

POETRY.

NEW SONGS.

When a poor little maid feels her senses astray,
Cannot sleep on her pillow, nor rest all the day,
Sees a form still pursue her, do all that she can,
And this form should be that of a handsome
young man,
Sly neighbours will whisper then, good lack-
a-day!

The poor little maid's in a very sad way.
When of all her old friends she begins to grow
shy,

When she speaks very seldom, and speaks with
a sigh,

When tho' witty or wise, she appears like a
dunce,

And folks wonder what's come to the girl all at
once,

Sly neighbours will whisper then, good lack-
a-day!

The poor little maid's in a very sad way.

Where honour calls thee, wend thy way,
Since we must bid adieu;
The prayer that could not win thy stay
Shall still thy course pursue;
And should the storm around thee wail,
Or wild thoughts rend thy breast,
May that fond prayer with Heaven prevail,
And hush thee still to rest.

Warm hearts are few, the world is cold,
In other lands than this;
And heroes learn, ere they grow old,
That love alone is bliss.
Then all in vain should glory shine
To give thee joy or rest;
Find thou a heart that loves like mine,
And thou wilt still be blest.

Roar! oppression loth hath wrung ye,
Bitter scorn and insult stung ye,
Is there, then, a man among ye
Now would shun his foe?

Courage be the child of sorrow,
Strength from long endurance borrow,
Slaves to-day, be free to-morrow;
On! and strike the blow!

Forward! each his bosom cheering
With the hope that's most endearing;
Freedom for his watch-word hearing;
Who would quail or fly?
Reach the goal—you're fairly started;
Strike for blessings long departed—
Lion-nerved, and lion-hearted,
Conquer now, or die!

Sweet as the calm which o'er the sea
At twilight's hour steals silently,
Are those loved minutes men may steal
From this sad world of woe and care,
To search their hearts, and blissful feel
Some rarely recollections there;
Some little hymn, to which the knee
Oft bends in earliest infancy.

Some short prayer, which the memory
Can call forth just as easily
As when a child—or when, perhaps,
Maternal eyes would gaze and weep,
While, sinking in our sisters' laps,
They lul'd us with this prayer to sleep.
Oh, thought divine! e'en life's rough sea
That hour would gild most lovelily.

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

The Count de St. Germain's Tale.

From the Memoirs of the Count of Louis XV.
By Madame du Hausset.

"At the beginning of this century, the Marquis de St. Gilles was sent Ambassador from Spain to the Hague. In his youth he had been particularly intimate with the Count de Moncade, a grandee of Spain, and one of the richest nobles of the country. Some time after the Marquis's arrival at the Hague, he received a letter from the Count, entreating him, in the name of their former friendship, to render him the greatest possible service. 'You know,' said he, 'my dear Marquis, the mortification I felt that the name of Moncade was likely to expire with me. At length, it pleased heaven to hear my prayers, and to grant me a son; he gave early promise of dispositions worthy of his birth, but he, some time since formed an unfortunate and disgraceful attachment to the most celebrated actress of the company of Toledo. I shut my eyes to this imprudence on the part of a young man whose conduct had, till then, caused me unmingled satisfaction. But having learnt that he was so blinded by passion, as to intend to marry this girl, and that he had even bound himself by a written promise to that effect, I solicited the King to have placed in confinement. My son having got information of the steps I had taken, defeated my intentions, by escaping with the object of his passion.—For more than six months, I have vainly endeavoured to discover where he has concealed himself, but I have now some reason to think, he is at the Hague.' The Count earnestly conjured the Marquis to make the most rigid search, in order to discover his son's retreat, and to endeavour to prevail upon him to re-

turn to his home. 'It is an act of justice,' continued he, 'to provide for the girl, if she consents to give up the written promise of marriage which she has received, and I leave it to your discretion to do what is right for her, as well as to determine the sum necessary to bring my son to Madrid, in a manner suitable to his condition. I know not,' continued he, 'whether you are a father; if you are, you will be able to sympathise in my anxieties.' The Count subjoined to this letter an exact description of his son, and the young woman by whom he was accompanied. On the receipt of this letter, the Marquis lost not a moment in sending to all the inns in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague, but in vain—he could find no trace of them. He began to despair of success, when the idea struck him, that a young French page of his remarkable for his quickness and intelligence, might be employed with advantage. He promised to reward him handsomely if he succeeded in finding the young woman, who was the cause of so much anxiety, and gave him the description of her person. The page visited all the public places for many days, without success: at length, one evening at the play, he saw a young man and woman in a box, who attracted his attention. When he saw that they perceived he was looking at them, and withdrew to the back of the box to avoid his observation, he felt confident that they were the objects of his search.—He did not take his eyes from the box, and watched every movement in it. The instant the performance ended, he was in the passage leading from the boxes to the door, and he remarked, that the young man, who doubtless observed the dress he wore, tried to conceal himself as he passed him, by putting his handkerchief before his face. He followed him, at a distance, to the inn called the *Vicomte de Turenne*, which he saw him and the woman enter; and being now certain of success, he ran to inform the Ambassador.

The Marquis de St. Gilles immediately repaired to the inn, wrapped in a cloak, and followed by his page and two servants. He desired the landlord to show him to the room of a young man and woman, who had lodged for some time in his house. The landlord, for some time, refused to do so, unless the Marquis would give their names. The page told him to take notice, that he was speaking to the Spanish Ambassador, who had strong reasons for wishing to see the persons in question. The innkeeper said, they wished not to be known, and that they had absolutely forbidden him to admit any body into their apartment, who did not ask for them by name, but that since the Ambassador desired it, he would show him their room.—He then conducted them up to a dirty, miserable garret. He knocked at the door, and waited for some time; he then knocked again pretty loudly, upon which the door was half opened. At the sight of the Ambassador and his suite, the person who opened it immediately closed it again, exclaiming that they had made a mistake. The Ambassador pushed hard against him, forced his way in, made a sign to his people to wait outside, and remained in the room. He saw before him a very handsome young man, whose appearance perfectly corresponded with the description, and a young woman, of great beauty and remarkably fine person, whose countenance, form, colour of the hair, &c. were also precisely those described by the Count de Moncade. The young man spoke first. He complained of the violence used in breaking into the apartment of a stranger living in a free country, and under the protection of its laws. The Ambassador stepped forward to embrace him, and said, 'It is useless to feign, my dear Count; I know you, and I do not come here to give pain to you or to this lady.' The young man replied that he was totally mistaken; that he was not a Count, but the son of a merchant of Cadiz; that the lady was his wife; and that they were travelling for pleasure. The Ambassador, casting his eyes round the miserably-furnished room, which contained but one bed, and some packages of the shabbiest kind, lying in disorder about the room, 'Is this, my dear child, (allow me to address you by a title which is warranted by my tender regard for your father) is this a fit residence for the son of the Count de Moncade?' The young man still protested against the use of any such language, as addressed to him. At length, overcome by the entreaties of the Ambassador, he confessed, weeping, that he was the son of the Count de Moncade, but declared that nothing should induce him to return to his father, if he must abandon a woman he adored. The young woman burst into tears, and threw herself at the feet of the Ambassador, telling him that

she would not be the cause of the ruin of the young Count; and that generosity, or rather love, would enable her to disregard her own happiness, and for his sake to separate herself from him. The Ambassador admired her noble disinterestedness. The young man, on the contrary, received her declaration with the most desperate grief. He reproached his mistress, and he declared that he would never abandon so estimable a creature, nor suffer the sublime generosity of her heart to be turned against herself. The Ambassador told him that the Count de Moncade was far from wishing to render her miserable, and that he was commissioned to provide her with a sum sufficient to enable her to return into Spain, or to live where she liked. Her noble sentiments, and genuine tenderness, he said, inspired him with the greatest interest for her, and would induce him to go to the utmost limits of his power, in the sum he was to give her; that he, therefore, promised her ten thousand florins, that is to say, about twelve hundred pounds, which would be given her the moment she surrendered the promise of marriage she had received, and the Count de M. took up his abode in the Ambassador's house and promised to return to Spain. The young woman seemed perfectly indifferent to the sum proposed, and wholly absorbed in her love, and in the grief of leaving him. She seemed insensible to every thing but the cruel sacrifice which her reason, and her love itself demanded. At length, drawing from a little portfolio the promise of marriage, signed by the Count, 'I know his heart too well,' said she, 'to need it.' Then she kissed it again, with a sort of transport, and delivered it to the Ambassador, who stood by, astonished at the grandeur of soul he witnessed. He promised her that he would never cease to take the liveliest interest in her fate, and assured the Count of his father's forgiveness.—'He will receive with open arms,' said he, 'the prodigal son, returning to the bosom of his distressed family; the heart of a father is an inexhaustible mine of tenderness. How great will be the felicity of my friend on the receipt of these tidings, after his long anxiety and affliction; how happy do I esteem myself, at being the instrument of that felicity.' Such was, in part, the language of the Ambassador, which appeared to produce a strong impression on the young man. But, fearing lest, during the night, love should regain all his power, and should triumph over the generous resolution of the lady, the Marquis pressed the young Count to accompany him to his hotel.—The tears, the cries of anguish, which marked this cruel separation, cannot be described: they deeply touched the heart of the Ambassador, who promised to watch over the young lady. The Count's little baggage was not difficult to remove, and that very evening, he was installed in the finest apartments in the Ambassador's house. The Marquis was overjoyed in having restored to the illustrious house of Moncade the heir of its greatness, and of its magnificent domains. On the following morning, as soon as the young Count was up, he found tailors, dealers in cloth, lace, stuff, &c. out of which he had only to choose. Two valets de chambre, and three laquais, chosen by the Ambassador for their intelligence and good conduct, were in waiting in his anti-chamber, and presented themselves, to receive his orders. The Ambassador showed the young Count the letter he had just written to his father, in which he congratulated him on possessing a son, whose noble sentiments and striking qualities were worthy of his illustrious blood, and announced his speedy return. The young lady was not forgotten; he confessed, that to her generosity he was partly indebted for the submission of her lover, and expressed his conviction that the Count would not disapprove the gift he had made her, of ten thousand florins. The sum was remitted, on the same day, to this noble and interesting girl, who left the Hague without delay. The preparations for the Count's journey were made; a splendid wardrobe, and an excellent carriage, were embarked at Rotterdam, in a ship bound for France, on board which a passage was secured for the Count, who was to proceed from that country to Spain. A considerable sum of money and letters of credit on Paris, were given him at his departure; and the parting between the Ambassador and the young Count was most touching. The Marquis de St. Gilles awaited with impatience the Count's answer, and enjoyed his friend's delight by anticipation. At the expiration of four months, he received this long-expected letter. It would be utterly impossible to describe his surprise on reading the following words—'Heaven, my dear Marquis, never granted me the happiness of be-

coming a father, and, in the midst of abundant wealth and honours, the grief of having no heirs, and seeing an illustrious race end in my person, has shed the greatest bitterness over my whole existence. I see, with extreme regret, that you have been imposed upon by a young adventurer, who has taken advantage of the knowledge he had, by some means, obtained of our old friendship. But your Excellency must not be the sufferer. The Count de Moncade is, most assuredly, the person whom you wished to serve; he is bound to repay what your generous friendship hastened to advance, in order to procure him a happiness which he would have felt most deeply. I hope, therefore, Marquis, that your excellency will have no hesitation in accepting the remittance contained in this letter, of three thousand louis of France, of the disbursal of which you sent me an account.'

The manner in which the Count de St. Germain spoke, (says Madame du Hausset,) in the character of the young adventurer, his mistress, and the Ambassador, made his audience weep and laugh by turns. The story is true in every particular, and the adventure surpasses Gusman d'Alfarache in address, according to the report of some persons present. Madame de Pompadour thought of having a play written, founded on this story; and the Count sent it to her in writing, from which I transcribed it.

Volcanic Lake.—The 51st number of the North American Review, contains an interesting review of a book recently published at Boston, entitled "Journal of a tour round Hawaii, one of the largest of the Sandwich Islands," from which we extract the following extraordinary description.

Among the most extraordinary phenomena on the Island of Hawaii, is the great crater of Kirauea, situated about twenty miles from the sea shore in the interior. It is thus described in the journal.

"Immediately before us yawned an immense gulph, in the form of a crescent, upwards of two miles in length, and about a mile across, and apparently eight hundred feet deep. The bottom was filled with lava, and the south west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of liquid fire, in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its 'fiery surge,' and flaming billows. Fifty-one craters, of varied form and size, rose, like so many conical islands, from the surface of the burning lake. Twenty-two constantly emitted columns of grey smoke, or pyramids of brilliant flame, and many of them, at the same time, vomited from their ignited mouths streams of florid lava, which rolled in blazing torrents, down their black indented sides, into the boiling mass below.

"The sides of the gulph before us were perpendicular, for about four hundred feet; when there was a wide, horizontal ledge of solid black lava, of irregular breadth, but extending completely round. Beneath this black ledge, the sides sloped towards the centre, which was, as nearly as we could judge, three hundred feet lower. It was evident, that the crater had been recently filled with liquid lava up to the black ledge, and had, by some subterranean canal, emptied itself into the sea or inundated the low land on the shore. The grey, and in some places apparently calcined, sides of the great crater before us; the fissures which intersected the surface of the plain, on which we were standing; the long banks of sulphur on the opposite side; the numerous columns of vapour and smoke, that rose at the north and south end of the plain, together with the ridge of rocks by which it was surrounded, rising probably, in some places, four hundred feet in perpendicular height, presented an immense volcanic panorama, the effect of which was greatly augmented by the constant roaring of the vast furnaces below.

"Between nine and ten, the dark clouds and heavy fog, that since the setting of the sun, had hung over the volcano, gradually cleared away, and the fires of Kirauea, darting their fierce light athwart the midnight gloom unfolded a sight terrible and sublime beyond all we had yet seen.

"The agitated mass of liquid lava, like a flood of melted metal, raged with tumultuous whirl. The lively flame that danced over its undulating surface, tinged with sulphurous blue, or glowing with mineral red, cast a broad glare of dazzling light on the indented sides of the insulated craters, whose bellowing mouths, amidst rising flames, and edying streams of fire, shot up, at frequent intervals, with loud detonations, spherical masses of fusing lava, or bright ignited stones.

"The dark, bold outline of the perpendicular and jetting rocks around,

formed a striking contrast with the luminous lake below, whose vivid rays, thrown on the rugged promontories, and reflected by the over-hanging clouds, combined to complete the awful grandeur of the imposing scene."

It is a striking feature of this volcano, that it does not spring out of a mountain or hill, as is the case we believe in all other parts of the world, but is seated in a comparatively plain country; or rather at the base of the stupendous mountain, Mouna Roa. It never overflows its margin, like other volcanoes, but the lava seeks a subterraneous passage, bursting out occasionally at a distance from the crater, and finding its way to the lower country, and even to sea.—The dimensions of this enormous gulph have been more accurately ascertained by Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Chamberlain, who have made a recent visit to it. By actual measurement they found the upper edge of the crater to be seven and a half miles in circumference; and at the depth of five hundred feet, they satisfied themselves that its circumference was at least five and a half miles. They judged the depth to be one thousand feet."

Modest Merit elicited from a Lady.—In a court of law the other day, the truth of a matter was drawn out as follows: Mr. Scarlett the operator—"The plaintiff resisted the attempt of the defendant to take the stones from him?" "Yes, a little." "You pushed a little, did not you?" "No." "Yes, yes, you did a little?" "Why, I did push a little." "In fact, you joined in the scuffle?" "Oh, dear, no." "Come, tell me, now [coaxingly] did you not join in the scuffle a little?" "Why, yes sir, I did join in it a little bit." "A little bit—the fact was, that you and your father, and your mother, with the little hump-backed man, were an over-match for the defendant and his man?" "Why, we had none of the worst of it [laughter]." *London paper.*

On one occasion when dining at Mr. Johnson's, a gentleman called out to Fuseli, the painter, from the other end of the room—"Mr. Fuseli, I lately purchased a picture of your's." Mr. F. "Did you? what is the subject?" Gent. "I really don't know." Mr. F. "That's odd enough, you must be a strange fellow to buy a picture without knowing the subject." Gent. (a little nettled) "I don't know what the devil it is." Mr. F. "Perhaps it is the devil. I have often painted him." Gent. "Perhaps it is." Mr. F. "Well, you have him now; take care he does not one day have you."

Jests from the Chinese.—1. A man sent a note to a rich neighbour he was on friendly terms with, to borrow an ox for a few hours. The worthy old man was no scholar, and happened to have a guest sitting with him at the time that he did not wish to expose his ignorance to. Opening the note, and pretending to read it, after reflecting a moment, turning to the servant, "Very good," says he, "tell your master I'll come myself presently."

2. **Ming Fung**, one of the judges in the shades below, sent up an *Imp* to this world of light to fetch him a doctor of repute & skill. "When," says he, "you come to doctors before whose door there are no complaining ghosts, that's the man." The *Imp* takes the charge, & up he ascends to the regions of light. Every doctor's house he passed had lots of angry injured ghosts thronging about, wailing and complaining of their wrongs. At last he comes to a house where he sees only one single ghost sitting backwards and forwards before the door. "This is my man," says he. "This must be a successful practitioner, and have a great name, no doubt." In return to his inquiry, the answer was, "Sir, this gentleman set up business but yesterday."

3. A young student could not fill his sheet of *Thème*. The examiner put him in a low class, and ordered him a correction. Showing his papers afterwards to a friend, "Twas that half-sheet vacant that ruined me," says he: "I had committed no other fault." "Oh no, no," says his friend, after looking at the papers, "tis all very well as it is; if you had gone on as you began, and filled the sheet, and shown it up, you would have been beaten to death."

Good Advice.—A late Dover Gazette says that one of the reverend gentlemen of that town, in the course of a Fast-day sermon, gave the following excellent piece of advice.

"If," said the preacher, "the young gentlemen were more frequently to mingle with the virtuous young ladies of the town instead of hovering round grog-shops and gaming tables, it would, in time, have a beneficial tendency in weaning them from many of their vicious practices, and thereby render them more respectable members of society."