

POETRY.

KOSCIUSKO, THE POLISH PATRIOT.

A sacred grief sublime and bright
Descends o'er Kosciusko's bier:
It mourns not that his soul of light,
No more confin'd in mortal night,
Has sought its native sphere;
The hallow'd tear that glistens there
By purest loveliest feelings given,
Flows more from triumph than despair,
And falls like dew from heaven!
Thus oft around the setting sun
Soft showers attend his parting ray,
And sinking now his journey done,
His matchless course to evening run—
They weep his closing day.
Who hath not watch'd his light decline,
Till sad, yet holy feelings rise?
Although he sets again to shine,
More glorious, in more cloudless skies,
As proudly shone thy evening ray,
As in that contest bright and brief,
When patriots hail'd thy noontide day,
And own'd thee as their chief!
Thou wert the radiant morning star,
Which bright to hapless Poland rose,
The leader of her patriot war,
The sharer of her woes,
What, though no earthly triumphs grace
The spot where thou hast ta'en thy sleep;
Yet Glory points thy resting place,
And thither Freedom turns to weep.
The pompous arch, the column's boast,
Though rich with all the sculptor's art,
Shall soon in time's dark sweep be lost;
But thou survivest in the heart,
And bright thy dwelling still shall be
Within the page of Liberty.
And o'er the turf where sleeps the brave
Such sweet and holy drops are shed—
Who would not fill a Patriot's grave,
To share them with the dead?
The laurel and the oak-leaf bough,
Above the meaner great may bloom,
And trophies due to Freedom's brow
May shade Oppression's tomb;—
But Glory's smile hath shed on thee
The light of immortality!

GREEN COAT AND BROWN COAT.

"Lead them to Piccadilly gate," said a young man in green to his servant, as he came out of a house in Grosvenor street. The servant was holding two horses, and the master was equipped for Hyde Park. "Go to Piccadilly gate—I shall be there in less than hour." The servant mounted his horse, and, taking the bridle of the other in his hand, led him through Bond street. His master walked down Bond street too; stopped at Gray's, admired some plate; said he would consider about the watch for Harriet, and gave twelve guineas for a pair of buckles. In St. James's street he entered a fruit-shop; eat half a dozen peaches, yawned, complained that the town was empty, and the street full of dust; sat silent, pinched a kitten said it squalled like Signora * * *; ate another peach; said "How do you do?" seventeen times, to as many persons in whose health he took no interest; thought Lady G. looked better in white than in pink; set his watch by St. James's; and then, after some reflection, determined to see who was at Brookes's.

In the club-room he found only one member. The gentleman in green was unlucky; played an hour and lost fifty guineas, threw dice for double or quits, lost another fifty, gave a draft on Hammersley for a hundred, and walked out with an air of composure.

At the door he seized the arm of a gentleman in brown. "Will you ride this morning?"—"No; I have an engagement," said Brown. "An assignation!" retorted Green. "Yes," replied the other, "and with a sweet creature: will you go?"—"Go! what to your sweet creature?"—"Yes, to my sweet creature. Don't deliberate, but come along."

He in brown leant carelessly on the arm of him in green, and they walked off. At Charing Cross Brown Coat stepped into a coach, ordered where to drive, and Green Coat seated himself by his side.—"An odd street you ordered the fellow to! but I suppose you are able to prevail on your favour-

rites to live cheap."—"Yes, faith, I can not complain; the girl we are going to now has cost me but three guineas a week."—"You are a lucky fellow," said Green; "I wonder where you find such moderate dancers."—"Oh! they are to be found in every parish, if you will but open your eyes!"

The friends now arrived at a low house, in a dirty street. They ascended two pairs of stairs; Brown coat tapped gently at a chamber-door, and a little girl, apparently five years old, opened it. Her long ringlets were flaxen, and her eyes blue. A sensation of delight, when she beheld the visitor, severed her sweet lips, and revealed a smile that was worthy of them. "Ah!" said she, "how happy my mamma will be that you are come!" The gentleman took her hand in silence, and, followed by the other, entered the apartment.

A beautiful spectre sat in a chair opposite the door, and endeavoured to rise as they approached. The gentleman immediately prevented her, by seating himself, with a respectful air, at her side; whilst his friend, looking all astonishment, was obliged to find his seat at a distance.

"And how are you, madam?"—"Oh! sir, much better! something has happened since yesterday that will lengthen my life a week." "Many weeks, I hope," replied the gentleman, "and months and years; but pray tell it."

"My husband's relation," replied the invaled, "at length relent; they think my sufferings have been sufficient. They invite me to the country to die with them, and have promised to provide for my child. Oh! my little Fanny!" clasping her to her bosom, "thou hast preserved me from ruin! When I have seen thee in the arms of my natural protectors, I shall breathe the last sigh with joy; but, remember, ever, that it was this gentleman who preserved thee from the grave when thy poor father-finished mother—"

The gentleman stopped her, and made his congratulations on the change in her prospect; he required when she intended to begin her journey, and how she wished to be accommodated. "Ah, sir," she said, "your generous cares are concluded. See!" presenting a bank note, "what they have sent me! and, besides this, the rector of the parish is in town, and will protect us on our journey: he will call on me to-morrow with a post-chaise. But, Oh! Sir, whilst I have mind to form a prayer, and strength to articulate it, you will be its object! My gratitude—"

"My dear madam, I must stop you—your feelings overvalue those acts of duty which I have been fortunate enough to find an opportunity of performing. Believe me, I feel the obligation to be all on my side, for amongst my happiest hours, I shall always account that which made me known to you. You have now preparations to make for the morning I will therefore shorten my visit; but I shall wait on you before the hour of your departure, and see you and your sweet daughter under the protection of the clergyman who is to escort you."

He bowed to the mother, and kissing Fanny, left the apartment, followed by the wonder-struck Green-coat, whose eyes were the only organs of expression he had used since he entered it: they, indeed, had very freely spoken curiosity, wonder, and a sort of half-uneasiness, as though he felt himself taken in. The frolic was not of his sort!

After they walked about ten yards, he exclaimed, "Why, what the d—l is all this, Harry?"—"Why, as the d—l would have it," replied the other, "the amiable creature you have seen made what is called a love-match; that is, tempted by the ro-

mance of the adventure, she left her guardian's house one dark night, and went into a post chaise with a cockaded young fellow who had sworn she was the prettiest girl he had seen since his early youth, when he had been desperately in love with a young lady the very counterpart."

"They returned, all hope, from Gretna Green, and in about seven months received her fortune, on the day the law pronounced her to be discreet and wise! The fortune was no more than five thousand, and our married couple were people to taste!"

"The youth's relations having provided for him an old woman with twenty thousand, thought the election he had made a very silly one; and, as they refused to have any communication with him, the youth began to take up the same opinion, and treated his wife with neglect and brutality. He had at length the kindness to relieve her from his persecutions by quitting England; leaving her clear of the world, with a fortune—of seven pounds and a few shillings."

The poor girl, then a mother, applied to her relations; they were at first kind, then civil, then cold, then rude, and finally—hoped to be troubled with her no more, and advised her to take in needle-work. She obeyed them; and, by unremitting industry, and the most exact frugality, supported herself and infant for four years. But the constant wearing of grief at length subdued her constitution, and a rapid decline ensued.

"Her landlady having observed that the sewing business was at an end, and having received no money for several weeks, though such idle husseys a disgrace to her house, and ought to be made an example of. She accordingly sent for a constable, who as he found his prisoner in bed, was so humane as to retreat whilst she put on her clothes; then taking her arm, helped her down stairs, pale and speechless, followed by the shrieking Fanny. At this instant I happened to pass the door—it is not necessary to add what ensued. As I found her too ill to be removed, I was obliged to suffer her to return to the beldam's apartment."

"Having in repeated visits satisfied myself of the truth of her story, and learned the name of her husband's friends, I wrote to my sister, whose house is happily in their neighbourhood. She represented the distresses and the merit of the amiable sufferer, and being of rank (for they have connected meanness with riches), she prevailed upon them to receive her as the wife of their unworthy kinsman. An uncle said, if she was a sober body, she should not want encouragement; and a maiden aunt, that girls ought not to be contented with who had run away with young fellows, but that, if she was really dying, she might come down, and, if she behaved well, should be buried in the family-vault."

"She is not apprized that it is in consequence of my application that these good people have sent for her. I am persuaded that, when my sister's attention shall have secured theirs, and her mind is at peace, she will have a chance of sending aunt Grissel to the family vault before her. You now know all that I can tell you, in answer to your 'Who the d—l!'"

"It cost you a cool sum?"—"A trifle, perhaps forty." Green-coat remained silent; began to consider whether Hammersley was in cash for his draft for a hundred; to feel that there were other methods, besides dice, of getting through a morning by getting rid of superfluous money; and that rides in the Park might now and then be omitted, for the pleasure of a walk to the distressed. But he began soon to gape, and to think that all such melancholy subjects ought to be avoided, as hurtful to the spirits. How could a man enjoy life, who was perpetually groping into scenes of dis-

treas!—and then, really one's health! At that thought he turned suddenly round, and with a "Good morning, Harry!" was darting across the way—

"Hold!" said his friend, "here is a person a few doors off, whom I cannot omit calling upon: and as you have begun the morning with me—" "My horses are waiting for me!" said Green-coat. "So are mine," answered Brown, "and I dine to day twenty miles from town; my visit, therefore, will not be a long one." At this instant, he knocked at the door of a house, of an appearance much like that they had quitted.

"This is rather peremptory," thought Green-coat, with an air of half-pet. He thought it, however, not expedient to take to his heels, and there seemed no other possible method of getting rid of his conductor.

When an Italian countess, in the court of Mary de Medicis, was tried for having bewitched her royal Mistress, she told her judges that "she never had employed any supernatural means to govern the mind of the queen; nor had ever possessed any ascendancy over it, except that which a strong mind must naturally have over a weak one."—This sort of witchcraft Brown-coat practised to such a degree, that there were few of his intimate companions who were ever hardy enough to maintain an opinion opposite to his own; but not only they did not maintain a contradictory opinion—they insensibly changed their own, their sentiments and their wishes; emulous to be as nearly as possible what he was—whose understanding was of the first order, whose heart was pure, and who was so far from being puritanical, that his taste lent grace to fashion and subjected him to a passion for expense, which could only be corrected by his still stronger passion for independence.

Such was he who now entered the confided, unwholesome chamber of an old man approaching fast to dissolution. The curtains of the bed were open, and disclosed the venerable object, supported by his nurse. His sand was running low; the pallid hue of Death had already taken possession of his cheek, and the living lustre of the eye began to be dimmed by the deep shade of its approaching night. His faculties seemed yet vivid, and the voice of his benefactor called up a faint flush, which struggled a moment on his pale cheek, and then—subsided for ever.

"Ah! sir," he said, "you whose soul is so full of benevolence—you to whom the tear that steals from the eye in pity, is dearer than that which gushes thence in rapture—to you this moment will not be unwelcome! I speak not for myself, for the final hour is arrived in which I shall cease to mourn; in which my wearied heart will render forth its last sigh, in prayer to him whose will placed there a nerve to agonise."

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