

POETRY.

Selected.

HOOR OF VICTORY.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

March! not heed those arms that hold thee,
Though so close they round thee come;
Closer still they will enfold thee,
When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.
Dost thou dote on woman's brow?
Dost thou live but in her breath?
March!—one hour of victory now
Wins thee woman's smile till death.

Oh what bliss, when war is over,
Beauty's long miss'd smile to meet;
And, if wreaths our temples cover,
Lay them shining at her feet.
Who would not, that hour to reach,
Breathe out life's expiring sigh—
Proud as waves that on the beach
Lay their war-crests down and die!

There! I see thy soul is burning—
She herself, who claps thee so;
Pains, even now, thy glad returning,
And, while clapping, bids thee go.
One deep sigh to passion given,
One last glowing tear and then—
March!—nor rest thy sword, till Heaven
Brings thee to those arms again.

VARIETIES.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW.

By Miss MITFORD.

In a winding unfrequented road, on the south side of our village, close to a low, two-arched bridge, thrown across a stream of more beauty than consequence, stood the small irregular dwelling, and the picturesque building of Hatherford Mill. It was a pretty scene on a summer afternoon, when that old mill, with its strong lights and shadows, its low-browed cottage covered with the clustering Pyracantha, and the clear brook which, after dashing, and foaming, and brawling, and playing off all the airs of a mountain river, while pent up in the mill-stream, was no sooner let loose, than it subsided into its natural peaceful character, and crept quietly along the valley, meandering through the green woody meadows, as tranquil a trout stream as ever Isaac Walton angled in.

Many a traveller has stayed his step to admire the old buildings of Hatherford Mill, backed by its dark orchard, especially when its accompanying figures, the jolly miller sitting before the door, pipe in mouth, and jug in hand, like one of Tennyson's bores, the mealy miller's man with his white sack over his shoulders, carefully descending the out-of-door steps and the miller's daughter, flitting amongst her poultry, gave life and motion to the picture.

The scenery at the other side of the road was equally attractive, in a different style. Its principal feature was the great farm of the parish, an old manorial house, solid and venerable, with a magnificent clump of witch elms in front of the porch; a suburb of out-buildings behind, and an old-fashioned garden with its rows of espaliers, its wide flower borders, and its close filbert-walk, stretching like a cape into the waters, the strawberry beds, sloping into the very stream; so that the cows, which in sultry weather come down by twos and by threes, from the opposite meadows, to cool themselves in the water, could almost crop the leaves as they stood.

In my mind, that was the pleasant scene of the two, but such could hardly have been the general opinion, since nine out of ten passers by never vouchsafed a glance, at the great farm, but kept their eyes steadily fixed on the mill; perhaps to look at the old buildings, perhaps at the miller's young daughter.

Katy Dawson was accounted by common consent the prettiest girl in the parish. Female critics in beauty would be sure to limit the commendation by asserting that her features were irregular, that she had not a good feature in her face, and so forth; but these remarks were always made in her absence, and no sooner did she appear than even her critics felt the power of her exceeding loveliness. It was the Hebe look of youth and health, the sweet and joyous expression, and above all, the unrivalled brilliancy of colouring, that made Katy's face, with all its faults, so pleasant to look upon. A complexion of the purest white, a coral lip, and a cheek like the pear, her name-sake, "on the side that's next the sun," were relieved by rich curls of brown hair, of the deep yet delicate hue that one sometimes finds in the ripest and latest hazel-nut of the season. Her figure was well suited to her blossomy countenance, round, short, and childlike; add to this a pretty foot, a merry glance, a passing pleasing tongue, and no wonder that Katy was the belle of the village.

But gay and smiling though she were, the fair maid of the mill was little accessible to wooers. Her mother had long been dead, and her father, who held her as the very apple of his eye, kept her carefully away from the rustic junketings, at which rural flirtations are usually begun. Accordingly, our village beauty had reached the age of eighteen, without a lover. She had indeed had two offers; one from a dashing horse dealer, who, having seen her for five minutes one day, when her father called her to admire a nag that he was cheapening, proposed for her, that very night as they were chaffing about the price; and took the refusal to such dudgeon, that he would have left the house utterly inconsolable, had he not contrived to comfort himself by cheating the offending papa, twice as much as he intended, in his horse bargain. The other proffer was from a staid, thick, sober, silent, middle-aged personage, who occupied the offices of schoolmaster and land-measurer, an old cronny of the good miller's, in whose little parlour he had smoked his pipe regularly every Saturday even-

ing for the last thirty years, and who called him still from habit, "Young Sam Robinson." He, one evening as they sat together smoking outside the door, broke his accustomed silence with a formal demand of his comrade's permission to present himself as a suitor to Miss Katy; which permission being, as soon as her father could speak for astonishment, civilly refused, Master Samuel Robinson addressed himself to his pipe again, with his wonted phlegm, played a manful part in emptying the ale jug, and discussing the Welsh rabbit, reappeared as usual, on the following Saturday, and to judge from his whole demeanour, seemed to have entirely forgotten his unlucky proposal.

Soon after the rejection of this most philosophical of all discarded swains, an important change took place in the neighbourhood, in the shape of a new occupant of the great farm. The quiet respectable old couple who had resided there for half a century, had erected the mossy sundial, and planted the great mulberry tree having determined to retire from business, were succeeded by a new tenant from a distant county, the youngest son of a gentleman brought up to agricultural pursuits, whose spirit and activity, his boldness in stocking and cropping, and his scientific management of manures and machinery, formed the strongest possible contrast with the old-world practices of his predecessors. All the village was full of admiration of the intelligent young farmer, Edward Grey; who being unmarried, and of a kindly and sociable disposition, soon became familiar with high and low, and was no where a greater favourite than with his opposite neighbour, our good miller.

Katy's first feeling towards her new acquaintance was an awe, altogether different from her usual shamedness; a genuine fear of the quickness and talent which broke out not merely in his conversation, but in every line of his acute and lively countenance. There was occasionally a sudden laughing light in his hazel eye, and a very arch and momentary smile, now seen, and now gone, to which, becoming as most people thought them, she had a particular aversion. In short, she paid the young farmer, for so he presided in being called, the compliment of running away, as soon as he came in sight, for three calendar months. At the end of that time, appearances mended. First she began to loiter at the door; then she staid in the room; then she listened; then she smiled; then she laughed outright; then she ventured to look up; then she began to talk in her turn; and before another month had passed, would prattle to Edward Grey as fearlessly and freely, as to her own father.

On his side, it was clear that the young farmer, with all his elegance and refinement, his education and intelligence, liked nothing better than this simple village lass. He passed over the little humours, proper to her as a beauty and a spoiled child, with the kindness of an indulgent brother; was amused with her artlessness, and delighted with her gaiety. Gradually he began to find his own fire-side lonely, and the parties of the neighbourhood boisterous; the little parlour of the miller formed just the happy medium, quietness without solitude, and society without dissipation—and thither he resorted accordingly. His spaniel Ranger, taking possession of the middle of the hearth-rug, just as comfortably as if in his master's own demesne, and Katy's large tabby cat, a dog-hater by profession, not merely submitting to the usurpation, but even ceasing to erect her bristles on his approach.

So the world waned for three months more. One or two little mills had, indeed, occurred between the parties; once for instance at a fair held in the next town on the first of May: Katy having been frightened at the lions and tigers painted outside a show, had nevertheless been half-led, half-forced into the booth to look at the real living monsters, by her ungallant beau. This was a sad offence. But unluckily our village damsel had been so much entertained by some monkeys and parrots on her first entrance, that she quite forgot to be frightened, and afterwards, when confronted with the royal brutes, had taken so great a fancy to a beautiful panther, as to wish to have him for a pet; so that this quarrel passed away almost as soon as it began. The second was about the colour of a ribbon, an election ribbon; Katy having been much caught by the graceful person and gracious manners of a county candidate, who called to request her father's vote, had taken upon herself to canvass their opposite neighbour, and was exceedingly astonished to find her request refused, on no better plea, than a difference from her favourite in political opinion, and a previous promise to his opponent. The little beauty, astonished at her want of influence, and rendered zealous by opposition, began to look grave, and parties would certainly have run high at Hatherford, had not her candidate put a stop to the dispute, by declining to come to the poll. So that that quarrel was, per force, pre-terminated. At last, a real and serious anxiety overclouded Katy's innocent happiness; and as it often happens, in this world of contradictions, the grievance took the form of a gratified wish.

Of all her relations, her cousin Sophy Maynard had long been her favourite. She was an intelligent unaffected young woman, a few years older than herself, the daughter of a London tradesman, excellently brought up, with a great deal of information and taste, and a total absence of airs and finery. In person, she resembled almost exactly plain, but there was such a natural gentility about her, her manners were so pleasing and her

conversation so attractive, that few people after passing an evening in her society remembered her want of beauty. She was exceedingly fond of the country, and of her pretty cousin, who, on her part, looked up to her with much of the respectful fondness of a younger sister, and had thought to herself a hundred times, when most pleased with their new neighbour, "how I wish my cousin Sophy could see Edward Grey," and now that poor Katy would have given all that she possessed in the world, if they had never met. They were heartily delighted with each other, and proclaimed openly their mutual good opinion. Sophy praised Mr. Grey's vivacity; Edward professed himself enchanted with Miss Maynard's voice. Each was astonished in that walk of life, cultivation unusual in that walk of life. They talked and laughed, and sung together, and seemed so happy, that Katy, without knowing why, became quite miserable, flew from Edward, avoided Sophy, shrank away from her kind father, and found no rest or comfort, except when she could creep alone to some solitary place, and give vent to her vexation in tears. Poor Katy! she could not tell what ailed her, but was quite sure she was wretched; and then she cried again.

In the mean while, the intimacy between the new friends became closer and closer. There was an air of intelligence between them, that might have puzzled wiser heads than that of our simple miller maiden. A secret—Could it be a love-secret? A secret—the influence of the gentleman was so open and avowed, that Sophy, when on the point of departure, consented to prolong her visit to Hatherford, at his request, although she had previously resisted Katy's solicitations, and the hospitable urgency of her father.

Affairs were in this posture when one fine evening, towards the end of June, the cousins sallied forth for a walk, and were suddenly joined by Edward Grey, when at such a distance from the house as to prevent the possibility of Katy's stealing back thither, as had been her usual habit on such occasions. The path they chose led through long narrow meadows, sloping down, on either side, to the winding stream, enclosed by high hedges, and, seemingly, shut out from the world.

A pleasant walk it was, through those newly-mown meadows, just cleared of the hay, with a bright rivulet meandering through banks so variously beautiful; now fringed by rushes and sedges; now bordered by little thickets of hawthorn, and woodbine, and the briar-rose; now overhung by a pollard ash, or a silver-barked beech, or a lime-tree in full blossom. Now a smooth turpentine slope; green to the eye, and soft to the foot; and now again a rich embroidery of the golden flag, the purple willow-herb, the blue forget-me-not, and a thousand fresh-water flowers of several colours, making the Bank as gay as a garden.

It was impossible not to pause in this lovely spot; and Sophy, who had been collecting a bright bunch of pink blossoms, the ragged-robin, the wild rose, the crane's bill, and the fox-glove, or to use the prettier Irish name of that superb plant, the fairy cap, appealed to Katy to "read a lecture of her country air," and show "what every flower, as country people hold, did signify"—a talent for which the young maid of the mill was as celebrated as Bellario. But poor Katy, who declining Edward's offered arm, and loitered a little behind, gathering a long wreath of the woodbine, and the briar, and the wild vetch, was, or pretended to be, deeply engaged in twisting the garland round her straw bonnet, and answered not a word. She staid on her bonnet, and stood by listening, whilst the other two continued to talk of the symbolic meaning of flowers, quoting the well known lines from the Winter's Tale, and the almost equally charming passage from Philaster.

At length Edward, who during the conversation, had been gathering all that he could collect of the tall almond-scented tufts of the elegant meadow sweet, whose crested blossoms arranged themselves in a plumage so richly delicate, said, holding up his nosegay, "I do not know what mystical interpretation may be attached to this plant in Katy's 'country air,' but it is my favourite amongst flowers; and if I were inclined to follow the Eastern fashion of courtship, and make love by a nosegay, I should certainly send it to plead my cause. And it shall be so," he added, after a short pause, his bright and sudden smile illumining his whole countenance; "the botanical name signifies, the Queen of the Meadow; and wherever I offer this tribute, wherever I place this tuft, the homage of my heart, the proffer of my hand, shall go also. Oh, that the offering might find favour with my queen!" Katy heard no more. She turned away to a little bay formed by the rivulet, where a bed of pebbles, overhung by a grassy bank, afforded a commodious seat, and there she sat, her down, trembling, cold and wetted; understanding, for the first time, her own feelings, and wondering if any body in all the world had ever been so unhappy before.

There she sat, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, unconsciously making "rings of rushes that grew thereby," and Edward's dog Ranger, who had been watching a shoal of minnows at play in the shallow water, and every now and then inserting his huge paw into the stream, as if trying to catch one, came to her, and laid his rough head, and his long curling brown ears, into her lap, and looked at her with "eyes whose human meaning did not need the aid of speech"—eyes full of pity and of love; for Ranger, in common with all the four-footed world, loved Katy dearly; and now he looked up in her face, and licked her cold hand. Oh! kinder and faithfuer than your master, thought poor Katy, as, with a fresh gust of tears, she laid her sweet face on the dog's head, and sat in that position, as it seemed to her, for ages, whilst her companions were hooking and landing some white water-lilies.

At last they approached, and she arose hastily, and tremblingly, and walked on, anxious to escape observation. "Your garland is loose, Katy," said Edward, lifting his hand to

her bonnet: "Come and see how nicely I have fastened it! No clearer mirror than the dark smooth basin of water, under those hazel come!" He put her hand under his arm, and led her thither; and there, when mechanically she cast her eyes on the stream, she saw the rich tuft of meadow-sweet, the identical Queen of the Meadow, waving like a plume, over her own straw bonnet; left herself caught in Edward's arms; for between surprise and joy, she had well nigh fallen; and when, with instinctive modesty, she escaped from his embrace, and took refuge with her cousin, the first sound that she heard was Sophy's affectionate whisper, "I knew it all the time, Katy! every body knew it but you! and the wedding must be next week, for I have promised Edward to stay and be bridesmaid;" and the very next week they were married.—Our Village.

LITERATURE AND ART.

NARRATIVE OF VOYAGES TO EXPLORE THE SHORES OF AFRICA, ARABIA AND MADAGASCAR.—Bentley, New, Burlington-street.—This work, which occupies 8vo. volumes, has been compiled from the journals of Captain Owen and the officers who served under him in the surveying expedition which left England in the year 1822. The long delay that has taken place in the publication is explained to have been occasioned by the official employment of Captain Owen, having compelled him to postpone, from time to time, the preparation of his narrative. At length the journals of that gentleman and his companions were entrusted to the Editorship of H. B. Robinson Esq. under whose superintendence the volumes now before us have been printed. The work contains a few portraits of singular characters met with by our voyagers, and several maps of coasts and rivers: it comprises many remarkable adventures, and anecdotes, with sketches of character, amusing, as well as instructive, and various curious details of savage life. But the "Narrative" is encumbered by a great deal of dull and uninteresting matter that ought to be omitted; and, in fact, all that will be perused by the general of readers might have been contained in one volume only. Of the perilous nature of the service in which Captain Owen, his officers and crews were engaged, a fair estimate may be formed from the fact that two-thirds of the officers and one half of the crews of the three vessels employed in surveying the coast of Africa, perished from fever. We select the following as the most interesting passages of the work:—

NARROW ESCAPE OF A BOAT'S CREW.

Lieutenant Videll had just commenced ascending the stream in his boat, when suddenly a violent shock was felt from underneath, and in another moment a monstrous hippopotamus reared itself up from the water, and in a most ferocious and menacing attitude rushed upon the boat; the creature disappeared for a few seconds and then rose again, apparently intending to repeat the attack, but was fortunately deterred by the contents of a musket discharged in its face. The boat rapidly filled, but, as she was not more than an oar's length from the shore, they succeeded in reaching it before she sank. Her keel, in all probability, touched the back of the animal, which irritating him, occasioned this furious attack, and had he got his upper-jaw above the gunwhale, the whole broadside must have been torn out.—The force of the shock from beneath, previously to the attack, was so violent, that her stern was almost lifted out of the water, and Mr. Lamb, the midshipman steering, was thrown overboard, but fortunately rescued before the irritated animal could seize him. The boat was hauled up on a dry spot, and her repairs immediately commenced.

HORRIBLE CRUELTY OF A PORTUGUESE COMMANDANT.

About this time the Portuguese Commandant perpetrated an act of atrocity of the most appalling nature, the ravages of the Hollontones (Africans) had reduced the inhabitants of the Matto country to such a state of desolation and distress, that the King's brother and sixteen of the natives proceeded to the fort, to request that assistance and support which they had a right to expect from the friendly relation with the garrison. Previously to demanding an interview with the Commandant, they visited the Portuguese bazaar, that was always kept open near the fort, and they commenced bartering some few articles they had brought: for provisions. They had not long been thus occupied, when a soldier expressing to the Commandant a suspicion that these were a party who had robbed his garden, which he could not have substantiated, for the ground in question had been overrun by the Hollontones, a guard of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, and conveyed into the fort, where, merely as a part of their punishment, they received a flogging, in point of severity far worse than death. Some idea may be formed of its horror from the fatal result, and the description of the instruments with which it was inflicted. The knot was formed of several thongs of hard dried bull's hide, covered with knots, and attached to a stick about three feet long, as a handle; from this punishment the sufferers either fainted immediately, or from the agony he endured, was reduced to a lethargic state; if the latter, he was aroused by a violent blow from a stake, or heavy bar, that he might be more susceptible of pain, or evince it by his cries. The branch of a thorny bush was the last instrument of torture, which was applied with great force to the lacerated back to the half-expiring negro. The Commandant stood by the whole time, encouraging his soldiers not to relax in their exertions in the application of the torture, and regulating the periods for using the stake; he was alike inexorable to the cries of the sufferers and the tears and entreaties of his own wife, who, on her knees interceded for them. After their punishment was over, the sufferers were cast into a small and loathsome cell, their hands were fastened to the wall, and they were left to remain until their backs were sufficiently healed to endure the remainder of their sentence. Owing to the impure air, the closeness and filth of their dungeon, together with their wounds and mental despondency, the greater number of the unhappy sufferers were soon relieved by the more lenient hand of death. It might be supposed that this mercy had been sufficient to produce a little more and commiseration from their hard-hearted persecutor; but no, they were dragged out either dead, or in a dying state, to the bushes in the vicinity of the fort, and there, in spite of their groans, unheeding left in lingering misery beneath a burning sun. If any survived the greatest proportion died in the prison: one, however, was seen shortly after death had closed his sufferings, with his back dreadfully lacerated and in a state of mortification, while worms and flies were crawling upon the mangled flesh.

BOUNDLESSNESS OF THE CREATION.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. This one led me to see a system in every star; the other taught me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the galaxies of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working Gods find room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of his glory.—Chalmers.

CURIOUS DUEL.

Before quitting this place (Congo river) the following relation of a circumstance that took place on board his Majesty's ship Congo, previously to her ascending that river, may be read with interest as a trait of national character. One of the principal Malulas, a fine-looking young man, paid a visit to the vessel, and in the course of conversation stated, that the Portuguese had been instilling into the minds of the natives that the Congo, and transport which accompanied her, were sent by the English to examine the Zaire and surrounding country, in order to take possession of it. "Doso," said the Malula, "I know it is in your power, as it was in that of the Portuguese; but, like them, you will soon have it retaken from you: twice they were our masters—they are now no longer so: twice they erected a fort, but the ruins alone remain." Lieutenant Hawkey, observing the self-complacent tone in which this was uttered, laughed, and remarked that the English foolish enough to wish for so wretched a country, (a term at which the Malula was highly indignant,) they could without the least difficulty maintain their sovereignty over it, notwithstanding every effort of himself and compatriots to prevent them. "Why," continued he, "you have been asking me for a cutlass these last ten minutes; you cannot want it, for you know not its use; with this small rapier," pointing to his dress sword, "I would set you and your cutlass at defiance." The Malula treated the observation with the utmost contempt, and glowing with indignation, offered to put the affair to immediate trial. Mr. Hawkey had been some years a prisoner in France, and was a perfect master in the use of the small sword. To punish the Malula's arrogance, he accepted the challenge. The cutlass, in its rapid and deadly evolutions, was turned as harmlessly aside by the well-handled rapier, as if no eye had directed, no force dealt the blow. The Lieutenant was cool, strong, and active; the Malula foaming with rage and almost sinking with exhaustion, strongly demonstrating the superiority of temper and skill over passion and ignorance. The affair was terminated by the Malula receiving a slight puncture in the skin of his right shoulder; but before he had discovered the futility of the efforts, and the great superiority of his antagonist. He gave up the contest, shook hands with the Lieutenant, and while the ship was there, continued upon the most friendly terms with all on board, never ceasing to express his admiration of Mr. Hawkey's skill and respect for the British nation. His people, who witnessed the contest, although they were apprehensive for the Chief's safety, could not suppress an occasional burst of admiration and astonishment during many parts of the conflict, when the terrific blows of the cutlass were turned by the Lieutenant without the least effort or apparent motion of the arm.

ANCIENT POTTERY.—We learn from the authority of Vitruvius, who wrote in the Augustan age, that the Romans then made their water-pipes of potters' clay. (This people, who introduced a knowledge of the useful arts practised by themselves wherever their conquests were extended, established potteries in England where, among other articles, similar water-pipes were made. Some of these, about a century ago, were dug up in Hyde Park. They were found to be two inches in thickness, and were firmly jointed together with common mortar mixed with oil. It has been asserted that the ancient Britons were in the practice of making pottery before the invasion of this belief is the Romans; and in support of this belief have been taken from barrows in different parts of the kingdom. On the other hand, the convincing testimony of various writers gives reason for supposing that our ancestors were in those days supplied with such articles by the Venetians. Vestiges of considerable Roman potteries are discernible in many parts of the Island, particularly in Staffordshire; on the site of the great potteries which have so long been carried on in that country. In sinking pits for various purposes, remains of Roman potteries have occasionally been discovered there at a considerable depth below the surface.—Hardner's Cyclopaedia.

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