

## POETRY. Selected.

### THE YOUNG MOTHER.

She stands, amidst the glittering crowd,  
The same in form and face  
As when at first her sweet cheek glowed,  
Even in this very place.  
The same bright tresses hid her brow,  
The same rich pearls her hair,  
Her lip is just as rosy now,  
Her hand as soft and fair.

She looks the same young radiant bride  
As when we saw her first,  
When in her flash of happiest pride  
Upon our eyes they burst.  
And even now the tears, as then,  
Upon her husband's arm;  
Yea—'tis the very same again,  
With every faultless charm.

Yet there's a change—her eyes are still  
Most beautiful and bright;  
But they seem beneath their lids, to fill  
With softer, tenderer light.  
Her voice is sweet, and rich, and low,  
And just as musical;  
But 'tis grown more like a river's flow,  
Than a fountain laughing fall.

Still, still she smiles as radiantly,  
When friends are speaking near;  
But in her smile there's less of glee,  
And more of bliss sincere.  
Tis not the brilliant scene around  
That her quiet heart beguiles;  
In her pure spirit may be found  
The fountain of her smiles.

Now, ever and anon, her eye  
Is fixed on vacancy,  
And she seems to listen earnestly;  
For, midst the revelry,  
In fancy comes an infant's wail,  
Or its murmuring in its sleep;  
And the splendid hall seems cold and pale,  
When such visions o'er her creep.

And though the scene is very fair,  
She wearies for her home,  
And thinks the hour to take her there  
Will never, never come!  
She, who once watched time in pain,  
That would too quickly flow,  
Oh, sure she might be gayer then,  
But she is happier now!

### TO MY NOSE.

By the Author of "Absurdities."  
"Knows he that never took a pinch,  
Nosey! the pleasure which thence flows?  
Knows he the titillating joy  
Which my nose knows?"

"O Nose! I am as proud of thee  
As any mountain of its snows!  
I gaze on thee and feel that pride  
A Roman knows!"

## VARIETIES.

### THE DOWNDRAUGHT.

(Concluded from our last.)

Farney found refuge—and considered himself most fortunate in finding it—in a beneficiary institution for decayed citizens, of which he had himself, in better days, been one of the managers, but which he did not live long to enjoy. His wife, about the same time, died of one of those numberless and varied diseases which can only be traced to what is called a broken heart. The daughter—the unhappy, and, in a great measure, guiltless victim of her wretched ambition—had no eventual resource, for the support of herself and her infant, but to open a small school, in which she taught female children the elements of reading, writing, and sewing. The striking infelicity of her fate joined to her own well known taste and industrious habits, in time obtained for her considerable patronage in this humble occupation; and she would eventually have been restored to something like comfort, but for the unhallowed wretch whose fate had become identified with her own. Where this fellow went, or how he subsisted, for the three years during which he was absent, no one ever knew. He was heard to talk of the smugglers in the Isle of Man, and of the United Irishmen of the sister isle; but it can only be surmised—that he joined these respectable corps. One day, as Mrs. Dempster sat in the midst of her little flock of pupils, the door was opened, and in crawled her prodigal husband, emaciated, travel-worn, and beggar-like, with a large black spot upon one of his cheeks, the result of some unimaginably low and scoundrelly brawl. The moment she recognised him, she fainted in her chair; the children dispersed and fled from the house, like a flock of chickens at sight of the impending hawk; and when the unfortunate woman recovered, she found herself alone with this transcendent wretch, the breaker of the peace of her family, the murderer of her mother. He accosted her in the coolest manner possible, said he was glad to see her so comfortably situated, and expressed an anxiety for food and liquor. She went with tottering steps to purvey what he wanted; and while she was busied in her little kitchen, he sat down by her parlour fire and commenced smoking from a nasty black pipe, after the manner of the lowest mendicants. When food and drink were set before him, he partook of both with voracious appetite. Mrs. Dempster sat looking on in despair, for she saw that the presence of this being must entirely blight the pleasant scene which her industry had created around her. She afterwards said, however, that she could have perhaps overlooked all, and even again loved this deplorable wretch, if he had inquired for his child, or expressed a desire to see him. He did neither—he seemed altogether bent on satisfying his own gross appetites. After spending a few hours in sulky unintermittent smoking and drinking, he was conveyed to a pallet in the garret, there to sleep off his debauch.

It were needless to go through all the distressing details of what ensued. Dempster, henceforth became a *Downdraught* on

his wife. This forlorn woman often confessed to her friends that she was perfectly willing to support her husband, provided he would be but content with the plain fare she could offer him, and just walk about and do nothing. But he was not of a temper to endure this listlessness. He required excitement. Instead of quietly spending his forenoons in the little arbour, call the *Cape*, in the meadows, among decayed military pensioners, and other harmless old men, he prowled about the crowded, mean thoroughfares, drinking where he could get liquor for nothing, and rioting in companies of the most debased description. He incurred debts in all directions on the strength of his wife's character, and she was necessarily compelled to liquidate them. The struggles which she at this time made were very great. Like the mother of Gray the Poet, she endured all kinds of ill usage, and persevered under every difficulty to give her son a respectable education, in order that he might have an opportunity of wiping away the stains of his father's vices, and be a comfort to his mother in the decline of life. To do this, and at the same time continue paying the vile debts of her profligate husband, was altogether impossible. She exhausted the beneficence, and even tried the pity of her friends. It need hardly be mentioned, that the creditors of a husband have an undeniable claim upon the effects of his wife. It unfortunately happened the wretches with whom Dempster contracted his debts were as worthless as himself. After draining every resource which his wife could command, he summoned up his villainy by giving a promissory note for about fifteen pounds to one of his lowest associates. It is supposed that he struck the bargain for a couple of guineas, for with this sum he again absconded from Edinburgh, and taking his way to Greenock, shipped himself on board of a vessel for America. At first his wife was thankful for the relief; she again breathed freely; but her joy was soon turned into mourning. The promissory note made its appearance; she had just scraped up and paid her rent; she had not therefore a farthing in the world. In a fortnight the whole of her effects were sold upon distraint. She was turned to the street a second time, almost bent to the dust with the burden of her miseries. The first night she received shelter in the house of a respectable "much-tried" widow, who was the only person she could freely speak to about her destitute condition. Next day, by the advice of this good woman, she took a room in the neighbourhood, and endeavoured to gather together her pupils, who, it seems, did not desert her, but took a deep interest in her misfortunes. She had also the good fortune to get her boy into one of the educational hospitals, and she, therefore, expressed herself thankful for the mercies she still received.

An interval of many years now occurs in the story of Mrs. Dempster, during which she heard nothing of her husband, except a rumour that he was drowned on a lumbering excursion in the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Through the influence of her pitiable tale and real merit, she obtained the situation of superintendent of a large public seminary for young ladies in a country town. Here she lived in peace, comfort, and honour, for some years, till she had almost forgot that ever such a wretch as Dempster existed. What was her horror one day, when, as she was entertaining a large party of respectable people at tea, the demon of her fate stood once more before her, not the there squalid beggar which he formerly appeared, but a concentration of blackguardism and shabbiness, utterly ruined and broken-down humanity, such as was never perhaps surpassed, even in the sinks of London and Parisian vice. There was now more than mendicancy in his aspect—there was robbery, murder, and every kind of desperate deed. The wan face, blackened and battered with bruises and wounds—the troubled eye, bespeaking the troubled spirit—the ratty, sooty attire, through which peeped the hardly whiter skin—the feet bare and ulcerated with walking—every thing told but one tale of unutterable sin and misery. The guests shrank aghast from this hideous spectre, and the hostess shrieked outright. Little regarding the alarm which he had occasioned, he exclaimed, in a hollow and scarcely earthly voice, "Give me meat; give me drink; give me clothing; I am destitute of all: there you sit in enjoyment of every luxury, while your husband, who is flesh of your flesh, has not known what it is to eat heartily, or to be covered from the piercing wind, for weeks and months. Do not shrink from me. Wretched as I seem, I am still your husband. Nothing on earth can break that tie. Meat, I say—drink—I am in my own house, and will be obeyed. For you, gentle, get you gone; your company is not now agreeable." The company dispersed without further ceremony, leaving the unhappy woman alone with her husband.

Next day, the stranger appeared abroad in a decent suit of clothes, and Mrs. Dempster seemed to have recovered a little of her equanimity. Every sacrifice, however, which she could make for this wretch, was in vain, or only encouraged him to demand greater indulgences. An unlimited supply of liquor in his own house would not satisfy him. He required large sums where-with to treat all the *connoisseurs* of the town. Extraneous indulgences, every thing that could be devised to gratify him, were unavailing to impress him with a sense of his wife's situation. He intruded his unhallowed front into her school, and insulted her before her pupils. Those who laughed at his antics he would seize by the shoulders, and turn out of doors. He had also a most perverse desire of pushing himself into her presence, whenever

he thought she was conversing with any of her employers, before whom an observance of propriety and decorum was most particularly necessary. Indeed he just delighted to do what his wife wished him not to do, the grand object of his low mind being to show how much he had her comfort and welfare in his power. At length, with every feeling of respect for Mrs. Dempster, her employers, the magistrates, found it necessary to inform her, that they could not permit her to remain the school any longer under such circumstances, as it was threatened with utter annihilation by the gradual diminution of the number of pupils. She proposed to her husband to allow him regularly the full half of her earnings if he would only stay in some other place, and never again intrude upon her. But he scorned to be hought off, as he said. He insisted rather upon her giving up the school, and accompanying him to Edinburgh, where, with the little sum she had saved, and what besides she could raise by the sale of her superfluous furniture, he would enter into business on his own account, and she should never again be obliged to work for either herself or for him. The poor woman had no alternative. She was compelled to abandon the scene, where for so many years she had enjoyed the comforts of life and the respect of society, in order to be dragged at the cart's tail, of her husband's vices and fortunes, through scenes to which she shuddered to look forward.

In the capital, Dempster's design of entering into business, if he ever seriously entertained it, was no more talked of. Flushed again with a taste of his former indulgences, he rushed headlong into that infamous career which already had twice ended in voluntary banishment. His wife's finances were soon exhausted; but, with the barbarity of a demon task-master, he would leave her every day with a threat, which she but too well knew he would execute, of beating her, if she should not be able to produce next morning a sum necessary for the gratification of his wretched appetites. It was now in vain to attempt that mode of subsistence by which she had hitherto supported herself. So she had hitherto supported herself. By the indulgence, that was impracticable. By the interest, however, of some of her former friends, she obtained a scanty and precarious employment for her needle, by which she endeavoured to supply the cravings of her husband, and her own simpler wants. Room morning early, through the whole day, and till long after midnight, this most virtuous woman would sit in her humble lodging, painfully exerting herself at a tedious and monotonous task, that she might be able to give to her husband in the morning that sum without which she feared he would only rush into greater mischief, if not into absolute crime. No vigils were grudged, if she only had the gratification at last of seeing him return. Though he often staid away the whole night, she never could permit herself to suppose that he would do so again, but she would sit bending over her work, or, if she could work no more from positive fatigue, gazing into the dying embers of her fire, watching and watching for the late and solitary foot, which, by a strange exertion of the sense, she could hear and distinguish long ere any sound would have been perceptible to another person. Alas, for the sleepless nights which woman so often endures for the sake of her cruel helpmate. Alas, for the generous and enduring affection which woman cherishes so often for the selfish heart by which it is enslaved.

A time at length arrived when the supplies purveyed by Mrs. Dempster from her own earnings were quite incompetent to satisfy this living vampire. She saw him daily rush from her presence, threatening that he would bring her to the extremity of disgrace by the methods he would take to obtain money. She lived for weeks in the agonizing fear that the next moment would bring her news of some awful crime committed by his hand, and for which he was likely to pay the last penalty of the law. She hardly knew who or what were his associates; but occasionally she learned, from mutterings in his sleep, that his practices were of the most flagitious and debased kind. He seemed to be the leader of a set of wretches who made a livelihood by midnight burglary. At length, one day he came home at an unusual hour, accompanied by three strangers, with whom he entered into conversation in the next room. Between that apartment and the room in which she was sitting, there was a door, which, being never used, was locked up. Through the thin panels, she overheard a scheme laid for entering the house of —, a villa in the neighbourhood, in order to rob the tenant, whom they described as a gentleman just returned from the East Indies, with a great quantity of plate and other valuables. One of the persons in conference had visited the house, through the kindness of a servant, to whom he had made up as a sweetheart, and he therefore was able to lead the attack through the channel rendered success almost certain. "The nabob," said this person, sleeps in a part of the house distant from the room in which his boxes are for the present deposited. But should he attempt to give us any disturbance, we have a remedy for that, you know." And here the listener's blood ran cold at hearing a pistol cocked. From all that she could gather, her husband was only to keep watch at the outside of the house, while the rest should enter in search of the booty. It is impossible to describe the horror with which she heard the details of the plot. Her mind was at first in such a whirl of distracted feeling, that she hardly knew

where she stood; but, as the scheme was to be executed that very evening, she saw it necessary to exert herself quickly and decisively, and, therefore, she immediately went to the house of a friend, and wrote an anonymous note to the person most concerned, warning him of a design (she could use no more specific language) which she knew was entertained against a certain part of his property, and recommended him to have it removed to some more secure part of his house. To make quite sure of this note being delivered in time, she took it herself to the gate, and left it with the porter, whom she strictly enjoined to give it, immediately into the hands of his master. She then went home, and spent an evening of misery more bitter than the cup of death itself. She had formerly passed many a lonely night at her cheerless fire-side, while waiting for the return of her wretched husband; but she never spent one like this. When she reflected upon the happiness of her early days, and the splendid prospects which were then said to lie before her, and contrasted them with the misery into which she had been so suddenly plunged, not by any fault of her own, but, as it appeared, by the mere course of destiny, she could have almost questioned the justice of that supreme power, by which she piously believed the concerns of this lower world to be adjusted. What dire calamities had sprung to her from one unfortunate step! What persecutions she had innocently endured! How hopeless was her very vicious exertion against the perverse counteraction of a being from whom society could not permit her to be disjoined! And, finally, what an awful outburst of wretchedness was at this moment, to appearance, impending over her! Then she recalled one gentle recollection, which would occasionally steal into her mind, even in her darkest hours, and fill it with an agreeable, but still painful light—the thought of Russell—Russell, the kind and good, whom, in a moment of foolish vanity, she had treated harshly, so that he vanished from her presence for ever, and even from the place where he had suffered her scorn. Had fate decreed that she should have been united to that endeared mate of her childhood, how different might have been her lot! How different also perhaps, might have been his course of life!—for she feared that her ungenerous cruelty had also made shipwreck of his noble nature. These meditations were suddenly disturbed by the entrance of Dempster, who rushed into her room, holding a handkerchief upon his side, and pale, gory, and breathless, fell upon the ground before her. Almost ere she had time to ascertain the reality of this horrid vision, quick footsteps were heard upon the stair. The open door gave free admission; and in a moment the room was half filled with watchmen, at the head of whom appeared a middle-aged gentleman of a prepossessing though somewhat disordered exterior. "This," he exclaimed, "is the villain; secure him, if he be yet alive, but I fear he has already met the punishment which is his due." The watchmen raised Dempster from the ground, and, holding his face to the light, found that the glaze of death, was just taking effect upon his eyes. The unhappy woman shrieked as she beheld the dreadful spectacle, and would have fallen upon the ground if she had not been prevented by the stranger who caught her in his arms. Her eyes when they first reopened, were met by those of Russell.

It would be difficult to describe the feelings with which these long-severed hearts again recognised each other, the wretchedness into which she was plunged by learning that her well intended efforts had unexpectedly led to the death of her husband, or the returning tide of grateful and affectionate emotion which possessed his bosom, on being informed that those efforts had saved his life, not to speak of the deep sensation of pity with which he listened to the tale of her life. A tenderer feeling than friendship was now impossible, and, if it could have existed, would have hardly been in good taste; but Russell, now endowed with that wealth which, when he had it not, would have been of so much avail, contented himself to use it in the pious task of rendering the declining years of Eliza Farney as happy as her past life had been miserable.

### (From the Standard.)

### A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTERS' LETTER.

The following is a literal copy of an epistle recently addressed to a gentleman of considerable influence in a parish in the county of Limerick, on the borders of the county of Kerry:—  
"Most honoured and honourable Sir—As I feel the most vehement compunction of conscience at allowing any longer the rising generation to be adulterated in their principles of polite education by a set of young pedagogues, who, like locusts, infest the most Reverend O'Halloran's parish, deteriorating their accentuation, and causing an abominable frustration of the benevolent cogitations of nature in their favour, I hope your honour will didactically present to the cogitations and learned speculations of the pious dignitary and parochial preserver of youthful morality, the grievous responsibility which he will owe to Omnipotence, and which will be weighty to gravitate him down, beyond the antipodes, if he does not instantly expunge from the records of his patronage the comical and futile perfraternations of the vulgarising instructors who contaminate the genius of the juvenile generation, and prey like cormorants on a burdened society. But, in order to fulfil most efficaciously the ends of creation, I propose with your honourable co-operation, to expunge these nuisances, aided in our pious

endeavouring petitioners' piety and erudition the reverend coadjutor of one worthy parochial dignitary. For this purpose, honourable Sir, I presumptuously deliberate on forming an academy in the village of Rabenigh, where subordination will flourish as long as an example of flagellation exists in me; so that the dullest ignoramus would be transmuted into a luminary, and science supersede the darkness of ignorance.

"Hoping your honour's consideration  
I am your honour's most obsequious servant,  
"JOHN MCCARTHY."

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.—The Emma of Harwich, George Grant, master, employed in conveying the Post-office mails, on her outward voyage to Gottenburg, fell in, off the Dogger Bank, with a large Finland vessel, laden with timber, for London, bottom upwards, upon which was a man, who had just made his way through the bottom of the vessel. It appears that the vessel suddenly upset in a gale of wind; and seven of the crew, in the fore part were drowned; four others in the cabin, were driven through a small hatchway in the floor. Here, without food and in darkness, they remained four days and nights. Providentially, they found an old spikenail and a ballast stone; these proved to be the means of their deliverance, for with great presence of mind and ingenuity, they sharpened the nail, and with this miserable, yet in their circumstances invaluable, tool, "hoping almost against hope," they began to pick away the plank, and timber of the vessel's bottom over head; and after toiling day and night, they succeeded in making an outlet through a timber fourteen feet by twelve inches, and the plank three and a half inches, thick, when, with a stick and a slip torn from the shirt, they made their feeble signal of distress. At length, by perseverance, the opening was made large enough to admit of the whole of their number getting through; which they had not long effected before they were fortunately rescued by the Emma.—*Edinburgh Courier.*

We have been kindly favoured with a late number of "Cobbett's Weekly Political Register," the only one we have seen for a length of time. If any of our readers feel an interest in knowing a Radical's opinion of a republican Government, they will find it in the following extract, which is taken from a letter of Cobbett to the President of the United States, on the subject of the U. S. Bank.—*Kingston Chronicle.*

"Sir, I am no republican in principle, any more than I am in law and allegiance. I hold, that this, which we have here, is the best sort of government in the world; that is to say, this sort of government is the best, provided that we have it; I hold that a government of kings, lords, and commons, the last of which chosen by all men who are of full age, of sound mind, and untainted by indelible crime, is the best of governments. Names do not amuse me. I lived eight years under the republican government of Pennsylvania; and I declare, that I believe that to have been the most corrupt and tyrannical government that the world ever knew. I was several weeks at Harrisburgh, during the session of the legislature there, in the winter of 1813; and upon my honour and soul, I believe that there was more personal corruption, more bribery of persons in the legislature, and in office, than has ever taken place—more of this during that one session of the legislature, than has ever taken place at Whitehall and St. Stephen's during any ten or twenty years that I have ever known them; added to which, were the townships, the dirtiness of the villany, the vulgarity, the disregard of all sense of morality and of honour, making the whole thing so disgusting, as to drive an Englishman half mad at the thought of ever seeing his country subjected to such rulers. On Sir I must forget the votes in the legislature bought by losing a game at cards at the tavern; I must forget the great game which the Bank of Philadelphia lost, in that room of borrowed light in the centre of the tavern, where the card playing was going on, day and night; Sundays not excepted, during the whole of that session, for the purposes of bribery; I must forget these things; I must forget the "belling banks" of Pennsylvania; I must forget the Court-House at Harrisburgh, and the judge, with twisted silk handkerchiefs round his neck, and a quid of tobacco in his cheek; I must forget that dirty-faced and unshaven jury, sitting with their hats on, talking over the back of the box to the parties or their friends, and having glasses of grog handed to them to drink in the box; I must forget all these things, and many others, before I can begin to think that kings and lords are the worst people in the world, to say nothing about the acts of real tyranny of that Government, some of which were the very basest that ever were heard of in the world.

A pair of good old dames were not long since, regaling each other with the wonders of childhood. One observed that when she was born, she was so small that they put her in a quart tankard and shut down the cover. "Why, in me?" exclaimed her astonished auditor. "And did you live?" "Yes, they said I did, and that I grew nicely," was the reply.

NEWS IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.—For Sale or to let, several Pews in St. Paul's Church. Apply to WM. TAYLOR, Frederick-st., 11th June, 1833.

Blanks for Sale at this Office.