

POETRY.

LINES

Written in a sketch-book by a printer. With business so much pressed, That in a case like mine, Scarcely a space is left To justify a line:

Yet, lest impressions wrong Should meet a brother's view To me it should belong To make the matter true—

That, when the hand now warm Has printed its last sheet; And when the lifeless form The pulse has ceased to beat;

It may be taken down, When, washed from every stain, On heaven's own corner-stone To be imposed again.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

TIME'S CHANGES.

I saw her once—so freshly fair. That like a blossom just unfolding, She opened to life's cloudless air, And nature joyed to view its moulding;

Her smile, it haunts my memory yet— Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing, Her rosebud mouth—her eyes of jet—

Around on all their light bestowing. Oh! who could look on such a form, So nobly free, so softly tender,

And darkly dream that earthly storm Should dim such sweet delicious splendor.

For in her mien, and in her face, And in her young steps fairy lightness, Nought could the raptur'd gazer trace

But beauty's glow & pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an alter'd charm, But still of magic richest, rarest, Than girlhood's talisman less warm, Though yet of earthly sights the fairest;

Upon her breast she held a child The very image of its mother; Which ever to her smiling smiled They seem'd to live but in each other.

But matron cares or lurking woe, Her thoughtless, sinless look had banish'd

And from her cheek the roseate glow Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanish'd,

Within her eyes, upon her brow Lay something softer, fonder, As if in dreams some vision'd woe Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper,

I saw her thrice—fate's dark decree In widow's garments had array'd her,

Yet beautiful she seem'd to be As even my reveries pourtray'd her; The glow, the glance had pass'd away.

The sunshine, and the sparkling glitter; Still though I noted pale decay, The retrospect was scarcely bitter;

For in their place a calmness dwelt, Serene, subduing, soothing, holy; In feeling which, the bosom felt That every louder mirth is folly—

A pensiveness—which is not grief, A stillness—as of sunset streaming— A fairy glow on flower and leaf, Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay, Beyond life's dim uncertain river, A glorious mould of fading clay From whence the spark had fled forever;

I gazed—my breast was like to burst— And, as I thought of years departed,

The years wherein I saw her first, When she a girl, was lightsome hearted; And when I mused on later days, As moved she in matron duty,

A happy mother, in the blaze Of ripen'd hope, and sunny beauty;—

I felt the chill—I turn'd aside— Bleak desolation's cloud came o'er me

And Being seem'd a troubled tide, Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the London Literary Gaz.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SHORT GENTLEMAN.

Deep and manifold, Mr. Editor, have been the annoyances and mortifications which have attended me through life, and these have been brought on by no crime or folly of my own, but simply by one of the freaks of that unaccountably-wayward old lady, Dame Nature, who, when she determined that the world should be blessed with my presence, sent me into this Brobdingnagian metropolis, curtailed of above a foot of my

fair proportions. In short, sir, (for it is my nature to be brief,) to tell you, in a few words, my history, as to person, age, and condition, you must know that I am short of stature, short of thirty, and very short of money.

I was born on the shortest day in the year of our Lord 17— and so weakly and rickety did I appear at my nativity, that the nurse prophesied that I should not be long in the world—a prediction which has been literally fulfilled, altho' not exactly in the sense in which it was spoken. At the earliest period to which my memory will carry me, I recollect that the epithet little was always applied to me, but then it was frequently in conjunction with other adjectives, which went a great way to soften down the ignominy of the appellation. At first I was called a sweet little fellow, and then as I grew older, and became accomplished in all the arch tricks and wild humors of childhood, I was a clever little fellow; but month rolled after month, and year after year, without adding materially to my stature, and then the best-bred visitors would stare at me with an expression of surprise; and I sometimes heard, in an audible whisper from one to another, the words, "What a devilish little fellow!"

I was condemned to listen to the mortifying and often-repeated remark, "Master Augustus does not grow very fast," which was as often met by the reply which my foreboding heart told me was false, that "his growing days were not yet over, and that he would no doubt sprout up suddenly." Years continued to roll on, and I was still a little fellow; but the hopes of my family remained sanguine for a long time, and it was not till I had fairly entered my twenty-first year, that my mother would admit "that Master Augustus had done growing." In the mean time it may be said, that I suffered unremitting misery; for the life of a short gentleman in this world, is a continued martyrdom. At one time I was smitten with the four-in-hand mania, but I was cured of it by the remark of a malicious friend, that I had better give it up, for I could never be a long coachman. If I proposed a party to the play, I was asked if I meant the little theatre in the Hay-market.

I was once introduced to an eminent counsellor and orator, whom I had long wished to know; but my introducer told Mr. Gabble that he had brought him a brief; and I afterwards found that gentleman's name and a fee of five guineas endorsed in chalk upon my coat.

If I ordered a great coat, the very tailor who was to receive my money for it could scarcely refrain from laughing in my face.

In addition to all this, I had a heart deeply susceptible to the charms of the fair sex; and, by that fatuity which is said to attach itself to persons in my situation, I was particularly smitten with tall women. I remember at an evening party saying a thousand fine things to a very pretty and very tall, but at the same time very stupid young woman, who I guessed, (as the Yankees say,) was no match for me in wit, and, after being witty for half an hour without getting more than "yes" or "no" in answer, I begged permission to adjust a stray ringlet, which was falling from her forehead, when to my indescribable horror, she replied, that "I was perfectly at liberty to do so—If I could reach it."

At home and abroad, at all times and places, the same mishaps attend me. If I go to church, "the lesson appointed for the morning's service" is sure to be the story of Zaccheus, the little man, who was obliged to get up into a tree to see that which every body else could see very easily down below; and I can scarcely persuade myself that the curate does not wink maliciously at me as he reads, and that the clerk does not put his tongue in his left cheek in token of derision. If I go to the theatre, a woman in an enormous hat and feathers, whose nose is as nearly as possible at an equal distance between the sole of her shoe and the top of her head-gear, sits before me, so that I cannot get a single glimpse of the performance. If I visit any of the courts of law, I am not there two minutes before a tall attorney plants himself by

my side, and I can see that even the judges themselves are immediately in an agony of laughter at the ridiculous comparison. Nay, sir, even if I attempt an office of humanity, I am rewarded with derision, instead of gratitude: for it is not many days since I picked up a drunken man out of a gutter, and I had no sooner got him upon his legs than he exclaimed, "Well, you are a little 'un, d—me!"

You must also know, that, among my other misfortunes, I am excessively fond of private theatricals, and am never so happy as when I am treading the stage; in short, it was my private opinion, for many years, that I was the greatest genius that ever lived.—About a fortnight ago, I received a message from a friend, begging that I would undertake the part of Julius Cæsar, in the play of that name, which he was getting up for the amusement of a select party. I joyfully acceded, but had no sooner made my appearance, than I suspected it to be a mere trick to raise a general laugh at the sight of my pigmy figure strutting about as the representative of the master of the world. Mirth was pretty generally attendant upon my most dignified efforts; but when Cassius, a tall Irish varlet, said of me—

Why, man, he doth bestride this narrow globe Like a colossus, and we petty men Walk under his huge legs;

the roar of laughter, from all parts of the house, was indescribable. I was behind the scenes at the time, and, unable to submit to such torture any longer, I rushed out of the house into the street, attired as I was in the costume of the part, and made my way homewards. But my misfortunes did not end here; my strange costume attracted a crowd about me; I was taken to the watch-house, charged with creating a crowd and a riot, and, in order to escape a worse evil, I was obliged to give the worthy magistrate a detail of the whole affair, which appeared the next day in all the newspapers with additions and embellishments from the ingenious pens of the gentlemen of the press.

Now, Mr. Editor, you are a man of wisdom, and of authority in the world; and I think that half a sentence, uttered by you in my behalf, would relieve me and all other short gentlemen from the odious persecutions which we undergo.—Why should shortness ('tis a barbarous word, but I use it for want of a better) be a reproach to a man? Is not life short, and joy short, and spring short, and every thing that is agreeable short? Is not brevity the soul of wit? Are not short articles (especially such as this) the best and most acceptable things in a paper or a magazine? Is not a knowledge of shorthand a very valuable accomplishment? Would you not rather take a short bill than a long one? You must be the most short-sighted man in existence if you do not see the truth of all this. Then take compassion on my forlorn condition. Tell the ladies that Cupid is little. Tell warriors and statesmen that Bonaparte was short.—Tell poets that the shortest and best poem in the world is the following, in the praise of littleness:

"A little health, a little wealth, A little house, and freedom; And at the end a little friend, And little cause to need him."

The sort of friend which the poet has above described will I be to you, Mr. Editor, if you will print this communication in a conspicuous part of your paper, and use your best exertions, in the way which I have suggested, on behalf of the shortest and most unfortunate of mortals.

SHUT THE DOOR. Wandering through the country, without a local home or a bosom friend to share the blessings of social or domestic intercourse, my time has generally been spent among strangers. And being a pretty close observer of the world, I have frequently been enabled to benefit society by embodying, at leisure hours, particularly when I spend a few days to rest and refresh myself, such reflections as may have occurred during my peregrinations. As I am generally assisted by a Familiar; a real and true descendant of the far-famed oriental genii, I experience no difficulty in learning, at once, the

habits, manners, and customs, of all such people as I have any curiosity to inquire about. This, it may be said, is a great privilege, and might be abused, much to the prejudice of many people who think their private vices entirely hid from the world: but as I have already suggested my intention is to benefit society, I shall only notice such apparently trivial faults as by being long indulged become inveterate, and ultimately prove injurious to individuals as well as community—an emendation of which will add much to the comfort of others, and consequently their happiness for the time being.

In conformity to the injunction of the decalogue, I frequently rest on the Sabbath, and if within a reasonable distance of public devotional exercises, attend them.—Not long since, in an apparently prosperous village in the western country, less than a thousand miles from this, on a cold and rainy Sunday morn, I attended meeting;—and having, as is my usual custom, arrived early, and seated myself on a back seat in the gallery, as well to observe the congregation as they entered, as not to be obnoxious to others by disturbing the devotion of those who enter for that purpose; and while adjusting my mind to the solemnity of the occasion, my attention was suddenly aroused by an exclamation from one of the lower pews of "SHUT THE DOOR." That, tho' I, is right; for it was a bleak and cheerless morning, and many, I observed, were shivering with cold. The sexton had, either from negligence, or a want of materials, left the fire unkindled, and the open doors let in a volume of cold air, very much to the prejudice of those comfortable feelings with which many left their warm fire-sides in the morning.

Shut the door in cold weather, thought I, ought to be engraven on the memory of every one, as much as any command received by us from Divine authority.

It seemed of no use; for every few seconds some boy would be sent from a pew nearest the door, to rectify this breach of good manners, in those who entered. Aroused by some very sensible feelings on the subject, I applied my ear to my coat sleeve, and inquired from my Familiar (who, for convenience, makes that his station,) the paces, calling, habits, and circumstances, of many of them, as they entered the door, without shutting it, which I could readily do without observation; and that the answers may be useful to some of your readers, I now send them for publication.

"Who, and what is he?" said I as a man about the age of fifty entered, without shutting the door. Tall and meagre were his features; his shirt collar unpinched; the string of one of his shoes untied, and the cuff of his coat sleeve partly torn off.

"That," said my Familiar, "is Shallowpate Careless. His father intended him for one of the learned professions; but in his youth he neglected his studies at college.—He never knew one lesson. And provided he could eat when hungry, and drink when thirsty, tho' of nothing else. Finding his efforts unavailing, the old gentleman concluded he would make a farmer of Shallowpate, and accordingly gave him a large farm, and procured an honest and industrious overseer for him. Matters went on well enough, until, in the course of time, the old man died; and Shallowpate could not bear the idea that one of the overseer's little boys should always follow him to shut the gates or put up the bars, so he was discharged. Shallowpate, who never shut the door—never put up the bars, soon became a prey to the devouring speculators; for although he was without vice, and a tolerably good sort of man, yet when the time of ingathering of the fruits of the earth came, he had nothing to gather; for the inveterate habit of leaving the doors open had let the cattle in, and his crops were destroyed, and he had to sell a portion of his land for the support of his family. The same course, in a few years, made him what you now behold—an example to all others to remember to Shut the Door."

Shortly after a sleek looking little man, in a plain, but rich dress, entered, apparently on tip-toe, who carefully shut the door; and before he left it, felt that it

was secure. His wife appeared to be about thirty, although my Familiar informed me that he had lived near half a century. "He was," said my Familiar, "a poor boy, and was early taught the value of money by the want of it;—and when he got sixpence for running of errands, he was sure to examine his pockets, and be certain there was no hole in the bottom. He always shut the door, and in after life, in all his business carefully puts up the bars. His crops are not destroyed—he is a useful member of society, and to his descendants early inculcates the useful habit of putting up the bars—to shut the door."

Another who entered and forgot to shut the door, was Miss Polly Primrose, who, thirty years ago, led the van in all parties of pleasure. She was, in fact, the Belle of the village, in which she resided—she was admired by all—but an unfortunate habit of not shutting the door, became confirmed; and inveterate, and now, alas! the dear creature laments the circumstance which has been the means of retaining her a votary to single blessedness thus far, and in all probability for the rest of her life.

Another lady entered, and a gentleman left his seat to shut the door. Here my Familiar recited a tale calculated to draw the tear of sympathy from the most obdurate. It is sufficient, however, to know that she was the daughter of a respectable farmer—that in consequence of losing her mother early, the care of the family devolved on her. A passion for dress and finery, for balls and parties, unrestrained, caused a neglect of home concerns. The doors were not shut, the dairy suffered; the pigs upset the milk-pans; the cats rats, & mice destroyed the cheese; and finally, while the males were out at work on the farm, there being sufficient time, as she thought, and certainly there could be no harm, to run over to Miss Gaddabout's, to hear something about what was going on—and it was hard, too, to be obliged to stay in the house all day, and—a thousand other equally important reasons might be offered, she forgot to shut the door. A gust of wind blew the coals over the door, and before half of the first story was told, the house was enveloped in flames. The father was reduced to poverty—and in consequence of not shutting the door. After a series of years he married, and now has a family. Still the doors are not shut; the gates are left open—a rent in the children's clothes grows larger—all, all remains open—the doors are not shut. The care, labour, frugality, and industry of an indulgent husband, are not sufficient to prevent the prison doors from shutting on him. All in consequence of an unfortunate, cruel, despicable, and I had almost said, accursed habit of not shutting the door.

Many other individuals, as well those who did, as those who did not shut the door, were scrutinized by my Familiar. But these cases are sufficient to induce us to be careful to shut the door.

And now, my pretty maidens, with rosy cheeks and eyes beaming love—you, who are candidates for the bonds of matrimony—remember, that to shut the door may be of use, and can never work evil. Shut doors; always shut the doors, and keep the doors shut. Once acquire the habit to shut the door, and you may smile at the frowns of fortune, and bid defiance to the votaries of vice.—You may have the pleasing reflection, that you have added to the comfort of some, without detracting from others. Shut the door against evil speakers, and suffer it not to be open for evil hearers. Shut the door against all evil communications. Shut the door against all wishes and desires not dictated by prudence, or justified by the Book of books. Let the door to your affections be doubly guarded by that best of watchmen, prudence; and happiness here may be your reward. Above all, in cold weather shut the door when you come into church, my lovely dears, and worthy sirs, and if I am there, you will merit the thanks of the

VANDERER.

Constables Warrants.

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