

POETRY.

PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

I love to stray thro' verdant fields,
To watch the growing blade;
I love to ramble in the groves,
And rest beneath their shade:

I love to climb the rugged cliff,
To skirt the mountains o'er;
I love to scale the tow'ring rock,
And wind along the shore:

I love each touch of nature's hand—
Her finger's winning art;
I love the copse, whose verdant hue
Bids spring no more depart:

I love the sunshine of delight—
It sparkles to the soul;
But, most of all, I love a life
Retir'd beyond controul.

I love the flow'r, which to the sun
(Each morning) throws its ray;
For, like an Angel, thus to heav'n
It bids us wing our way:

But, most of all, I love the flow'rs
Whose beauties seek the shade;
Which, for concealment, seek the bow'rs,
And couch beneath the glade.

[COMMUNICATED.]

THE SIGH.

What oft relieves the lab'ring heart,
Oppress'd by all the train of woe?
What can a transient ease impart,
When fortune lays our comforts low?

What to an absent friend is given,
Or breath'd upon the lonely tomb?
What rises to the God of Heaven,
Lost to the world in sorrow's gloom?

What heaves in gentle pity's breast,
When vice and folly flutter by?

What love in earliest form is dress'd,
Or lies in ambush?—*"Tis a Sigh!"*

[COMMUNICATED.]

SONG.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
For this same flow'r that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious light of heav'n, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
And, whilst ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

MODEST BEAUTY.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines more bright:
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who meant no mischief, does it all.

Literary Extracts, &c.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE MAN IN THE BELL.

In my younger days, bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of —, than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practises it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the Cathedral, formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and, from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very *Muzarts* on our favorite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopped my performance but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into the belfrey to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled shewed us that the clapper of the bell was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or cloth (the former was preferred) to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and mounting into the belfrey, except as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart I believe, but that

is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty, and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself flat on my back under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second, when the ringing began. It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces; the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would in all probability have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, an hundred feet below. I remembered—for fear is quick in recollection—how a common clock-wright, about a month before, had fallen, and bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath.—This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute, before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack.—There was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through: It entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than at first; every time it descended, I endeavoured to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass; and then reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cover up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact, I was afraid the pulleys above would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time, the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ram-rod glide through a door, flutted across my mind. The dread, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me, but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamour, seemed to me at one time a ravenous monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying dragon. Nor was the flaring breath, or fiery glance of that fabled animal, wanting to complete the picture. My eyes inflamed, bloodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence.—The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence and more than the thunder of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on

me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last, the devil himself accoutred, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangour of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Stanton Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him begone. Reason, then for a moment, resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to shew him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with ten-fold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise, to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails: and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which hung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him,—and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamour as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time past over me without computation,—the other half appeared an age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing, but at the end of that short time, the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate the time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or frame work of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eyes no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupifying me, for my attention being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which however I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapt in the defensive armour of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as

from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time fearing that I might have lain there already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stairs with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leaned against the wall motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupid eyes were fixed with a lack-lustre gaze in my raw eyelids. My hands were torn and bleeding; my hair dishevelled, and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon, met them as they carried me through the churchyard, and through him who was shocked at having in some measure occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship, to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me a blessing. Here I recovered; but, even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it does most of our follies; but, even at the present day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

THE VAMPIRE.

A gentleman by the name of Stedman, while in Surinam, was attacked during his sleep by one of these animals; and his account of this accident is somewhat singular, and tends to elucidate the fact of the existence of that animal. We shall extract it in his own language, from his narrative. "I cannot here," says he, "forbear relating a singular circumstance respecting myself, viz: that on waking about four o'clock one morning in my hammock, I was extremely alarmed at finding myself weltering in congealed blood, and without feeling any pain whatever. Having started up and rung for the surgeon, with a firebrand in one hand, and all over besmeared with gore; to which if added my pale face, short hair, and tattered apparel, he might well ask the question,

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs of heav'n or blasts from hell?

The mystery, however, was, that I had been bitten by a *vampire* or *spectre* of Guiana, which is also called the *flying dog* of New Spain, and by Spaniards *perro volador*; this is no other than a bat of monstrous size, that sucks the blood from men and cattle while they are fast asleep, even sometimes till they die! And as the manner in which they proceed is truly wonderful, I shall endeavor to give a distinct account of it.

Knowing by instinct, that the person they intend to attack is in sound slumber, they generally alight near the feet, where, while the creature continues fanning with its enormous wings, which keeps one cool, he bites out a piece of the great toe, so very small indeed, that the head of a pin could scarcely be received into the wound, which is consequently not painful—yet through this orifice he continues to suck the blood,

until he is obliged to disgorge. He then begins again, and thus continues sucking and disgorging till he is scarcely able to fly, and the sufferer has often been known to sleep from time to eternity.

Cattle they generally bite in the ear, but always in places where the blood flows spontaneously. Having applied tobacco ashes as the best remedy, and washed the gore from myself and hammock, I observed several small heaps of congealed blood all around the place where I had lain upon the ground—on examining which, the surgeon judged that I had lost at least twelve or fourteen ounces during the night."

DANCING IN MISSOURI.

The following account of the novel manner in which Balls are got up and carried on in the state of Missouri, is taken from a letter written by a gentleman in St. Louis to his friend in Virginia.

"The first ball of the season is generally by subscription, early after the cold weather commences; and at this ball some ladies, say four or six, and generally the handsomest in company, select as many gentlemen as kings, which is generally performed by a lady's pinning a *bouquet* (French word, a *nosegay*) to a gentleman's bosom, and giving him a kiss. The next day he calls on his queen, kisses her, and inquires what she most fancies to adorn her person, which he procures for her....generally a complete set of fineries; and each time he calls on her, gets a fresh kiss. When the queens are all adorned, a ball is given by the kings, who wait on and dance with their queens. They are then (after taking the parting kiss) all reduced to commoners, and the ex-queens, or other ladies, kiss and crown other gentlemen as kings. Several ladies, the past winter, got, in this way, sufficient apparel to last them the whole year."

HOARHOUND.

In cases of the lungs, the virtues of the hoarhound, which grows spontaneous and in abundance about Salisbury, is known to almost every old woman within the boundaries of our town. Whether, however, it has all the virtues attributed to it below, is at least questionable. The prescription is simple, and the proposed benefit great. It is easily tested:

Consumption.—Completely to eradicate this disorder, I will not positively say the following remedy is capable of doing, but I will venture to affirm that by a temperate mode of living, (avoiding spirituous liquors wholly) wearing flannel next to the skin, and taking every morning half a pint of new milk, mixed with the expressed juice of green hoarhound, the complaint will not only be relieved, but the individual shall procure to himself a length of days beyond what the mildest fever could give room to hope for. I am, myself, a living witness of the beneficial effects of this agreeable, and though innocent, yet powerful application.—Four weeks use of the hoarhound and milk relieved the pains of my breast, and gave me to breathe deep, long and free—strengthened and harmonized my voice, and restored to me a better state of health than I had enjoyed for many years.

RHEUMATISM.

It is said to be a specific for the Rheumatism, to apply a cabbage leaf to the part affected. Choose a perfect leaf, cut off the protuberant stalk at the back, and place it on the part with a bandage of flannel, at going to bed. It will produce a local perspiration, and in two or three repetitions, effect a cure.

COTTON SEED.

To prevent Worms from cutting the Cotton Plant, mix 24 lbs. of saltpetre with 100 gallons of water, in which soak the Cotton Seed well a few hours previous to planting—by this process a certain moisture is created round the Plant highly beneficial. A little pulverized Plaster of Paris should be mixed with the above if possible.

To save Cucumbers from Bugs.

Set out an onion (or set up an onion stalk) in each hill of cucumbers, and the bugs will keep away.

Another.—Sprinkle on at evening, (after cool) tea grounds, as they are commonly left by families after use. This as often as two or three times in a week, will not only prevent injuries from bugs, but strengthen and invigorate the vine, and cause it to become exceedingly fruitfully.