

POETRY.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

There are sounds so softly stealing;
There are anthems loudly pealing;
Seraph choirs that pour for ever
Music like a rolling river,
Deep, and clear, and strong, and swelling,
Through their bright celestial dwelling.
Angels, watching round the portal,
Hear the tones, but never mortal.
Oh! 'tis far too high and holy
For the ears of aught so lowly.

There is glory, bright and beaming,
From the throne Eternal streaming;
Cherub crowns of living splendour,
Wreathed with mercy's flow'rets tender.
Sun, nor moon, nor planet, shineth—
Heaven is light that ne'er declineth.
Angel-glance alone may bear it—
Mortal eye comes never near it.
Oh! 'tis far too high and holy
For the light of aught so lowly.

But, though winged with lightning pinions,
There are joys in earth's dominions—
Accents sweet with passion laden,
From the lips of mortal maiden:
Tones on earth, low, soft and tender,
That the heaven shall perfect render.
Earthly ear alone comes near them,
Angels dare not bend to hear them.
These are joys for mortals only,
Else the world indeed were lonely.

There are blossoms earth doth nourish,
That in heaven shall perfect flourish;
Fairy forms of mortal beauty,
From their high celestial duty.
Once that won the seraphs holy,
To a world so dim and lowly.
Mortal arm alone may clasp them—
Angels lost their heaven to grasp them.
These are joys for mortals only,
Else the world indeed were lonely.

THE LITTLE MAID.

SUNG BY MR. RUSSEL.

There was a little maid,
Who wore a little bonnet,
She had a little finger,
With a little ring upon it.
She sciewed her little wrist,
To such a little size,
That it made her little blood,
Rush to her little eyes.

This pretty little maid,
Had a pretty little beau,
Who wore a little hat,
And gloves as white as snow.
He said his little heart,
Was in a little flutter—
That he loved the little maid,
And none else but her.

She smiled a little smile,
When he breathed his little vows;
And he kissed her little hand,
With many little bows.
By little and by little,
Her little heart did yield,
Till little tears and sighs,
Her little heart revealed.

A little while—alas!
And her little beau departed,
With all his little vows,
And left her broken-hearted.
Now all you little maids,
A moral I will give you—
Don't trust to little men,
They surely will deceive you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STOLEN VISIT TO THE MOSQUES.
(From "The City of the Sultan," by Miss Pardoe.)

A firm to view the mosques, as all the world knows, is a favour granted rarely, and only to magnificent personages; Miss Pardoe, however, preferred running the risk of her life to returning home with her curiosity ungratified. A young Bey volunteered to be her conductor:—

"I at once understood that the attempt must be made in a Turkish dress; but this fact was of trifling importance, as no costume in the world lends itself more readily or more conveniently to the purposes of disguise. After having deliberately weighed the chances for and against detection, I resolved to run the risk; and accordingly I stained my eyebrows with some of the dye common in the harem; concealed my female attire beneath a magnificent pelisse, lined with sable, which fastened from my chin to my feet; pulled a fez low upon my brow; and preceded by a servant with a lantern, attended by the Bey, and followed by the Kiara and a pipe-bearer, at half past ten o'clock I sallied forth on my adventurous errand.

"If we escape from St. Sophia unsuspected," said my chivalrous friend, "we will then make another bold attempt: we will visit the mosque of Sultan Achmet; and as this is a high festival, if you risk the adventure you will have done what no infidel has ever yet dared to do; and I forewarn you, that, should you be discovered, and fail to make your escape on the instant, you will be torn to pieces."

"At length we entered the spacious court of the mosque, and as the servants stooped to withdraw my shoes, the Bey murmured in my ear, 'Be firm, or you are lost!'—and making a strong effort to subdue the feeling of mingled awe and fear which was rapidly stealing over

me, I pulled the fez deeper upon my eye-brows, and obeyed.

"On passing the threshold, I found myself in a covered peristyle, whose gigantic columns of granite are partially sunk in the wall of which they form a part; the floor was covered with fine matting, and the coloured lamps, which were suspended in festoons from the lofty ceiling, shed a broad light on the surrounding objects. In most of the recesses formed by the pillars beggars were crouched down, holding in front of them their little metal basins to receive the *paras* of the charitable; while servants lounged to and fro, or squatted in groups upon the matting, awaiting the egress of their employers. As I looked around me, our own attendant moved forward, and raising the curtain which veiled a double door of bronze, situated at mid length of the peristyle, I involuntarily shrank back before the blaze of light that burst upon me.

"Far as the eye could reach upwards, circles of coloured fire, appearing as if suspended in mid-air, designed the form of the stupendous dome; while beneath, devices of every shape and colour were formed by myriads of lamps of various hues: the Imperial closet, situated opposite to the pulpit, was one blaze of refulgence, and its gilded lattices flashed back the brilliancy, till it looked like a gigantic meteor!

"As I stood a few paces within the doorway, I could not distinguish the limits of the edifice—I looked forward upward—to the right hand and to the left—but I could only take in a given space, covered with human beings, kneeling in regular lines, and at a certain signal bowing their turbaned heads to the earth, as if one soul and one impulse animated the whole congregation; while the shrill chanting of the choir pealed through the vast pile, and died away in lengthened cadences among the tall dark pillars which support it.

"And this was St. Sophia! To me it seemed like a creation of enchantment—the light—the ringing voices—the mysterious extent which baffled the earnestness of my gaze—the ten thousand turbaned Moslems, all kneeling with their faces turned towards Mecca, and at intervals laying their faces to the earth—the bright and various colours of the dresses—and the rich and glowing tints of the carpets that veiled the marble floor—all conspired to form a scene of such unearthly magnificence, that I felt as if there could be no reality in what I looked on, but that, at some sudden signal, the towering columns would fall to support the blaze of light above them, and all would become void.

"I had forgotten everything in the mere exercise of vision;—the danger of detection—the flight of time—almost my own identity—when my companion uttered the single word 'Gel—Come'—and, passing forward to another door on the opposite side of the building, I instinctively followed him, and once more found myself in the court.

"In ten minutes more we stood before the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and ascending the noble flight of steps which lead to the principal entrance, we again cast off our shoes and entered the temple.

"Infinitely less vast than St. Sophia, this mosque impressed me with a feeling of awe much greater than that which I had experienced in visiting its more stately neighbour—four colossal pillars of marble, five or six feet in circumference, support the dome, and these were wreathed with lamps, even to the summit; while the number of lights suspended from the ceiling gave the whole edifice the appearance of a space overhung with stars. We entered at a propitious moment, for the Faithful were performing their prostrations, and had consequently no time to speculate on our appearance; the chanting was wilder and shriller than that which I had just heard at St. Sophia; it sounded to me in fact, more like the delirious outcry which we may have supposed to have been uttered by a band of Delphic Priestesses, than the voices of a choir of uninspired human beings.

"We passed onward over the yielding carpets, which returned no sound beneath our footsteps, and there was something strangely supernatural in this spectacle of several human beings moving along without creating a single echo in the vast space they traversed. We paused an instant beside the marble-arched platform, on which the muezzin was performing his prostrations to the shrill cry of the choir;—we lingered another to take a last look at the kneeling thousands who were absorbed in their devotions; and then rapidly descending into the court, my companion uttered a hasty congratulation on the successful issue of our bold adventure, to which I responded a most hearty 'Amen!'—and in less than an hour I cast off my fez and my pelisse in the harem of—Effendi, and exclaimed to

its astonished inmates—'I have seen the mosques!'

SCENES IN FLEET STREET PRISON.—The first thing that strikes Mr. Pickwick, as he traverses one of the galleries of the prison to his first night's lodging in the Warden's room, is the riotous noise which issues from some of the rooms in the gallery, and the filthy scenes of dissipation that many of the half-opened doors disclose to him; while in the very next room to these "some solitary tenant might be seen, poring, by the light of a feeble tallow candle, over a bundle of soiled and tattered papers, yellow with dust and dropping to pieces from age, writing, for the hundredth time, some lengthened statement of his grievances, for the perusal of some great man whose eyes it would never reach, or whose heart it would never touch." In still more fearful contrast stand other scenes of misery, of such a kind that the grace which gives respect to misery is nowhere visible in them. Over all there is a dreadful restlessness, a terrible and undefined restlessness, which is pictured throughout with the minute reality of a Defoe.

Mr. Pickwick turns to his faithful follower—

"It strikes me, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, leaning over the iron-rail at the stair-head, "it strikes me, Sam, that imprisonment for debt is scarcely any punishment at all."

"Think not, Sir?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"You see how these fellows drink, and smoke, and roar," replied Mr. Pickwick; "it's quite impossible that they can mind it much."

"Ah, that's just the very thing, Sir," replied Sam, "they don't mind it; it's a regular holiday to them—all porter and skittles. It's the other vuns as gets done over with this sort o' thing; them down-hearted fellers as can't swing away at the beer, nor play skittles neither; them as would pay if they could, and gets low by being boxed up. I'll tell you what it is, Sir; them as is always a idlin' in public houses it don't damage at all, them as always a workin' ven they can, it damages too much. 'It's unekal,' as my father used to say ven his grog worn't made half-and-half."

"I think you're right, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, after a few moments reflection, "quite right."

Upon this Sam reflects a little in his turn, as to whether there may not have been "some honest people as likes it," and at last calls to mind "the little dirty-faced man in the brown coat," and thus answers Mr. Pickwick's inquiry concerning him. The exception here proves the rule most forcibly. We have rarely read anything more quaintly pathetic, or written with a deeper feeling of character, than this illustration of the "force of habit."

"It wasn't much—execution for nine pound nothin', multiplied by five for costs; but how's ever here he stopped for seventeen years. If he got any wrinkles in his face, they was stopped up with the dirt, for both the dirty face and the brown coat was just the same at the end o' that time as they was at the beginnin'." He was a very peaceful inoffending little creature, and was always a bustlin' about for somebody, or playin' rackets, and never winnin', till at last the turnkeys they got quite fond of him, and he was in the lodge ev'ry night, a chattering with 'em, and tellin' stories, and all that 'ere. Vun night he was in there as usual, alone with a very old friend of his, as was on the lock, ven he says all of a sudden, 'I ain't seen the market outside, Bill,' he says (Fleet Market was there at that time)—'I ain't seen the market outside, Bill,' he says, 'for thirteen years.' 'I know you ain't,' says the turnkey, smoking his pipe. 'I should like to see it for a miut, Bill,' he says. 'Wery probable,' says the turnkey, smoking his pipe wery fierce, and making believe he wasn't up to wot the little man wanted. 'Bill,' says the little man, more abrupt than afore, 'I've got the fancy in my head. Let me see the public street once more afore I die; and if I ain't struck with apoplexy, I'll be back in five minits by the clock.' And wot 'od become o' me if you weds struck with apoplexy?" said the turnkey.

"Vy," says the little creature, "whoever found me, 'ud bring me home, for I've got my card in my pocket.—Bill," he says, "No. 20, Coffee-room Flight," and that was true, sure enough, for ven he wanted to make the acquaintance of any new comer, he used to pull out a little limp card with them words on it and nothin' else; in consideration o' vich, he was always called Number Twenty. The turnkey takes a fixed look at him, and at last he says in a solemn manner, 'Twenty,' he says, 'I'll

trust you; you won't get your old friend into trouble.' 'No, my boy; I hope I've somethin' better behind here,' says the little man, and as he said it, he hit his little veskit wery hard, and then a tear started out o' each eye, which was wery extraordinary; for it was supposed as water never touched his face. He shook the turnkey by the hand; out he went—

"And never came back again," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Wrong for vunce, sir," replied Mr. Weller, "for back he come two minits afore the time, a bilin' with rage, sayin' how he'd been nearly run over by a hackney coach; that he wasn't used to it, and he was blowed if he wouldn't write to the Lord Mayor. They got him pacified at last; and for five years arter that, he never even so much as peeped out o' the lodge gate."

"At the expiration of that time he died, I suppose," said Mr. Pickwick.

"No he didn't, Sir," replied Sam. "He got a curiosity to go and taste the beer at a new public house over the way, on the premises; and it was such a wery nice parlour, that he took it into his head to go there ev'ry night, which he did for a long time, always comin' back reg'lar about a quarter of an hour afore the gate shut, which was all wery snug and comfortable. At last he began to get so precious jolly, that he used to forget how the time went, or care nothin' at all about it, and he vent on gettin' later and later, till vun night his old friend was just a shuttin' the gate—had turned the key, in fact—ven he come up. 'Hold hard, Bill,' he says. 'Wot, ain't you come home yet? Twenty?' says the turnkey. 'I thought you was in long ago.' 'No I wasn't,' says the little man with a smile. 'Vell then, I'll tell you wot it is, my friend,' says the turnkey, openin' the gate wery slow and sulky, 'it's my opinion as you've got into bad company o' late which I'm wery sorry to see. Now I don't wish to do anything harsh,' he says, 'but if you can't confine yourself to steady circles, and find your way back at reg'lar hours, as sure as you're a standin' there, I'll shut you out altogether!'

The little man was seized with a violent fit o' tremblin', and never vent outside the prison walls arterwards!"—*Pickwick papers*.

A FLEMISH COURTSHIP.—"Goot afternoon, worthy friend Krieger." "Goot afternoon, burgomaster. This is kind and neighbourly. Walk in, Kitty's in the back parlour." "I'm come to see Kitty; Kitty is noice; I loove Kitty."

"Well that's plain and honest; you never told me this before, Myneheer. I'm pleased to hear it; walk in, my dear sir." (Offering his arm.) "Thank's, I'll do verra well without your assistance. Lead forward. How noice the pig's puddings smell, Myneheer. 'Yaw, they were made by Kitty—here she is. Kitty, the burgomaster. Burgomaster Schlippenbach, Kitty. You will excuse me for five minutes—I see a customer in the shop.'—'La! Myneheer Burgomaster Schlippenbach, what an unusual pleasure!' 'I'm comin' a-courting, Kitty.' A-courting! and to whom pray?" "To you, sweet Miss Kitty Krieger." Oh, sir, you do me much pride! and she drew herself up at least a foot higher. 'Yaw, you are verra proud; you mustn't be proud when you marry me, Miss Kitty.' "Oh no, I'll be anything you wish me, dear Myneheer Schlippenbach." "That's a goot girl—goot bye—I'll come again to-morrow." "Are you going so soon, sweetheart?" "Yaw, I moost go, now I've finished courting you—goot day." "Well, stay, my dear sir; here are some of the hog's puddings I heard you praising; you'll like them; I know you will; there, put them into your pocket; and here are some sausages from Bologna; there, they just fit the other pocket." "Thank's—goot bye; but I say, Kitty, give me a kiss—(Buss!)—thank's—goot evening." "And away went the swain, who had begun a love affair as he would have begun a bargain for a cargo of Dutch Mackerel."—*Dyke's Tour in Belgium, &c.*

SOMNAMBULIST'S VISION.—One day when the celebrated somnambulist Mr. — was being experimented upon, at a hotel in Connecticut, in presence of scientific gentlemen, the servant a rosy country girl, by the request of the exhibitor, brought in a blanket, and tarrying, seemed to look on some of the experiments with much interest, but when she saw the somnambulist read the newspaper through several folds of the blanket, without the least difficulty, she blushed very red and edged her way sheepishly out of the room, exclaiming in a pet, to the great amusement of the spectators that if there were somnambly fellers could see through things arter that fashion, she

didn't know what good a body's clothes did 'em.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—"Music," says Chateaubriand "is the child of prayer, the companion of religion."

ANOTHER.—WOMAN.—A tale written, said that women are charming flowers destined to heighten the coloring of the universe!

LETTERS.

Remaining in the Post Office at Fredericton, 5th June 1837.

A Arthur Armstrong, W. Adams, Thomas Armstrong.

B Elizabeth Berman, William Bridge, Mr. Bradburie, Thomas Buchannon (2), George Boyer, Messrs. C. L. or K. Beckwith, Benjamin F. Brown, John Ballan, William Blizard, John Brewer, Daniel Buck, Wm. Besset (2), Elizabeth J. Bert, Wm. Brown, James Balston, Alice Berton, Catherine Bagwell, William I. Berton, James Brown, George Bucharme, Doctor I. W. Barker, George Ballentine, Mr. C. Brown, Sany Bims, Charles Bouyer, T. S. Bert.

C Israel Cochoeur, Michael Cunningham, Rev. Mr. Cummins, James Collen, Margaret Channay, Michael Coven, Wm. Carson, Angus Campbell, John Cahill, Bridget Crumb, Elizabeth Celson, John Cressy, Monsieur Carmen, John Christy, Mr. P. Coburn, Thomas Caesy, Israel Calkew, John Caldwell, James Cumming, William Chandler.

D Thomas Day, Jeremiah Dum, Samuel Dickson, R. Daniels & Co. John Dilon Anthony Dimock (2), James Draper, Horatio N. Drak, Henry Dow, Mr. John Dennis, John E. Dow (2), James Duran, Wm. Daughar, Wm. Dunnam, Michael Duddy.

E Thomas Edgar, John Eddy, Thomas Earls, Jane Ewing (2), L. I. Evans (2), Charles Ellis, Joel Everett.

F Andrew Fleming, David Fleming, Patrick Feil, John Fox, Wm. E. Finer, Daniel Ford, Wm. Frost, Mary Farrelly, George Farmer, John Finny, David Faulkner.

G Ichabod Grant, Peter Gilchrist, May Grant, David Gauge, Jonathan Green, Thomas Gilbert.

H John Hutly, James Hosford, Albert G. Hort (5), Daniel Hickey, John Hilmou, James Hanney Joseph Hill, Charles Hunter, A. B. Hammond, Albert Hani, Benjamin Hanson, Thomas Hamilton, James Howlett, Patrick Heney, Capt. J. Hammond, James Hays, Mr. G. H. Hart, Mr. Hagman.

J Mr. A. Ingraham, C. W. Jacques, Mary Jones, Andrew Johnston.

K David Kelly, Thomas Kelly, Isaac Kilburn, Edward Kelk.

L George Long, Gilbert Lemont, J. Long, Margaret Lynch, James Logue, E. B. Lombard (2), Samuel Langan, Endre Lauci, Andrew Lata, Joseph Lush.

M James Miles, Frederick M. Manuell, William Nichol, Charles Mullon, Anthony M'Kay (2), Malem M'Farlan, Hugh M'Kay, Samuel Marble, Nicholas Murry (2), Ann M'Carty, Joseph Merediths, George Miblestock, Rev. E. Manning (2), William Marshall, Mr. Howe, Mr. N. Malery, Jas. M'Donald, James M'Alon, Colonel Miles, Mrs. E. Maclean, Mr. J. Martin, Robert Moody, John M'Laughlan (2), Margaret M'Kystal, James Lum, Wm. M'Pherson, John Miller, Mr. S. M'Kowee, Donald M'Phie, Henry Morehouse, Hugh M'Donald, Patt M'Gowan, Thos. O. Miles, John Morgan, Andrew M'Geerhan, John M'Floy, Jeremiah M'Laughlan, William M'Dowell, Mr. M. N. Nash, Charles Norwood, Samuel Nevess, James Noble, David Nicholas Samuel Nicholson, John O'Donnel.

O Jannet Oliver, John O'Brien, John Oliver, Edward O'Brien, John O'Connors, John O'Dannel, John P. O'Kennedy.

P Charles Perly, Isaac Perkins, Caleb Perkins, George R. Price, John Phelon, Richard Powers, Thomas Pricehard, Mrs. S. Patterson.

Q Charles Quinn.

R John Reilly, John Bown, R. Robertson, John Ross, Catherine Reid, Ann Russell, James Redmann, Thomas Ransay (2), Aawn Robertson, John Regan, John Reid, Jas. D. Robertson.

S Thomas Shone, G. W. Smith, Mr. J. Stickney, George Smith, David Smith, Benjamin Slat, David Schley, John Stuart, Mr. L. Stone, Mrs. E. Shelswell, Mr. S. C. Shaw, Daniel Seavey (2), Alexander Stewart, Elizabeth Swin, James Savage, John Sharp, Mr. Fross Stanley, Mr. Gibson Stanley.

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Y Mr. Young, Miss L. York (2), Mr. Elias Yerxa, Michall Yerxa.