

POETRY.

To the Editor of the New York Mirror.

DEAR SIR:—The singular and ridiculous appearance in the eyes of the "ton" of one fashion, after it has been supplanted by another, has induced me to amuse myself by sketching what will be their views of the present popular "mode" when it shall have rolled into the same sea of oblivion which has swallowed up its predecessors, the once much admired Bishop sleeves.

FASHION IN 1837.

The poet's license lifts the veil, that time alone removes for others. Thus a peep we take, far into fifty-seven! A maid of beauteous mien, beside a father stands. Listen—she speaks.—In olden time, papa, what fashions reigned? What sleeves, and skirts—in short, What did they wear? How dress and fix the head? What kind of shoes, and hats—and tell me, pray, What sort of beaux had they? The father smiles—
"The freaks that fashion took, in thirty-seven.
Will much astonish you, my dear. No sleeves
Were worn—a case, to fit, the arm, their place
Supplied. Above, two useless wings were hung
That dangled o'er the elbow. Sometimes three
Appeared by way of extra grace; thus, when the arm
Was bent, the wings alone were visible.
Giving to woman an armless form. Stiff, and devoid of grace, the whole appeared—
The bodice, pointed, came quite low in front.
(How did it look; you say; a wasp, my child,
Still sports the fashion then in vogue.)
Around the form a girdle came, sloping
In front, and buckled fast, with gold or pearl.
The skirts, with over modesty borrowed,
Perhaps, from waists too generous in that line,
Were full and long, shrouding beneath their folds,
With equal care, the ankle delicate,
Or rude. The hair, thy sex's ornament,
Though strange to tell, was drawn, quite down
Upon the cheek, in loops, with riband tied—
Behind, just in the neck, a knot was formed.
Not visible before. A braid went round
The whole. The shoes were made of kid.
Or other substance soft—the soles quite thin,
And narrow—without heels—the instep low.
The foot squeezed in, a cushion form'd above!"
"Good lack, papa! how very droll; the beau,
How match'd they, with those wild whims of fashion?"
"They were, my dear, false bosoms, dummies,
and
White hats. Around the neck a time-piece hung
Suspended by a braid, and lodged within
The vest. Breast-pins of monstrous size were seen,
Stocks for the neck—tasselled canes to dandle
Back and forth along the walk, and kid gloves
To cover—sun-burnt hands?"

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Joy cannot claim a purer bliss
Nor grief a dew from stain more clear,
Than female friendship's meeting kiss,
Than female friendship's parting tear,
How sweet the heart's full bliss to pour
To her, whose smile must crown the store!
How sweeter still to feel of woes
To her, whose faithful breast would share
In every grief, in every care,
Whose sigh can lull them to repose!
Oh! blessed sigh! there is no sorrow
But from thy breath can sweetness borrow:
E'en to the pale and drooping flower
That fades in love's neglected hour;
E'en with her woes can friendship's power
One happier feeling blend:
'Tis from her restless bed to creep,
And sink like wearied babe to sleep,
On the soft couch her sorrows steep,
The bosom of a friend.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BURNING SHIP.
[BY A NAVAL OFFICER.]

With many of the officers I was on shore at Leghorn, intending to accompany a large party to the opera, when a rumour reached me that the ship was ordered to sea, under Captain Todd; with a few, hastily collected, we repaired on board, leaving many young midshipmen, that had strayed away, God knows where, a-shore, found the ship a stay peak, and heard the "Pipe all hands—make sail ahoy—let fall—sheet home, and hoist away," and our beautifully cut canvas stretched upon our square yards, decorated our taper masts, with the celerity of a well organised ship, thick and dry for weighing. "Brace the yards for casting to starboard," said Capt. Todd; "and heave and a-weigh." The fifes and drums struck up "Coil away the hawser," and the measured tramp of the men gave life and jollity to the scene, and was an excellent accompaniment to the heart inspiring tune. "She is a-weigh, sir," said the officer of the fore-castle to the first lieutenant, as the noble ship fell gracefully off to starboard, who returning the salute, reported the same to the captain; and he pacing the deck, looked a noble sea officer, of large proportions! And now, to reflect that the

godlike form is reduced to ashes. The muscles that gave Herculean strength to the goodly fabric shrivelled to nothing by intense heat, the very bones calcined, and the whole shapeless mass of ashes buried in the ocean's depth, but I am anticipating. At four that morning, having kept the middle watch, I left the goodly ship under her courses and top-gallant sails, "ploughing the waters like a thing of life," a breeze having just sprung up, as she had been becalmed during the night. At six I was awake from a deep sleep by the firing of guns that from their contiguity shook my cot. Alarmed at such an unusual circumstance, and with the hurried feet of men running to and fro, I made to the ward-room door, upon opening which, a dense volume of thick black smoke drove me back, half suffocated and bewildered. I ran to the weather quarter gallery; and there, O God! what a sight burst on my view! The flames that rose from the quarter deck, and gave it the appearance of a crater of a volcano, had just reached the main-sail; their glare was reflected strongly on the agitated faces of hundreds of men assembled on the fore-castle. "There is Dundas," said Lieut. Erskine to me, for he had joined me in his shirt, in the quarter gallery, "There is Dundas, on the fore-castle, endeavouring to let go the anchors; I will join him or perish." "Better join the launch," said I, which, full of men, was making her best efforts, with only one oar, to increase her distance from the ship. Amidst the roar of artillery and the cries of despair, I heard the manly tones of Captain Todd's voice over my head; what he said I could not make out; but poor Erskine, who was immoderately fat for a lieutenant, made his ascent to the quarter deck bulwarks, along which he was climbing. The ship lurched to leeward, the bulwarks gave way with a horrid crash, and disclosed what might have passed for the mouth of hell, into which my poor friend was huried in an instant. I heard his agonized cry, as the flame, like the tongue of a serpent, lapped him in its folds; I saw his last despairing glance thrown upon me, and the bright glow of the furnace threw a more lurid glare as it enveloped him.

O God! it was a sickening sight! The sea was covered with struggling sailors, the few boats that ventured near under a heavy fire, which the guns, that were all shotted, sent forth, were full, to sinking. Some of our young midshipmen were in those boats, and forced the cowardly Italians into the fire at the point of their dirks. Both anchors were now cut away, and the noble ship swung head to wind in consequence. I found my post much incommoded by the smoke and flame that was now blown aft, and with a short ejaculation used by the publican and sinner, which came from my heart, I plunged into the water, and struck out for the launch. "There is no room, and we cannot take you in," said many voices from the boat. "Keep off, on your peril!" said a discordant one, as I grasped the gunnel of the well filled boat, and a heavy blow broke two of the fingers of my right hand, and made me relinquish my hold. I then swam alongside the boat and entreated them to save me. Though a few, with the generous quality that characterises British sailors, would have risked the safety of the boat in my favour, still the majority were against me, and the ruffian who had disabled my hand, and was watching me, ready to repeat the blow. To depict my feelings in this tremendous scene!—they can be imagined, but not described. Under the stern of the burning ship, that was discharging her hundred and thirty guns, were seen hundreds of men swimming and floating on spars; in the distance, vessels afraid of venturing near the shot and expected explosion of the magazines; here and there a few Italian boats, with a young midshipman, at the point of his dirk, urging them to save the drowning; one or two from English merchantmen, regardless of all danger, loading with swimmers, and dashing into the mouth of danger to receive those who, unable to swim, had hung on the blazing ship to the last. The flames now shot high above the mast head, and reminded me of an eruption I had once viewed of Etna. It was very terrible, joined to the cries of the young, groans of the wounded, and the shouts and yelling of the burning. Finding myself much exhausted, I struck out for a man I saw on a grating. "Hillo, shipmate, said he, "keep clear, for it's too small for both of us; boat ahoy!" hailing one of the English ones, "boat ahoy! if you have room enough for a spare hand, pick up this poor devil; as for me, I am doing well, and shall make the Isle of Gorgona in three hours." Upon which he spread his neckerchief with his teeth and hands

as a sail, and squatted on the grating apparently at his ease. As I was giving up hope, which in general is slow to desert me, the boat with the captain of the after guard of the starboard watch—for it was the veteran John Nailor, that had pointed me out for succour—hailed me in just in time to prevent me from sinking, for I had struggled with many a drowning wretch, who clutched me, as men in that state will, and in consequence I had imbibed a quantity of water. I was aroused from my torpid state by the blowing up of the after magazine, which detached the whole of her stern from her body of the now splendid luminary that gave an idea of a world in conflagration. She now majestically raised her bow high in the air, with her tapering lofty masts and submerged stern, going down gracefully in the "deep, deep sea." Every cry was hushed, and people held their breath, as this beautiful fabric of human creation buried itself in the waves and created an immense commotion in the agitated waters. A tremendous concussion followed, and "stand clear," was shouted from the overloaded boats, as the mainmast descended from the immense height to which it was blown by the grand magazine exploding under water; had it taken place above, nothing could have survived the concussion. Down it came, with a horrible crash, tearing all before it, and putting an end to the miseries of a hundred half drowned wretches.

That dreadful scene of conflagration is ever before my eyes and my nervous system, (if sailors are allowed to have nerves) will take some time to recover the shock. I still see the falling of our poor friend Lieut. — into the blazing furnace, reflecting a strong light on his agitated countenance, as he turned it full upon me, filled with indescribable horror—the piercing and agonized shriek to which I involuntarily responded, is for ever ringing in my ears—the darting of the forked flames, from yard to yard to mast, till they soared above the clouds and illuminated the most minute object, making all as distinct as the meridian sun—the numberless sinking and struggling sailors—their despairing imprecations when driven off from the already overloaded boats. One of them I am told, in a violent paroxysm of madness, before he jumped overboard, deliberately broke the thigh bones of a boy, and threw him into the boiling waters. You will recollect our old messmate, young Smithers, the doctor's son; nearly exhausted, he caught at, and grasped an oar pulled by a person we both know, without much esteeming. This person, I am informed, cruelly shook him off to certain destruction, and flew to save a much greater man, whom he had seen lower himself from the bowsprit. He was successful, and I have no doubt promotion will be his reward. The last sight of poor Captain Todd was on the poop. He then, half clad, had pistols in his hands, preventing the quarter cutters from being lowered, and endeavouring to drive the men, intent on escape, to their duty. Poor gentleman! he was a gallant and good man, and fell a victim to the all devouring flames.

LONDON POLICE.—BOW STREET.

Three persons were brought before Mr. Minshall, charged with twisting knockers of hall doors, assaulting the police, and other stupid conduct, and it having been rumoured that one of the parties charged was the Marquis of Waterford, a great crowd of persons assembled in front of the office to catch a glimpse of him. It proved, however, that the "gentleman" alluded to was not the Marquis himself, but his brother, Lord William Beresford, who gave the name of "Charles Ferguson." The other persons were placed in the dock beside "his lordship," one of whom gave the name of "Edward Hammersly," of No. 41, St. James's street; and the other, who was equipped in the garb of a waterman, said his name was "George Elliot," and that he was coxswain to the "noble lord."

William Dodds, a police constable, E division, No. 9, stated that he was on duty in Museum street, between one and two o'clock on the previous night, when he saw the two "gentlemen" at the bar go up to the house No. 42, and wrench the knocker from the door. Witness expostulated with them, and, seeing another knocker in the hand of the prisoner Elliot, he took him by the collar, upon which the prisoner Hammersly dropped the knocker which he had just twisted off. The prisoner Ferguson then came up, and said "It's all right, old boy," and offered him money, which witness refused to take. The two gentlemen then ran away, but were soon apprehended, witness still retaining his hold of Elliot. They were then conveyed to the police station house,

where Ferguson refused to be searched, declaring that he would not submit to such a "rascally degradation," and having said so, he struck witness. The prisoners were then locked up.

Ferguson, alias Lord William Beresford, in his defence, said he had been up the river on a boating excursion, and had "taken too much wine." The two other prisoners also pleaded having taken "a drop too much."

Mr. Minshall observed that there were two charges against Ferguson, alias Lord William, whom he should consider as the principal offender, and should fine him £5 for unlawfully possessing himself of one of the knockers, and £5 for assaulting the police constable in the execution of his duty. He should not fine the other two.

Mr. Minshall then desired him to come round in front of the bench, and said to him, "I dare say, sir, you have money enough at your disposal, but I pray you not to entertain the notion that you can therefore do as you think fit in the streets of this metropolis, either by night or by day. You were brought before me recently for a similar offence, when I fined you £5, and I now warn you, that if you should again appear before me, under circumstances like the present, I shall most assuredly feel it to be my duty—not to inflict a pecuniary fine upon you, for that is no punishment to a person in your station—but I shall send you at once, as I am authorized to do, to hard labour for two months in the House of Correction, and you will then see that neither rank or riches can entitle you to the privilege of committing depredations upon the property of peaceable and industrious persons, or of disturbing the peace and quiet of this town with impunity."

The noble lord was then handed over to the custody of the jailer, and his two companions were discharged. It appeared that he had not sufficient money about him to pay the fines, but his brother, the Marquis of Waterford, after visiting him in "durance vile," released him from his ignoble captivity by paying the fines.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.—A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Every thing may be made interesting to it, by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons, in these hours, for want of innocent resources are now impelled to coarse and brutal pleasures. How many young men can be found in this city, who, unaccustomed to find a companion in a book, and strangers to intellectual activity, are almost driven in the long dull evenings of winter to haunts of intemperance, and depraving society. It is one of the good signs of the times, that lectures on literature and science are taking their place among other public amusements, and attract even more than theatres. This is one of the first fruits of our present intellectual culture. What a harvest may we hope for from its wider diffusion.—Dr. Channing.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION IN HIGH PLACES.—The Dowager Queen Adelaide has visited "the coffin which contains her late husband's royal remains, William IV." every day since his death.

HAPPINESS.—An eminent modern writer beautifully says: "the foundation of domestic happiness, is faith in the virtue of a woman; the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God."

CHAPS.—A pretty girl was lately complaining to a friend that she had a cold, and was sadly plagued in her lips by chaps. "Friend," said Obadiah, "thou should never suffer the chaps to come near thy lips."

Some young men, travelling on horse back among the White Mountains, became inordinately thirsty, and stopped for milk at a house by the road side. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table, saying, "One would think, gentlemen, you never had been weaned."—Miss Martineau's Work on the United States.

NOTICE.
ALL persons who have any demands against the estate of Henry Smith, late of St. Mary's, Esq., deceased, are required to present the same without delay; and those indebted thereto to make payment to
D. LUDLOW ROBINSON,
Administrator.
Frederickton, 30th May, 1837.

LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office, at Frederickton, 5th September, 1837.

A
Mr. Wm. Armstrong, P. C. Amorieu, G. Archibald (2), Benjamin B. Armstrong, James Annand (2).

B
J. W. Brown, Horatio Blizard; Mrs. Martha Ann Brown, George Blaney, Josiah Burt, George Brown, Mrs. Alicia Burton, Thos. Bell, Jenn Bell, Chas. Bateman, Michael Borngt, John B. Babain, Francis Babin, John Boyle, Thomas Banks, Wm. Boone, Converse Brown, Mary Buswell, James Bailey (2), James Bubar, James Blair, Duncan Buchanan, John Buchanan, Joseph Boggs, John Bubar, J. D. Berton, John Baytes, Patk. Brown.

C
Pieri Carson, Sarah Coleman, John S. Cox, Daniel Campbell, James Campbell, Barnard Carrott, Mrs. Chandler, John Carter (2), W. Graham, John Camran (2), Edmund P. Cliff, Peter Cameron, Charles Couless, Peggy Carragher, Andrew Carr, Andrew Craig, Seth Cates, John Clarke, Norman Campbell, John Cahill, Margaret Corseodon, Mrs. John Carter.

D
Patrick Doyle, Edward Doyle, Thomas Davies, Asa Dow, Mrs. Mary Daggett, John Dinneen, Michael Dorington, Charles Doran (2), Alexander Derriah, James Doran (2), Mrs. Driscoll, Bartholomew Dawson, Robert Dougherty, Mrs. Dougherty, Robert Duncan.

E
Mary Eagan, James Evans, Francis Elliott, Edward Elkin, Jos. Esterbrook, David Esty, Pierce Eleward, John Elliott (2), John Eddy.
F
Mary Farley, Jephth Foster, John Fried, Philip Foraster, Jos. Foster, Thomas Francis, Indian Governor, Daniel Ford.

G
Wm. Gwinn, James Gray, Richard Gallagher, Asa Garcon, Nelson Gardon, A. N. Gardon, Benjamin Griffith (3), Sydney Gates, Wm. Gould, Wm. Green, Wm. Graham, Alex. Gerow, Nehemiah Gilman, Samuel Gilman.

H
Andrew Hay, Geo. Hamilton, Andrew Henry, Thomas Harsh, Joseph Hiscock.
J
Miss Johnston (2), Mrs. Hannah Joslin, Charles Ingraham, Hugh Jemison.

K
Wm. Kirk, Margaret Kelly, John Kinney, John Kerr, Thomas Kelly, Prince Kenny, Thomas Kinealy.

L
Thomas Latherson, Alexander Larkey, John Longstaff, Andrew Lipsett, J. W. Ladds (3), H. Lombard (3), David Lyons, Alex. Lyons, Dennis Leary, John Lawson, Isaac Laurence, John Little, James Loyard, John Loder, W. P. Lethbridge, Isaac Lovely.

M
Margaret M'Donald, Edwd. M'Bride, Patrick M'Bride, Patk. M'Grath, Andrew Montgomery, Isaac Marancey, Mrs. Mary Menzar, Mary M'Dermot, Nelson H. Martin, Wm. Moore, Cornelius T. Murphy, Charles M'Clintoch, John M'Laughlin, Saml. Murphy, Edward Manning, Wm. M'Kay, James M'Donald, Eliza Morrell, Mattie M'Elhatton (2), Jeremiah Murphy, Donald M'Givory, James Miles, Joel Mangon, Joseph Martin, Archibald M'Dugald, Colin M'Kay, Saml. M'Gerhail, Moses M'Nally, Anthony M'Kay, Alexander Moody, Martha Manson, John Mahoney, Andrew Miller, Mathew M'Clain, James M'oziet, Austin M'Donald, Robt. M'Culloch, Christopher Murray, Bess. M'Lauchlan, Patk. M'Colleston, Alex. M'Comrack, Thomas Myles, Archibald M'Cullum, Mrs. Francis M'Gwin, Rebecca M'Crea, Philip M'Comrack, Wm. M'Pheely, Wm. M'Pherson, Lawrence M'Guinn, Arthur M'Cann, Edward M'Cool, Mrs. Martha Moran.

N
Norris Norriss, Lawrence Neville, John Neville, John Norriss.

O
Patk. O'Conner, Mary O'Donnell, Thomas O'Leary, John Osburn.

P
Patk. Power, Amas Plumer, Thomas Purdy, Francis Pue, Wm. Payne, Mary Perley, Robt. Parson, Alex. Paule, Daniel Thos. Patterson, Mary J. Phillips, Mrs. Charity Peters, Thomas Piercy.

Q
Ellen Quinn.

R
James Ryan, Danl. Ross, John Ryan, John Ritchie, Newman Raymond, Sarah Robison, Aaron Robertson, John Rankin, Patk. Rider, Andrew Rourke, John Russell, Nicholas Ridout, John Riley, Elizabeth Robson, Wm. Ross.

S
Ranald Smith, Mrs. Shelswell, Lemon Stone, Saml. Sharp, Elijah Sisson, Marly Springer, Robt. Smith, Wm. Scott (2), Ranald Smith, Wm. A. Smith, Wm. Sweeney, James Shannon, John Sullivan, Nathan Smith, Andrew Soles, Abraham Sages, Alexander Scott, David Strangman, Alexander Seamon, T. T. Shaw, Thomas B. Smith (4).

T
Stephen Tracy (2), David Tapley, Gain B. Taylor, Wm. Tovey, Ann Thompson, Johana Thun, Benjamin S. Taylor, John Treacy, Alexander Truscott, Thomas Turner.

V
Wm. Vinter.

W
Jeffery White, Wm. Watson, Mrs. Woodford, Wm. Wilson, Jacob Wortman, Robt. Warner, George Weir, Thomas Winter, John Wade, Mary Wilson, James Wilson, Robt. Wilson.

Y
John Young, James Yerxa, Elias Yerxa, Charles Yerxa.