

## POETRY. Selected.

### SPEECH OF THE MEMBER FOR ODIUM.

BY MISS P.

Mr. Cobett asked leave to bring in very soon, a bill to abolish the Sun and the Moon. The honorable member proceeded to state some arguments used in a former debate. On the subject of Sinecures, Taxes, Vexations, The Army, and Navy, and Old Corporations; The Heavenly bodies, like those upon Earth, Had, he said, been corrupt from the day of their birth.

With reckless profusion expending their light, One after another, by day and by night, And what classes enjoyed it? The upper alone.

Upon such they had always exclusively shone; But when had they ever emitted a spark, For the people who toil under ground in the dark?

The people of England—the miners and borers, Of earth's hidden treasures the skillful explorers, Who furnish, by grubbing beneath like the mole,

All the iron and copper, the tin and the coal; But their mines were enlight'ning—they learn'd never hour,

That discussion is knowledge, and knowledge is power. Long humbled and crush'd, like a giant they'd rise

And sweep off the cobwebs that darken the skies! To sun-shine and moon-shine their duties assign,

And claim equal rights for the mountain and mine. Turn to other departments—high time to enquire,

What abuses exist in air, water and fire. Why keep up volcanoes? that idle display, That pagant was almighty well in its day,

But the reign of utility now has commenced. And wisdom with such exhibitions dispensed. When so many were starving with cold, it was cruel

To make such a waste of good fire and fuel. As for Nature—how little experience had taught her

Appear'd in the administration of water. Was so noble a capital duty employ'd, Or was it by few (if by any) enjoy'd?

Pour'd on marshes and fens, which were better without, While pasture and arable perish'd for drought.

When flagrant injustice so often occurs, Acher hands must be wanted, and purer than hers.

Not to speak of old Ocean's insatiable needs, Or of seas so ill plough'd they bear nothing but weeds.

At some future day he perhaps should be able To lay the details of their cost on the table; At present no longer the house to detain,

He'd confine his remarks to the subject of rain. More it wanted!—a more economical plan— More equally working—more useful to man

In this age of improvement might surely be found. By which all would be sprinkled, and none would be drown'd.

He would boldly appeal to the nation's good sense, Not to sanction the useless, enormous expense. If the wind did but shift—if a cloud did but lower—

What millions of raindrops were spent in a shower! Let them burst through the shackles of wind

and of weather— Do away with the office of rain altogether; Let the whole be remodel'd on principles new,

And consolidate half the old funds into dew; Less than half was sufficient—the surplus, applied

To steam and canals, would for commerce provide. What on earth could be wanted that dew would not give?

Refreshment and food for all creatures that live; Just moisture enough to promote vegetation. And supply the demands of this vast population; For warmth would consummate what dew had begun.

When clouds would no longer effuse the sun. He hoped that the house a few minutes would spare.

While he offered some brief observations on air: To plain statements he must their attention beseech.

For he never had yet in his life made a speech. Alas! for his cause, nor should it escape, Through skill'd to elude any tangible shape.

Nor the sun, nor the moon, nor earth, water or fire— Nor Tories themselves when with Whigs they conspire—

Nor churchmen, nor statesmen, nor placemen, nor peers— Nor the Emperor Paul, nor the Dey of Algiers—

Where half an unjust, so despotic, so blind, So deaf to the cries and the claims of mankind, As air—and his wicked prime minister—wind—

Goes forth the despoiler, consuming the rations Design'd for the lungs of unborn generations. What a waste of the elements made in a storm!

And all this carried on in the teeth of reform! Hail lightning, and thunder, in volleys and peals.

The tropics are trembling—the universe reels! Come whirlwind and hurricane, tempests, tornadoes,

Woe, woe, to Antigua, Jamaica, Barbadoes! Plantations uprooted, and sugars dissolved—

Rum, coffee, and spice, in one ruin involved. And while the Caribbees were ruined and rified, Not a breeze reach'd Guiana and England was stifled.

The quality bad, and the quantity bare, Our life's spent in taking or changing the air! State all that exists at its practical worth.

'Twas a system of humbug from heaven to earth! These abuses must cease—they had lasted too long;

Was there any thing right?—was not every thing wrong? The Crown was too costly—the Church was a curse;

Old Parliaments bad, Reform'd Parliaments worse; All revenues ill managed, all wants ill-provided.

Equality, liberty, justice, derided. But the people of England no more would endure.

Any remedy short of a radical cure. Instructed, united, a nation of sages Would look with contempt on the wisdom of ages.

Provide for the world a more just legislature, And impose an agrarian law upon nature.

Old women old we men, whither so high To say the cobwebs of the sky, And I will be with you again by and by.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF BRAZIL.

Every country and every age has beheld some science the object of preference; while others languished in a state of contempt—Mathematics and dialectics, under the successors of Alexander—eloquence and politics, under the Roman republic—history and poetry, in the age of Augustus—grammar and jurisprudence, under the lower empire—the philosophy of the schools, in the 13th century—belles-lettres, to the middle of the 17th century—have, in turn, commanded the admiration of mankind. Physics, and mathematics are now on the throne; and what distinguishes the present age from every other, is the facility of locomotion. As little is now thought of circumnavigating the globe, as, fifty years ago, of making the tour of our own island. Your very cockney aspires now-a-days to the character of a Marco Polo, and may be seen Byronising by moonlight, amid the ruins of the Coliseum, or exciting the scorn of the Hungarian, by an exhibition of his horsemanship, on the Prater at Vienna. But no one, in this locomotive era, ought to be admitted to the rank of a traveller, who has not pic-nic'd at the foot of the Great Pyramid—shot Kangaroos on the plains of Australia—taken a cup of bear's milk with the emperor of China—or, should he rather choose the western hemisphere for the theatre of his operations, he must have played the champion, amid the ruins of Cuzco—have eaten, after a hard day's ostrich hunting, *carne con cuero*, with the Guacha on the Pampas, or have partaken of a fricassee of parrots, on the leg of a devil'd monkey, with an Indian chief, on the banks of the mighty Amazon—then, indeed, he may be considered as a travelled man. Such were the reflections that shot through my mind, as I strolled down Bond Street, towards the close of the season, in the year 1826. All the world were migrating; I caught the infection, and only six months afterwards, was wandering amid the virgin forests of Brazil: In that short space of time I had travelled back from the culminating points to the first line in the scale of civilization. With this point few of my readers are probably acquainted; a short description, therefore, of the magnificence of a tropical forest, and an account of its wild inhabitants, may not be uninteresting.

Those primeval forests, which stand in their original wildness, still unapproach'd by the hands of man, are called in Brazil, virgin forests. In them, European coolness refreshes the wanderer, and at the same time presents him with the spectacle of the most luxuriant profusion; the never-ceasing power of vegetation makes the trees shoot up to a majestic height, while on every stem a new creation of the brightest garlands of the most beautiful parasite climbing plants are seen gracefully festooned. Instead of the uniform poverty of species in the forests of Europe, there is here an infinite diversity in the forms of stems, leaves, and blossoms.—Every one of these sovereigns of the forest is contradistinguished from its neighbor. First, the jacaranda tree attracts the eye by the brightness of its feathered leaves; the large gold-coloured flowers of this tree, and the ripe, dazzel by their splendour, and form a splendid contrast with the dark green foliage. Next comes the silk cotton tree, which spreads out its long arms at a great height from the ground. The anda, on the other hand, shoots out its branches, profusely covered with leaves, but which unite to form a verdant arcade. The lofty trumpet tree, the smooth grey stem of which rises, slightly bending, to a considerable height, and spreads out at the top like the mouth of that warlike instrument, the flowering cecropia, the airy laurel, the lofty geoffrea, the soap tree, with their shining leaves, the graceful cedar, the beautiful palm, the garlic pear tree, and a thousand others not yet described, are mingled confusedly together, forming groups contrasted by the diversity of their forms and tints. Here and there the dark crown of the fir among the lighter green, appears like a stranger amid the native of the tropics, while the beautiful cocoa-nut tree towers above them all, and high in the clear blue sky, forms an incomparable ornament to the forest, unapproach'd by its majesty and beauty.

If the eye of the traveller turns from the proud forms of those ancient denizens of the forest, to the more humble and lower, which clothe the ground with rich verdure, it is delighted with the splendour and gay variety of the flowers, and his mind is filled with delight and astonishment at the majestic sight. The repose and silence of these woods, interrupted only by the buzz of the gay bejaflor, and the singular notes of unknown birds and insects, produces an effect impossible to describe.

But the animal kingdom which people these ancient forests, are no less distinguished than the vegetable world. Except at noon, when all living creatures in the torrid zone seek shade and repose, and when a solemn silence is diffused over the scene, illumined by the dazzling rays of the sun, every hour of the day calls into action a different race of animals. The morning is ushered in by the chattering of monkeys, the shrill cry of the pi-py-o, the notes of the tree frogs, and the monotonous chirp of the grasshoppers and locusts. When the rising sun has dispelled the mists which preceded it, all creatures rejoice in the return of day: the wasps leave their long nests, that hang down from the branches; the ants issue from their curious dwellings; the gay butterfly, rivaling in splendour the gorgeous rainbow, are seen fluttering from flower to flower; myriads of the most brilliant beetles buzz in the air, and sparkle like jewels on the fresh green leaves. Meanwhile agile lizards, remarkable for their

form, size, and brilliant colours, dark-coloured serpents, which excel in splendour the enamel of the flowers, glide out of the hollows of trees and creeping up the stems, bask in the morning sun, and lie in wait for insects and birds. From this moment all is life and activity; squirrels, troops of monkeys, leap, whistling and chattering, from tree to tree; the green, blue, and red parrots fill the air with their screams; birds of the most gorgeous plumage, flatter singly, or in companies, through the fragrant bushes, and the beautiful toneau rattles with his hollow bill, and in loud plaintive notes, calls for rain.

But the sun has now maintained its meridian height, and all the denizens of the woods seek the balmy repose of the siesta; an appalling silence succeeds to the previous charivari—undisturbed by the slight or voice of living thing—save one, which adds to the solemn impression.—Among the highest trees, and in the deepest recesses of the forests, a sound is heard that strikes you as something supernatural—the sound is metallic, sometimes resembling the distant tolling of a convent bell. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the arapunga (solitary bird), a small white bird, about the size of a pigeon; but which, though constantly heard, is seldom seen. About two hours past noon, the busy orioles creep out of their long nests, to visit the orange trees; the flycatchers, sitting aloof, watching for insects, dart from the tree with rapid flight, and above all these strange sounds, the joyous notes of the nightingale breaks with sweet effects on the ear, while the woodpecker makes the distant forests resound, while he pecks the bark from the tree. Thus every living creature, by its action and voice, greets the splendour of the day; the delicate humming birds, rivaling in beauty and lustre the diadems of monarchs, hover round the brightest flowers, but now sinks the sun—

“Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright, But in one blaze of living light. With dark-light bottle, target red, He rushes to his ocean bed, Ploughs the broad waves with sudden light, Then sinks at once and all is night?”

No curfew, in the woods, tells the hour of parting day; but the period is announced by a very simple and beautiful circumstance:—amid the solemn stillness, the soft repose that marks the decline of day, the ave-maria beetle, with its silver wings, issues forth, and proclaims the hour of vespers, by winding his silver horn. The Brazilian hunter looks upon this insect as the herald of the Virgin, sent to announce the time of her prayer; and on the death like stillness of the forest, the evening hymn now breaks with effect—

“Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining; Ave Maria! Day is declining; Safty and innocence fly with the light, Temptation and danger walk forth with the night.

From the fall of the shade, till the matin shall chime, Shield us from danger, and save us from crime.” Ave Maria pro nos.

And now the vampire bats, eager for their nightly meal, are seen flitting about, their horrid forms thrown out in strong relief, by the scintillations of myriads of fire-flies, that fly about like *ignis fatui*, while the moon rises in all the bright effulgence of a tropical climate, radiantly tipping with silver the graceful tops of the cocoa-nut trees, and bathing in a flood of light the wood-crowned heights of the lake, or river, in the lustrous bosom of which, are reflected the magnificent constellations of the southern hemisphere.—Invisible, indeed, must be he, who can gaze unmoved at such a scene as this.

TOOTH DRAWING.—Dodimus after seeing sundry exhibitions of his master's skill began to be very anxious to try his own hand at a cast of practice. An opportunity was not long wanting, for one morning, as he was exercising the pestle in his master's absence and longing for a chance of attempting somewhat of his own ability, a man entered the shop with a handkerchief round his jaws, and a countenance more rueful than if he had lost all his relations.

Is the doctor at home? said he. No, sir. Where is he? He's gone over to Crinumpaw.

To Crinumpaw dev!—I came within an inch of swearing. How soon will he be back? Why, I suppose in the course of two or three hours if you can wait so long.

Two or three ages, you might as well say: I can't wait a minute.

Who's sick? There aint nobody sick. But I'm as mad as I can live; I've got the jumping tooth ache; and I want the doctor to pull it.

I can do that myself, said the student beginning to take the instrument from a drawer.

You! said the man eying him suspiciously, did you ever pull a tooth? Did I! I wonder if I haunt now! returned the student in such a tone as to carry with it a conviction to the hearer, that he was very expert in the business. Then desiring him to take a seat, he began to examine the offending tooth.

Do you see it? said the patient. I wonder if I don't? said Dody.

Oh, how it jumps! exclaimed the patient, at the same time jumping upon his feet and raving round the room like a beclimite; I believe in my soul it'll jump out of my head.

Shut your mouth then, said the student, and keep it till I get ready to pull it.

He seated the man once more, and desisted him to extend his jaws as wide as he could, he introduced a horseflesh by way of gym-lacet, and began to cut around the tooth.

What are you about there? roared the patient as well as he could articulate with the foam in his mouth.

I'm cutting the goom, replied the student.

You've got the wrong tooth, roared the man; and seizing the hand of the operator, he wrenched it violently away; when springing up and spitting out the blood, he exclaimed—you've cut my tongue half off!

Why didn't you keep your head still then! said Dody.

Still! you blabbering toad you, and let you pull the wrong tooth? The one I wish to have drawn is on the other side of my mouth, and in the upper jaw instead of the under one.

Very well; how should you know which I was cutting? You could't see it, and I could.

Yes, but I could feel it though.

Feeling is nothing at all to be compared to seeing, said the very scientific student. I could see what I was about while you was only feeling.

Well, one thing I know persisted the man, you have got the wrong tooth.

Very well, returned Dody, just as you say. I'll pull any tooth you like; I aint at all particular about that.

The patient was presently seated, once more and opening wide his jaws, designated with his finger the particular tooth he wished to have extracted.

I see it, said the student, beginning to flourish his horseflesh, I'll get the right one now, if there is any right to it. Then cutting freely around the tooth, he took the extracting instrument and began to make a demonstration of applying it, when the patient charged him anew to be sure and get the right tooth.

Don't put yourself in a pucker, replied the youth; don't you think I've pulled a tooth afore to-day? Then applying the instrument, he began to twist; but presently resting on his oars, he asked if it hurt.

Out with it! said the man, angrily stammering with the instrument in his mouth.

Very well, sir, said Dody, and began to twist once more; but stopping again, while the patient writhed with pain, he inquired a second time with singular humanity, if it did't hurt.

When the patient, ungrateful for all this attention to his feelings, instead of replying merely drew his fist and taking the operator, on the side of the head nearly knocked him down. Then imitating the laugh of the student, he asked in turn, Does that hurt?

Dody now raised his fist and was about making a rejoinder in similar terms; but suddenly recollecting himself, he forbore to strike, saying it was his duty to cure and not to kill; and that if the patient would apply the instrument once more, the tooth should come out and that pretty darn quick.

The patient acquiesced, but swore if he stepped again to ask whether it hurt, he would break his good-for-nothing, numskul for him.

I meant it all in a civil way, returned the student, and had no idea you'd be affronted about it. But I'll do the job to our liking now; I'll make the tooth pop like a parched pea; if I don't, darn me! With that he applied the instrument, and giving it a sudden and forcible wrench, out came two teeth. There, said he, wasn't that done alick.

Oh! you've pulled my head off! exclaimed the man, springing upon his feet, applying his hand to his jaw, groaning, roaring, and raving like a mad bull which has just shaken a mastiff from his nose.

Well, 'twas done plaguay slick, wasn't it, said Dody, for the first one? thus in his exultation betraying the ignorance which he before had the cunning to conceal.

The first one roared the man with mingled rage and astonishment; did't you just now tell me you had pulled many a one?

I wonder if I did returned the prudent youth.

Yes you did, said the patient.—Then looking at the spoils of his mouth which his pain had prevented from examining before he broke out with new rage. Confound your awkward soul! you've pulled two teeth instead of one.

Well you needn't be so mad about it returned the student coolly, I shan't charge you only for one.

Shan't charge! No, I guess you won't. I wouldn't had it pulled, that sound tooth, for a bright silver dollar.—It's enough to loose a rotten one.

It's no loss to loose a rotten tooth though, replied the student, and as for the sound one, that would have been rotten some time, if I hadn't pulled it. I think it best to make a business of it when one is about it, and have a good number pulled at once, they come cheaper in that way.

You haunt ought to ax any thing for pulling either of these, seeing you've made such a fist of it.

Well, I told you I shouldn't charge for more than one.

I'll be darned if I'll ever pay for that.

It's no consarn of mine, returned the student, you may settle with Doctor Wislewind.

The patient again bound up his jaws with the handkerchief, put the two extracted teeth in his pocket, to keep as a memorial of his suffering; and bidding the student good day left the shop.—New York Traveller.

ADVANTAGES OF CHEERFULNESS.—There is in the Scotsman of Wednesday last, an ingenious article on the subject of a new publication. “An Experimental inquiry into the Laws which regulate the Phenomena of Organic and Animal Life,” by George Calvert Holland, M.D. &c. Edinburgh. “In our author's opinion,” says the writer in The Scotsman, “the mind

has only one way of communicating its influence to the body, namely, through the function of respiration; he holds that breathing, or something similar to it, is the primary source of the continuance of existence in the whole animal and vegetable creation: that what excites or depresses the respiratory function, excites or depresses the whole system: that the great object attained by respiration, and especially by the expiratory part of the operation, is the due oxygenation of the blood, on which its healthy and complete circulation depends; that vitality is in the blood, and dependent on the preservation of certain qualities or combinations in its constituent parts, which again depend upon respiration. But that this, and its further development may be fully comprehended by the general reader, some anatomical explanations are necessary.” “On this theory we perceive readily, how in orators, pedagogues, and loquacious persons generally, we should find so many instances of longevity. The expiratory function is constantly and fully exercised by them; their circulation is comparatively well sustained; they have neither time nor disposition to be depressed. It is equally manifest how exercise in the open air, cheerful company, and other similar stimuli, are so favorable, so necessary to health. “Melancholy and inertness generally go together. They have similarly injurious effects. They detain the blood in the lungs and central viscera, prevent oxygenation, diminish internal heat, and retard circulation towards the extremities and surface of the body. Instead of lying on a sofa, sighing and courting painful ideas, the hypochondriac, the valetudinarian, the despairing lover, should have recourse to moderate exercise, and as soon as possible to cheerful company. And the society of children will be tolerated and relished before that of any other person. Full of life themselves, their playfulness is vivifying; and being comparatively at least, undesigning, and willing to be happy, they are not only void of offence, but suggest many pleasing ideas and generate a variety of grateful feelings. They disarm asperity, take away bitterness from grief, and gradually amuse and exhilarate. When the society of those more advanced in life is sought for a similar purpose, it ought to be carefully selected.—The sanguine, benevolent, and gay, if moderately considerate, should be preferred: the formal, envious, and sneering, most anxiously avoided; for they either impose unnecessary restraints, or, by saying what is painful—but so as it cannot be resented—render it necessary to repress feeling. Hope, confidence, freedom, activity, are the best of medicines. Intelligence, gaiety, kindness, are blessings. They carry health and happiness in their train; while their opposites are accompanied by uneasy or bitter feelings, unhappiness, disease, misery.”—Lectures Mercury.

—GEOG.—The Americans are as skilful in hitting off the ridiculous in their own country-men as Mr. Mathews himself. In a little dramatic piece, now playing there with great success, the principal character is Nimrod Wildfire, who to use his own language, is a screamer. Some idea of his peculiarities may be formed from the following slight sketch which he gives of an affair between himself and a raltman:—“I was riding along the Mississippi in my wagon, when I came across a fellow floatin' down stream, settin' in the stern of his boat, fast asleep! Well, I hadn't had a fight for ten days, felt as though I should have to kiver myself up in a salt barrel to keep, so Wolly about the head and shoulders. So says I, ‘Hullo, stranger; if you don't take care your boat will run away with you.’ So he looked up at me slanting, and I looked down on him slanting; he took out a chaw of tobacco, and says he, ‘I don't value your taunt-mount to that!’ and then the vermin flapped his wings and crowed like a cock. I ris' up, shook my mane, and crooked my neck, and neighed like a horse. He run his boat plump headforemost ashore. I stopped my wagon, and set my triggers. ‘Mister,’ says he, ‘I can whip my weight in wildcats and ride straight through a crab-apple orchard on a flash of lightning. Clear meat—ax disposition, the best man: if I can't I wish I may be tetotototally exflunited!’ The two belligerents join issue, and the colonel goes on to say, ‘He was a pretty severe colt, but no part of a priming to such a feller as me; I put it to him mighty droll: in ten minutes he yelled ‘Enough!’ and swore I was a rib-staver!’ Says I, ‘Ain't I the yellow flower of the forest, and I'm all brimstone hot the head, and that's aquafortis!’ Says he, ‘Stranger, you're a beauty, and if I only know'd your name, I'd vote for your next election.’ Says I, ‘My name is Nimrod Wildfire, (half horse, half alligator, and a touch of the earthquake,) that's got the prettiest sister, fastest horse, and ugliest dog in the distict, and can outrun, out-jump, throw down, drag out, and whip any man in all Kaintuck.’”

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