

Poetry.

The following is, past all comparison, the best Parody on the "Burial of Sir John Moore" that we have ever seen. It is old enough to be new to most of our readers, and will be enjoyed we doubt not, by those who recollect it at its first appearance.

THE DOCTOR'S SPREE.

Not a *Sous* had he got, nor a guinea nor note,
And he looked confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the club returning;
We twigged the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas lamps brilliantly burning.

All bare and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclin'd in the gutter we found him,
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his tattered cloak around him.

"The Doctor's as drunk as the devil," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow—
We raised him, and sighed at the thought that his head
Would consumedly ache on the morrow.

We bore him home, and put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, and soda water.

Loudly they talked of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him,
But little he heeded—so they let him snore on,
'Neath the counterpane, just as we laid him,

We tucked him in, and had hardly done,
When beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman, "one o'clock," bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rush light we placed on the cold hearth stone,
And we "left him alone in his glory."

Literary Selections.

THE MAIDEN'S SHOT;

—OR—

What Happened at Cherry-tree Topping.
(Concluded.)

In her details there was one reservation, which, knowing the state of affairs, I sought not to remove; she never mentioned Frank, but as the beautiful and clever boy whom my mother had nursed. One day his arrival was announced, during which time, however, it appears that more than once small sums of money had been transmitted to him by his mother. My father was absent, or he might have refused admittance to one who, it seems, had often insulted him for a straightforward condemnation; but in the breast of his foster-mother still lingered an advocate, and he was ushered into the apartments of Lady Lester. I did not see him, for I was engaged in some domestic matter, from which, however, I was ere long summoned by loud cries and the ringing of a bell. I found Lady Lester in violent hysterics, and my mother so much alarmed as to be incapable of rendering her any assistance. I succeeded, however, in restoring the agitated dowager to some degree of tranquility, when she confessed that Frank had forced from her all the ready money she possessed at the time; nay, more, had threatened to destroy himself if she did not promise to provide him with £800 in a few days.

"He knows," she said, "that in that time I shall receive a sum equal to that amount; but his words were so cruel, his menaces so inhuman, that I have at length taken your father's advice; I refused to give it. I have sworn to give him no more for a year, nor will I see him till then. I believe he would have struck me, had you not come in."

On my father's return, we told him all that had occurred; but he seemed to think that, having failed in his object, there was no danger to be apprehended from a repetition of Frank's visits for some time, or until he had soothed his indulgent parent by apologies and concessions. Nor, indeed, did we hear of him for several weeks.

How well do I remember the bright glory of

that genial day, whose close was to be darkened by my first sight of Frank Lester. I had seen my father mount his horse and ride away to B—, whence he warned us not to look for his return before a late hour; and as I sauntered back from the gate where I had shaken hands with him, my eyes drank in with rare delight the soft, quiet beauty of the scene before me. The farmhouse, which was closely imbosomed in a grove of the exuberant cherry-trees, from which it derived its name, had no near prospect of agricultural processes or labor, and there was a look of substantial yet graceful antiquity about it, that consorted well with the serenity of the weather. Round every casement and lattice, and winding about and over an ample bower-like porch, ran roses, jessamines, and honeysuckles, profusely covered with flowers in every stage of bloom, amidst which the bees and butterflies hummed and sported. On the green lawn, smoothly shorn, before the windows of the parlor and drawing-room above it, which was devoted to our inmate, sported a favorite cat and kitten; whilst every cherry-tree, richly clothed in green leaf and white blossom, wafted fragrance around, that might well be termed incense waved forth from censors of emerald by snowy hands.

We had passed the day pleasantly, and twilight found me in Lady Lester's bedroom, which was on the same floor as the drawing-room, though separated from it by a passage. It was a richly-furnished apartment of considerable size, for she had had some favorite pieces of furniture removed to it from the manor. Near the bed, with its back to the window, stood a richly-carved antique chair, my usual seat as I read to her when she lay down. Opposite, and to the left of the door, before which stood a handsome screen, was a costly cabinet and escritoire, in which she kept her papers and valuables; a picture or two on the wall, through which opened a small dressing-room, the entrance closed by a pall of ancient arras. The house was wonderfully silent, for the kitchen department was quite at the back, and shut out from us by a long corridor. As the dusk deepened, and I lit the candles, I almost fancied the house uninhabited, save by ourselves, for my mother was busy in the laundry, and the only sound that found its way through the open doors, was the twittering of the birds among the trees. I had read to Lady Lester until she had passed off into a light slumber, when I lay back in the chair to continue my lecture to myself. Presently I was disturbed by hearing on the staircase footsteps, which anon seemed to stop and again to retire. In the belief that it was my mother, I got up and stealing softly to the door, addressed her in a low voice. There was no answer; and then all at once I remembered that she had desired me to bring her a bunch of lavender which lay on a table in the drawing-room. I ran across the passage for it, found it readily without any other light than that which poured in dimly and quaintly from the fine, clear night-sky, and hastened to the laundry with it. As I passed the outer door, which I recollected having left open, it struck me that some person must have passed by, for it was now ajar, and there was no wind that could have forced it into this position. I shut it, without drawing bolt or bar; but as I left the laundry, having accomplished my task, I asked my mother if she had been near the staircase, or sent any body thither, for I fancied that I had heard footsteps. She replied in the negative. "Silly child," she added laughing, "it was your friend Puss, who has been teaching her kitten all manner of noisy tricks." I left her and had reached the end of the passage that led to the staircase, when I heard loud voices. Lady Lester was speaking angrily, yet the tremor of her voice evinced fear. In a moment I conjectured what was really the case—that her unworthy son had found his way to her in my absence; it was he who had stolen into the house in the dusk; it was he who had partly closed the door, and whose footsteps I had heard upon the stairs.

My heart beat fast as I listened. What course ought I to pursue? Should I run to my mother? Perhaps it might have been better if I had done so. I heard him say that he must

have money—every shilling she had about her; if she refused, he would make her repent it. I heard such cruel words, such harsh accents, as no man should accost a woman with, still less a son address to a mother. I began to tremble, for I heard him demand her keys; and then I heard them rattle, and a gasping cry—and then all was still. In another moment I was at the bedroom door, still open; I stole within it, crouching behind the screen, from which I had a distinct view of what was going on. A man, his back towards the door, was trying to open the escritoire, but his hand trembled with terror or remorse, and he swore fiercely as he forced the unwilling lock. Lady Lester lay back on her pillow in a swoon, or dead. Upon the chair I had occupied, on the very volume I had been reading, lay a pistol. I know not how I came to it, but I did it. Before he had quite wrenched asunder the lock of the escritoire, I had seized the pistol, unseen, unheard; I retreated with it to the screen, and then I gave utterance to my indignation in a loud cry. Whether the words I uttered were an appeal for help, or a shout of uncontrollable condemnation, I cannot tell; but I never shall forget the horrible expression of the face that turned towards me in startled wonder as well as rage.

"Dare not, for your life, touch what is there," I said.

A hideous smile crossed his features as he sprang towards the chair. I do not think that until then he became cognizant of my having gained possession of his weapon. He uttered a fearful oath.

"Idiot!" he cried, "give up that pistol instantly."

"If you advance a step, I fire," was my answer, as I cocked the pistol.

There was a noise from the bed—the gasp returning animation; there was a noise from the stairs behind me; but as he sprang upon me, I discharged the weapon. The room was then to me a scene of mystery and confusion. There were cries which I did not utter; there was a body extended at my feet; there was a woman's arms about its neck; and I lost all sense and sight, all consciousness except that of being carried away by hands that were unknown to me.

A very brief explanation will suffice to clear away the clouds that may chance to linger about the scene which has just been described. My father's return was some hours earlier than had been anticipated, and yet he did not arrive one moment too soon. About six miles from —, he had come up with a young medical practitioner of his acquaintance, who had been summoned to attend a neighbor of ours, suddenly seized with apoplexy. My father rode with him to the house of Mr. B—, where they were met by a physician from Taunton, who told them all was over. Death had released the sufferer, and they who came to administer such relief as life can bestow when no longer needed. My father invited his young friend, Dr. Reveley, to step home with him to supper, and they had opened the outer door at the very moment when the report of firearms alarmed the whole household. If I had boasted of an incapacity to faint some years before, I could no longer lay claim to such an exemption from the weakness of my sex, for my father entered the room just in time to receive me senseless in his arms. But exigencies more serious than mine called for assistance, and the presence of Dr. Reveley was no unprized advantage.

Frank Lester, wounded as he was, struggled desperately to release himself from the enfolding arms of his mother, and had dashed her roughly from him, when the entrance, one after another, of every member of the family then at home, prevented him from effecting his escape. Too surely the pistol had been loaded—and with ball—for what object none ever asked, so far as I know. Too surely had my aim done justice to my early practice, for the first and second fingers of his right hand had been nearly shot away, that Mr. Reveley found it absolutely necessary to amputate the mangled remnants.

Lady Lester, in a state of agitation that amounted to frenzy, was at length pacified by the doctor's assurances that her son's life was

in nowise endangered; and that son, conveyed to a remote apartment, where he submitted without a word to the requisite operation, was left to ruminate on his conduct, until the pit of my mother drew her from other cares to sit by his bedside.

I was not chidden by my father for what had done, but my own feelings were not so tranquil. Not even the avowed admiration of my conduct testified by the doctor, when he came to know all, sufficed to satisfy me as to what had resulted from my rashness. Time has, however, convinced me that I was a humble instrument in the hand of Providence. It is impossible to tell by what chinks and cracks the light may first enter upon the darkened soul; but it is very certain that the occurrences of that night had a most salutary effect on the mind of Frank Lester. When, after a few days, he was admitted to the chamber of his suffering parent to receive her forgiveness, my mother described his remorse and anguish as painful yet sweet to be witnessed; and when afterwards my father placed before him a vivid picture, not only of what he had done of evil, but of what he had intended to do, and the probable result of such actions had they been permitted, he betrayed feelings that, latent too long, promised an amended future.

Letters were addressed by his mother to her elder son, and details were entered into which happily terminated in Frank Lester's being sent abroad in a capacity where opportunities were available for entering upon a different sort of existence from that which had stained his early manhood. But the chastening hand fell upon him before he left us. His mother's constitution, never strong, was so shaken by that night's fearful occurrence, that she did not live more than a week after learning that she had succeeded in obtaining a permanent situation for him. I had not seen him since the accident, but when at last I was summoned to his dying mother's side, and I looked upon the pale, haggard face of that man as he knelt by her bed, and at her request told me that he not only forgave but blessed me for the act I had committed, I turned away shuddering, and in tears that I did not attempt to conceal.

Many years passed: my father, my mother, were taken from me in turn, but not before they had given me away in marriage to Dr. Reveley. We were prosperous for many years; but at length the tide of fortune turned, and with four children to provide for we found ourselves fast sinking into abject poverty. When things were at their worst, a letter reached me from a celebrated lawyer at B—, informing me that, by the recent decease of Frank Lester, Esq., &c., at —, I became entitled to an annuity of £400, which was bequeathed "to Helen Marriott, the wife of Robert Reveley, &c., by one whom she had been the means, through Divine Providence, of having prevented from committing a great crime." From public rumor, we learned that Frank Lester, who died an elderly man, had lived a life of practical usefulness in the station which he honorably held abroad, and from whence he had never returned to England.

LORD BYRON'S OPINION OF THE TURKS.—In all money transactions with the Moslems I ever found the strictest honor, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dirty speculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, &c., &c., uniformly found on applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera. In the capital and at court the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity; but there does not exist a more honorable friendly, and high-spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or Moslem country gentlemen. The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in the countries with greater pretensions of civilization. A Moslem in walking the streets of our country towns would be more incommode in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey.

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The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal at least to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to say what they are, we can at least say what they are not; they are not treacherous, they are not cowardly, they do not burn heretics, they are not assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to their capital. They are faithful to their sultan till