POETRY.

From the New York Weekly Tribune.

TO A LITTLE GIRL AT HER MUSIC LESSON.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

"I CAN'T keep time!" ah, silly elf!
That lesson thou wilt learn
In sadness and despair ere Time
Keeps *these* within his urn.

"I can't keep time!" Nor can the gay
And laughing sons of earth,
Who light their passage to the tomb
With song and joyous mirth.

The great—the wise—the proud—could they
"Keep time," right glad were they:
But fleeting years have taught how swift
Time flies away, away!

And thou, thy little fingers plying,
Can'st not "keep time," forsooth!
Nay, little one, he runneth fast,
As fleeteth by thy youth.

Keep time thou can'st not—yet observe
This easier lesson well:
Mark time thou may'st and if thou dost
A pleasant tale 'twill tell;

For thou hast in thy young heart stored
A wilderness of dreams
Which, if thou mark'st him, *Time* will shower
Round thee in golden beams.

Each note thou wanderest o'er but rings
The alarum of some hope,
Which lieth hidden unto thee
In *Time's* Kaleidoscope.

Then mark time well, and from thy brow
The shade of sadness fling,
And each unskilful note of thine
In *time* with joy shall ring.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN EXECUTION.

In Blackwood's Magazine, is an article, entitled *Le Revenant*, purporting to be written by a man who has *been* hanged and *is* now alive The writer confesses that he was guilty of the act for which he suffered—forgery, and states the particulars of his arrest, committal to Newgate for trial, and his conviction of the crime at the Old Bady Sessions for 1826. He then proceeds to describe what were his sensations after receiving the awful sentence of death After painting, in touching colors, the interview he had with Elizabeth C——, to whom he was strongly attached, he thus proceeds with his narrative:

"It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Elizabeth left me; and when she departed, it seemed as if my business in this world was at an end. I could have wished, then and there, to have died on the spot; I had done my last act, and drank my last draught in life. But, as the twilight drew in, my cell was cold and damp, and the evening was dark and gloomy; and I had no fire, nor any candle, although it was in the month of January, nor much covering to warm me, and by degrees my spirits weakened, and my heart sunk at the desolate wretchedness of everything around me; and gradually—for what I write now shall be the truth—the thoughts of Elizabeth, and what would be her fate, began to give way before a sense of my own situation This was the first time—I cannot tell the reason why—that my mind had ever fixed itself upon the trial that I had, within a few hours, to go through; and, as I reflected on it, a terror spread over me almost in an instant, as though it were that my sentence was just pronounced, and that I had not known, really and seriously, that I was to die before; I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours There was food, which a religious gentleman who visited me had sent from his own table, but I could not taste it, and when I looked at it, strange fancies came over me It was dainty food, not such as was served to the prisoners in the jail. It was sent to me because I was to die to-morrow! and I thought of the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, that were pampered for slaughter. I felt that my own sensation were not as they ought to be at this time; and I believed that, for awhile, I was insane. A sort of dull, humming noise, that I could not get rid of, like the buzzing of bees, sounded in my ears. And though it was dark, sparks of light seemed to dance before my eyes; and I could recollect nothing. I tried to say my prayers, but could only recollect a word here and there, and then it seemed to me as if these were blasphemies that I was uttering; I don't know what they were—I cannot tell what I said; and then on a sudden, I felt as though all this terror was useless, and that I would not stay there to die; and I jumped up, and wrenched at the bars of my cell window with a force that bent them, for I felt as if I had the strength of a lion. And I felt all over the lock of my door, and tried the door with my shoulder—though I knew it was plated with iron, and heavier than that of a church; and I groped about the very walls, and into the corners of my dungeon—though I knew very well, if I had my senses, that it was all of solid stone; three feet thick; and that, if *I* could have passed through a crevice smaller than the eye of a needle, *I* had no chance of escaping. And, in the midst of all this exertion, a faintness came over me as though *I* had swallowed poison; and *I* had just power to reel to the bed-place, where *I* sank down, as *I* think, in a swoon; but this did not last—for my head swam round, and the cell seemed to turn with me, and *I* dreamed—between sleeping and waking,—that it was midnight, and that Elizabeth had come back as she promised, and that they refused to admit her. And *I* thought it snowed heavily, and that the streets were all covered with it; as if with a white sheet, and that *I* saw her dead—lying in the fallen snow—and in the darkness—at the prison gate! When *I* came to myself, I was struggling and breathless In a minute or two, *I* heard St. Sepulchre's clock go ten; and knew it was a dream that *I* had had. The chaplain of the prison came without my sending. He exhorted me solemnly "to think no more of cares or troubles in this world, but to bend my thoughts upon that to come, and to try to reconcile my soul to Heaven; trusting that my sins, though they were heavy, under repentance, might have hope of mercy" When he was gone, *I* did find myself, for a little while, more collected; and I sat down again on the bed, and tried seriously to commune with myself, and prepare myself for my fate. I recalled to my mind that *I* had but a few hours more, at all events, to live—that there was no more hope on earth of escaping—and that it was at least better that *I* should die decently like a man. Then *I* tried to recollect all the tales that *I* had ever heard about death by hanging—that it was said to be the sensation of a moment—to give no pain—to cause the extinction of life instantaneously—and so on, to twenty other strange ideas. By degrees, my head began to wander and grow unmanageable. *I* put my hands tightly to my throat, as though to try the sensation of strangling—*I* felt my arms at the place where the cord would be tied. *I* went through the fastenings of the rope—the tying of the hands together; the thing that *I* felt most averse to, was the white cap muffled over my eyes and face. If I could avoid that, the rest was not so very horrible! in the midst of these fancies, a numbness seemed to creep over my senses The giddiness that *I* had felt gave way to a dull stupor, which lessened the pain that my thoughts gave me, though *I* still went on thinking The church clock rang midnight; *I* was sensible of the sound, but it reached me indistinctly—as though coming through many close doors, or from a far distance. By and by, *I* saw the objects before my mind less and less clearly—then only partially—then they were gone together. *I* fell asleep.

"*I* slept until the hour of execution. *It* was seven o'clock on the next morning when a knocking at the door of my cell awoke me. *I* heard the sound as though in my dreams, for some moments before *I* was fully awake; and my first sensation was only the dislike which a weary man feels at being roused; I was tired, and I wished to doze on. In a minute after, the bolts on the outside of my dungeon was drawn; a turnkey, carrying a small lamp, and followed by the master of the jail and the chaplain, entered; I looked up; a shudder like the shock of electricity—like a plunge into a bath of ice—ran through me; one glance was sufficient. Sleep was gone as though I had never slept—even as I never was to sleep again—I was conscious of my situation! 'R——,' said the master to me, in a subdued but steady tone, 'it is time for you to rise.'" The chaplain asked me how I had passed the night, and proposed that we should join in prayer. I gathered myself up, and remained seated on the side of my bed-place. My teeth chattered, and my knees knocked together, in despite of myself. It was barely day-light yet; and, as the cell door stood open, I could see into the small paved court beyond; the morning was thick and gloomy, and a slow, but settled rain was coming down. 'It is half past 7 o'clock, R——!' said the master. I just muttered an entreaty to be left alone till the last moment I had thirty minutes to live.

"I tried to make another observation when the master was leaving the cell; but this time I could not get the words out; my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and my speech seemed gone; I made two desperate efforts, but it would not do—I could not utter. When they left me, I never stirred from my place on the bed I was benumbed with the cold, probably from the sleep, and at the unaccustomed exposure, and I sat crouched together, as it were, to keep myself warmer, with my arms folded across my breast, and my head hanging down, shivering; and my body felt as if it were such a weight to me, that I was unable to move it, or stir. The day now was breaking, yellow and heavily; and the light stole by degrees into my dungeon, showing me the damp stone walls, and desolate, dark paved floor; and strange as it was, with all that I could do, I could not keep myself from noticing these trifling things, though perdition was coming upon me the very next moment I noticed the lamp which the turnkey had left on the floor, and which was burning dimly, with a long wick, being clogged with the chill and bad air, and I thought to myself—even at that moment—that it had not been trimmed since the night before. And I looked at the bare, naked, iron bed-frame that I sat on; and the heavy studs on the door of the dungeon; and at the scrawls and writing upon the wall, that had been drawn by former prisoners; and I put my hand to my own pulse, and it was so low that I could hardly count it. I could not feel—though I tried to make myself feel it—that I was going to die. In the midst of this, I heard the chimes of the chapel clock begin to strike; and I thought—Lord take pity on me, a wretch!—it could not be three-quarters after seven yet! The clock went over the three-quarters; it chimed the fourth quarter, and struck eight They were in my cell before I perceived them They found me in the place, and in the posture, as they had left me

"What I have further to tell will lie in a very small compass; my recollections are very minute up to this point, but not at all so close as to what occurred afterwards. I scarcely recollect very clearly how I got from my cell to the press-room. I think two little withered men, dressed in black, supported me. I know I tried to raise when I saw the master and his people come into my dungeon; but I could not.

"In the press-room were two miserable wretches that were to suffer with me; they were bound with their arms behind them, and their hands together; and were lying upon a bench, hard by, until I was ready A meagre-looking old man, with thin white hair, who was reading to one of them came up, and said something—'That we would embrace'—I did not distinctly hear what it was

"The great difficulty that I had was to keep from falling I had thought that these moments would have been all of fury and horror, but I felt nothing of this; but only a weakness, as though my heart—and the very floor on which I stood—was sinking under me. I could just make a motion, that the old white haired man should leave me; and some one interfered and sent him away The pinioning of my hands and arms was then finished; and *I* heard an officer whisper to the chaplain that 'all was ready.' As we passed out, one of the men in black held a glass of water to my lips; but *I* could not swallow.

"This was the last moment—but one—of full perception, that I had in life. I remember our beginning to move forward through the long arched passages which led from the press-room to the scaffold. *I* saw the lamps that were still burning, for the daylight never entered there; I heard the quick tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of the chaplain, reading as he walked before us:

"'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, shall live. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!'

"It was the funeral service—the order for the grave—the office for those that were senseless and dead—over us, the quick and the living.

"I felt once more—and saw! I felt the transition from these dim, close, hot, lamp-lighted subterraneous passages to the open platform, and steps at the foot of the scaffold; and to-day, I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me. The windows of the shops and house opposite, to the fourth story, choked with gazers. I saw St. Sepulchre's church through the yellow fog in the distance; had heard the pealing of its bell. I recollect the cloudy, misty morning; the wet that lay upon the scaffold—the huge dark mass of buildings, the prison itself, that rose beside, and seemed to cast a shadow over us—the bold, fresh breeze that, as I emerged from it, broke upon my face. I see it all now—the whole horrible landscape is before me. The scaffold—the rain—the faces of the multitude—the people clinging to house tops—the smoke that beat heavily downwards from the chimneys—the waggons filled with women, staring at the inn-yard opposite—the hoarse low roar that ran through the gathering crowd as we appeared. I never saw so many objects at once, so plainly and distinctly in all my life, as at that one glance; but it lasted only for an instant.

"From that look, and from that instant, all that followed is a blank. Of the prayers of the chaplain—of the fastening of the fatal noose—of the putting on of the cap which I had so much disliked—of my actual *execution* and *death*, I have not the slightest atom of recollection. But that I know such occurrences must have taken place, I should not have the smallest consciousness that they ever did so. I read in the daily newspapers an account of my behavior at the scaffold—that I conducted myself decently, but with firmness; of my death—that I seemed to die almost without a struggle. Of any of these events I have not been able, by any exertion, to recal the most distant remembrance. With the first view of the scaffold, all my recollection ceases. The next circumstance which—to my perception—seems to follow, is the having awoke, as it from sleep, and found myself in a bed, in a handsome chamber, with a gentleman (as I first opened my eyes) looking attentively at me. I had my senses perfectly, though I could not speak at once. I thought directly, that I had been reprieved at the scaffold, and had fainted. After I knew the truth, I thought that I had an imperfect recollection, of having heard, or fancied, myself—as in a dream—in some strange place, lying naked, and with a mass of figures floating about before me; this idea certainly never presented itself to me until I was informed of the fact that it had occurred.

"The accident to which I owe my existence will have been divined! My condition is a strange one! I am a living man; and I possess certificates both of death and burial. I know that a coffin filled with stones, and with my own name upon the plate, lies buried in the church-yard of St. Andrew's, Holborn; I saw from a window, the undressed hearse that carried it; I was witness to my own funeral. These are strange things to see. My dangers, however, and I trust, my crime, are over forever. Thanks to the bounty of the excellent individual, whose benevolence has recognised the service which he did me for a claim upon him, I am married to the woman, whose happiness and safety proved my last thought—so long as reason remained with me in dying. And I am about to sail on a fair voyage, which is only a sorrowful one—that it parts me forever from my benefactor."
—*Cummings, Evening Telegraphic Bulletin*

SUMMARY

JEFFERSON'S "BOOK OF KINGS."

"Louis XVI. was a fool of my own knowledge, and is despised in the answers made for him on his trial. The King of Spain was a fool; and of Naples the same. They passed their lives in hunting, and despatched two couriers a week a thousand miles, to let each other know what game they had killed the last preceding day. The King of Sardinia was a fool. All these were Bourbons. The Queen of Portugal, a Braganza, was an idiot by nature and so was the King of Denmark. Their sons, as Regents, exercised the powers of government. The King of Prussia, the successor of the great Frederick, was a mere hog in body as well as in mind. Gustavus of Sweden, and Joseph of Austria, were really crazy and George of England was in a straight waistcoat. There remained then none but old Catharine, of Russia, who had been too lately picked up to have lost her common sense. In this state Bonaparte found Europe, and it was this state of its rulers which lost it with scarce a struggle. The animals had become without mind and powerless, and so will every hereditary monarch be after a few generations.

"And so endeth the Book of Kings from all of whom the Lord deliver us."

The Privileges of Leap Year.—A widow lady of the town of Brighton a short time since made an agreement with a neighbor to sell a farm on which herself and husband resided; and, after the arrangements were all made, she insisted that her worthy liege lord was legally bound to sign the deed, and could not be convinced but that she had a perfect right to control not only this matter, but to make whatever bargains she pleased during the present year, by virtue of the privileges of her sex. The last we heard of the matter the paper had not been signed, but the old lady insisted that she was right.—*Rochester Adv.*

☞Hydrophobia is said to be cured in Germany by the cold water remedy. The *douche* was applied to the head of a patient, who was entirely cured. The warm bath, wet sheet, *douche*, &c., are the usual method with the disease, and remarkable success is reported.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HAPPY is he who knows a mother's love. What is so pure! The patriot expects fame, the friend sympathy, and the lover pleasure. Even religion, while she water her faith with tears, looks forward to the best fruit of her labors and her love. But maternal affection springs from the breast, uninvoked by the wand of hope, unadulterated by the touch of interest. Its object are the weak and would. It haunts the cradle of infantile pain, or hovers near the couch of the faint and the forsaken. Its sweetest smiles break through the clouds of misfortune, and its gentlest tones rise amid the sighs of suffering and of sorrow. It is a limpid and lovely flow of feeling, which gushes from the fountain head of purity; and courses the heart, through selfish designs and sordid passions, immingling and unsullied. What is so firm? Time and misfortune, penury and persecution, hatred and infamy, may roll their dark waves successively over it—and still it smiles unchanged; or the more potent allurements of fortune, opulence and pride, power and splendor, may woo her—and yet she is unmoved;—a mother loves and loves fover!"

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