POETRY

MEMORY'S SPELL.

She started from her cheerful dream,
And by the moonbeams' aid,
Crept to the nearest casement blind,
To list the serenade.

The stranger's voice, so soft and clear,
Bore impress of the mind;
But round the cheerful tones, to her,
A sadness was entwined.

That oft-heard, lively, well-known strain,
Called back the happy past;
Gaily it echoed on her ear—
A joy that would not last.

E'en as a record fraught with love,
And traced in vanished hours,
Will dim the eye with sadning spring,
That gush in childish showers.

Or passing scene of blooming plant
Recalls departed things,
With all the strong o'erwhelming force
Of fancy's imagings.

Those links that fetter—oh, how firm!
All other thoughts outweighed;
And thus her beating, throbbing heart
Welcomed the serenade.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

MISCELLANEOUS

(Concluded from the last.)

The state and prospects of authors; however, concerns you less, dear public, than the state and prospects of literature. You are a contemplative body of men, and can see into a millstone as far as most nations. You make leagues and anti-leagues for the sake of your morsel of bread; and teach the million to sing to your own tune; and weary of keeping your heads above water, tunnel your way below it; nor will you allow the suffering shirtmakers of your metropolis to be put upon, nor Don Carlos, nor Queen Pomare, nor any other victim of oppression. You applauded Alice Lowe, and shook hands with Courvoisier at the gallows; and it is clear you stand no nonsense, and bear no malice.

Be so good therefore, as seriously to consider what sort of figure you will cut in the eyes of posterity, if this kind of thing is suffered to go on.

There is not one published in the three kingdoms (we throw down the gauntlet) who would give an adequate sum of money for any new historical work. There is not one publisher in the three kingdoms who would give even a moderate sum for a poem. We state the case liberally: for our conviction is, that they would refuse one poor half-crown. So much for the *prospects*; for without a premium production is null.

As regards the state of literature, take out your pencils, (you all carry pencils, to calculate either the long odds or the odds on Change,) and make out a list of the works published during the last five years, likely to be known, *even by name* a hundred year hence! It is some comfort to feel, that *by sight* they cannot be known—that few of them will survive to disgrace us—that the circulating libraries possess the one merit of wear and tear for the destruction of their filthy generation, like Saturn of old; for it would grieve us to think of even the trunks of the two thousandth century being lined with what lines the brains of our contemporaries. So that in the year of grace two thousand and forty-four, we shall have the Lady Blarney of Kilburn Square (the Grosvenor Square of the epoch) inquiring of the Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs of croy den Place (the Belgium Square)—„My dear soul, what *could* those poor people do to amuse themselves? They had positively *no* books! After Scott's time till the middle of the nineteenth century not a single novelist; after the death of Byron, not a poet! I believe there was an historian of the name of Hallam, not much heard of; and the other day, at a bookstall, I picked up an odd volume of an odd writer named Carlyle. But it is really curious to consider how utterly the belles-lettres were in abeyance."

To which, of course, Miss C. W. A. S.—(even Dr. Panurge could not get through the whole name again!)—"My dear love! they had Blackwood's Magazine, which, like the Koran after the burning of the Alexandrian library, supplied the place of ten millions of volumes!"

But, alas! some Burchell may be sitting by, to exclaim "Fudge!" Some groper into archievs will bring forth one of those never-to be sufficiently abominated catalogues of Bond and other streets, showing that, on a moderate calculation, twenty books were published per diem, which, at the end of three months, possessed the value of so many bushels of oyster-shells!

And then, pray, what will you have to say for yourselves, O public! from your tombs in West-minister Abbey, or your catacombs at Kensal Green? Which among you will dare to come forward, with blue lights in his hand and accompanied by a trombone, like the ghost of Ninus in Semiramide, and say—"We warned these people to write for immortality. We told them it was their duty to stick in a few oaks for posterity, as well as their Canada poplars and Scotch firs. It was not our fault that they chose to grow nothing but underwood. It was the fault of the circulating libraries, which, instead of allowing the milk of human genius to set for cream, diluted it with *malice prepense*, and drenched us with milk and water even to loathing!"

No, dear public! you will put your hand in your breeches' pocket like a crocodile, as you do now, and say nothing. You are fully aware how much of the fault is your own; but you are stultified and hardened to shame. With the disgrace of your National Gallery, and National Regency Buildings, and Pimlico Palace, and all your other vulgarisms and trivialities on your shoulders, you bully your way out of your disgrace of duncehood, like Mike Lambourne forgetting his part in the Kenilworth pageant. "For your part, you can do very well without book-learning. You've got Shakspere, and if with that a nation can't face the literature of Europe, the deuce is in it! With Cocker's arithmetic and Shakepere, any public that knows what it's about, may snap its fingers at the world!"

Such, such are the demoralizing results of the ascendency of the circulating libraries! Such is the monster-misery of literature!"

Again, therefore, we say, confound those fifteen talents! What have ye not to answer for, O ye Athemians! in the consequences of your malpractices of old!—*Living Age.*

THE ORIGIN OF COAL.—The following novel legend is given in illustration of one of the plates of Whitfield's "North American Scenery:"—

The Maid of Lackawana—One night, when Ininee and her lover parted, she did not enter the lodge, but waited until he had gone a little distance, and then followed him to see which way he went. She walked a long time, til she came to the foot of a mountain, and then he disappeared. She cast her eyes upon every side, but he was nowhere visible, and she reached the lodge just as the gleams of the early morn shone through the hemlock boughs. To her great joy her mother still slept.

The next night Ininee followed her lover again. She did so many nights in succession, and saw him always disappear at the foot of the mountain. She was at length able to detect the precise spot, and, grown more bold at each attempt, she was once close to his feet, and saw him enter the hill-side just behind a dwarf pine. She waited a moment, and then saw a light gleam from within. Gathering courage, she stooped down to see if she could discern anything of her lover, supposing he had his lodge here in the side of the mountain.

Judge of her horror, when she found she was in love with a Jeebi, (or ghost of the Indian.) Yet she could not turn away her eyes from the sights within the great cave, which spread away in the distance, arch beyond arch, until the eye ached at stretching itself through the interminable vistas, diverging from every side, and all glowing with a noon-day radiance. There were crystal columns from floor to roof, gleaming with the colours of amethyst, emerald, and ruby. Ferns of gigantic size, and trees such as she had never before seen, waved in the air, and the sound of water falling from cascades over glittering stones, rolled away in never-ceasing melody. Animals of great size and foreign shapes moved about—cups of diamond sat upon tables of jasper, and fruits were reflected in translucent pools.

In the midst of these strange and gorgeous objects, moved the lover of Ininee, more beautiful than she had ever beheld him. Suddenly a troop of Jeebiug (plural of Jeebi) approached, and thrust at him with their spears. He did not speak, but smiled in scorn, for he had grown to be a Manito, and was beyond their power. Then came others, and shot at him with arrows. Ininee almost fainted with terror; but when others came with burning torches, and piled the flames about him, though he smiled as before, poor Ininee shrieked in horror and dismay.

Her Jeebi lover sprang forth and caught her in his arms. As he fled to the north, Ininee saw that they were followed by billows of flame—the Jeebiug running and shouting in their midst. They fled and fled for a long time, still followed by the flames, which came nearer and nearer. At length Mannabozho (a water spirit) lifted up his head, and grew enraged to see what the fire gods were doing; and he spouted up the waters which overflowed the whole country, driving the flaming Jeebiug quite to the centre of the earth.

But poor Ininee, who was no Manito, like her lover, became scorched and shrivelled by the heat which the Jeebi perceiving he laid her down at the top of these falls, just as Mannabozho had stopped the progress of the flames. He folding her in his arms, and called her by name. Ininee smiled faintly, and yet turned her eyes in terror in the direction of the Jeebiug. The Jeebi saw it was too late, and he breathed into her lips, still calling her "Ininee, Ininee," in the vain hope that she would revive; but finding she did not he used the power which he had acquired as a Manito, and changed her into a flower, first seen by the side of these falls.

Ages after, when man began to dig into the side of the mountain, they found that the flames quenched by the waters of Mannabozho had hardened into a substance which can still be made into fire; and the flower into which poor Ininee had been converted spread itself over the whole region where this substance exists, as if the poor Indian girl still wandered among the mountains in search of her Jeebi lover.

The above legend, or Indian metamorphosis, is a singular tradition as to the origin of coal, which, it seems, was not entirely unknown to the Aborigines, and the flower to which it refers is a well-known indicator of coal.—*The Home Journal.*

AN UNFINISHED SENTENCE—Louis Phillipe is one of the richest Kings in Europe; but the scions of the royal stem, that he calls his sons, like the sons of many other rich papas, do not flourish as luxuriant establishments, as they desire; or as their rank and splendid expectations would seem to warrant. Their slender fortunes compel them to economise, and instead of the splendid fetes which are supposed to become the dignity of a Prince, they content themselves with less costly entertainments until their full grown fortunes shall enable them to support their rank and station in a more sumptuous manner. This is peculiarly the case with the Duke de Montpensier, whose marriage with the Infanta of Spain, however fortunate in other respects, did not turn out so profitable a speculation in a pecuniary point of view as was expected. A funny story respecting the negotiation connected with that important event is told at the French Court, which is mentioned by the amusing correspondent of *Le Franco American*, and of the pith of which we take the trouble to give a very free translation. The story proves that the root of evil—the love of money, has its radicles as widely spread and as firmly fixed in royal affections as in the most inveterate money broker in the land.

When the question of marriage between the Duke and the Infanta was proposed, the agents appointed by Queen Christina to negotiate this delicate matter, declared that the young Princess would bring her husband a dowry of thirty-four millions.—The French deputies, eager to defy the great power of England, and seduced by the magnificence of the sum, struck the bargain without waiting to hear the sentence finished. They calculated that this sum invested in safe securities, at five per cent, would yield an interest of one million, seven hundred thousand livres, and that with such a revenue, the Duke could properly maintain his princely rank, and have a considerable overplus at the end of the year. The magnificent rotundity of the sum decided the matter, and the French government cocked its hat and dared the resentment of England. The ceremony of the marriage was accordingly performed, and the French deputies asked for the money. Then it was that Queen Christina completed the sentence unfinished by her agents. She told them to send to her treasurer, and the money should be immediately paid.

"Thirty-four millions," said the Duke's agents.

"Yes," added the Queen, "we desire not to reduce the amount a single figure; we will pay the stipulated sum of thirty-four millions of—*reals.*"

Here was a thunder-stroke to the French negotiators, the real being worth but twenty-five centimes of French money. This terrible termination of the unfinished sentence reduced in a deplorable manner the fortune promised to the hopes of the young Prince.

"There was not a word said about reals," resumed the Frenchmen as soon as they could find breath.

"Did any one speak of francs?" quietly asked the Queen.

"In France, when we speak of thirty-four millions, the word *francs* is always understood."

"In Spain we understand *reals* We have spoken in our language, you have understood in yours. The mistake is on your side."

"This is a shift on your part to avoid the payment of the full amount."

"No, it is a misunderstanding on yours; that is all the money we have. The most accomplised princess in the world can give no more than she has got."

The explanation that ensued showed that the Frenchmen were too hasty in their conclusion, but the marriage was completed and it was necessary to submit to the lamentable reduction.—*Public Ledger.*

TO REMOVE DUST OR MOTES FROM THE EYE. Many persons are often so exposed in their labors as to get dust or motes in their eyes, and frequently suffer considerably before they can find any means of relief. The following simple remedy is almost always near at hand, and in most cases will prove effectual: Fill a cup or goblet with clear cold water, quite to the brim and place the eye in distress in such a position as to be completely within the water in the cup; then rapidly open and shut the eye a few times, and the dust or mote will be immediately washed away. If a cup or other vessel be not at hand, the eye may be placed in a spring or bucket of water.—*Spirit of the Times.*

RECIPE FOR MAKING BISCUIT. One quart of milk, four even teaspoonfuls of cream, of tartar, two even teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda—the soda to be disolved in the milk, and the cream of tartar to be thoroughly mixed dry with the flour, and a little salt. Mix it as soft as it can be baked. In this way you have biscuit mixed and ready for the table in half an hour.—*Ibid.*

TO CLEANSE THE TEETH AND IMPROVE THE BREATH. To four ounces of fresh prepared water, add one drachm of Peruvian bark, and wash the teeth with this water in the morning and evening, before breakfast and after supper. It will effectually distroy the tartar on the teeth, and remove the offensive smell arising from those that are decayed—*Ibid.*

Excusable—Whilst a regiment of volunteers were marching through Camargo, a captain, (a strict disciplinarian,) observing that one of the drums did not beat, ordered a lieutenant to inquire the reason. The fellow, on being interrogated, whispered to the lieutenant, "I have two ducks and a turkey in my drum; and the turkey is for the captain. This being whispered to the captain, he exclaimed "Why did'nt the drummer *say* he was *lame*? I do not want men to do their duty when they are not able."—*Democratic Press.*

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