

POETRY.

Selected.

THE WISH.

I wish I were a rose, my love,
That I might braid thy hair;
Or blushing might languish, love,
Upon thy bosom fair.

I wish I were a bird, my love,
And could thy heart engage;
How sweetly would I sing, my love,
Within my prison cage.

I wish I were the cup, my love,
From which thou'rt wont to sip;
I'd wish thee often thirsty, love,
That I might kiss thy lip.

I wish I were the breeze, my love,
That fans the fairy form,
No chill should e'er steal o'er thee, love,
My sighs should all be warm.

I wish I were an echo, love,
And then no other name
Save "Agnes" (which is thine my love),
These fond lips should proclaim.

I wish I were thy mirror, love,
I'd clear as crystal shine,
That all thy tender glances, love,
Should blissfully be mine.

I wish thou wert a streamlet, love,
The brightest that may glide;
And I a water lily, love,
To woo thy modest tide.

I wish I were a swan, my love,
In snowy plumage dress'd,
And thou the gentle Leda, love,
That won me to thy breast.

I wish I were thy pillow love,
How blest, how soft I'd be,
That thou with pleasure might'st my love,
Thy cheek recline on me.

But most of all, believe me love,
It were my wish and pride,
To press thee to my heart, my love,
And christen thee—my bride;

BELAC.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TALES OF THE CAMP.

The early part of their evenings were generally spent in witticisms and tales; and in conclusion, by way of a lullaby, some long winded fellow commenced one of those everlasting ditties in which soldiers and sailors delight so much; they are all to the same tune, and the object (if one may judge by the tenor of the first ninety eight verses,) was battle, murder, or sudden death; but I never yet survived, until the catastrophe although I have often, to attain that end, stretched my waking capacities to the utmost. I have sometimes heard a fresh arrival from England endeavour to astonish their unpolished ears with "the white blossomed sloe," or some such refined melody, but which was invariably coughed down as instantaneously as if it had been the sole voice of a conservative amidst a select meeting of radicals. The wit and the humour of the rascals were amusing beyond anything, and to see them next morning drawn up as mute as mice, and as stiff as lamp posts, it was a regular puzzler to discover on which post the light had shone during the bye-gone night, knowing, as we did, that there were at least a hundred original pages for Joe Miller, encased within the head pieces then before us. Their stories, too, were quite unique; one (an Englishman) began by detailing the unfortunate termination of his last matrimonial speculation. He got a pass one day to go from Thorncliffe to Falkstone, and on the way he fell in with one of the finest young women "as ever he seed! my eye, as we say in Spain, if she was not a wapper," with a pair of cheeks like cherries, as shanks as clean as his ramrod, she was bounding over the downs like a young colt, and faith, if she would not have been with her heels clean over my head if I hadn't caught her up and demanded a parley, O, Jem, man, but she was a nice creature! and all at once got so fond of me too, that there was no use waiting; so we settled it all that self same night, and the next morning we were regularly spliced, and I carries her home to a hut which corporal Smith and I hired behind the barracks, for eighteen pence a week. Well! I'll be blessed if I wasn't as happy as a shilling a day and a wife could make me for two whole days; but the next morning, just before parade, while Nancy was toasting a piece of tummy for our breakfast, who should darken our door but the carcass of a great sea marine, who begun blinking his goggle eyes like an owl in a gooseberry bush, as if he didn't see nothing outside of them; when all at once Nancy turned, and my eye, what a squall she set up as she threw the toast into the fire, and upset my tinfoil of crowdy, while she twisted her arms round his neck like a vice, and began kissing him at no rate, he all the time blubbering like a bottle nose in a shoal, about flesh of his flesh, and bones of his bones, and all the like o' that. Well! says I to myself, this is very queer any how, and then I eyed the chap a bit, and then I says to him,

(for I began to feel somehow at seeing my wife kissed all round before my face without saying by your leave,) and I says to him, (rather angrily,) look ye, Mr. Marine, if you don't take your ugly mouth farther off from my wife, I'll just punch it with the butt end of my rifle! thunder and oons, you great sea lobster that you are, don't you see that I married her only two days ago, just as she stands, bones and all, and you to come at this time o' day to claim a part in her!—[There had been no infidelity on the part of the lady, for she had good reason to believe that the marine was at the bottom of the sea. An amicable arrangement was therefore entered into between the two claimants. But as brevity formed no part of the narrator's creed, the author curtails the conclusion, and gives it in his own words, thus:]—The explanation over, a long silence ensued, each afraid to pop the question, which must be pop'd, of whose wife was Nancy? and when, at last it did come out, it was more easily asked than answered, for, notwithstanding all that had passed, they continued both to be deeply enamoured of their mutual wife, and she of both, nor could a voluntary resignation be extracted from either of them, so that they were eventually obliged to trust the winning or losing of that greatest of all earthly blessings (a beloved wife) to the undignified decision of the toss of a halfpenny. The marine won, and carried off the prize, while the rifleman declared that he had never yet forgiven himself for being cheated out of his half, for he feels convinced that the marine had come there prepared with a ha'penny that had two tails.

A MOST HORRIBLE ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE AND MURDER, occurred in the lower part of the city, at the residence of a highly respectable and wealthy master mechanic, on Tuesday evening last. The particulars were communicated to us by an individual present, under a strict pledge that the names of the parties interested should in no case be made public through our columns; though, as nearly 20 persons were present at the time of the occurrence, the whole affair must by this time be extensively known. It appears that on the evening in question, the family of the individual above referred to, entertained a select party of intimate friends, among whom were two young gentlemen, who for some months past had maintained a contested and dubious rivalry to the hand of the second of the three daughters of their host—an accomplished and amiable young lady, in her twentieth year. One of these is a foreman of her father, and is represented as a young man every way worthy of her choice; the other is a student at one of the liberal professions, a person of some talent, personal advantages, and prospective property, but withal of a very passionate and reckless temperament. It also appears that on the evening of the preceding Sabbath, the young lady had pretty directly given the latter to understand, that she had, by the advice of her parents, aided by her own judgement, determined to decline his further attentions as a lover, though both she and they would at all times be happy to receive his visits as a valued friend; and that the unhappy traits of his disposition on that occasion manifested themselves by the most extravagant rhapsodies of mingled disappointment and jealousy, and even dark intimation of revenge, and from the occurrence of Tuesday evening, by which two valuable lives almost miraculously escaped being sacrificed to his unbridled passions, it appears that those half frantic declarations were not meant by him as empty ebullitions of unreal feeling. During that evening, amongst other light topics of small talk, a question arose as to the respective heights of himself and the young foreman, his rival; and to decide the matter, it was proposed by himself that they should stand up together, back to back, as is the usual manner of determining questions of that nature, and by which a decision might be come at without further dispute. In a moment they had placed themselves in that position, and in less than a moment afterwards, the company were nearly electrified by the flash of the priming of a pistol, which the student held in his hand, the muzzle in his mouth, in a horizontal line, and the contents of which, had they exploded, must inevitably have sent the two balls which it contained not only through his own head, but that of the young gentleman at his back!

The scene of consternation and confusion which this novel and horrible attempt at self-destruction and murder, at such a time and in such a place, occasioned, may readily be imagined. The unhappy principal in the transaction, on realizing that his purpose had been frustrated by the fortunate failing

of the loading to ignite, sunk on the floor powerless and apparently inanimate, and he was conveyed to a chamber and a physician sent for, who bled him, and in the course of an hour he fully recovered his faculties. For a long time, however, he refused either to speak to or hear those about him; but at length, in anticipation that he would be made a prisoner, exclaimed that he was at their mercy, and they might dispose of him as they pleased. Nothing of the kind, however, was intended; and in pursuance of a more humane, though perhaps not more just arrangement, made by the parties, and visitors during the night, he yesterday morning left the city for his house in Delaware.—*N. Y. Sun.*

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF YOUTHFUL ENTERPRISE.—We have been informed on the best authority of the following singular instance of youthful enterprise and perseverance:—Mr. Charles Howard Ashworth, the fourth surviving son of the late Mr. Ashworth, the barrister, of Manchester, somewhat more than three years ago, was suddenly missed by his family, who heard no tidings of him for several months. He was then only 17 years of age; and it being known that he had but a few pounds in his pocket, and the cholera raging violently at the time in Liverpool, where he was last seen, many fears were entertained that he had been suddenly hurried off by that fatal disorder among strangers, who, for some reason or other, might conceal it from his friends. He was in the habit, whenever he received fresh pocket-money, of travelling on foot to every remarkable place within his reach, and on such occasions used to seek out the cheapest lodgings consistent with cleanliness, in order to make his funds carry him as far as possible—his habit would naturally strengthen the possibility of the fate suspected.—They still, however, entertained the hope, from a knowledge of his early passion for travel, and of his constant companions, Bruce, Park, Capt. Head, Lander, and other worthies, that he might be gone on some long excursion. This at length proved true. A letter was received from the banks of the Missouri, in North America, stating that he had proceeded so far on his projected journey; but since leaving civilized parts had been utterly without money. He has since, without the means being afforded his family of sending him any supplies, from the utter uncertainty of his position at any given time, travelled, chiefly on foot, as far as Fort Louis, Upper Missouri—visited Lake Michigan, joined a company of fur traders—passed over the continent of North America—gone down the coast, in company with Captain Stewart, for 200 miles—and embarked from the mouth of the Columbia, whence he reached Onololu, one of the Sandwich Islands in the Pacific, and was heard from through the brig Eagle, lately arrived from that quarter. On one occasion he travelled through an utterly wild and uncultivated country, with only a few Indians of the Sioux tribe, on foot, 500 miles, dependent on their own resources, even for a meal, and suffered the greatest possible hardships. He says, in the last letter, received by his eldest brother, the Rev. T. A. Ashworth, that what are called the savage and blood-thirsty children of the desert, have ever been most kind to him, and in their wig-wags he has chiefly slept, at their simple board most commonly eaten, and been welcome without money and without price; but that frequently also he has had the wilderness for his couch, and the desert air for his supper. Should it please God to bring him back again, an account of his travels must prove most interesting.—*Manchester Chronicle.*

MACKLIN AND JOHNSTON.—The most whimsical anecdote of Macklin I ever heard, was one in connexion with Dr. Johnston. The author and the actor were never intimate: being cast in much the same mould of mind, they were noted for similar infirmities: they were equally rugged and positive, imperious and cynical. When Macklin grew into notice as a man of letters, (a truth that Garrick, not his greatest admirer, deposed to,) the *Ursa Major* of literature paid the *Ursa Major* of theatricals a visit, to ascertain the extent of his pretensions. Macklin showed him his library, and seemed to have a knowledge of every work it contained. They then sat down to converse, and rambled over a variety of subjects, upon all of which Macklin kept his legs, to the Doctor's satisfaction. When grappling upon the level ground of an equally well understood question, their strength seemed to be equal. The Doctor, nevertheless, was desirous of overthrowing him before they parted, and touched on the score of his classic attain-

ments. Greek and Latin the actor knew as intimately as French and Italian, and defended himself grammatically and colloquially, from every thrust of the lexicographer. Johnson, growing more determined from the failure of his attempts, at length addressed him with a string of sounds perfectly unintelligible. "What's that, Sir?" inquired Macklin. "Hebrew!" answered Johnston.—"And what do I know of Hebrew?"—"But a man of your understanding, Mr. Macklin, ought to be acquainted with every language!" The Doctor's face glowed with a smile of triumph.—"Och neil en deigen vonshet hom boge voureen?" exclaimed Macklin: Johnson was now dumbfounded, and inquired the name of the lingua? "Irish, Sir!"—"Irish!" exclaimed the Doctor, "Do you think I ever studied that?"—"But a man of your understanding, Doctor Johnston, ought to be acquainted with every language!"—*Retrospections of the Stage.*

A GOOD SHOT.—The name of Capt. Ross has been so often before the public in his various pigeon shooting matches, that nothing is wanting to establish him as a first rate shot. I saw him hit a black waler, fixed on the back of a common card, at 14 yards, several times, but strange to say, he only missed the card twice at this distance out of three hundred shots—hitting the waler one hundred and fifty times! Calling on Capt. Ross one morning, I found him practising at fourteen yards. He then presented his pistol out of the drawing room window, and said, "Now you shall see me take the head off the figure on Smith Barry's house." This was a small gilt figure of Hope, about five inches in length, placed between the windows, to show that the house was insured at the Hope Insurance Office. He lodged the ball in the left breast. "That will not do," said he; "I must have the head off." "Is it not dangerous?" said I—"there is Barry and a friend sitting close." "Oh no," replied he "I have a perfect confidence in my pistol." He fired again, and shot off the head. The distance across the street was certainly not less than fifteen yards, but the space from Madame Hope to the chair on which Barry and his friend were sitting did not exceed three, they showed no symptoms of alarm, on ascertaining, as they arose to the window, whence the shot proceeded, but, on the contrary, they took their seats again quietly after the first fire. Perhaps the following may be termed a *chef d'œuvre*.—He had made a match to kill with pistol and ball twenty swallows on the wing in one day, he won his match. Now most fortunately for society, Capt. Ross is a particularly fine tempered young man.—*Nimrod's Hunting Tour.*

EXTRAORDINARY TRAGEDY AT SEA.—By letters recently received in Liverpool, we learn that an extraordinary tragedy took place on board the *Rossendale*, Capt. Wate, of this port, on her passage from Batavia to Canton. Whilst on her voyage, the ship was crossed by an Arabian vessel, from which a Malay threw himself into the sea, and swam to the *Rossendale*. The captain of the latter took him on board, and as it was not possible to send him back to the vessel to which he belonged, he was clothed and allowed to live and sleep with the crew. On the following morning, Capt. Wate was alarmed by hearing shrieks, and an apprentice rushed into the cabin with his throat terribly cut and pouring out blood: the wounds were of such a nature that death very shortly ensued. The Captain issued forth to learn the cause, when the Malay seeing him, ran to the prow of the ship, threw himself overboard, and was drowned. On going into the cabin occupied by the crew, the Captain found another of the apprentices lying dead, having had his throat cut by the Malay, who must be supposed to have been insane, as no motive can possibly be assigned for his conduct. When he threw himself overboard, no other vessel was in sight, and the *Rossendale* was seventy leagues from land.—The names of the two murdered apprentices were John Mean and Francis Richardson. A formal statement of these tragical events, subscribed by the Captain and crew, has been received.

AFFECTING SCENE.—Incidents like the following, occurring in real life, go to one's heart more forcibly than hundreds of fictitious descriptions.—On Wednesday a burial took place in the Town's churchyard. The chief mourner was an old man apparently about 80, and stone blind, having been so for a considerable time back. He was paying the last solemn duty to his wife, with whom, for better or worse, he had lived for about, it is said, half a century. She was the only help he had in this

world, and in their mutual frailty each had been a kindly helpmate to the other. The old man kept hold of the coffin all the way to the churchyard, while the tears followed each other in rapid succession down his furrowed cheeks. Arrived at the churchyard, he continued grasping the coffin. "Weel may I cling till her," said he, weeping: "she's awa that cared for me—nae other body will mind me in my weakness." And when the coffin was to be lowered into the grave, he seized the ropes and wept—"Farewell! a lang farewell, noo," continued he. "This is the last talken (token) o' her; but nae a very lang farewell, for I'll soon be wi' you." The poor man's broken hearted manner and wailing made much impression on the spectators.—*Aberdeen Herald.*

MAN OF HIS WORD.—The following whimsical circumstance happened some time ago in Kilkenny:—A tailor, who was married to a very sickly woman, grew enamoured of a young girl who lived in his neighbourhood, and on certain conditions he agreed to give her a promise in writing to marry her immediately on the demise of his wife; in consequence of which Mr. Snip passed the following curious note of hand:—"In two days after the demise of my present wife, I promise to marry Miss Moran, or order, value received, under £50 sterling. Given under my hand this 16th of May, &c.—J. Sullivan." Shortly after Mary received the above note she died, leaving it endorsed to a female friend, who also chanced to take a fever, and died before the tailor's wife; however on her sick bed, she also endorsed the note and gave it to a cousin, whom the tailor absolutely married, agreeably to the endorsement, in two days after the death of his wife, and it is said the tailor and his wife are now living happily in the city of Kilkenny.—*North Wales Chronicle.*

MADNESS AN IMPROVER OF THE REASONING POWERS.—The following reasons by a madman strikes us as the most perfect exposition of the true theory of sanity and insanity that we have ever seen or heard. A man confined in jail as a lunatic made these observations:—"We that are locked up here are only called mad, because our madness does not happen to agree with that of the rest of the world. Every body thinks his neighbour mad, if his pursuits happen to be opposite to his own. His neighbour the same of him, but then these two kinds of madness do not interfere with each other. Now and then there comes an eccentric man, who taking a just view of things, think them all mad—him the majority catch and lock up here. That's my case."

CAPTAIN ROSS.—Of all the achievements ascribed to Captain Ross, one of the most ludicrous is practiced by a showman near the Strand, who has got something of the Arctic expedition to exhibit, and who keeps bawling out to his customers, "Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and you shall behold the valiant Captain Ross a-climbing up the great north pole!"

A CAPITAL CORRESPONDENT.—Williams, our Quartermaster, is an eccentric character. He is married, and constantly receives letters from his absent rib; these, however, he never opens, but keeps them all tied up. On his return, he says, she can read them to him all of a lump.—*Auldjo's Visit to Constantinople.*

MUSICAL TASTE.—A clever caricature has lately appeared, representing a young lady (at her piano-forte) and her cockney beau, between whom the following dialogue takes place:—*Lady*, Pray, Mr. Jenkins, are you musical? *Gentlemen*, Vy, no, miss; I am not musical myself, but I have a very excellent snuff-box vot is.

A SIGNIFICANT REPLY.—"Thomas," said a sponging friend of the family to the footman, who had been lingering about the room for half an hour to shew him to the door; "Thomas, my good fellow, it's getting late, is't it? How soon will the dinner come up, Thomas?" "The very moment you be gone Sir," was the unequivocal reply.

A NEAT OLD LADY.—A story is told of an old lady in the Ancient Dominion, who was so very neat that she rubbed her floor with sand until she fell through into the cellar, and broke her leg, which caused her death.

CARD.

MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON, APOTHECARY and DRUGGIST, will be found at home at his old Stand, in Carleton Street—where he would respectfully solicit a share of that patronage which on a former occasion he so liberally enjoyed, and hopes it shall not be wanting on his part to merit a continuance of the same. *Frederickton, October 7.*