

POETRY.



The man that hath not music in himself,
Is not mov'd with the concord of sweet sounds,
As he that plays on t'other string,
For treason, stratagem, and spoils."

[SHAKESPEARE.]

From the Norwich Spectator.

"NOW A DAYS."
How every thing is changed;
Once I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore homespun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean;
With bonnets made of braided straw,
That tied beneath the chin,
And shawls laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.
But now the ladies wear,
French gloves and leghorn hats,
That take up half a yard of sky,
In coal hod shape or flats,
With gowns that do not fall as low,
As such things ought to fall,
With waists that you might break in two,
They are so very small.

Recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Cross the meadow, rocky field,
And up and down the hill,
And when our folks were out at work,
As true as I'm a sinner,
Jumped upon a horse bare back
And carried them their dinner.
Dear me; young ladies now a days
Would almost faint away,
To think of riding one alone,
In waggon, chaise, or sleigh;
And as for giving 'pa' his meals,
Or helping 'ma' to bake,
Oh saints! 'twould spoil their lily hands,
Though 'sometimes they make-cake.'
When winter came, the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter,
Each beau, would take his sweet heart out
Sleigh riding in a cutter,
Or if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beaux together,
Would meet and have most glorious fun,
And never mind the weather.
But now indeed it grieves me much
The circumstance to mention,
However kind a young man's heart,
And honest his intention,
He ne'er can ask a girl to ride,
But such a war is waged;
And if he sees her once a week,
Why surely "they'r engaged."
I never thought that I should try
My hand at making rhymes,
But 'tis the way to reprobate
The present evil times;
For should I preach morality,
In common sober prose,
They'd say 'twas older than the hills,
Or else turn up their nose,
I've almost lived my four score years;
I've got a host of nieces,
And have to fix their trumpery
So can't write more such pieces,
But oh! it makes me almost cry—
I don't know what to do
When now-a-days, I think upon
What folks are coming to!

MISCELLANY.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE WEDDING DAY—A TALE.
BY L. A. WILMER.

There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.—*Adage.*
In the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight, and on the fourth day of August, in that year, Mr. Hezekiah Drummond left the place of his residence, in Frederick County, Maryland, to sit a small town about twenty miles distant, here he expected to unite an enamored couple in the holy bands of matrimony.—The Rev. Mr. Hezekiah Drummond was a native of the emerald isle; he had formerly been a weaver, but, having received a call to the ministry, he sold out his looms, spools and shuttles, and betook himself to a more creative employment.

Hezekiah was a staid, sober-looking man, about forty-five, square built, five feet seven inches in height, wore a grey close bodied coat, small clothes, and mixed clock stockings. He held him mounted on a umsy animal, bearing some slight resemblance to a horse, but which appeared to have lived before the time when currying combs were invented, and to have conceived an utter antipathy to those instruments.—Hector, (for so was the steed most improperly called,) was as gentle as a Guinea pig, and could by no means be prevailed on to exceed a regular walk, marching wide between the legs, like Falstaff's soldiers, which practice he had acquired from straddling over the stumps of trees in a country recently cleared; for Hector, (in one particular, like his great namesake, had frequently been employed in the labours of the field. During the journey, Hezekiah had leisure to ruminate, speculate and expatiate on various matters that occupied his thoughts: the vanities of human life, the thoughtless wickedness of mankind, and the five dollars he expected for performing the nuptial ceremony. "I will get me a new pair of breeches," mentally ejaculated Hezekiah, "these begin to look thread-bare, and if they should happen

to give way while I am marrying a couple, how the sons of Belial will make a jest of sacred things, to the great detriment of religion—O yes, I must by all means get me a new pair of cassimere breeches."

With similar thoughts Hezekiah occupied the time till his arrival in the village of —, about nightfall. He paused at the sign of the plough and rudder, (emblematic of commerce and agriculture,) and called for a warm supper and a quart of ale, for Hezekiah was not altogether an anchorite. The wedding was to take place on the following morning, as the married pair intended to set out on a short journey immediately after the ceremony—the village of M — was just two miles from the town where this wedding was to take place, so Hezekiah was determined to pass the night at M —, and refresh himself against the morning, so that he might proceed with renovated vigor.

Now the town of M — is celebrated for mischievous wags, who think a clergyman a very legitimate object of ridicule, especially such a clergyman as Hezekiah, who, as we hinted before, was remarkable for the solemnity of his carriage and countenance. While the worthy pastor solaced himself with a nap after supper in the bar-room, leaning back in an armed chair, two of these wicked villains who were present, had the audacity to purloin his prayer book from his pocket, and to substitute (O horrible wickedness!) a pack of cards in its place. Nor did they cease their abominable pranks, for, unbolting the stable door, they brought Hector forth, and led him to the residence of Mrs. Bruggle, a lady who kept a house for the accommodation of those independent characters who scorn to employ parsons in their amatory adventures. Hector was fastened to the horse-block at this establishment, but that virtuous quadruped gave symptoms of his dislike to the place, by snorting and kicking in a most extraordinary manner, as if he really knew it to be injurious to his reputation to be found in such a vicinity. However, in that place he was obliged to pass the night, for there was no remedy. As soon as the morning dawned, the report flew like lightning over the town, that Hezekiah's horse was seen at the door of Mrs. Bruggle. "Ay I always suspected the sly-looking old goatish hypocrite," said Miss Mima Mullet, "this comes of living single, when there are so many fine girls waiting year after year to be married." "Well, he is found out at last," said mother smokem, for I myself saw his kretur standing at the very door." "And Sam Spiggot saw the old Irish tyke peeping through a broken pane in the up-stairs window," said Mrs. Mendit.

While these things were transacting in M —, the young candidates for matrimony were anxiously waiting the arrival of the minister; but he, good man, was as anxiously searching for his horse. The good-natured inhabitants of M —, were in no haste to tell him where Hector might be found. Perhaps some few of them really believed that Hezekiah knew all about the matter, and that his pretended ignorance was only another instance of his hypocrisy.

Nothing could equal the chagrin and indignation of the Rev. Mr. Drummond, when he discovered Hector at the door of a brothel: he hastily untied him and mounted, among a crowd of curious spectators, who considered it a novelty for a parson to be found at such a place. To add to the ridicule of the thing, some of the roguish adventurers of the night had shaved Hector's tail off close to the rump; so that the *tout ensemble* of the preacher, with his long melancholy visage, singular dress and figure, and his horse shaggy, lame, and tail-less, would have, perhaps, excited some profane persons even to open and outright laughter.—Hezekiah left the village of M — and arrived at the place of his destination with feelings very different from those he had experienced on the preceding day. "It will take the five dollars," thought he, "to publish an advertisement and remove these suspicions from my character, and so I must still wear the same old rusty breeches: deplorable circumstance!"

The impatient bridegroom and his amiable bride eagerly welcomed Mr. Drummond, who now took his seat and prepared for the solemn ritual of marriage. He drew forth from his pocket—not the prayer book—but, to his utter astonishment, a pack of cards; clubs were trumps, or at least the queen of clubs was uppermost! how portentous!

"Now," said Hezekiah, "I believe that I am really delivered over, like Job, to be tempted of the devil, no one else could have possibly conveyed his books into my pocket." So saying, he threw the whole pack into the kitchen fire; from which they were presently delivered by black Tom as soon as the preacher had turned his back, for Tom was particularly fond of a game of all fours, and thought it a burning shame that the cards should be destroyed.

Well, what was to be done for a book?—"Have you no prayer book about the house?" asked Hezekiah. No books were to be found but Walker's Dictionary, Comly's Spelling Book, Dilworth's Assistant and Murray's Introduction, none of which would exactly answer the purpose. At length the bridegroom ventured to enquire if the marriage could not be performed without a book. "No, sir," said Hezekiah, "it is impossible, a marriage without a book is like a horse without a tail, it is very unseemly; but perhaps you can borrow one from some of your neighbors."

The neighbors were tried without any better success; the bridegroom fretted, the bride looked pale or rather green, the company regretted the delay of the entertainment, and the priest trembled for his five dollars.

So the wedding was completely at a stop, and it was finally determined that it should be postponed to the next day, which would be Sunday, when they might all go to meeting at M —, and after meeting was out they could be married infallibly. "And I," thought Hezekiah, "shall then have an opportunity of saying something in defence of my reputation." Accordingly, on the next day, the bride, bridegroom and preacher, appeared at the church, or meeting-house, in the town of M —, and were edified by a most excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. Snuffelunk; after which, the Rev. Mr. Hezekiah Drummond ascended the pulpit—all eyes were fixed on him, with different emotions: some persons pitied, others excused, and many condemned. He blushed with an honest confusion, and spoke in a tone of deep feeling, with a half choked utterance.

"My friends and brethren, I was married in Ireland, so I was, but my wife died one year before I came to this country; since which time I—I have never been a rake, so help me God. I hope now you will believe me innocent."

This declaration was perfectly satisfactory to most of the audience, and entirely reinstated Mr. Drummond in their good opinion; and he by this ingenious contrivance, saved the expense of advertising. The marriage was consummated, and Hezekiah received his five dollars, which he very judiciously laid out on a pair of new inexpressibles, according to his previous determination. So all parties were very well contented, and that is the end of the history.

THE PARISIAN SIBYL.

Translated from the French, for the Boston Amateur.

In former days the business of sorcery was not exercised in France with impunity & those who were given to shuffling fortunes from cards, answered for it too often with their lives. Our good ancestors were in the habit of burning, without scruple, all who were guilty of witch-craft; and my good ladies Villeneuve, Michel, and Le Normand, now in full career, if they had been born a century earlier, would infallibly have ended their days at the stake. But chiromancy, cartomancy and necromancy are at present fashionable sciences, and lucrative branches of trade; and sorcery, instead of leading to a funeral pile, conduces to fortune. All Paris have in succession paid their respects to the cards of Lady Villeneuve, the white-eggs of Madame Michel, and the black hen of Mademoiselle Le Normand. Each of these practitioners has been celebrated in her turn; but a young sorceress is now before the public who promises to surpass them all.

The temple of this new sibyl is in one of the most frequented quarters of Paris. In the morning it is open to the beauty, tender and timid, but who confides in the turn of a card; to the greedy speculator, who would know what success attends his enterprises; to the modest and innocent girl who is anxious to discover whom she should fall in love with; to the unquiet husband whose dreams are disturbed by an ugly major of dragoons, in big boots, and wearing monstrous mustachios, to the gamster who would win back at whist, what he has lost at faro. The numerous equipages ranged before the entrance, indicate the rank of the visitors.

I had heard the oracles of this modern pythoness frequently cited with great praise. Some ladies spoke to me in high terms of the vivacity of her mind, the delicacy of her questions, and especially of the promptness with which she divined what they dared not tell to her.—Gentlemen had described in raptures the sweetness of her manners and assured me that she was a most exquisite creature. These eulogies excited my curiosity; and I determined to ascertain for myself the merits and beauties of this celebrated personage.

The clock had just struck eight as I presented myself at the door of her hotel.—On declaring the object of my visit, I was ushered into a little saloon furnished with the greatest simplicity, with nothing to indicate the profession of its occupant. This was a young lady about twenty five years of age tall very agreeable and various in her conversation. There was something a little malicious in her glance, and sardonic in her smile, and she jested freely upon the inconveniences of her art, and attempted to convince me of its excellence. I saw that she was not herself very well persuaded of the truth she wished to impress upon me; and I thought that of all who came into her house, the young sibyl herself had the least faith in the infallibility of her oracles.

After having conversed with me a few moments, she ascended the sacred tripod: already the prophetic spirit had begun to move the delicate fibres of her brain, when a light hand rapped three times at the door of our apartment, and uttered in a troubled voice, "Open; it is I." My pretty prophetic was evidently embarrassed, and I was preparing to take my leave. She prevented me.—"You have the air of a gallant gentleman," she at length said to me, smiling. I bowed assent. "I am sure of it," she added; "go into this cabinet." She pushed me gently into the cabinet, shut the door upon me, and to prevent accidents took the key with her. I consoled my captivity by making immediate use of a crevice, through which I could see every thing that was going on in the saloon.

The lady who entered was younger and more beautiful than the sibyl. Her face was a picture of innocence and candor. "At length," said she laughing,—I have succee-

ded. Madame de Bassac, after having managed to inflame the jealousy of my husband has prevailed upon him to pay a visit to you: he will be here in a minute, and do not forget our agreement." The sound of a bell put an end to the conversation; the young visitor disappeared, and her friend prepared to receive De Julien.

He enters, and looks about the room with non-chalance, and the better to decide upon the powers of the magician, observes that her art must reveal to her the object of his present visit—"Do you doubt it?" said the sibyl, in an offended tone; "give yourself then the trouble to be seated, and condescend to listen to me." She collected herself, and arranged the cards upon the table; by way of prelude to the following dialogue:

"Ace of Hearts! You are married, sir sixteen or seventeen months ago you espoused a young lady of about half your age."

"What, Madam?"

"Ten of Hearts: Who has given you a thousand proofs of affection, and yet you continue to suspect her."

"I confess it," said he, in utter amazement.

"Queen of Diamonds—these suspicions you have imbibed from a female friend of your wife."

"I admit the fact."

"Seven of Spades—she has carried her effrontery so far as to advise you to apply to 'Astonishing!'

She takes up the cards, and hands them to De Julien, who cuts them, while the sibyl continues with a gravity that nothing can disturb, 'your wife is faithful.'

"Do you believe so?"

"I know it: but she complains of your conduct."

"Of my conduct?"

"Your suspicions harass her."

"O no; she is not aware of them?"

"She has discovered them; you entertain at your house a very dangerous man."

"The King of Clubs."

"I do know him, madam."

"A dark man; thirty-six years old."

"It is my best friend!"

"Knave of Hearts: He is desirous of becoming your wife's best friend, sir."

"You amaze me! I am thunderstruck!"

"For the month past he has been trying to induce her to accept a set of diamonds that he knows you have refused to purchase."

"It is true."

"Queen of Hearts: But she declines his offers with dignity; it is from you only that she is willing to accept any ornament that may add to her beauty."

"Poor woman!" exclaimed the relenting husband.

"Here our sibyl again took the cards, and divided them into three parcels, which she thus explained.

"You blush at the suspicious you have entertained."

"Because you assure me of the honor of my wife."

"She dreams of nothing but your pleasure; at this very moment she is engaged in some scheme to advance your happiness. But, what do I see! Eight of Clubs, and nine of Hearts!"

"Is this bad fortune?"

"Quite the contrary: you are thinking of a present for your lady."

"Of a present!"

"The set of Diamonds."

"Indeed, indeed—"

"In order that having no wish ungratified, she may be exposed to no temptation."

"But these jewels are very dear."

"Ah! sir, can you too generously reward the virtue of a woman who adores you?"

"My wife adores me!"

"Eight of Hearts and Ace of Spades—Madame De Julien loves no one but her husband!"

At these words, which proved the extent of the young magician's science, De Julien rose from his seat in transports; he cast upon the table a purse of indefinite weight, and ran to the jeweller to purchase the happy talisman which was to restore felicity to his household. Good fortune all that day followed his footsteps; the jeweller in an excess of good humour, made him a considerable discount, and the virtue of my lady cost much less than he anticipated.

As soon as her husband was gone, Madame De Julien re-appeared from her hiding place, and embraced her friend with every expression of kindness and tender gratitude. But they immediately separated, for it was necessary that the young wife should return home to receive her spouse and her diamonds.

The sibyl liberated me, and prevented every manner of reproach on my part, by laughing herself, with a very pretty grace, at the scene of which she had made me a witness. "I will not propose to you now," said she, "to cast your horoscope; what you have just seen and heard, forbids the degree of confidence that is required in those who come to consult me: but I would ask you not to judge my conduct with too much severity. Men are but grown up children who pay to be deceived; and the error which flatters, is better than the truth which afflicts them. Instead of tearing away the veil that conceals the faults of De Julien's spouse I darken them more deeply, and take the same care to render his future days happy, that another would take to make them miserable. Shall I predict to the opulent banker who astonishes all Paris with his magnificence, that

he will one day envy the lot of the wretch he now repulses with disdain? Shall I say to the father exulting in the birth of a son, this child will cover your old age with shame and bring your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Shall I tell Florio the flirtations of Lisette, and Lisette the infidelity of Florio? No! were I to do so I should soon destroy my own credit, and see nothing more of this multitude of visitors who now crowd about my house to receive the approbation of their follies and the confirmation of their hopes. I have taken a surer path.—I tickle the folly of every one of them.—Without compromising my character, I give good fortunes to the whole world. They go away from my house quiet in mind, and promise themselves to pay another visit to the little sorceress what makes them so happy at such a trifling expense.

SIR J. BARRINGTON'S PERSONAL SKETCHES.

If Sir Jonah's book contains some tough stories, it contains also many amusing ones. The following touch of Irish character will make the reader smile:—

"An unfortunate duel took place between a brother of Sir Jonah and a Lieutenant M'Kenzie. In those days, in Ireland, a meeting was the inevitable consequence of the most trifling discussion; or, rather, the hottest disputes rose out of the most trifling subjects. In this duel Mr. Barrington was shot dead—not by his principal but by Captain (afterwards the celebrated General) Gillespie, the second of M'Kenzie. Gillespie was tried for the murder and acquitted in consequence of the friendly interference of the Sheriff, who packed the jury. The jury were challenged in detail by the friends of the barrister, but the other party out manoeuvred them. The result was as has been stated.

"On the evening of the trial, another brother, H. French Barrington, a gentleman of considerable estate, and whose perfect good temper, but intrepid and irresistible impetuosity when assailed, were well known, the latter quality having been severely felt in the country before, came to me. He was, in fact, a complete country gentleman, utterly ignorant of the law, and as I was the first of my name who had ever followed any profession (the army excepted,) my opinion, as soon as I became a counsellor, was considered by him as oracular, indeed, questions far beyond mine, and sometimes beyond the power of any person existing to solve, were frequently submitted for my decision by our neighbors in the country.

"Having called me aside out of the bar room, my brother seemed greatly agitated and informed me that a friend of ours, who had seen the jury list, declared it had been decidedly packed—concluding his appeal by asking me what he ought to do? I told him he should have challenged the array. 'That was my opinion, Jonah,' said he, and I will do it now,' adding an oath, and expressing a degree of animation which I could not account for. I apprized him that it was too late, as it should have been done before the trial.

"He said no more, but departed instantly and I did not think again upon the subject. An hour after, however, my brother sent me a second request to see me. I found him to all appearance quite cool and tranquil. 'I have done it by ———!' cried he, exulting. '—Twas better late than never!' and with that he produced from his coat pocket a long queue and a handful of powdered hair and curls. 'See here,' continued he, 'the cowardly rascal.'

"Heavens!" cried I, 'French, are you mad?'

"Mad!" replied he, 'no, no, I followed your advice exactly. I went directly after I left you to the grand jury room to challenge the array, and there I challenged the head of the array, that cowardly Lyons?—he peremptorily refused to fight me; so I knocked him down before the grand jury, and cut off his curls and tail—see, there they are—the rascal! and my brother Jack is gone to flog the sub-sheriff.'

"I was thunderstruck, and almost thought my brother was crazy, since he was obviously not in liquor at all—but after some inquiry I found that, like other country gentlemen, he took the words in their common acceptation. He had seen the high-sheriff coming in with a great array; and had thus conceived my suggestion as to challenging the array a libel; and, accordingly, repairing to the grand jury dining-room, had called the high-sheriff aside, told him that he had omitted challenging him before the trial, as he ought to have done according to advice of counsel, but that it was better late than never and that he must immediately come out and fight him. Mr. Lyons, conceiving my brother to be intoxicated, drew back, and refused the invitation in a most peremptory manner.—French then collared him, tripped up his heels, and, putting his foot on his breast, cut off his side curls and queue with a carving knife which an old waiter named Spodding, (who had been my father's butler and liked the thing) had readily brought him from the dinner table. Having secured his spoils, my brother immediately came off in triumph to relate to me his achievement.

There is now pending in the Superior Court of Bibb county, Georgia, an action at law, and the declaration filed in the case contains *seventeen hundred and forty-nine counts*. Who, but those knowing the circumstances, can guess the nature of the case?

Iron Pumps.—It is stated in the papers that iron pumps are acquiring great repute and coming into use, in New-York.