

POETRY.

Selected.

KNOWLEDGE.

(By Edward L. Bulwer, Author of *Pelham*.)

'Tis midnight—round the lamp which o'er
The chamber sheds its lonely beam,
Is widely spread the varied lore,
Which feeds in youth our feverish dream—
The dream, the thirst, the wild desire,
Doffing, yet devine—to know!
Around to roam, above to aspire,
And drink the breath of heaven below!
From ocean, earth, the stars, the sky;
To lift mysterious Nature's pall;
And here before the kindling eye
In man, the darkest mist of all!
Alas! what boots the midnight oil?
The madness of the struggling mind?
Oh, vague the hope and vain the toil
Which only leave us doubly blind!
What learn we from the past?—the same
Dull course of glory, guilt, and gloom!
I asked the future—and there came
No voice from its unfathomed womb.
The sun was silent, and the wave;
The air replied but with a breath;
But earth was kind, and from the grave
Arose the eternal answer—Death!
And this was all; we need no sage
To teach us nature's only truth;
O fools! o'er wisdom's idle page
To waste the hours of golden youth.
In science wildly do we seek
What only withering years should bring—
The languid pulse, the feverish cheek,
The spirits drooping on their wing.
Even now my wandering eyes survey
The glass to youthful glance so dear;
What deepening traces of slow decay
Exhausting thought has given here?
To think, is but to learn, to groan,
To scorn what all beside adore,
To feel amid the world alone,
An alien on a desert shore,
To lose the only ties, which seem
To idler gaze in mercy given!
To find love, faith, and hope, a dream,
And turn to dark despair from heaven!

VARIETIES.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

I am a lover of the midnight hour. I love to sit on a cloudless summer night, watching the heavens clustered with tremulous stars. I love to gaze upon the serene queen of night, as she progresses along the azure vault, shedding floods of mellow light upon the world below. The effect is magical and subduing. Every thing that is touched by her silvery beams is softened and etherealized. Then the soul sympathizes with the grandeur that nature displays.

To me there is nothing so sublime and impressive, as the silent and midnight hour—and to reflect that in this deep and universal hush, the stupendous globe, and the vast number of flashing worlds that stud the blue canopy of heaven, are performing their various revolutions under the guidance of him, at whose fiat they sprang into existence. At such a time, the soul is disengaged from every artificial excitement, and an opportunity is afforded it to speak its own bold and original language.

Society hath its charms. There is pleasure in the flash and glare of fashion and beauty; and under thrilling influences, those with unwithered hopes, and unblasted expectations, tread boldly on. But it seems to me, that if by some untoward accident the conviction should fasten itself upon me that my last hour had come, I should require no sublimer preparation than time spent in perfect solitude—the vastness, the grandeur, and glory of midnight! hushed quiet, beautiful midnight! what deep and absolute silence broods in the air, and over the earth—upon the deserted street, and upon the temples of the living God. Is not this a dream? Will it appear otherwise when daylight shall have come? When we shall go out and pursue the ordinary routine of business; and the street that is now deserted, shall tremble as the wheels thunder furiously over it, and its dusty tracks be thronged with avaricious men, crying money! money! Will this dim moonlight hour appear to us then any more than a dream?

And indeed, what is our life but a dream? Ah! 'tis nothing more. He, who but yesterday roved the forest with us, gathering wild flowers, listening to the songs of birds, or watching the brook—bright and sunny daughter of the hill—leaping and bounding in its joyous way along the banks of emerald—pouring over the tiny cataract, its bright waters sparkling in the sun light—meandering through the vale, till it finally loses itself in the bosom of the lake—has had his life's blood chilled by the touch of the cold and bony finger of death. What is left of him but a dream?

She, by whose side we used to spend our leisure hour; whose presence was our joy; whose smile our happiness; whose eye was not excelled in brightness by the eye of the gazelle; whose silk-like form was unrivalled for beauty and symmetry—has departed!—does she seem ought but a dream?

She who once loved us, whose eye followed our every movement with tenderness and anxiety—upon whose breast we reclined—from whose lips we have received instruction, and by whose knee we used to say our evening prayer, rests upon her lonely pillow. Does she not seem as a vision, the recollection of which is pleasing yet mournful?

Hark! the clock strikes one—two! does the breeze wait the sound to other ears?—Who also beside is now awake?

The student upon whose pale brow the cold sweat stands; whose blood shot eyes tell of deep and intense thought, is now pouring over his books, regardless of present ease—hoping for future fame.

But alas! all the treasure of knowledge which he has for many years been laying up, may be destroyed to-morrow by the breath of the monster.

And the debauchee, stretched on a bed of flame—through whose veins the mad fever runs—whose burning temples are kissed by the breezes in mockery.

And the wife waits the return of him she loves; from the gaming house—the counterpart of hell.

And the young mother who wakes and sighs for the lovely babe she has buried.

And the follower of Bacchus, who is revelling in some den of vice and ribaldry.

And the slave who starts in his sleep, shakes his chains and mutters revenge.

And the wretch immured within the dark prison walls, whose hands are red with gore, who to-morrow shall be dragged forth with a thousand eyes bent fiercely and scoffingly upon him, to hear the judge pronounce the doom of death! The soft moonlight falls upon these unnoticed—the beam that rests upon them is disregarded—and the world moves on—the night recedes—the stars one by one retire—and the daylight appears.—*Troy Press.*

MALCOLM MACLEOD.

In Boswell's *Toussaint to the Hebrides*, a vivid portrait has been preserved of this excellent specimen of the Highland gentleman, as he appeared in 1774. He was now, says Mr. Boswell, "sixty-two years of age, hale, and well proportioned with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his rough beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce, but he appeared at once firm and goodhumoured. He wore a pair of brogues—tartan hose, which came up only near to his knees—a purple camlet kilt—a black waistcoat—a short green cloth coat, bound with gold cord—a yellowish wig—a large blue bonnet, with a gold thread button.—I never saw a figure which gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank, and polite, in the true sense of the word." Mr. Boswell afterwards describes Flora MacDonald, then residing at Kingsburgh, and advanced in life, as "a little woman, of genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred." When at Kingsburgh, Dr. Johnson slept in the bed which had been occupied, eight-and-twenty years before, by the unfortunate prince.

"The curious reader may desire some further notice of a lady so celebrated as Flora MacDonald. It may be mentioned from the tradition of her family, that she was indebted for her liberation to Frederick, Prince of Wales, father to his late Majesty, King George III. His Royal Highness had the curiosity to visit 'the Pretender's deliverer' as she was called, in Prison. He asked how she came to do a thing so contrary to the commands of her sovereign, and so inimical to the interests of her country; to which she answered, in a firm but modest style, that she conceived herself to have only obeyed the dictates of humanity in doing what she had done, and that, if it ever were his Royal Highness's fate, or that of any of his family, to apply to her under circumstances equally distressing with those of the Chevalier, she would, with God's blessing, act again precisely in the same manner. Frederick was so much pleased with this reply, that he exerted himself to get her out of prison.

After she had been set at large, she was taken into the house of a distinguished female Jacobite, named Lady Primrose, and there exhibited to all the friends of the good cause who could make interest to get admission. The presents which she got at this period were perfectly overwhelming; and the flattering attention which was paid to her, might have turned the heads of ninety-nine out of a hundred such young ladies. Instances have been known according to the report of her descendants, of eighteen carriages belonging to persons of quality, ranging up before the house in which she was spending the evening. Throughout the whole of these scenes, she conducted herself with admirable propriety, never failing to express surprise at the curiosity which had been excited regarding her conduct—conduct which she used to say, never appeared extraordinary to herself, till she saw the notice taken of it by the rest of the world.

After retiring to her native island, which she did with a mind totally unaffected by her residence in London, she married Mr. McDonald of Kingsburgh, the son and successor of the venerable gentleman to whose house she had accompanied Prince Charles. When past the middle of life, she went with her husband to America, and met with many strange misadventures in the course of the colonial war. Before the conclusion of that unfortunate contest, she returned with her family to Skye. It would appear that, at this advanced period of her life she retained all the heroic courage which so remarkably distinguished her early years. It was told by her venerable daughter, Mrs. Major MacLeod, who accompanied her on the occasion, that a French ship of war having attacked them in their homeward voyage, and all the ladies being immured in the cabin, she alone could not be repressed, came upon deck, and endeavored by her voice and example to animate the men for the action. She was unfortunately thrown down in the bustle, and broke her arm; which caused her afterwards to observe, in something like the spirit of poor Mercutio, that she had now risked her life in behalf of both the house of Stewart and that of Brunswick, and got very little for her pains.

She lived to a good age, continuing to the last a firm Jacobite. Such is said to have been the virulence of this spirit in her composition, that she would have struck any man with her fist, who presum-

ed, in her hearing, to call Charles by his ordinary epithet "the Pretender."—*Free Press.*

A GOOD REASON.—A man being overtaken by a shower, sought shelter from the rain in a house of a negro fiddler. On entering, he found the negro in the only dry spot in the house—the chimney corner—as happy as a clam, fiddling most merrily. Our traveller tried to keep dry, but the rain came in from all quarters. "Jack (said he), why don't you fix your house?" "Oh cause er rain so I cant." "But why don't you fix it when it don't rain?" "O wen er don't rain, er don't need no fixing!"—*Dunstable Telegraph.*

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—Since the passage of the Reform Bill, considerable excitement has taken place among the fair sex in England as to their civil rights. One lady (unmarried) of fortune and family, named Mary Smith, of Stanmore in York, had presented a petition to the House of Commons, on the subject, in which she said that females were only kept in thralldom among the barbarous and heathen nations; but that in England, which had risen to such a high pitch of civilization, such restrictions should be abolished. She complained that females were amenable to the laws and liable to be punished for their crimes, while they were tried by judges and juries of the opposite sex; they should therefore be allowed to sit upon juries. In fine, she prayed that unmarried females of mature age, should be put on a footing of equality with the male sex, and be admitted to a share of the representation.

The petition was read by Mr. Cobbett, amid shouts of laughter from all sides of the house. A member then observed that it might be an awkward circumstance, if six unmarried females and six males were on the same jury, and that they happened not to agree on their verdict, they might be locked up together all night. Mr. Cobbett said, the house might perhaps think that of no consequence. He had known males and females to be locked up together, and even to sleep in the same room together, both in England and America, without any awkwardness ensuing from it. The petition was laid on the table; so that the qualifications of females to sit on juries, or be returned to parliament, are in a fair way of undergoing discussion.—*Exc. Star.*

From the Detroit Gazette.

UNCOMMON SELF POSSESSION.—On the banks of the Nagsatuck, a rapid stream which rises in and flows throughout a very mountainous part of the state of Connecticut, a few years since lived a respectable family by the name of B.—The father, though not a wealthy man, was a respectable man. He had fought the battles of his country in the revolution, and from his familiarity with scenes of danger and peril, he had learned that it is always more prudent to preserve and effect the air of confidence in danger, than to betray signs of fear, and especially so, since his conduct might have a great influence upon the minds of little son across the river to the house of a relation, on an errand, and as there was then no bridge, the river must be forded.—The lad was familiar with every part of the fording place, and when the water was low, which was at this time the case, could cross without danger. But he had scarcely arrived at his place of destination, and done his errand, when suddenly, as is so frequently the case in mountainous countries, the heavens became black with clouds, the rain fell in torrents; it was near night, and became exceedingly dark.

By the kindness of his friends, he was persuaded to relinquish his design of returning the evening, and to wait until morning. The father suspected the cause of his delay, and was not over anxious on account of any accident that might happen to him during the night. But he knew he had taught his son to render the most obsequious obedience to his father's commands; and as he possessed a daring and fearless spirit, and would never be restrained by force, he should, as soon as it would be sufficiently light in the morning, attempt to ford the river on his return. He knew also, that the immense quantity of water that appeared to be falling, would by morning cause the river to rise to a considerable height, and make it dangerous for a man in the full possession of strength and fortitude to attempt to cross it. He therefore passed a restless night, anticipating, with a father's feelings, what might befall his child in the morning. The day dawned; the storm had ceased; the wind was still, and nothing was to be heard but the roar of the river. The rise of the river exceeded even the father's expectations, and no sooner was it sufficiently light to enable him to distinguish objects across it, than he placed himself on the bank to watch for the approach of his son. The son arrived on the opposite shore at the same moment, and was beginning to enter the stream. All the father's feelings were roused into action, for he knew that his son was in the most imminent danger. He had proceeded too far to return; in fact, to go forward or return was to incur the same peril.

His horse arrived in the deepest part of the channel, and was struggling against the current, down which he was rapidly hurried, and apparently making but little progress towards the shore. The boy became alarmed; raising his eyes towards the landing place he discovered his father! He exclaimed, I shall drown! Not exclaimed the father, in a stern and resolute tone, and dismissing for a moment his feeling of tenderness, "If you do, I'll whip you to death; as to your horse. The son, who feared a far more than the raging elements, obeyed his command, and the noble animal, on which he was mounted struggling for some time, carried him safe to the shore.

My son, said the glad father, bursting into tears, remember hereafter, that in danger you must possess fortitude, and, determining to survive, cling to the last hope. Had I addressed you with the tenderness and fear which I felt, your fate was inevitable; you would have been carried away in the current, and I should have seen you no more.

DUELS IN KENTUCKY.—When Mr. Hackett came forward in one of the scenes of the Kentucky, which was produced at the Covent-

Garden Theatre, with two rifles for the purpose of fighting a duel, the audience considered it a gross exaggeration of Kentuckian customs. It appears however to have been in due keeping, for a recent tourist gives the following conversation as having taken place between him and a Kentuckian. "In your part of Kentuck, are there any duels now?" "Yes, we've sometimes a little rifle and buck-shot practice, but not so often as I remember in my younger days. In our town a duel took place a short time ago, which gave us a deal of amusement. The parties were a doctor and a lawyer, who had quarrelled at a horse-race; they agreed to fight next morning with rifles, in a copse of thirty acres of trees and brushwood, and to take every advantage like the Indians. Accordingly the lawyer, to make sure of his man, went out of town at night and lay in the copse till morning, with his rifle pointed over a log towards the road by which he expected his antagonist to come.—The day dawned and the sun rose, still no doctor appeared; the lawyer was beginning to think his enemy had taken fright and declined the combat, and was getting up to return to town to proclaim the poltroon, when he heard a stick break behind him, and looking up he saw the doctor's rifle presented within ten feet of his head. The lawyer forthwith called a parley, and was allowed to go off into the wood to try again; away he went, and looking about, he found a hollow tree; in it he ensconced himself, and remained quite for some time, when hearing no noise, he ventured to look out with one eye, when 'crack' went a rifle from some bushes in front of him, and the bark of the tree was knocked off by a ball within an inch or two of his head. He saw smoke but no doctor, and therefore could not return the fire; he accordingly called another parley. The doctor, who had been often out with Indians, now showed himself and agreed to make up a horn together. They returned to town and had a horn together, and we had a good laugh at the lawyer."

THE CAPTIVE BOY. All who are conversant with the early history of our country, will recollect that our frontier settlements were, many years ago, before the power of the aborigines was broken and subdued, frequently laid waste and desolate by the incursions of the Indians, who, not content with pillaging and destroying whatever property lay in their way, marked their footsteps with blood, and made captives of all whom gluttony vengeance or caprice induced them to spare.

It happened in one of these incursions, that a young man by the name of Bird, with his wife and child, an infant boy of about six months old, was made a prisoner. The quantity of plunder in possession of the savages, making the assistance of the unfortunate father and mother important, their lives were spared, for the sole purpose of assisting in carrying it off. They were shown their burdens and directed to follow. The mother, knowing the fate which in these circumstances awaited her infant, should it be discovered, contrived to conceal it from her inhuman captors, and having wrapped it up in her burden, close to her breast, journeyed by the side of her husband towards the wilderness, sorrowing no doubt, but invoking the protection of Him whose almighty arm can succour the most unfortunate, and deliver in the greatest peril.

After travelling from sunrise until late at night, through a long summer's day, the party arrived at an Indian village, and the captives being secured the Indians threw themselves on the ground, and were soon asleep; but it may well be supposed that Bird and his wife even after so much fatigue, felt little disposed to close their eyes. How they might escape, alone occupied their minds; they matured their plan and put it into execution, but to avoid recapture required even more vigilance and resolution than it required ingenuity and strength to free themselves from the cords that bound them.

They however set out, and with their helpless babe, which, as by a miracle, they had still succeeded in preserving unnoticed, began at midnight to retrace their steps; but before day, fatigue, anxiety, and the want of nourishment so completely exhausted them both, that they found the following dilemma placed before them—the child must be left in the wilderness or they must remain and perish with it. The morning was already streaking the east with grey, and they knew that their flight must have been discovered; they knew, too, the characters they had to deal with, and that to escape there was not a moment's time to be lost. Distracted with opposing resolutions, a sense of duty to themselves, finally prevailed over the parents' fondness; the mother for the last time, pressed her innocent offspring to her breast, bedewed its unconsciously smiling cheek with tears, and sat it down on the green bank of a little trickling rill, to perchance, where, as she cast a last languishing look, after she left it, she saw it scrambling after the flowers that grew around it.

The father and mother escaped to the settlements, and Mr. Bird speedily collected a large party of his neighbours, and returned to the spot where the child had been left—but it was gone; and in the lapse of years, blest with a numerous progeny, the parents ceased to weep over their lost boy.

Fifteen summers had smiled on the harvests, when, in a treaty with a distant tribe of Indians, an article of which bound them to deliver up any captives that might be in their possession, a boy was put into the charge of the commissioners on the part of the whites, with the declaration that he was a white, found in infancy upon the very spot where young Bird had been left. He was sent to his parents, who immediately recognized him by a remarkable scar on his right hand, which he had received in his father's house.

The measure of the parents' joy was full—but the boy wandered thro' the rich possessions of his father, without a smile. His bow and blanket was his only joy.—He despised alike, the dress, the habits and the luxuries that were proffered him, and his mind constantly brooded over the

forest scenes and sports in which he had passed his boy-hood. Vain were all attempts to wean him from his native habits—and as vain the efforts to obliterate the recollections of his adopted home from his mind. While persuasions and indulgence were resorted to, he modestly acquiesced; but when force was tried, and he was compelled to change his blanket for the garments of civilized life; and his favorite bow for a book, he grew suddenly discontented; and at last was missing in his father's house. He was seen the same evening, arrayed in the Indian garb, crossing a distant mountain, and bending his course towards the setting sun.

It was upwards of twenty years after this event that Mr. Bird and his wife, now advanced some-what in years, removed to a new settlement, where Mr. Bird had purchased a tract of land, at a great distance from their former residence; and while a more commodious building was erecting, they inhabited a small hut adjacent to a thick wood. One day the old lady was left alone, the men of the neighbourhood having gone to a distance of several miles to assist at a raising, she saw from her door several armed and painted Indians approaching her. Alarmed, but resolute, she seized a hatchet, and ascending a ladder into the loft of the dwelling, drew it up after her, and determined to defend herself to the last.

The savages entered, and finding their efforts to entice her down were vain, laid down their rifles to ascend after her; but the first hand that was thrust through the trap-door was severed, by the intrepid heroine, and an alarm being taken at the moment, that the whites were coming, the Indians retreated, and disappeared in the woods instantly; while almost at the same moment Mr. Bird and his party came in sight.

But scarcely had the delivery of her life approached, before Mrs. Bird's eye caught sight of the severed hand, and lo! there appeared before her the scarred right hand of her eldest son.

Such is the story of the Captive Boy; and from it I draw the inference that it is habit that endears the savage to his wilds; that teaches him to love his own pursuits; and that between the natural passions, affections and dispositions of men, there is no difference, except such as is created by education and custom.—*Canadian Courier.*

WELL DONE LADIES!—The Boston Atlas says,

Fashion is a whimsical jade, but who ever dreamed that she would put canes into the ladies' hands. But so it is, "pon honor." Two of our fashionable ladies exhibited themselves yesterday in Washington street, with their little sticks, which they flourished with becoming grace. Gentlemen must look out in future and always give ladies the inside of the walk, or they may smart for it.

A FLEET TAKEN BY A CHARGE OF HORSE.—At the time of Pichegru's irruption into Holland in 1795, says the London Athenaeum, the frost was unprecedentedly severe, and the Texel so completely icebound, that he ordered some squadrons of cavalry to charge across the frozen element, and capture the Dutch fleet, locked up in it. They accordingly clapped spurs to their horses' sides, surrounded the ships; and made a capture of them at the first summons, though their whole means of offence against a broadside were a few hundred sabres and horse pistols! We believe that the occurrence stands without a parallel in ancient or modern history.

A MAIDEN'S REPLY.—A puritanical preacher was one day struck with surprise on beholding a beautiful set of curls on the head of a lovely maid, a member of his class, whose hair had been usually very plain. "Ah! Eliza," said he, "you should not waste your precious time curling your hair; if God intended it to be curled, he would have curled it for you." "Indeed!" said the witty maid, "I must differ with you. When I was an infant he curled it for me; but now that I am grown up, he thinks I am able to do it myself."

CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.—During the troubles in the reign of Charles I. a country girl came to London, in search of a place as a servant maid—but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brew house, and was one of those called tab-women. The brewer observing a good looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her, but he died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped and Mr. Hyde was recommended to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her; of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II, and mother of Mary and Ann, Queens of England.

DIGNIFIED REPROOF TO A TRAITOR.—General Arnold, (who it is well known played the part of a traitor in the American war) was with George the Third when Lord Balcarras, who was under Burgoyne, in the Saratoga campaign, was presented—the king introduced them. "What, Sir?" drawing up his form, and retreating, "the traitor Arnold!" The consequence was a challenge from Arnold.—They met, and it was arranged that the parties should fire by signal.—Arnold fired first, and Earl Balcarras turned on his heel and was walking away, when Arnold exclaimed "Why don't you fire, my Lord?" "Sir," said the Earl, looking over his shoulder, "I leave you to the executioner."—*Colonist.*

A sailor having a mind to ride, and being unacquainted with a horse's rigging, as he termed it, was very busy in harnessing his nag, when he happened to place the saddle the contrary way.—A person near him, observed to him his mistake, when Jack, looking steadfastly at him, and giving his quid a twist or two in his mouth, said: "How do you know which way I am going to ride?"

GUNNERY.—One Alexander Gun, belonging to the Customs, was dismissed for improper conduct. The entry opposite his name in the books stood thus:—"A Gun discharged for making a false report."

A letter was received at the post-office, Kingston, U. C., some days ago, which bore the following significant superscription:

"To George Farley and Percy Deaken, Labourers, who were sent out of old England by the Parish of Allford in April 1832; who settled with the States Yankees, at Kingston in Upper Canada North America."