

POETRY.

Selected.

—SUGGESTED BY DAVID'S PICTURE OF NAPOLEON ASLEEP IN HIS STUDY, TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(From *Blackwood's Magazine* for November.)

Stole softly!—for the very morn,
The stately chamber of his rest,
Imparts a gasping awe and gloom
Unto the rash intruder's breast—
Here, kneel and look!—but breathe not lest,
Thy gross material breath alone
Should wake that eye immortal blaze,
That like the last Archangel's gaze,
Might scorch thee into stone!

He sleeps! while Earth around him reels,
And Mankind's million hosts combine
Against the sceptre-sword which seals
Their fate from Lapland to the Line—
While, like a giant roused from wine,
Grim Europe, starting, watches him,
The warrior-Lord of Lod's field—
O'er Jena's rout who shook his shield—
Is hush'd in slumber dim!

He sleeps!—The Thunderer of the World
For once hath wearied, dropt the bolt,
Whose strokes split empires up—and hurl'd
To dust each purple-mantled Dolt,
Mid havoc, ruin, and revolt!
Lo, lul'd like baby by its nurse,
The imperial Eagle folds that wing
Quiescent, whose awaking spring
Shall wake the universe!

He sleeps! and silence binds that tone
Which elev'd the Alp's eternal walls,
And bridged his pathway to a throne
Above the Avalanche's halls;
Hark! how that victor-voice appals
Pale Austria's battle-line when first
He crash'd gaunt Nature's bars assunder,
And meteor-girl, in flame and wonder,
Upon Marengo burst.

He sleeps! and dreams—Oh for the sense
Of some sublime sphere, to know
Where strays the fierce intelligence
Which scour'd the nations here below!
To the Empyrean doth it go;
And would its wild Ambition strain
To grasp the balance of the skies,
And systems, suns, and stars comprise
In one tremendous reign?

He dreams and smiles! The Conqueror's brow
Gall'd with the Wrath triumphant pride,
Looks gladly calm and placid now,
As if young England's sword
As if—Victorious Homicide!
The rush of Borodino's stream—
His bony legions' freezing groans
And icy Russia's forest-moans,
Are heard not in that dream!

The plan and pencil in his hand
Have dropp'd as though their effort fail'd
To draught the crimson sevens seal'd—
In Fate's vast volume sketch reveal'd,
But earth shall see the page reveal'd,
And hear its fiery purport too,
Until her curdling heart's blood stops—
And, carnage-clogged, thy sickle drops
Outworn, red Waterloo!

He dreams and smiles! Yon blue sea-prison
Uncages Fortune's crown'd bird—
And France, exulting France, has risen
Through all her borders, trumpet-stirr'd!
He heeds it not—some vision'd word
Hath shown him ocean's distant wars
Thundering the moral of his story,
And rolling boundless as his glory,
Round St. Helena's grave.

Away, bright Painter! tell thy rere,
Self-satisfied Philosophy,
Whose ready, reasoning tongue would swear,
That brow of Despot cannot be
From crested Care one moment free,
Tell him thy life-imparting eye,
Napoleon's sleeping-hour survey'd,
And with one deathless glance hath made
Immortal now the Lie!

VARIETIES.

(From the *Lowell Journal*.)

AN AFRICAN'S REVENGE.

[The following thrilling tale is translated from a passage in Eugene Sue's French novel of Artar Gul. It is merely necessary to premise that Artar Gul always appeared faithful to his master, and grateful for his kindness to him—but in secret he brooded over the loss of his liberty, and resolved to be deeply revenged. Smiles shone on his countenance, but deadly hatred rankled in his heart.]

When Artar Gul had nearly reached the summit of the mountain, the sun had already risen and the lofty heights of La Soffriere threw their shades to a great distance across the valleys below. As he was about entering a sort of dell, formed of huge blocks of granite, which seemed to have been fantastically heaped up around, he heard a fearful sound, and stopped short—it was the sharp hiss of a serpent! He soon after heard the flapping of wings over his head, and on looking up, he saw one of those large birds called Secretaries or Man of War Birds, common in tropical climates, which having already descried the serpent, was making wide circles in the air, but approaching nearer his destined prey every moment.

The serpent seemed aware of the inferiority of his force—and was rapidly gliding towards his den when the bird apparently aware of his intention, descended with the rapidity of lightning and alighted in his path—and with his large wings which were terminated with a bony protuberance and which served him both as a war club and a shield he effectually prevented the retreat of the venomous reptile.

The serpent now became enraged, and the beautiful and variegated colors of his skin, sparkled in the sun like rings of gold and azure. His head was frightfully swollen with rage and venom—he darted out his forked tongue, and filled the air with hisses.

The huge bird extended one of its wings, and with a long eye on the serpent, advanced to the conflict, but his wary antagonist watched his movements, and with quick motions of his body to the right

and left, evaded his attacks, until finding that his mode of warfare would not long avail him, he at length darted at the bird, and vainly attempted to fix his poisonous fangs in his body, and crush him in his folds. But the Secretary caught him in one of his claws, and with a furious blow of his beak, fractured his skull. The serpent struggled violently for a few moments—but resistance was useless—and he was soon stretched lifeless before his victorious enemy.

But ere the bird had time to enjoy the fruit of his victory, the report of a musket was heard and the Secretary in his turn, lay dead by the side of his venomous antagonist. Artar Gul turned his head, and saw Theodore standing on a rock above him with a fowling piece in his hand.

Well Artar Gul, said the young man sliding down from the summit of the rock—'was not that well done?'

It was a good shot master—but I am sorry you killed the bird—for these Secretaries wage war with the venomous serpents with which our mountains are infested. And the black pointed to the dead reptile—which was seven or eight feet long and four or five inches in diameter.

Ah! exclaimed Theodore—I regret it now—for I do detest these heinous serpents—I would give half my fortune to be able to exterminate the monsters.

You are right master, said Artar Gul. They are a great nuisance, and their bite almost always proves fatal.

It is not only that, said the young man, but you know that my betrothed Marguerite—whom if Heaven wills, I am to wed to-morrow, has a most unaccountable antipathy to the sight of one of these animals. Less so now, than formerly I confess—for once the name of a snake would almost deprive her of her sensation. But her father, her mother, and myself have at various times tried to conquer her silly but deep rooted fears of these reptiles. We have tried to accustom her to the sight of them, and have often thrown them in her way after they had been killed—and then laughed at her screams of terror!

That is the only way to conquer her foolish antipathy master, said the wily African. In my country we thus habituate our women and children to the sights of horror. But a thought strikes me. A means presents itself of curing her of these foolish fears, if you can only be prevailed upon to adopt it. And his eyes were for an instant lighted up with a gleam of ferocious delight. We will take the snake home with us. But first let us cut off his head. We cannot use too much precaution.

Noble fellow! said Theodore, as he assisted Artar Gul to separate the head of the serpent from the body. It is a female, whispered Artar Gul, to himself, and a male cannot be far off.

They proceeded towards Col. Willis's habitation—the black dragging after him the bleeding carcass of the serpent. The house in which the Colonel resided—like most of the houses in that climate consisted of but one story, with wings. In one of the wings was the bed chamber of Marguerite. A piazza in front of the window, and a jalousie, screened the room from the devouring heat of the tropical sun.

Theodore approached the window on tiptoe—cautiously opened the jalousie, and looked in—Marguerite was not there. He then took the serpent from the hand of Artar Gul—who as it seemed through excess of precaution first bruised the neck of the reptile on the window frame. Theodore hid the serpent, whose brilliant hues had already become tarnished by death, beneath the dressing table. He then retired, and closed the jalousie. As he turned away he met Colonel Willis, who laughed heartily at the trick which Theodore was playing Marguerite.

The room which was appropriated was truly the asylum of innocence. The hand of a mother had been there. It was seen in all the elegant and useful furniture which had decked the apartment. That little bed, curtained with white gauze, those stuccoed walls, polished, and shining as brilliant as Parian marble—that harp and table covered with music books—that little dressing glass, those silken robes—that cross of mother of pearl—those jeweled ornaments—in a word, all those trifling things which are so precious to a young girl, whispered a tale of Innocence, Love and Happiness.

The door opened, and Marguerite entered. She seated herself before her dressing table, but she saw not the reptile beneath it. While she arranged her hair, and essayed a ribbon, which Theodore had praised, she sang the song which she had been taught by her lover.

To-day, soliloquized the lovely, I must try to appear as beautiful as possible. To-morrow I shall belong to another. O Theodore! With what devotion he loves me. Nothing on earth can add to my happiness.

She approached so near the glass, to judge the effect of the ribbon, that her breath tarnished the brilliant surface of the mirror, then with her finger, she playfully and smilingly traced upon the glass the name of Theodore.

A slight noise near the window, awakened her from the delicious reverie. She turned towards it, blushing lest her dearest secret had been discovered. But the paleness of death instantly came over her features. She convulsively threw her hands before her, and tried to rise—but she could not. Her trembling limbs refused to sustain her and she fell back in her chair. The unhappy girl saw peering through the jalousie the head of an enormous serpent!

In a moment he was lost among the flowers, which were tastefully arranged before the window. His disappearance gave new strength to Marguerite, who

rushed towards the door which opened into the gallery, screaming, Help! mother, mother help! help! Here is a monstrous Serpent!

But her parents and her lover held the door outside—and laughed at what they conceived to be her imaginary fears.—Well done, my girl, said Col. Willis, cannot you scream a little louder?—The snake will not eat you, I'll engage—poor little thing? How frightened she appears to be!

Marguerite I am ashamed of you, said her mother. The serpent will not hurt you. It is dead.

But her cries continued. My dear Marguerite, said Theodore, don't be alarmed. I put it there myself—and you shall give me a kiss for my pains sweet girl.

Meanwhile the hideous monster left the flowers, and glided into the room. Marguerite, finding her cries for assistance of no avail, uttered a loud shriek, and fell senseless on the floor. The serpent raised its head, and for a moment seemed to be reconnoitering the apartment. But when it saw its companion dead on the floor, its eyes absolutely sparkled with rage. It sent forth a loud hiss and advanced towards the unfortunate girl.

With a rapidity almost inconceivable, the hideous reptile twined himself around the graceful limbs and sylph-like form of Marguerite. His cold and slimy neck rested against the bosom of his victim and there he fastened his venomous fangs!

The hapless girl restored to consciousness by the agonizing pain of the wound, opened her eyes—but the first object which met her view, was the horrid head of the reptile, swollen with rage—his eyes flashing fire—and his open mouth displaying the crooked and deadly fangs.

Mother! Mother! O dear mother! faintly screamed the dying girl.

But a half-suppressed laugh was the only response to her convulsive cry. The jalousie was slowly, opened, and Artar Gul looked in at the window—his eyes glaring with malignancy and triumph!

Elizabeth! Elizabeth! said Mrs. Willis.—She answers not—perhaps she has fainted with terror.

Silly girl! said the Colonel.—But we will open the door and see what is the matter.

Some heavy object lay against the door. He gave a violent push and entered the chamber followed by Mrs. Willis and Theodore. But who can paint the agonies of the parents and the lover—when they found they had stumbled over the dead body of the unfortunate Marguerite.

As they entered the room, the Serpent was seen to glide out at the window.

BATH CHILDREN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

AUXILIARY TO THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF JUVENILE EMIGRATION.

On Thursday a Public Meeting was held at the Upper Rooms, for the purpose of forming a Society, the object of which is to reclaim depraved children, by placing them in an institution where habits of industry will be inculcated and enforced, combined with moral and religious instruction, as well as to prevent friendless children from pursuing a course of depravity and crime. On the motion of Capt. Brenton, the chair was taken by Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Cockburn, bart., who commenced the proceedings by stating that he had had the honour, of presiding on a former occasion when Capt. Brenton had submitted his plan to the people of this city, and who was here again for the purpose of giving further information upon it. For himself, he was ready to state, that the Society had his very best wishes, inasmuch as he considered it, in point of usefulness and the good to be imparted to the rising generation, inferior to no other Society in the kingdom.

Capt. Brenton now rose, and observed, that last summer he had an opportunity of addressing a Bath audience, and of exhibiting, from his own personal knowledge, and by official documents, the extreme depravity which prevailed among a large portion of the children of this Country, more particularly in the Metropolis. He was happy to inform the Meeting that the London Society had met with great success, since he had last the honour of addressing them; that subscriptions had poured in; and that they had had the great gratification of removing 347 boys from the streets, and of placing many of them in good and profitable employment under respectable masters in the Colonies. The system adopted at their school at Hackney Wick was that of combining training with education; which he affirmed to be two very different things. And here he would observe, that at many of our National Schools the former, which was the principal, was wholly neglected, and education alone made the object of solicitude. Hence it often happened, that the children could quote scripture with fluency and even pertinence, while they were actually ignorant of the duties which they owed to their parents or their masters. They could take their stand behind a masters chair at dinner, criticise the language of the family; and laugh at it in the kitchen; but unlike the children of which the London Society had taken the care, they were not trained to useful labour. He had had great difficulties, he confessed, to encounter; he had followed children to their homes, and had found parents who were not willing to part with them because they got more by begging! He had known five vagrant children in four hours obtain 43 shillings by begging! and to show the folly of giving money to children in the streets, he could positively affirm that charity so bestowed was inevitably squandered in a public house. The Jews had a saying worth recording; they say that the father who does not teach his child a trade, makes him a thief! He had known an overseer, when a poor boy applied for relief, give the boy a shilling, and tell him to call again in a week for another. Could any thing be more disgraceful than such a system? could it be supposed that the boy could subsist on a shilling a week? and if that was all that was done for him, was it not tantamount to telling him that he might go and beg for the remainder? He had seen 417 children on board a ship at Chatham, from 9 to 16 years of age, sentenced as convicts to 7 years transportation. Taking the average cost of each of these youthful convicts at 10l. a year, the lowest possible fraction, each in the 7 years would cost 70l. now if the Government had given him 10l. in the first instance, he would have made an honest

man of every one of these. Such is the cost of supporting crime!

Again what was the Employment usually given to children where they were made to work? Why, it was picking oakum, or making pins; very well this for the decrepid, but assuredly neither so useful or healthful as agricultural labour. Look again at the cost of Bredwell in London—This which was actually a royal palace, was given up by Edward VI. as a receptacle for the vagrant poor after the suppression of the monasteries; and what is the sum annually spent in this palace of a building? Why, from 8,000l. to 10,000l. a year, for the support of about 300 criminals, who come out much more hardened and determined thieves than when they entered! And should this be the course taken with the vagrant when the Colonies are absolutely begging for labourers? when, for one half or a quarter of the money requisite for the maintenance of convicts, children could be well provided for in our Colonies before they become convicts! He was aware, that in many, very many cases, it became necessary to transport children from the scenes of their depravity and their depraved connexions, if we wished to reclaim them, and in doing so, we were following the analogy of Nature; we, in like manner, remove plants when they grow too thick. But when they are removed to our care, we do not keep them bending over a slate, we give them certainly a daily course of moral and religious instruction, teach them their duty to themselves and their Country; and we do this by a system of kind treatment, without ever striking them, or permitting them to be struck. We then give them plenty of work in the garden, and in fields and at this moment the produce of our garden nearly pays the rent of the establishment. We then send them abroad; and this year we sent out 55 boys to the Cape with Col. Somerset, and they will prove invaluable assistants to the farmers in that country. By this means confirmed thieves may be reclaimed; and, in our opinion, not more than 1 to 10,000 is quite corrigible. We have not indeed with us quite so many girls qualifying for ladies' maids, "with no objection to travel." [A laugh.] With us, the boys are never left alone—the master or second master is always left with them; and, as a proof of the efficacy of the education and training, he would refer to a letter from Mr. Fairland, Secretary to the Emigration Committee, which bore testimony to the excellent conduct of all the boys who went out in the *Charles Carr*, Capt. Brodie, to the Cape. Some objected to the Society being designated, For the Suppression of Juvenile Vagrancy; and he had no objection to change the appellation. All that he wanted was, to convert the boys into good subjects, and profitable producers, instead of destroyers of property. [Cheers.]

He had long been an avowed and determined enemy to workhouses. In his opinion, owing to the manner in which they were conducted, and owing to the system itself of workhouses, they furnished all the thieves and prostitutes of the kingdom. There ought to be no such things as workhouses; there ought to be almshouses for the impotent; but as for workhouses, they were actually universities of vice, whence thieves poured out in the summer, and to which they swarmed as to a hive in the winter, and preyed upon the industry of the respectable community. No agricultural labour was followed there, as there should be; whatever was done, was in manufacturing; as if we had not a glut of manufactures already, when poor women were employed working their fingers to the bone, to make shirts, which were sold complete for a shilling! thus keeping down the price of labour and injuring the shopkeeper.

In advocating Emigration, he did not approve of it in a general sense; he knew that in many cases it would deprive the Country of its ablest hands, who might hereafter be wanting to furnish our armies and man our fleets; he was only for removing those who were certain of being brought up as thieves if they remained at home. In reference to a paragraph in the papers, in which it was stated that the Lord Mayor denied that the scheme of sending out boys to the Colonies had the sanction of his Majesty's Government; Capt. Brenton read documents, proving that Lord Goderich, Mr. Stanley, and a great many others, when members of his Majesty's Government, had not only expressed their warm approbation of the plan, but had supported it by donations, with an express permission that their names might be published, as giving their sanction and patronage. He concluded a very interesting detail of facts and proofs in support of the Society by trusting that the inhabitants of Bath would form an Institution on the same model, and by assuring them that such children as might have the greatest care bestowed upon them, and should be made, under Providence, useful and industrious members of Society. [Great cheering.]

The various Resolutions, prefaced by appropriate remarks, strongly recommending the plan, were then moved and seconded by the Gentlemen whose names appear in the advertisement. Thanks were now voted to the chairman and Capt. Brenton, and the Meeting separated.

The weather, which was exceedingly inauspicious, caused rather a thin attendance; but among those present were many ladies and gentlemen of the highest respectability and worth, who, we are persuaded, will do their best to recommend this valuable Association to the notice and patronage of their friends.

DISAFFECTION—EXEMPLIFIED.—The experiences of physicians have lately been often detailed in print; formerly they held themselves bound not to tell the "secrets of the prison house." A couple of anecdotes, never before published, were related to us the other day:—

Dr. C—, as celebrated for humanity, address, and penetration, as for his professional skill, attended the last illness of a gentleman, the prodigal levity of whose "son and heir" hastened his decease.—Meeting the young paricide on the stairs, the doctor, without assuming the least caution or delicacy, said, coolly, "Sir, your father has just expired." Indeed! exclaimed the youth, starting; this is very sudden—had you not better open the body immediately, to ascertain? "Oh, Sir," interrupted his hearer, with cutting severity, "you need not give yourself the slightest alarm—I assure you he is quite dead."

Ought the wretch to have survived such a reproach?

At another time, this doctor was called to the abrupt and fatal indisposition of a very rich old man, who left behind him a curiously ignorant, yet handsome young

woman, apparently unisolated by the prospect of wealth, a year's freedom, and then the lady let down her hair to tear it, raving wildly, "I'll not believe that the dear man could die, and leave me? No!—he lives! I'm sure he's alive! Doctor tell me, don't you think he will come to life again?" "Why, madam, replied the physician, solemnly, "since you are so pressing, I confess we have means.—Shall I galvanize him?—you will soon see him jump up then." "No, doctor, no!" screamed the widow, in pious horror, I'll have none of your experiments—they are downright witchcraft—none of your experiments. Jump up—against the law of nature! Heaven forbid, dear man! Had as it is to bear my fate—let us have no experiments!"—Comic Offering.

A most tragic scene occurred in the House of Representatives yesterday.—The successor of the late John Randolph, of Roanoke, Judge Bouldin rose, and began his speech, apologizing for having declined hitherto to ask the usual tribute to the great orator, who died a member of the house, and who, while living, had made it illustrious by his eloquence—when, in the act of offering his reasons, the Judge fell dead in the arms of one of the member's near him. The sensation produced was extreme, and excited to the highest, by the appearance of Mrs. Bouldin in the Hall, who had witnessed from the gallery, the fall of her husband.

When she approached him, and found that all attempts to restore life were vain, the bereaved and almost distracted lady pierced the Hall with her shrieks.—She was borne from the Hall—and her husband's remains were carried to the Speaker's room to await the funeral of the House in relation to his order.—Globe of 12th.

COAST OF CEYLON DURING THE PEARL FISHERY.—All were confident: and the crowds on the beach looked as joyous for the night, as if the work was going on for their sakes. A city of bowers seemed to have sprung up like Jonah's gourd, or like the tabernacles which, in old times of Jewish festivals, made Jerusalem a leafy paradise for a short season of every year.—Talipot tents and bamboo huts dressed with greens and flowers were clustered around the sordid dwellings on the sands. Throngs of merchants and craftsmen, black, tawney, and white, with their variety of costumes, mingled in this great fair.—The polisher of jewels was there with his glittering treasure. The pearl-driller looked to his needles, and pearl-dust, while awaiting on his low seat the materials on which he was to employ his skill. The bald, yellow-mantled priest of Budhoo passed on amidst obeisances in one place, as did the Catholic pastor in another. The white-robed Mahomedan, the turbaned Hindoo, the swathed Malay merchants, exhibited their stores, or looked passively on the gay scene. The quiet Dutchman from the south sent a keen glance through the market in quest of precious stones in the hands of an ignorant or indolent vender. The haughty Canadian abated his fierceness, and stepped out of the path of the European while the stealthy Cingalese was in no one's path, but won his way like a snake in the tall grass of jungle. The restless lessees of the banks meanwhile, where sitting near the boats, now ranged in a long row, each with its platform, ropes, and pulleys; each with its sharkbinder, its pilot, its commander, its crew of ten, and its company of divers. The boat lights were being kindled, one by one, and scattering a thousand sparks over the rippling tide. It was just on the stroke of ten and the signal gun was all that was waited for. The buzz of voices fell into a deep silence as the expectation became more intense.—Those who were wont to make the heavens their clock and the stars its hour-hand, looked up to mark the precise inclination of the Southern Cross; while those who found an index in the flow of the tide, paced the sands from water-mark to water-mark. Yet more turned their faces southward towards the dark outline of hill and forest that rose on the horizon, and watched for the land breeze. It came, at first in light puffs which scarcely bowed the rushes around the lagoons, or made a stir among the stalks in the rice ground.—Moment by moment it strengthened till the sails of the boats began to bulge, and every torch andaggot of cocoa-nut leaves on the beach slanted its forks of flame towards the sea, as if to indicate to the voyagers their way. Then the signal gun boomed, its wreath of smoke curled lazily upward, and dispersed itself in clear air; while a shout, in which every variety of voice was mingled, seemed to chase the little fleet into the distance. The shouting ceased, amidst the anxiety of watching the clusters of receding lights, which presently looked as if they had parted company with those in the sky, and had become a degree less pure by their descent. Then rose the song of the dancing-girls, as they stood grouped, each with a jeweled arm, withdrawn from beneath her mantle, and her jet-black hair bound with strings of pearl. Mixed with their chant, came the mutterings and gabblings of the chamars who remained on shore, contorting their bodies more vehemently than would have been safe on any footing less stable than terra firma.—Miss Martineau.

A French vintner advertises a new wine, which he calls "Noah's Wine." He says "that the vine which produces it is to be traced, according to tradition, to that which our good father, Noah planted when he came out of the ark!"—Truly this Frenchman is the prince of pufflers.