

NO. 22.

Poetry.

KISSES.
Sitting to-night in my chamber,,

A bachelor, frigid and lonely;
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That, and that only.

Reveries rise with the smoke-wreaths:
 Memories tender surround me:
 Girls that are married—or buried.
 Gather around me.

 School-girls in pantaloons romping;
 Girls that have grown to be misses:
 Girls that liked to be kissed, and
 Like to give kisses.

 Kisses—well I remember them!
 Those in the corner were fleetest;
 Sweet were those in the shy, in the
 Dark were the sweetest.

 Anna was tender and gentle;
 To woo was almost to win her;
 Her lips were as good as ripe peaches
 And milk for dinner.

 Nell was a flirt and coquettish;
 'Twas—catch me and kiss me if you can, Sir
 Could I catch her—well, I wasn't I
 A happy man, Sir!

 Anna has gone on a mission
 Off to the South Sea sinners:

Nell is a widow, keeps boarders and
 Cooks her own dinners.
 Charlotte, and Susan, and Hattie,
 Mary, Jane, Lucy and Maggie;
 Four are married and plump, two
 Maiden and scraggy.
 Barrie is dead? Bloom sweetly,
 Ye mignonnettes over the rest!

Here I loved dearly and truly,
Last and the best.

Thus I sat smoking and thinking,
A Bachelor frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe stem—
That, and that only!

Select Title

THE BRIDE'S JOURNEY.

On the banks of the river Lerg, where it forms the estuary with the Great Fiord of the North Sea, stood the quaint old town of Lorwig—a place that seemed from the rude harmony that characterised

the buildings, to have sprung ready fashioned, ages before, out of the primal forest. So primitive was its whole aspect, that, but for the vanity of each proprietor, who had branded his initials and under the year of erection in iron hooks over the chamber window, the spectator might have fancied the whole the work of a single night.

Tall narrow houses of timber, with their overhanging eaves towards the street, and their curved

but warped in every conceivable manner, extended in two lines parallel to the river; while smaller streets, diverging north and south, led to the heavy wharfs and storehouses lining the primitive harbours to the few detached mansions that, standing on their own grounds, constituted the fashionable quarter, and comprised the wealth and aristocracy of the ancient burg. In the centre of the main

stood the venerable church, or what had once been one of the
cathedral, a perfect marvel of picturesque architecture,
from the stern Runic to the florid Nor-
man. Not a foot of the heavy timber that comprised
the building was left unadorned by carving or
unrelieved by grotesque tracery ; while every beam
or lintel was terminated by a corbel head, perhaps
that of a grinning satyr, which, with the towering
tower, the

roof, open spine, and covering of red tiles, contrast not unpleasantly with the massive and sombre tone of the structure below.

Facing the cathedral stood a double-gabled house of a more pretentious appearance than its neighbors, from the greater quantity of carving that ornamented the wooden mullions of the windows and adorned the door-posts of the low-arched entrance, denoting the building to belong to some wealthy

The house was the abode of Carl Underwaldent, the burghgrave or mayor, who on the present occasion was standing with some friends at the case-ment looking out inquisitively on the busy street in front. The period at which our story opens is mid-winter—that is, about the 20th of January 1740—a time of the year when the most intense

trost prevails, not only here, but over the whole of Norway, and the adjacent countries. For nearly six weeks at this epoch, the sun never rises above the horizon; and the only light during the briefest day, is a faint glimmering that lasts for barely two hours, caused by the sun's rays on the snows of the mountain-tops, which, being again reflected upon the plains, affords that dubious light which constitutes day. As soon as this light disappears,

The heavens are illumined by the aurora borealis, which with the exception of the two hours at mid-day, is always present during winter in the Norwegian skies, affording a light more steady and perfect than the dim substitute that rules at noon.

The rivers, from the first setting in of the frost, are locked in sheets of ice, while the flocks into which they flow, like all the harbours on the west coast, carrying to the water, sea-birds are with-

The mountain range that, towering to a height of from 1000 to 2000 feet encompasses the little town of Lerwig, and forms part of that alpine chain,

that stretches through the whole extent of Norway, was, from pinnacle to base, covered for several yards deep with snow, which in the valleys and rifts lay to the depth of fifty fathoms. Along the plain, and spreading over the uneven streets of the grim old town, the snow lay compact as iron, from the friction of the sledges, that, loaded with merchandise or filled with chattering groups, were passing in rapid succession to and fro, the jingling

of their horses' copper-bells keeping up a perpetual chiming to their rapid and merry progress; while mountaineers and villagers in heelless boots or long arching skates, and every variety of costume, mingled with the inhabitants, and gave a singular animation to the wintry noon.

The room into which we beg the reader to follow us was large, and extended the whole length of the house; the walls were lined from ceiling to floor

with scantlings of pine, and so finely polished that they shone like dark mirrors. The floor composed of the same material, was covered with a coarsest carpet of Finnish matting; a few heavy settlesteads stood against the wall; while an arm-chair, stuffed with Lapland grass, was placed near the stove, and presented a most luxurious seat, being from the warmth and nature of the grass or hay, a per-

nest of downy softness. About a dozen stools of all sizes were ranged about a table, or rather board, supported on trestles and covered with a sheet of huckaback, engrossing the whole middle of the apartment. To a series of brass nails round the walls hung pewter platters, iron and horn spoons, trenchers, and such implements of domestic use as were to be seen in a remote Norwegian household, and went far to bespeak the refinement

of the owner a century ago. The skeleton of a walrus—the bones as black as the beams from which it hung—afforded support to a set of iron lamps or crosses, that cast their light, when burning, directly on the table beneath, while the cavity of the thorax formed a receptacle for tobacco-pouches and sundry such articles. A round piece of bread like a Scotch bannock, hung by a hank of blue silk on the polished wall, and from a label

“ Margarita, the frau of Carl Underwaldent, on
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