

## Poetry.

## INDIA.

The following beautiful lines of Thomas Campbell, apart from their intrinsic merit as poetical composition, have an interest just now arising from the unhappy state of affairs in India, the result of which may possibly be an apparent fulfilment of the prophecy uttered below:—

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,  
And stretched her giant sceptre o'er the main,  
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,  
And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape;  
Children of Brama! then was mercy nigh  
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?  
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,  
While freeborn Britons crossed the Indian wave?  
Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,  
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you?  
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,  
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,  
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,  
Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise  
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;  
Could look, with impious hand, their teeming store,  
While famished nations died along the shore;  
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear  
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;  
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,  
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

But hark! as bowed to earth the Brahmin kneels,  
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!  
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,  
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,  
And solemn sounds, that awe the listening mind,  
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

"Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say,) Revolving ages bring the bitter day,  
When heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,  
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;  
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled  
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;  
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,  
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came;  
Nine times hath suffering mercy spared in vain—  
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again!  
He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky  
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,  
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,  
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!  
Wide waves his flickering sword; his bright arms glow  
Like summer suns, and light the world below!  
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,  
Are shook; and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

"To pour redress on India's injured realm,  
The oppressor to dethrone; the proud to whelm;  
To chase destruction from her plundered shore  
With arts and arms that triumphed once before,  
The tenth Avatar comes! at Heaven's command  
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand!  
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,  
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!  
Come, Heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!  
Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for evermore!"

## Select Tale.

## CRUPPER'S WHISKERS DONE BROWN.

BY PHIREPHLY.

My friend Hodge, a few days since, shaved off his fine crop of whisker-hair—hair that he had zealously nursed all summer long, his hair-dresser administering to it, as often as once a week, a plentiful supply of Bogle's Hyperion Fluid, or some other equally celebrated compound for doing red hair up brown. The crop on Hodge's face was not red, however, but a light brown, and by weekly irrigation he managed to keep dark the shade of the luxurious growth, though any one could see, easily enough, that the natural colour would stick out in spite of the disguise. A few days after the shearing, Crupper called in to see Hodge. Crupper scarcely knew him, he was so much altered. He never saw such an alteration in the whole course of his life. What on earth had Hodge been doing to himself? He could not even begin to find a shadow of an excuse for his altered appearance.

All this, and much more, did Crupper fire off at Hodge before that newly-shorn individual condescended to admit the light of fact into the sombre recesses of his understanding. But when Hodge said "Whiskers," he saw it all at a glance, and, of course, wondered that he could be so stupid. The change was remarkable, certainly, since he had discovered it. He had a great mind to cut his own off, just to surprise his wife, who was coming home from the country on that very day.

Now Crupper had an extraordinary light crop on his face, in quantity as well as color; in fact, the color very nearly approached white. The idea of cutting them off to astonish anybody was suddenly ridiculous. The idea of his raising whiskers at all probably astonished a good many.

Hodge guessed that he could suggest a better mode of getting up a little domestic astonishment for him.

Crupper was elated. But how was it to be accomplished?

Hair-Dye!

A rich dark brown was just exactly the thing. Hodge had the article on hand, and to Crupper's great joy, he volunteered to apply the magical fluid. Crupper, as he divested his neck of cravat, could not help exclaiming—

"I have set my whiskers upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the dye."

And he did. Hodge put him through with wonderful facility for an amateur—or perhaps bungler would be a better word. Having no tools for the work, such as an *artiste* would use, he worked without tools. At first, he poured some of the fluid into the palm of his hand, and applied it to the whiskers as grandma would apply goose-grease to bub's sore throat—with a vast deal of rubbing; several times he poured out and rubbed in, in this way, but finding it not just the ticket, he hunted up an old tooth brush, and with bottle in one hand and brush in the other, he attacked the very roots of Crupper's light crop, poured in the dye amongst the stubble, and then scoured round like all possessed, as if he was bound to scour out, root up, and exterminate the whole crop, root, branch, and foundation. Crupper stood the sanguinary scrubbing like a major. The anticipated pleasure of astonishing his better half overcame the pain of scrubbing. Now and then a grimace would show itself, but smothering it with an effort, he grinned and bore it. He gave up a deep-drawn sigh of relief when Hodge laid down his brush, and directed him to move his phiz to the window, and let the sun shine full thereon. With his head thrown back, he smiled benevolently to old Sol, and old Sol smiled back fiercely, as he is wont to do of an autumn noon. Crupper closed his eyes and smiled on, and the sun shone on, and the magic dye dried fast on, and in; and Crupper grinned on, and bore it no less valiantly than he did the scrubbing, for he knew the infliction would soon end. But little dreamed he how it would end. For full twenty minutes he sat with upturned countenance, radiant with satisfaction, and Bogle's Hyperion, daguerreotyping the sun's rays upon his own, and at last, when Hodge said—"That will do," he faced about with briskness, for the genial warmth of the sun had penetrated his heart through his face, and the milk of human kindness was forcing itself out at every pore, threatening to smother Hodge in a flow of gratitude for accessory aid in conceiving, maturing and perfecting so important, rich, and ingenious a conspiracy to astonish his wife.

Ha! Hodge is convulsed, his face elongated, his eyes protrude, his nostrils dilate, his lips are fast between his teeth, his cheeks have swelled to bursting dimensions! He can hold in no longer; off he goes in regular volleys of guffaws, peal after peal, while Crupper stands confounded. What does it mean? Hodge points to the looking-glass.

"Lamp-black and thunder!" ejaculated the dye-ee, as he gazed upon his face, in Ethiopian sable clad from the line of his nostrils down. "Thunder and lampblack! do you s'pose it will wash off?"

"Why, certainly!" And off went Hodge again, in thundering uproariness, evidencing less reverence for good order than would a stump candidate for kingdom-come on a camp-meeting ticket.

Having at last exorcised his risibility, Hodge recommended soap and water to remove the dye from the cuticle of his face. Crupper began the task; he rubbed and scrubbed, but it stuck fast. Again and again, he applied prime "yellow," and spared not the Cochinatate, but all in vain. Crupper's spirits were below zero, and Hodge began to doubt. The directions on the bottle were then consulted; there was no mistaking it; plain enough it said—"It will readily wash from the skin." And at it they went again, Hodge scrubbing away as hard to get it off as before to get it on. Tooth-brush came in play again, and Crupper, growing desperate, volunteered the use of his nails; he scraped, and Hodge scrubbed, but it was all no use; soap, water, brush, and nails, all failed most signally. The skin gave way under the well-applied force of Crupper's nails, in three or four places, and the claret trickled down his much abused whiskers, but the dye proved infallible and indelible.

"It is of no use to scrub," said Hodge.

A big sigh, pumped up from the deep well of his overcharged feelings, told well enough that Crupper was decidedly of the same opinion. He felt that he was a victim—victimized to the caprice of a whim of his own begetting. It was too much to bear quietly, and his frontpiece gave out decided tokens of blubbering right out. Hodge read all that was passing behind his wo-begone features, and felt it his duty to pour in the balm of consol-

tion. Putting on a look of solemn portent, he again consulted the directions on the bottle.

"Friend Crupper," said the grave consoler, in a solemn tone, solemnly emitted from his solemn mug, "Crupper, have you eaten any pork lately?"

"Wal, no—yes—that is, I recollect I did eat some last week, but I haven't eat any since."

"That accounts for it all," said Hodge, in the same solemn tone. "I never noticed it before, but the directions say that persons using the dye cannot eat pork for at least one month before, for the greasy substance assimilates with the natural grease of the system, and when brought in contact with the dye, adheres to it with remarkable tenacity, and will require time, effort, and perseverance to remove it. That accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut, friend Crupper."

"Wal, kus the pork! I'll never eat any more as long as I live. My wife is coming home to-day, and here I am looking like Barnum's nigger turning white in spots. O, d—n pork!"

And Crupper strode up and down Hodge's confined apartment, swinging his arms and legs about with fearful strides, darnin' hair-dye and pork, while Hodge shrank up into the smallest possible dimensions, squatted in a corner, and gazed upon the fearfully excited man with astonishment and awe. It was the phrenzy of despair, and calmness soon succeeded. In a moment he veiled the lower half of his face in a handkerchief, and shot out doors, followed closely by Hodge, who now believed him "gone mad," and bent on suicide. Through by-ways, lanes, and dark alleys, fled and followed Crupper and Hodge—the victim to pork and hair-dye, and the amateur hair-dyer—turning now to the right, and now to the left, and hastening on with desperate speed through a labyrinth of carts, wagons, boxes, barrels, and old lumber, in the rear of a long line of warehouses fronting on one of the principal streets. Here the pursuer lost sight of the pursued, and all his efforts to regain the scent went for naught. After searching every hole, nook, corner, bale, box, barrel, and in fact every out-house in the vicinity, Hodge at last gave it up and returned home. Crupper has not been seen since.

There is a rumor, however, which has been traced to Crupper's boy, and may be relied upon as authentic, that during the day—the dye-entical day—Crupper rushed madly into the back-door of his store, upset a clerk, two lady customers, and a boy, smashed three panes of glass in the sash-door, and incontinently buried himself in the fifth story loft for the remainder of the day, giving orders that no one could see him—that soon after dark he left the loft and went home, since which time, his wife having returned from the country, he has been confined to the house by a severe attack of *hair dye!*

A later rumor says that Crupper is convalescing rapidly—that Hodge has packed up his carpet-bag; and will leave town suddenly, leaving behind the following bit of advice to his friends—"Don't pork phun at Crupper—he's dangerous."

## Miscellaneous.

It is now proved beyond a doubt that the late attempted insurrections in Italy were concocted in London. The puppets moved upon Italian soil, but the men who pulled the wires were safe at a distance, and directed, from the dingy security of Leicester square, operations which a high sense of their own dignity, or, perhaps, a still higher appreciation of the value of their skins, forbade them to share. Prior to this ill-judged and unfortunate outbreak—of which the results have been not only the sacrifice of human life, guilty as well as innocent, but the indefinite postponement of Italian freedom—the French Government received intimation of a plot—also concocted in London—for the assassination of Napoleon III., as part of the plan for the liberation of Italy. In consequence of the researches immediately instituted the police of Paris was enabled to arrest three of the conspirators, named Tibaldi, Bartolotti, and Grilli, *alias* Saro. The arms to be used for the perpetration of the crime were discovered in their apartments, and consisted, according to the *Moniteur*, of poignards and revolvers. The desperadoes were submitted to an examination, in the course of which they divulged the names of their accomplices, real or supposed, in London. The result has been that the French Government has resolved to bring to public trial, not merely the three individuals whom it has been captured, but four other persons, as yet safe in London or elsewhere, of whom two bear the obscure names of Mazarenti and Campanella, and two the celebrated names of Mazzini and Ledru Rollin. The French Government may believe in the complicity of Mazzini and Ledru Rollin in the plot; but, whether they do or do not, people in other parts of the world will hesitate to give credence to

the statements of the captured assassins, and will hold these well known men to be innocent until they are proved to be guilty. Until the French police is itself free of the suspicion of its own spies proposing assassination to unfortunate exiles, the world may well doubt the charges which such a police, without proof, brings as often against honourable as against dishonourable men. But, failing to obtain possession of the bodies of these four—one of whom flits over Europe as if he were endowed with the wings of Ariel, or of some darker spirit—the trial will proceed in their absence. In this respect it will be generally acknowledged that the French Government have acted wisely. By including all these persons in one trial—the instigators as well as the agents—the heads as well as the hands of murder—it will, if it prove the case, succeed in branding with infamy those of whose persons it cannot obtain tangible possession. This result, inadequate as it may be in such a case, will be of some value. A convicted assassin, even if he go at large, is still an assassin; and bears the red mark upon his name, if not upon his forehead.

But while expressing our utmost abhorrence at the conduct of assassins, and of all cowards, bigots and enthusiasts, who would strive by assassination to compass their political or any other ends, why is it assassinations of the French Emperor are invariably concocted by Italians? Although the name of one Frenchman appears—and possibly without warrant of justice or authority—among the seven charged with the late conspiracy against him—he is safe from the attempts of Frenchmen—while from the stiletto or revolvers of Italians he runs a constant risk. The reason is, that the Italians feel the Emperor of the French to be the great enemy of the liberty and independence of their country. Were it not for the presence of foreign armies on their soil, the Italians would do as the French have done. They would establish their own form of government, and arrange matters with their native oppressors, whether Pope and Cardinals, or Kings and Grand Dukes, as the French arranged with Charles X., Louis Philippe, and the chiefs of the Republic of 1848. While France maintains an army in the Papal States, this result, if not utterly impossible, is almost hopelessly difficult. Hence the bitter animosity of the Italian exiles to the person of the French Emperor. And hence, although public opinion in this country expresses itself in terms of abhorrence against the would be assassins of Napoleon III., it is not surprised at such plots to deprive him of life, knowing, as it does the impulsiveness of Italians, and especially of those whose blood has been heated by the indignities and sufferings of exile. But why should the Emperor of the French place himself in this state of antagonism to the liberties of Italy? Are there no means by which, without weakening his own position in France, he could do justice, or at all events cease to do injustice to Italy? By what right divine or human, does he make himself the upholder of the temporal tyranny of the Pope? By what claim of justice, or even of well understood expediency, does he persist in identifying himself with the odious and intolerable misgovernment of Italy? With his influence in the councils of Europe, with the armies at his command, with the force of his character and genius, he is the very man who, instead of being an incus upon, might be the friend and deliverer of, a fine country and a noble people. If he would lend his aid to the secularisation of the Roman states, and to the enforcement of decency and humanity upon the King of Naples, he would do much to ensure the permanent peace of Europe, which he is known to have at heart, and much to deserve the love and gratitude of all Italians. By the same policy he would also disarm the very men who now plot against his life. Let the Italian assassins be punished, but let the Emperor ask himself at the same time whether he deserves anything from Italians but their hate? The votes of millions of admiring Frenchmen give him the right to govern France; but the vote of no man except the Pope and his Cardinals, gives him the right to overawe the people of Italy, and uphold upon their thrones Sovereigns who but for him, would share the exile of the Princes of the house of Orleans, and make room for men who, like himself would be the choice of the people.—*Illustrated News.*

MARRIED BY CHANCE.—The Count de M— lived in a state of single and independent blessedness. He was yet young and very rich, and surrounded by every thing that could give enjoyment to life, except a wife. He had frequently thought of becoming a husband, but he always declared off before the knot was tied. Once he found himself nearly committing the folly of matrimony. A young person, the daughter of one of his friends, pleased him; her fortune pleased him not less, perhaps, than her person and accomplishments, and there were other reasons of convenience to justify the union.