

POETRY.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

BY PROFESSOR MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas when, all thro' the house,

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there; The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;

And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap, Had just nestled our brains for a long winter's nap; When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter: Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon, on the breast of the new fallen snow, Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below; When, what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer, With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!

On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Dunder and Blixen; To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall! Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky, So up to the turrets the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof, As I drew in my head, and was turning around, Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound, He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had slung on his back, And he look'd like a pedlar just opening his pack. His eyes—how they twinkled; his dimples, how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry; His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow, The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath; He had a broad face, and a little round belly, That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf; And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself; A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head, Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word but went straight to his work, And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk, And laying his fingers aside of his nose, And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose, He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the down of a thistle; But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

THE REPERTORY.

From the Forget-me-Not for 1838.
THE PHRENOLOGIST.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, L. L. D.

RABELAIS, that trust of all true historians, relates that Gargantua, when a youth, found employment in setting cows to catch hares, in carrying water in sieves, in fishing for whales in tea-cups, in shoeing gossings, in hunting for needles in haystacks, and such profitable and pleasant occupations. What Gargantua did in youth, Professor Richer, of the University of Heidelberg, pursued in age—that is, his pursuits, if not exactly the same, were of a similar business-like and philosophical nature. A great man was the Professor!

How he became Professor no one knew—how he continued in that capacity every one wondered. His duties consisted in the receipt of a handsome income, paid quarterly. It was necessary, in 1817, that the students should have certificates of attendance on his lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, as part of their *curriculum*; so they paid the fees—and did not hear the lectures. Thus the Professor had a sinecure.

A venerable youth was he—on the shady side of seventy. He knew no language but his own; and that not very well; but his essays in the *Heidelberg Mercury* were well sprinkled with Greek & Latin extracts conveyed from a huge "Dictionary of Quotations." He had commenced life as a spectacle-maker; but skill he had none, so he turned Professor. He ever had some hobby; now, he would give a lecture on swimming, to the effect that little boys should practice on dry land, by aping the motions of frogs, and not go into the water till they had adequate skill, nor even then unless they wore cork-jackets of his own invention: anon he would wax garrulous, if not eloquent, upon the mystery of making a top spin on a clean plate for half an hour at a time! Thus scientific and practical were all his experiments. Of late he had been seized with a passion for Phrenology, which at the time above indicated, was becoming popular in Germany. After twelve months' minding and muddling, (for he was rather a damp soul) he hit upon the wonderful idea that, as the character and conduct of human beings depended upon the size of the bumps of their respective and respectable skulls, the character could be fixed, and the conduct mainly guided, by elevating or depressing, bringing forward or reducing, the necessary "or-

gans." His idea was that they might be reduced by compression and developed by such a simple method as the creation of vacuum by an air-pump. Accordingly, he had a compress made of gold, which, when he could get a suitable subject, he resolved to fix on the head by a band, and secure by a *tourniquet*. This apparatus was intended by him to remain on the head day and night; and, by giving the *tourniquet* a slight turn each morning, when the cranium is most compliant, he trusted that in a short time he could compress any organ to what he conceived to be its desiderated moral size. The use of a portable air-pump would create a vacuum in a vessel of strong flint-glass, which, if placed over any bump not adequately developed, would, he was confident, cause its gradual emergence from the skull. The person operated upon would have only to wear the compress and *tourniquet* day and night for twelve months, and remain at and for the same period under the air pump, to effect all that the Professor's mighty wisdom anticipated. Unfortunately, as yet he had not met with any one willing to make the experiment!

Had I the art of drawing portraits with my pen, I should certainly attempt that of Caroline von Pichler, as pretty a German maiden as ever, when a lover spoke particularly, blushed the "Yes," which her lips would not utter at once. When I mention German beauty, you think, I dare say, of the importations who annoy our sight with bronzed faces, mob-caps, thick legs, and churn-waists, and who makes music for our ears with "Buy a broom" discords. No; such is not German beauty. Walk down the Kohlmarkt, (the Regent Street of Vienna,) and you will see a thousand brilliancies of female beauty. Now you are justified in that thronged thorough-fare and the finest form in the world flits by you and the most speaking eyes flash their bright apologies for the accident. A moment—ere you have time to regret the sweet vision—you meet another, and another and another. They are frequent as the flowers in June, or the stars in midnight. They are varied, too, in their brightness and their clime. The radiant freshness of the English features; the beaming intellect of the Italian face; the sweet pathos which forms the expression of Polish beauty; the Asiatic east of the Hungarian aspect; the classic contour of the Grecian outline—all are there but among them none is fairer than the earnest loveliness of the German. After such a preface, how can I describe Caroline von Pichler!

Fancy a lovely, loving, and loveable maiden, of bright nineteen, and you may have a thought of Caroline. Then, like Cardelia's,

her voice was over soft,
Gentle, and low: an excellent thing in woman.

In fine, both in person and mind, she was a delightful specimen of womanhood in its earliest prime—well educated, too, though of this she was not proud—good tempered, in spite of the vinegar disposition of Madame Amette von Pichler, a crossgrained old maid, her aunt and guardian. When Madame scolded, which, to do her justice, was only five minutes out of every ten, Caroline flew to painting, or to music. Or, if these did not please her, she flew to prepare her lessons for her private tutor, Ernst Manheim.

Ernst was young, not yet five-and-twenty. He was handsome—Caroline, somehow or other, always identifying him with the Apollo Belvedere! Poor girl! she was not the first by thousands who had raised a mortal into an idol, making her own heart the shrine!

For twelve months Ernst Manheim had been visiting tutor to Caroline von Pichler. Much did he teach her, in language and sciences, and he also taught her *love*, which is the life of life.

A great crime, Ernst had been absent six whole days, and had only sent a formal apology to Madame, that he was compelled by business to quit Vienna for a week. Poor Caroline! she, appropriated the note from her aunt's table, and carried it next to her heart. What odd fancies Love has!

She reclined upon the sofa in the library, dull, *distraite*, and languid. He! whose step is that? It is outside, in the street, and yet she can distinguish it among every foot-fall in Vienna:

Oh, lover's eyes are quick to see,
And lover's ears are quick to hearing!

She had intended something like reproach—the scholar to scold the master!—but, when he entered, this intention vanished.

So they sat down to read, but Ernst was almost silent, and his countenance had a very grave expression.

"You are dull to-day, Ernst," said Caroline, in the sweetest voice and with the brightest smile in the world. "What has annoyed you? why are you sad?"

"For you, Caroline," said he, taking her white soft hand from the table on which it rested. She blushed, but did not withdraw that hand.

"I have discovered—how it matters not—that your excellent aunt has bargained to marry you to Professor Richer. Your fortune, as she knows, is a thing of doubt; for there is a male heir somewhere, and if he claim it you are penniless. Therefore, as she has lately received notice that this long missing heir is alive and at hand, she would marry you to the Professor, to secure you against want."

"All this is new to me," said Caroline, in a trembling tone.

"I do not wonder that it is so. Your grandfather, the Count von Fugger, of Augsburg, left you his estates, if your cousin, then in the Bavarian army, and supposed to have been slain at the battle of Leipzig, did not appear to claim them within five years. The time has nearly elapsed, and your cousin has made his claim. Our good Emperor Francis could scarcely refuse him speedy justice, for there is an hereditary right on the part of the head of your house, to claim a boon. The Emperor Charles V., to support the war against the majority of the Princes of Germany, borrowed a million florins from one of your ancestors, a merchant. He returned through Augsburg victorious, and his creditors not only entertained him and his retinue for two days in the most sumptuous manner, but before he departed burnt in a fire of cinnamon, made for the purpose, the Emperor's bond. In return for this generosity, he was made a Count of the Empire, and received lands fiefs in perpetuity for himself and his descendants. Your cousin's claim has been made, has been admitted by the Emperor; and, to day, if he will, may take possession of your lands, your wealth. But of this enough. Are you inclined to marry, and to marry the Professor?"

There fell no accent of reply from the ripe lips of Caroline, but Ernst saw her cheek pale, and then grow rosy as with a fever-flush, and he felt her hand tremble within his.

"Your intended will be here to day, you are to marry him to-morrow."

"Caroline raised her eyes, and looked earnestly into his: still she spoke no word. There was such a silence for two minutes that he could hear her heart-beats. Then he gently pressed her hand, again she blushed, but her eyes did not now meet his.

"You would avoid this marriage? Caroline, you love another?"

She did not speak, but silence is often more eloquent than spoken words.

"Love him deeply, and have loved him long!"

"Alas! yes," she cried, "too deeply, but knew not until now that I loved him!"

"Dearest Caroline!" And here, as if by magnetic attraction, their lips touched. It was the first, fond kiss of love! Let the prude blame them, if she will, (we know the fable of "sour grapes,") but for my own part, I think with old Shapton, "it is all human nature."

The soft talk which ensued must be labelled "strictly private and confidential." There were gentle confessions, tender words, sweet as honey, soft promises, welcome as fairy-favours hearted smiles, and joyful tears. As Keats says of Endymion and Diana,

—they were to happy too be glad.

At last Ernst began to talk common sense. "I have been absent," said he,

"for a week. I had heard of this intended marriage, and went to Heidelberg to see my learned rival. Such an exhibition! On the strength of his approaching happiness, he has assumed the airs and dress of a *petit-maitre*. Fancy a man old enough to be my grandfather, dressed like a modern exquisite, with Hyperion curls, his own by purchase; as fresh a bloom upon his cheeks as carmine can bestow; a thin white moustache, dyed to the colour of his peruke; a frame bending beneath the burden of seventy winters, yet decked out like the juvenility of one-and-twenty—in a word, dearest Caroline, the dotage of old age garmented in the vanity of boyhood. Such is your intended,

"We must avoid this marriage!" said the maiden, with a smile.

"That I have arranged, lady-bird! I have seen him, spoken to him, and he seems to make you the victim of his great experiment in phrenology."

"Phrenology! and what is that?"

"*Nabonne et belle* Caroline, it means the knowing what is in the head from merely looking at the outside. A Phrenologist thinks that the mind is in the brain, so that there is no use for the heart, except to send out blood through the arteries and get it back through the veins. He does not believe, as you and I do, that hearts were made—"

"For what, Ernst?"

"For love, dearest Caroline,"

The morrow came, and with it came the Professor. Ernst was also there—giving Caroline her lesson, as if nothing was to occur! Madame Annette, at breakfast had told her niece that it was full time to be married—and Caroline said it was. The Madame praised her own discretion, and said she had chosen Professor Richer as fit and proper nephew-in-law—and Caroline smiled. Then Madame told her all the wedding clothes were ready—and Caroline thanked her. Lastly, Madame bade her take her last lesson from Ernst, for she was to be wedded that night—and Caroline, like a dutiful niece, went.

A loud crack of the postillion's whip, a rattle of a carriage in the court yard. The Professor had arrived. What a scientific man! He had brought twenty volumes of the *Heidelberg Mercury*, containing all his essays, he had brought a box full of cork jackets, in case that he should go boating; and he had brought a magnificent spinning top. Nor was this all—he had brought a collection of skulls and casts to teach phrenology to his bride; and the gold compress for reducing, and the portable air-pump for developing, the pumps on the human cranium, formed part of his luggage.

Wonderful things! But himself, to use Coleridge's quotation, was the "voonder of voonders!" One might have thought he was turned out of a bandbox, he was made up so well. The moustaches had received a fresh application of "Turkish dye"—he had mounted a new peruke—he had put pearl-powder as well as rouge upon his cheeks—he was quite a modernized antique!

Having been shown into the library, he saluted the fair Caroline, and expressed his delight at renewing his acquaintance with Ernst. Then Madame Annette came in, sadly discomposed, for one of the boxes of skulls had been broken, and the relics of mortality were rolling around the hall.—Then they all retired to luncheon, and the Professor divided his attentions between the champagne and Caroline. Then they returned to the library.

Madame Annette introduced the subject of their meeting, and announced that the marriage would take place that evening.—The Professor, with a grave air, said that Caroline must first submit to a Phrenological examination.

"A Phren—what?" said Madame who never heard of the science.

"An examination, my dear madame, of her head," blandly replied the professor.

But Madame appeared to relish the idea, so the Professor continued:—"We take a skull, such as this, for instance—drawing one from his huge pocket—" on which the situation of the organs is mapped out. We see how the brain is disposed in the living subject, by comparing it with these organs, and thus we judge of the character, the intellect, the disposition of the person. You will find it all in one of my essays in the thirteenth volume of the *Heidelberg Mercury*, page 157. I have brought the whole twenty volumes, to amuse Caroline during the honey moon!"

"Nonsense!" muttered Madame, in an under-growl.

"If the young lady will sit down," continued the sage, "I shall proceed with the examination."

Accordingly, Ernst, giving her a nod, Caroline sat down. The Professor placed the skull on the table, and was about commencing—alas! he had forgotten his spectacles at Heidelberg! But Ernst volunteered his aid, and the Professor accepted it.—So the examination commenced.

The parties were placed, as Mrs. Seyfarth had placed them. The *ci devant jeune homme*, was behind; Caroline under the hands of Ernst; Madame leaning over her chair, in an ill temper at what she con-

sidered the folly of the Professor, and Bettine, Caroline's tire-woman, standing a little way off, nursing a pet lap dog, and looking askance with a fearful feeling at the scull upon the table.

"Now," said the Professor, "begin with the affective organs. Let me judge what sort of a wife she will make."

"But it was not Ernst's game to speak of them as they actually were, he thus catalogued them: Combattiveness, large—Destructiveness, full—Amativeness, small—Philoprogenitiveness, none!"

"Hold!" cried the Professor; "this will never answer. We must subject her to my experiment. 'This,' said he, turning to Madame Annette, 'this is only applying my compress and tourniquet to reduce Destructiveness and Combattiveness, and using my portable air pump and exhausted receiver to develop Amativeness and the other matrimonial organs. The double apparatus does not weigh more than forty pounds, and she will have to wear it, day and night, for no more than a twelve-month.' We may as well apply them at once—Madame, will you cut off your niece's hair, to facilitate the development and depression!"

Madame Annette von Pichler, unfortunately for the advancement of science, no sooner comprehended the nature of his proposition than she quietly threw the mapped scull through the window—and, calling up her servants, gave such decided orders for the house to be cleared of all 'the rubbish,' (as she irreverently called the Professor and his cargo,) that this eminent man ran out of the domicile, and made the best of his way back to Heidelberg, where he might be seen to this day, if had not died on the 1st of April, 1818—the anniversary of his birth.

"There!" exclaimed Madame Annette, "there! the man is mad, and I had rather you had lost forty fortunes than gain such a loss as that old creature. Never mind, Caroline, though your cousin has turned up, and takes your fortune from you, there is enough left of mine for both of us. But, oh, that beautiful wedding dinner!—that will be all spoiled!"

"Suppose we prevent it, Madame. If you read this order from the Emperor, you will see that I, whom you have known as Ernst Manheim, am the very cousin who was to rob Caroline of her fortune. If I do, it is only to make her mistress of it, and give her the title of Countess von Fugger."

To so sensible a proposition, involving the certainty that the dinner would, after all, be consumed by a wedding party, Madame Annette could offer no objection.

The wedding took place that evening.—Ernst had given invitations to all his friends, and before supper sketched for his bride and them the most striking incidents of his life: We regret that these "moving incidents by flood and field," are much too long to give at present.

From the Chronicle of the Church.

HYMN FOR THE NATIVITY.

BY NATHAN L. FOSTER.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."—LUKE II. 10, 11.

I sing the exalted SAVIOUR'S birth:—
What loftier theme exists on earth,
Or wakes the sons in Heaven!
Let ransomed man take up the song,
And swell the chorus loud and long.—
For Death's strong bars are riven.

Infinite Mercy formed the plan,
Thus to redeem rebellious man;
For this was JESUS born;
His heavenly Father to obey,
He left the radiant realms of day,
On this auspicious morn.

Oh! could we catch the thrilling strain,
That, floating o'er Judea's plain,
Announced IMMANUEL'S birth;
When the best star o'er Bethlehem stood,
And poured in living light its flood,
To bless the sons of earth.

Let the loud anthem pierce the sky—
"All glory be to God on high,
And peace pervade the earth;"
Let our glad voices join the strain
Which echoed through the seraph train,
Who sang the Saviour's birth.

O may this consecrated hour
Breathe in our souls devotions power,—
And oh, thou Heavenly Dove,
Eternal Spirit! fire each heart,
To bear an humble fervent part,
In hymning JESUS' love.

"Please sir, I don't think Mr. Dosom takes his physic regular," said a Doctor's boy the other day to his employer.

"Why so?"

"Cause, vy he's getting vell so precious fast!"

"Two men are exhibiting themselves in New York, one of whom is so tall that he does not know when his toes get cold, and the other so short that he cannot button his own jacket.