POETRY.

A LUCID INTERVAL.

Oh! light is pleasant to the eye,
And health comes rustling on the gale:
Clouds are careering through the sky,
Whose shadows mock them down the dale:
Nature as fresh and fragrant seems
As I have met her in my dreams.

For I have been a prisoner long
In gloom and loneliness of mind,
Deaf to the melody of song,
To every form of beauty blind;
Nor morning dew, nor evening balm,
Might cool my cheek, my bosom calm.

But now the blood, the blood returns,
With rapturous pulses through my veins;
My heart, new born within me, burns,
My limbs break loose, they cast their chains.
Rekindled at the sun, my sight
Tracks to a point the eagle's flight.

I long to climb those old grey rocks,
Glide with yon river to the deep;
Range the green hills with herds and flocks,
Free as the roe-buck, run and leap;
Then mount the lark's victorious wing,
And from the depth of ether sing.

O Earth! in maiden innocence,
Too early fled thy golden time;
O Earth! Earth! Earth! for man's offence,
Doom'd to dishonour in thy prime;
Of how much glory then bereft!
Yet what a world of bliss was left!

The thorn, harsh emblem of the curse,
Puts forth a paradise of flowers;
Labour, man's punishment, is nurse
To Halcyon joys at sunset hours:
Plague, famine, earthquake, want, disease,
Give birth to holiest charities.

And Death himself, with all the woes
That hasten, yet prolong, his stroke,—
Death brings with every pang repose,
With every sigh he solves a yoke:
Yea, his cold sweats and moaning strife
Wring out the bitterness of life.

Life, life, with all its burthens, dear!
Friendship is sweet, Love sweeter still;
Who would forego a smile, a tear,
One generous hope, one chastening ill?
Home, kindred, country!—these are ties
Might keep an angel from the skies.

But these have angels never known,
Unvex'd felicity their lot;
Their sea of glass before the throne,
Storm, lightning, shipwreck, visit not:
Our tides, beneath the changing moon,
Are soon appeased,—are troubled soon.

Well, I will bear what all have borne,
Live my few years, and fill my place;
O'er old and young affection mourn,
Rent one by one from my embrace,
Till suffering ends, and I have done
With all delights beneath the sun.

Whence came I?—Memory cannot say;
What am I?—Knowledge will not show;
Bound whither?—Ah! away, away,
Far as eternity can go:—
Thy love to win, thy wants to flee,
O God! Thyself mine helper be.

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in *Variety*.

From the Blank Book of a Small Colleger.

Trinity College, Cambridge, Forty years ago.

It was a lovely morning: a remittance had arrived in the very nick of time; my two horses were in excellent condition, and I resolved, with a College chum, to put in execution a long concerted scheme of driving to London tandem. We sent our horses forward, got chairs at Cambridge, and tossing Algebra and Anacharsis, "to the dogs," started in high spirits. We ran up to London in high style—went ball-pitch to the play—and after a quick breakfast at the Bedford, set out with our own horses upon a dashing drive through the West End. We were turning down the Haymarket, and anticipating "joys yet unknown," when who, to my utter horror and consternation, should I see crossing to meet us, but my old warm-hearted, but severe and peppery uncle, Sir Thomas P—n. Escape was impossible. A cart before, and two carriages behind, made us stationary, and I mentally resigned all idea of ever succeeding to Elmwood Hall and three thousand per annum. Up he came. "What, can I believe my eyes? George! why what the d—l do you here? Tandem too, by ——!" I have it, thought I, as an idea crossed my mind. I looked right and left, as if it were wholly impossible that it could be me he was addressing. "What! you don't know me, I suppose? Don't know your own uncle? Why, in the name of common sense—pshaw! you've done with that—why, in —— name, sir, an't you at Cambridge?" "At Cambridge, Sir," said I. "At Cambridge, sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment. "why, I suppose you never were at Cambridge? Never entered the gates at Trinity? Eh! O! you young spendthrift: is this the way you dispose of my allowance? Is this the way you read hard, you young profligate—you young graceless—you young—you—!" Seeing he was getting energetic, I began to be apprehensive of a scene, and resolved to drop the curtain at once. "Really Sir," said I, with as brazen a look as I could summon upon an emergency, "I have not the honor of your acquaintance!" His large eyes assumed a fixed stare of astonishment. "Excuse me, but to my knowledge I never saw you before." He began to fidget. "Make no apologies; they are unnecessary. Your next rencontre will, I hope, be more fortunate. You will find your country cousin, no doubt, in Green Street: and so, old buck, bye bye." The cart was removed, and we drove off, yet not without seeing him in a paroxysm of rage, half frightful, half ludicrous, toss his hat on the ground, and hearing him exclaim, "He disowns me! the jackanapes disowns his own uncle, by ——." Phil. Chichester's look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence, is present, at this instant to my memory. I think I see his face, which at no time had more expression than a turnip, assume that air of a pensive simpleton, d'un mouton, qui reve, which he so often and so successfully exhibited over a quadratic equation. "Well, George, what's to be done now: We're dished—dished—dished—utterly dished." "Not while I've two such tits as these fresh. Phil," was my reply. "So adieu to town, and hey for Cambridge." "Cambridge?"—"Instantly—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will post there with four horses immediately, and my only chance of avoiding that romantic misfortune of being cut off with a shilling, is to be there before him." Without settling our bill at the Inn, or making a single arrangement, we rattled back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety which I endured on my way there. Every thing was against us. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads were wretched. The traces broke—turnpike gate were shut—droves of sheep and strings of carts impeded our progress, but in spite of all these obstacles, we reached the College gates in less than six hours. "Has sir Thomas been here?" I inquired of the porter, with ill-concealed emotion. "No Sir." Phil thanked God and took courage. "If he does, tell him so and so," said I, giving veracious Joseph his instructions, and putting a guinea in his hand to sharpen his memory. Phil, my dear fellow, don't show your face out of College for this fortnight.—You twig? Good.

"Permute Divis cœtera."

I had barely time to change my dress, to have my toga and trencher beside me, Newton and Euripides before me. Optics, Mechanics, and Hydrostatics strewed in learned profusion around me, when my uncle drove up to the gate. "Porter, I wish to see Mr. P—n; is he in his rooms?" "Yes, sir, I took a parcel of books to him there ten minutes ago!"—This was not the first bouncer the Essence of Truth, as Thomas was known through College, had told for me, nor the last he was well paid for. "Reads very hard, I dare say?" observed the Baronet, in his soft, winning voice. "No doubt of that, I believe, sir." "You audacious varlet, how dare you look me in the face, and tell such a falsehood? You know he's not in Cambridge." "Not in Cambridge, sir, as I hope—" "None of your hopes or fears to me. Show me his rooms, I say, and show me himself." He had now reached my staircase, and never shall I forget his look of astonishment, of amazement, bordering upon incredulity, when I calmly came forward, took his hand, and welcomed him to Cambridge. "My dear Sir, how are you? What lucky wind has blown you here?" "What! George! who—what—why—good, I must be dreaming." "How happy I am to see you." Proso. "How kind of you to come! How well you're looking!" "Eh! what? D——n if I know where I am! Why, it is not possible! Good Lord, how people may be deceived! My dear George,"—speaking rapidly—"I met two fellows, in a tandem, in the Haymarket, one of them so like you in every particular, that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned me—affected to make a jest of me, and drove off. On my soul my hair stood on end, and my blood was in a boil. I drove down directly with four horses to tell your tutor, to tell the master, to tell the whole College, that I would have nothing more to do with you; that I would be responsible for your debts no longer, to enclose you fifty pounds, and disown you for ever."

"My dear sir, how singular!"

"Singular! I wonder at perjury no longer. For my part, I would have gone into any Court of Justice, and have taken my oath it was you. I never saw such a likeness. Your father and the fellow's mother were well acquainted, or I'm mistaken. The air, the height, the voice, all but the manner, and d——e that was *not* yours. No—no—you never would have treated your old uncle so."

"How rejoiced I am that—"

"Rejoiced! So am I. I would not but have been undeceived for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you here so quiet, so studious, so immersed in mathematicks, would have convinced me. Egad, I can't tell how I was startled. I had been told some queer stories, to be sure, about your Cambridge etiquette. I heard that two Cambridge men, one of Trinity, the other of St. Johns, had met on the top of Vesuvius, and they thought they knew each other by name and reputation, yet never having been formally introduced, like two simpletons they looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately and without speaking. And it was only last week, that cracked fellow-commoner, Meadows, showed me a caricature taken from the life, representing a Cantab drowning, and another gownsman standing on the brink, exclaiming—'Oh! that I had the honor of being introduced to that man, that I might take the liberty of saving him!' "But —— it, thought I, he never would carry so far with his own uncle. I never heard that your father was a gay man," continued he, musing, "but as you sit in that light, the likeness is—" I moved instantly. "But it's impossible, you know it's impossible. Come, my dear boy, come—people, though electrified, must dine. Who could he be? Never were two people so alike!" We dined at the Inn, spent the evening together, and instead of fifty, the "*last fifty*," he generously gave me a draft for three times the amount. He left Cambridge the next morning, and his last words were, as he entered his carriage, "My brother *was* a handsome man, and there *was* a Lady Somebody, who, the world said, was partial to him. She may have a son. Most surprising likeness! God bless you! Read hard, you young dog, read hard. Like as two brothers! Who the d——l could he be?" I never saw him again.

His death, which happened a few months afterwards, in consequence of his being *hit* in a bet contracted when he was "a little elevated," left me the heir to his fine estate—I wish I could add to his many and noble virtues. I do not attempt to palliate deception, it is always criminal. But, I am sure, no severity, no reprimand, no reproaches, would have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and his generosity wrought on me. It reformed me thoroughly, and at once. I did not see London again till I had graduated: and if my degree was unaccompanied by brilliant honors, it did not disgrace my uncle's liberality or his name. Many years have elapsed since our last interview, but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure—pain, that our last intercourse on earth should have been marked by circumstances of the grossest deception—and pleasure, that the serious reflections that it awakened, cured me for ever of all wish to deceive, and made the open and straight forward path of life, that of

THE SEXAGENARIAN.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

BURNS.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow-well of Solway: he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it: he had gone away very ill, and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived, he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. He was at that time dressed in a blue coat, with the undress nankin pantaloons of the volunteers, and his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind, in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal Clergy. He was not fastidious about his dress; and an officer, curious in the personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms.

From the day of his return home, to the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone; they spoke of his history—of his person—of his works—of his family—of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance.

His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bed-side with his eyes wet, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him: he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than in mirth, what commands she had for the other world. He repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager, yet decorous solicitude of his fellow-townsmen increased. He was an excise man, it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen; but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity: he was therefore much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labor, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them in some important points of human speculation and religious hope were forgotten and forgiven: they thought only of the genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described: he had laid his head quietly on the pillow, awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine, and held the cup to his lip. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprung from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired without a groan.

When Burns died I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from amongst us. He had caught my fancy and touched my heart with his songs and poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several elder people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness: but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—the dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with gray, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart, than if his bier had been embellished by vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for several minutes—we went, and others succeeded us—there was no jostling and crushing, though the crowd was great—men followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding—not a question was asked—not a whisper was heard.—This was several days after his death.

The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave went step by step with the chief mourners: they might amount to 12 thousand.—Not a word was heard: and though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet for ever, there was no rude impatience shown, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sung of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could, indeed, have wished the military part of the procession away—for he was buried with military honors. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland. But the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate—Otway's loaf—Dryden's old age, and Chatterton's poison-cup, we may think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting pre-eminent genius. I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, in which he was about to descend forever—there was a pause among the mourners as if loath to part with his remains: and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin-lid. I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified their fears of their comrade by their ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes' space, and then melted silently away. The day was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight.

From Silliman's Journal of Science.

Linen, muslin, paper, wood, straw, &c. may be rendered uninflammable by being dipped in a solution of phosphate of ammonia or acidulous phosphate of lime.—Clothes, valuable documents, panneis, roofs, awnings, &c. exposed to fire, may thus be rendered less liable to destruction.

An electric shock may be received from a cat, by placing the left hand under the animal's throat, slightly pressing the bones of the shoulder, and then gently passing the right hand down the back.

The line of a silk worm measured 450 yards and weighed when dry only three grains. A pound would reach 535 miles; and 47 pounds would go round the world.

Fine sand has been observed 300 miles from the coast of Africa, after having been carried that distance by the wind.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.

ERASMUS AND SIR THOMAS MOORE.

These two great men held an epistolatory correspondence before they had any acquaintance with each other. After many pressing invitations, Erasmus came to England, and a common friend, probably Lilly the grammarian, or Dean Colet, contrived that they should meet together at the Lord Mayor's table without knowing that each other was there. During the dinner an argument was started, which drew Moore and his friend into a pretty sharp contest, no doubt to the great entertainment of those who were in the secret. Erasmus at length feeling the peculiar sharpness of his antagonist's wit, exclaimed, "Aut tu es Morus, aut nullus." To which Sir Thomas replied, "Aut tu es Erasmus aut diabolus." This same facetious and heroic man, after his unjust condemnation, was visited by a courtier, whose discourse went chiefly to urge him to change his mind: Sir Thomas, wearied with his importunity, answered, that he had changed it. The courtier immediately hastened to inform the king, who sent him back to know in what respect his mind was changed; on which Sir Thomas told him that, "whereas he had intended to be shaved, that he might appear before the people as he had been wont; he was now fully resolved that his beard should have the same fate as his head." A singular instance of that unconquerable tranquillity, which innocence can inspire when supported by religion.

Theological Magazine.

THE REV. GEORGE,
Commonly called the Divine Herbert.

The death of this exemplary man was correspondent with the tenor of his amiable life. To his most intimate friend he said, just before his departure, "I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but *sin* and *misery*; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter." What a contrast is this to the conduct and end of the self-sufficient sceptic, who devotes his talents to the vile purpose of robbing men of their best hope, and consoles himself at last with the gloomy reflection that death is no more than an "eternal sleep, or a leap into the dark." *Ibid.*

PASCAL.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont, in France, in the year 1623. Nature endowed him with extraordinary powers of mind, which were highly cultivated. He was an eminent philosopher, a profound reasoner, a sublime and elegant writer. We raise his character still higher when we say, he was a man of most exemplary piety and virtue. The celebrated Bayle, speaking of this distinguished person, says, "A hundred volumes of religious discourses, are not of so much avail to confound the impious, as a simple account of the life of Pascal. His humility and his devotion mortify the libertines more than if they were attacked by a dozen missionaries. They can no longer assert that piety is confined to men of little minds, when they behold the highest degree of it, in a geometrician of the first rank, the most acute metaphysician, and one of the most penetrating minds that ever existed." *Ibid.*