

POETRY.

WOMAN.

WARRIORS and statesmen have their meed of praise;

And what they do or suffer men record; But the long sacrifice of woman's days

Passes without a thought—without a word; And many a holy struggle for thy sake

Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled,— For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,

And the strong feelings of the heart be still'd,— Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,

And leaves no memory and no trace behind! Yet, it may be, more lofty courage dwells

In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate, Than his, whose ardent soul indignant swells.

Warm'd by the light, or cheer'd through high debate: The soldier dies surrounded; could he live

Alone to suffer, and alone to strive? Answer, ye graves, whose suicidal gloom

Shows deeper horror than a common tomb! Who sleep within? The men who would evade

An unseen lot of which they felt afraid. Embarrassment of means, which work'd annoy—

A past remorse—a future blank of joy— The sinful rashness of a blind despair—

These were the strokes which sent your victims there. In many a village churchyard's simple grave,

Where all unmark'd the cypress-branches wave; In many a vault where Death could only claim

The brief inscription of a woman's name; Of different ranks, and different degrees,

From daily labour to a life of ease, (From the rich wife who through the weary day

Wept in her jewels, grief's unceasing prey, To the poor soul who trudg'd o'er marsh and

moor, And with her baby begg'd from door to door,

Lie hearts, which, ere they found that last repose, Had lost all memory of the blessing "peace,"

Hearts, whose long struggle through unpitied years None saw but Him who marks the mourner's

tears; The obscurely noble! who evaded not, The woe which He had will'd should be their lot,

But nerved themselves to bear!

THE HUNTSMAN'S WEDDING.

Concluded.

"In an old manor-house, not far from the sea-shore, lived one of the loveliest ladies

in England, called Agnes M'Caire. She was the heiress of a very rich old Colonel, who had

passed the best part of his life in India, and with age and hard service was upon the verge

of his grave, when his daughter captivated—as it's called by the gentry—a neighbouring gentleman;

a fine, young, handsome fox-hunter, Frederick Catonder, for that was his name, loved

Miss M'Caire as others have loved "not wisely but too well," and, like most other women

under such circumstances, she took advantage of his folly. Wild as a fawn, the lady

cares not what people thought of her gay freaks, which were pretty constant in some shape or other.

Sometimes she would mount a vicious colt, deaf to the entreaties of everybody, and ride

him with the speed of a pressed stag over heath and moor, hill and valley; her long hair

streaming in the wind, and a careless laugh ringing from her lips as she swept over break-

neck fences, walls, and brooks. When the gale whistled across the tossing waves, occasionally

she might be seen alone, steering a light boat over the mountain-billows, as fearless

of danger as the white sea-gull. "Her father, who doted upon his untamed,

beautiful child, never for a moment thought of checking with his authority any whim or inclination,

however imprudent it might be. When angry at some past act of this kind, she would

kiss and caress him out of ill-humour, and thus continued to do just as she pleased.

"Tis said that no one could withstand anything

desires for the run,—Miss Agnes, the horse, or the greyhounds.

"See how the creatures long for me to start!" said she, as the horse fretted and pulled

upon her tightened reins.

"Ah! Mr. Catonder. What, so early! I almost regret my intended gallop," said Miss

M'Caire, with as rueful a look as ever probed the heart of a man.

"Perhaps you will permit me to accompany you?" replied Mr. Catonder looking rather confused.

"Well, I know of nothing that can be urged as a reasonable objection," replied Miss

Agnes, carelessly. "I should try to overrule any that might be submitted

to-morrow morning, I assure you, Miss M'Caire," rejoined Mr. Catonder, by way of a

hint to what he was going to say. "Indeed? What, so bold, Sir Knight?"

exclaimed Miss Agnes laughing. "The coward often becomes desperate, you

know, replied he. "Come, come, no craven smiles. Coward,

forsooth! What gentleman ever had a dastard's nerves? If by accident there is such a thing,

and he spoke, or even looked at me, I'd whip him from my sight like an offending hound."

And the lady's riding switch cracked in the air as she suited the action to the words.

"By my honour, I shouldn't like to come under the lash," said Mr. Catonder. "But I

hope that I am in no such danger." "No, indeed. I believe you may deem

yourself free from any such ordeal," replied Miss Agnes.

"That permission I consider a compliment. But where do you intend riding? Is the dew-

drop to be brushed from the heath-bell, or the emerald turf pressed upon the downs?"

"Inquired with all the romance of a time-yellowed novel," replied Miss M'Caire. "No

more of such vapid nonsense to me. However, we'll gallop over the downs to the sea-shore.—

You've no objection to ride fast?" "None in the least," was the reply.

"If you had, I should soon distance you; for I dote upon racing with my greyhounds there.

You shall see the fleet fellows outstrip the wind. I love to see them fly along. Then

how my horse tries to beat them in their matchless speed! Every muscle is strained to crack-

ling. He throws back his ears, and sweeps the ground like a chased hare; I cheer him in his

exertions. His veins full of fire, and swelled as the fibres on a vine-leaf, on we go in our

chase of fun and glee, merry as a set of madcaps, as we are," said Miss Agnes, flushed

with the excitement she felt at her own description. "The horse was now brought to the door,

and no sooner saw his mistress than, giving a plunge forward, he neighed a loud recognition.

"You see what it is to be a favourite of mine," said Miss M'Caire, smoothing the arched

neck of her pleased horse, and springing lightly into the saddle.

"That it is an enviable condition," replied

Mr. Catonder, mouthing his steed, and at one bound was at the side of the lady.

"A small silver whistle was suspended round the neck of Miss Agnes; placing it to her lips,

she blew a long shrill summons. It was answered by a leasli of large superb greyhounds

rushing towards them, which jumped to the saddle-bow, and screamed with delight, when

they arrived at the place where their mistress waited for them. Then they ran some distance

before, and stood with pricked ears, as if inviting the usual course of a joyful bloodless

sport. It was the only one they were permitted to have; for no living creature was ever

injured, or allowed to be, by Miss M'Caire.—'Tis said the birds even knew that they were

free from danger when near her, and built their nests in the luxuriant ivy which crept

about her bedroom casement, feeding without fear from her hands. Her gold fish would

frisk about, and allow her fingers to caress them in the globe when she dropped in fresh moss and

grass, as was her daily custom. All things loved her, as well they might; for her kindness

of heart was only equalled by her acts of goodness and charity.

"Few have had so many blessings showered upon their heads as Miss Agnes. From child-

hood her name was never mentioned scarcely but with "Heaven save from harm, and watch

over the good lady!" "It is impossible to say which appeared most

anxious for the run,—Miss Agnes, the horse, or the greyhounds.

"See how the creatures long for me to start!" said she, as the horse fretted and pulled

upon her tightened reins. "And you are equally desirous to obey their wishes, if I'm not mistaken," rejoined Mr. Catonder.

"I admit most readily that I am, call me childish or not. So here's for Hastings' Cliff,

and remember I stop not till there, my cavalier."

"Her horse reared upon his haunches, and jumped high into the air as the curbing-rein

was slackened. The hounds gave a short cry of delight, and to a loud cheerful "away!"

from their mistress, on went the whole at a merry pace. With the speed of light they flew

over the turf; hill and dale, slope and level, were all the same to them. Now and then a merry

laugh was carried back upon the breeze, as it burst from the lips of the light-hearted lady,

which was all the sound that was heard in that rapid ride, save the heavy beating of the horses'

feet upon the greensward. "She is as wild as an unhooded hawk; but then how beautiful she is!"

thought Mr. Catonder, as he rode a little way behind. The manner in which she managed her horse was

sufficient to win the heart of a fox-hunter. Erect she sat upon the saddle, yielding gracefully

to the motion as the animal took his long and fast strides. Her elbows were close to her small

RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

The following interesting article we extract from Noah's Evening Star. It gives

some matters of fact and some of speculation, connected with a very sublime topic

of history. RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.—Professor Bush, in his lecture last Sunday evening,

endeavoured to show the literal meaning of the prophecies, in relation to the restoration

of the Jews, making it not doubtful or problematical, but certain and unquestionable.—

We have never been able to attach any other meaning to that advent, and no proof can be

stronger than the singular and undivided attention of all nations towards the affairs of the

East. The following article from the March number of the Blackwood, possesses considerable

interest. "It is impossible to read the scriptural references to the future condition of Palestine,

without discovering a crowd of the plainest and most powerful indications, that it shall

yet exhibit a totally different aspect from that of its present state. Enthusiasm, or even

the natural interest which we feel in this memorable nation, may colour the future to us

too brightly; but unless language of the most solemn kind, uttered on the most solemn

occasions, and by men divinely commissioned for its utterance, is wholly unmeaning,

we must yet look to some powerful, unquestionable and splendid display of Providence, in

favour of the people of Israel. "The remarkable determination of European

politics toward Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt within these few years; the not less

unexpected change of manners and customs, which seemed to defy all change; and

the new life infused into the stagnant Governments of Asia, even by their being flung

into the whirl of European interests, look not like signs of the times. It may be no

dream, to imagine in these phenomena, the proofs of some memorable change in the

interior of things—some preparatives for that great Providential restoration, of which

Jerusalem will yet be the scene, if not the centre, and the Israelite himself, the especial

agent of those high transactions, which shall make Christianity the religion of all lands,

restore the dismantled beauty of all earth, and make man—what he was created to be—

only a little lower than the angels." "The statistics of the Jewish population

are among the most singular circumstances of this most singular of all people. Under

all their calamities and dispersions, they seem to have remained at nearly the same amount

as in the days of David and Solomon—never much more in prosperity; never much less,

after ages of suffering. Nothing like this has occurred in the history of any other race;

Europe in general having doubled its population within the last hundred years, and

England nearly tripled hers within the last half century; the proportion of America

being still more rapid, and the world crowded in a constantly increasing ratio. Yet

the Jews seem to stand still, in this vast and general movement. The population in

Judea, in its most palmy days, probably did not exceed, if it reached, four millions.

The numbers who entered Palestine from the wilderness, were evidently not much more

than three, and their census, according to the German statisticians, who were generally

considered to be exact, is now nearly the same as that of the people under Moses—

about three millions. They are thus distributed. In Europe, 1,916,000, of which

about 658,000 are in Poland and Russia, and 453,000 are in Austria.

"In Asia, 738,000, of which 300,000 are in Asiatic Turkey. "In Africa, 504,000,

of which 300,000 are in Morocco. "In America, North and South, 57,000.

"If we add to these about 15,000 Samaritans, the calculation, in round numbers,

will be about 3,180,000. "This was the report in 1825—the numbers probably

remain the same. This extraordinary fixedness, in the midst of almost

universal increase, is doubtless not without a reason—if we were even to look

for it among the mysterious operations which have preserved Israel a separate

race, through eighteen hundred years. May we not naturally conceive, that a

people thus preserved without advance or retrocession; dispersed, yet

combined; broken, yet firm; without a country, yet dwelling in all; every

where influential; without a nation, yet united as no nation ever was before

or since—has not been appointed to offer this extraordinary contradiction to

the common laws of society, and even the common progress of nature, without

a cause, and of final benevolence, universal good, and divine grandeur?"

We apprehend there is some error in the above statistics, and that the number

of Jews throughout the world, may be estimated at nearer six millions than

three. There are more than a million in Poland and Russia; in all Asia there

are full two millions; half a million in Austria; in the Barbary States

and Africa, a million; in all Europe, two millions and a half. We do not

think, during the most splendid periods of Jewish history, that they ever

exceeded four millions; but then their colonies and countries held

tributary in Europe and Asia, amounted to many millions. For example,

at one period, all Spain paid tribute to King Solomon; and all Spain

and Portugal, at this day, are descendants of the Jews and Moors; and

there are many thousands of Jews, in both those countries, now adhering

in secret to the ancient faith of their fathers, while outwardly professing

the Catholic religion. All the familiar Spanish and Portuguese names—

Lopez, Mendez, Carvalho, Ponceca, Rodrigues, Peirara, Azavedo, Montefiores, &c. &c.—

are of Jewish origin. Their numbers therefore, will never be accurately

known until the restoration, when thousands who, from convenience

and pride, and some from apprehension, conceal their religion, will be

most eager to avow it, when their nation takes rank among the Governments

of the earth. Though they may not be powerful as to numbers, they will

still outnumber several of the existing European monarchies; but

for the diffusion of general intelligence, quickness of apprehension,

aptness in business concerns, amazing industry and enterprise, and

incalculable wealth, they will constitute, for their numbers, the

greatest nation on earth; and the whole of Judea will, in a few years

after the restoration, exhibit a most splendid spectacle of the

united power of riches, talent and indomitable enterprise. All the old

ports on the Mediterranean, will be again opened, the harbours

cleared, and the ruined cities rebuilt, from Alexandria to the

Bosphorus; the old canal reopened from Cairo to the Red sea; the

trade to India through the straits of Babel-mandel revived; manufactories

established, and the water power of the Jordan and the Dead sea used

for the mills; and roads laid down to the Euphrates, and the

whole of the commerce of Peria diverted into new channels. What

the result of the restoration may be is not to be doubted; but the

means of bringing about this event, are not so well established as yet.

We must keep our eyes directed towards the east, and depend upon

the ultimate completion of his will. War is costly—and if the

Paeha of Egypt refuses to yield obedience to the Sultan, and the

Sultan is sustained by Russia against Egypt; if Persia forms

allies, and takes part in the wars; if India is threatened and the

war becomes general in the east, the restoration of the Jews, as a

measure of policy and expediency, may be closer at hand than

many imagine. Come when it may, the Jews are ready, not only

to form their Government, but to embrace in its protection and

toleration the two great branches long separated from the parent

tree—Christianity and Islamism—the planets which have revolved

around the sun—the streams flowing from the great fountain—and

then will be realized the oath to Abraham, "In thy seed shall

all the nations of the earth be blessed."

Piracy.—The following is, probably, another addition to the list

already published of the acts of piracy lately committed on the

coast of Cuba. The details we find in a letter from the captain

of an English West Indian man-of-war, dated St. John, Antigua,

to the editor of the London Mercantile Shipping Gazette, in a

letter of the length of which paper we read it for the first time.

After giving the details of the voyage, he says "on the 6th ult. at 9 A. M.

wind N E, smart breeze, a barque in sight to the S E with very

little sail set. I ordered our studding sails in, and steered for

her; ran our vessel close under her stern to hail her, but there

was no person to be seen on deck. At this time there was a

small clipper schooner tacking about under the barque's lee,

and when I passed them they were busy taking a long green

bottomed boat on board of the schooner, but took no notice

of us. The schooner had an English government pennant

flying at the main, but it is my opinion she had not anything

to do with the English government. She had not the least

appearance of an English schooner of war. The barque

might be about 400 tons burden, and drawing about 13 feet

of water; had a new mainmast

sent, lowered down, and lying aback; foretop sail and spanker

were uncut; had topgallant yards across, booms run out both

sides, as if she had been going by the wind aft; her paint was

morning blue, with sham ports; had a bust head. I

thought I should perceive 'London' on the barque's stern,

for the name of the place she hailed from. I hope I am

mistaken, but I am afraid the vessel was in the hands of

pirates. The schooner seemed to be a Bermudian-build

vessel.—N. Y. Express.