious husband. Naturally suscepti-
ble of nervous complaints, the atten-
tion which she had lent to music, and
the emotions it had excited in her deli-
cate frame, had increased a slight in-
disposition to fever, and she was now
evidently ill. A physician was called
in, who so little anticipated danger that
he promised a cure on the morrow.
But, after a night spent in delirium,
her disorder was pronounced a ner-
vous fever, which completely baffled
the efforts of medical skill, and, on
the 9th day was confessedly mortal.—
Josephine herself was perfectly sensi-
ble of her approaching dissolution, and
with mild resignation, submitted to her
fate.

Addressing her husband for the last
time she exclaimed: "My dear Ed-
ward, Heaven can witness it is with
unutterable regret that I depart from
this fair world, where I have found
with thee a state of supreme felicity;
but though I am no longer permitted
to live in those arms, doubt not thy
faithful Josephine shall still hover
round thee, and as a guardian angel

encircle thee till we meet again."
She had scarcely uttered these words
when she sunk on her pillow, and soon
fell into a slumber from which she
awoke no more; and when the clock
was striking nine it was observed that
she had breathed her last. The ag-
onies of Sellner may be more easily
conceived than described: during
some days it appeared doubtful wheth-
er he would survive: and when after a
confinement of some weeks, he was at
length permitted to leave his chamber,
the powers of youth seemed paralysed,
his limbs were enfeebled, his frame
emaciated, and he sunk into a state of
stupor, from which he was only to be
roused by the bitterness of grief.

To this poignant anguish succeeded
a fixed melancholy; a deep sorrow
consecrated the memory of his beloved:
her apartment remained precisely
in the state in which it had been left
previous to her death; on the work-
table lay her unfinished task; the harp
stood in her accustomed nook, un-
touched and silent; every night Sell-
ner went in a sort of pilgrimage to the
sanctuary of his love, and, taking his
flute, breathed forth, in deep plaintive
tones, his fervent aspirations for the
cherished shade. He was thus stand-
ing in Josephine's apartment, lost in
thought, when a broad gleam of moon-
light fell on the open window, and
from the neighboring tower the watch-
man proclaimed the 9th hour; at this
moment, as if touched by some invis-
ible spirit, the harp was heard to re-
spond to his flute in perfect unison.—
Thunderstruck at this prodigy, Sell-
ner suspended his flute and the harp
became silent; he then began with
deep emotion Josephine's favorite air,
when the harp resumed its melodious
vibrations, thrilling with ecstasy.

At this confirmation of his hopes, he
sunk on the ground, no longer doubt-
ing the presence of the beloved spirit;
and whilst he opened his arms to
clasp her to his breast, he seemed to
drink in the dædth of spring, and a
pale glimmering light flitted before
his eyes. "I know thee, blessed spir-
it," exclaimed the bewildered Sellner,
"thou didst promise to hover round
my steps, to encircle me with immor-
tal love. Thou hast redeemed thy
word; it is thy breath that glows on
thy lips; I feel myself surrounded by
thy presence." With rapturous emo-
tion he snatched the flute, and the
harp again responded, but gradually
its tones became softer, till the melo-
dious murmurs ceased, and all was sil-
ent. Sellner's feeble frame was com-
pletely disordered by these tumultu-
ous emotions; when he threw himself
on his bed, it was only to rave deliri-
ously of the harp: after a sleepless
night he rose only to anticipate the
renewal of his emotions; with un-
speakable impatience, he awaited the
return of evening, when he again re-
paired to Josephine's apartment, where
as before, when the clock struck nine,
the harp began to play in concert with
the flute, and prolonged its melodious
accompaniment till the tones gradually
subsided to a faint and tremulous vi-
bration, and all again was silent. Ex-
hausted by this second trial, it was
with difficulty that Sellner tottered to
the chamber, where the visible altera-
tion in his appearance excited so much
alarm, that the physician was again
called in, who, with sorrow and dis-
may, detected aggravated symptoms
of the fever which had proved so fatal
to Josephine, and so rapid was its pro-
gress that in two days the patient's
fate appeared inevitable.

Sellner became more composed and
revealed to the physician the mysteri-
ous communications, avowing his be-
lief that he should not survive the ap-
proaching evening. No arguments
could remove from his mind this fatal
message; as the day declined, it gain-
ed strength; and he earnestly entreat-

ed as a last request, to be conveyed to
Josephine's apartment. Sellner no
sooner reached the well known spot
than he gazed with ineffable satisfac-
tion on every object endeared by af-
fectionate remembrance.

The evening hour advanced; he dis-
missed his attendants, the physician
alone remaining in the apartment.—
When the clock struck nine, Sellner's
countenance was suddenly illuminated
the glow of hope and pleasure flush-
ed in his wan cheeks, and he passion-
ately exclaimed, "greet me once more
at parting that I may overcome the
pangs of death." At these words the
harp breathed forth a strain of jubilee;
a sudden gleam of light, waved round
the dying man, who, on beholding the
sign, again exclaimed, "I come, I
come to thee," and sunk senseless on
the couch. It was in vain that the as-
tonished physician hastened to his as-
sistance, and he too late discovered
that life had yielded in the conflict. It
was long before he could bring himself
to divulge the mysterious circumstan-
ces which had preceded Sellner's dis-
solution; but once, in a moment of
confidence, he was insensibly led to
make the detail to a few intimate
friends, and finally produced the harp,
which he had appropriated to himself
as a legacy from the dead.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A short time since as David Virtue
mason, at Auchtertool, a village 4
miles distant from Kirkaldy in Scot-
land, was dressing a barley mill-stone
from a large block, after cutting away
a part, he found a lizard imbedded in
the stone. It was about one inch and
a quarter long, of a brownish yellow
colour, round head, with bright spark-
ling projecting eyes. When found it
was apparently dead, but after laying
about five minutes exposed to the air,
it began to shew signs of life. One
of the workmen put snuff on its eyes,
which seemed to give the animal great
pain: it soon ran forwards and back-
wards with great celerity. After the
lapse of about half an hour, it was
brushed off the stone and killed.—
When found the animal was lying in a
round cavity coiled up thus O, the
cavity itself being an exact impression
of the animal. This stone is naturally
a little damp; and about half an inch
all round the animal was of a soft sand,
the same color as the animal itself.
There were about 14 feet of earth
above the rock, and the spot where
the block in which the lizard was found
was cut from the quarry, about seven
or 8 feet deep in the rock, so that the
animal was from 21 to 22 feet from the
surface. The stone was perfectly
solid, without fissure, quite hard, and
one of the best to be got from the
quarry of Cullaloe, which quarry is
perhaps the best in Scotland.

From the *Albany Statesman*.

A gentleman from one of the north-
western states related to me a few days
since the following anecdote, as illus-
trative of the sense of honor and devo-
ted sentiments which characterize many
of the Indian warriors.
Several years ago, a treaty held with
some Indian tribes at Vincennes, in
Indiana, at which the celebrated Tecu-
mseh was present, General Harrison
acted as one of the commissioners
on the part of our government. A
bower had been erected in a field ad-
joining the town for the meeting of
the parties. Before the council was
opened, General Harrison handed sev-
eral chairs to the American officers
and gentlemen who were present be-
fore he offered one to Tecumseh. On
handing one to him, the haughty war-
rior thrust it aside; and surveyed those
around him, with a mingled expres-
sion of pride and contempt, threw
himself into a declining posture on the
ground. Gen. Harrison endeavored
to soothe him, and, through the inter-
preter, asked whether he intended to
offend his Great Father. "My fath-
er! said the indignant chief: the SUN
is my father, and the EARTH is my
mother, and I will repose myself on
her bosom."

From the *Montreal Herald*, July 7.
CASUALTY.—On the 25th ultimo

a respectable Scotch emigrant, named
James Dick, bathing near Lachine, and
ignorant of the sudden declivity of the
bottom, got beyond his depth, was hur-
ried away by the current, and was
drowned. He has left a wife and no
less than eleven children in indigent
circumstances. "It was a woful sight
says our informant, speaking of the
latter, to see them running to and fro
on that part of the beach where his
clothes lay; whilst the mother, poor
woman! remained ignorant of it,
through the prudent measures of the
settlers, until, alas! it was too certain
that he had gone to that bourne from
which no traveller returns. On its
being communicated to her she became
bewildered and could not believe it,
ill grief choked her and she fainted.
On recovering surrounded by her nu-
merous offspring, it was a sight to
melt the most obdurate heart; but the
evil was irremediable, and the next day,
she piously told me in a tone scarcely
audible, that she resigned herself to the
will of her all merciful Creator.

Upon our worthy governor being in-
formed of the circumstances, he with
his characteristic benevolence, direct-
ed that the grant of land and other sup-
port, which was to have been given to
the father, should be continued to the
eldest son and mother for the future
maintenance of the family, for which
they were very grateful, and proceed-
ed with their settlers to their place of
destination, the new settlement of
Lanark."

From the *Charleston Courier*.

The exhibition of the rattlesnake in
the act of destroying and devouring a
rat, is represented to be well worth
the attention of the curious, and of
strangers in particular. These are
afforded an opportunity of
seeing this formidable reptile, who
had nearly occupied the place of the
eagle on the American arms, being
part of the original design. He dif-
fers from others of his kind, in this, it
is said, that he eats during his confine-
ment, and justifies his killing the rat
by immediately devouring him.

The rat on this occasion, becomes
an object of interest, if not of com-
passion. He acquires, perhaps, some-
thing of dignity from the sacrifice.—
Not an inappropriate use of these ani-
mals was once made by the students
at Cambridge Massachusetts. The
people of Boston roasted an ox on the
British treaty being approved by the
American government. The Cam-
bridge scholars on the same day roast-
ed a rat with much ceremony. On
being asked the reason for doing so,
they replied that they were "ratify-
ing," the British treaty.

MEMORY.

By Henry Neale.

For e'en in thoughts serene'st hour,
When past delights are felt,
And memory shines on scenes of woe,
'Tis like the moon-beam on the snow,
That glids but cannot melt;
That throws a mockery lustre o'er,
But leaves it cheerless as before.

Her sweetest song will only tell
Of long departed noon;
Of things we lov'd alas! how well,
And lost, alas! how soon;
For feelings blasted, hopes deferr'd
And secret woes unseen, unheard,
By the cold crowd around,
Will rise and make their plaintive
moan,
And mingle with her softer tone,
Till all their murmurs, drown'd
Her lyre shall looze its soothing flow,
And only tell a tale of woe.

ADVICE IN COURTSHIP.

Air—"How to gain a woman's favor."
Kitty, tender, gay and blooming,
Lover! wouldst thou hope to gain?
Warmly court, grow more presuming;
Maids despise the bashful swain,
When she's coldest,
Press her boldest;
Fondly seize her,
Clasp her, tease her;
Let her be thus warmly pres't
And you'll soon you'll soon be blest.
But if, after every trial,
Every proof of tender art,
She with coldness and denial
Still proves coy, and mocks your
smart;
Cease dull whining,
Moping, pining,
Vex her, grieve her,
Slight her, leave her,
Stamp; frown, swear, and bid adieu,
Cease to court, and—and she'll court
you.