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POETRY.

WOMAN,
"HEAVEN'S LAST BEST GIFT TO MAN."

When star-light gilds the brow of night,
And zephyrs softly sigh,
The orb that shines with brightest light,
Attracts the seaman's eye;
But should the angry winds come forth,
And waves more rudely jar,
He turns at once toward the north,—
For there's his guiding star!

And thus, though Pleasure's circean power
Awhile the breast may thrill,
Whene'er the storms of sorrow lower,
We turn to woman still!
Her love's a light whose constant beam
Illumes life's stormy years,
Sheds o'er the heart a sunny gleam,
And gilds our very tears.

This earh, till gentle woman smiled,
And back its darnkness rolled,
Like snow on some untrodden wild,
Was pure, but oh, how cold!
Our hearts are lit by woman's eyes,
As stars light up the sea;
Her love their vital warmth supplies,—
Her voice their melody!

LUCY LEE.
BY I. H. M'MICHAL.

AIR—"*Lucy Neal.*"

One by-gone morn, as village bells
Rang bright o'er stream and lea,
Young Walter breathed a sad farewell
To lovely Lucy Lee.
A glossy ringlet next his heart,
He braves the stormy sea;
The melting sigh—the tearful eye,
Remain with Lucy Lee.
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,
The melting sigh—the tearful eye,
Remain with Lucy Lee.

And gone are years of hopes and fears
From Walter o'er the sea,
No tidings came to fan the flame,
The light of Lucy Lee.
The flower with perfume scents the heath,
Tho' withering it may be;
So gently passed the wasted breath
Of lovely Lucy Lee.
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,
So gently passed the wasted breath
Of lovely Lucy Lee.

How sadly tolls the village bell!
Tho' bush, and flower, and tree
Bloom gladly forth—yet every knell
Mourns lovely Lucy Lee.
A stranger joined that tearful train—
Young Walter's crossed the sea—
Beside her tomb, oft true love's doom,
He weeps for Lucy Lee.
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,
Beside her tomb, oft true love's doom,
He weeps for Lucy Lee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PAGANINI.

* * * * * * *

Let me shift the scene and bring upon my paper stage another, and a far different character. He whom I am about to introduce has long since 'shuffled off his mortal coil,' but his was a form which once seen could never be forgotten; and, as I have not yet fallen in with a graphic description of him, I will try my hand, even though I should fail in producing a 'pen and ink' likeness of the greatest violinist of modern time—PAGANINI.

On the day following that on which I heard Mr. Hinton, the remarkable Italian was to perform in the Reading Theatre, for the first and only time. He was then in the full flush of his brilliant reputation, and expectation was on tip toe to hear the sounds of his reported-to-be magical instrument. He was the great lion of the day, and a thousand exaggerated rumors were in circulation respecting him. Some said that his violin was his familiar spirit—others, that he had acquired his extraordinary skill whilst incarcerated in a dungeon at Naples for some horrible crime; and there were not wanting those who hinted that the devil had lent him his violin, on the stern condition that after playing on it for a number of years, he should personally return it, and deliver up himself into the bargain, to the father of evil. Of course great anxiety was manifested to see and hear him; so, having paid seven and sixpence for a ticket, and it was hard to procure it at that price, I got tightly packed in the pit of the Reading Theatre, where I waited anxiously for the appearance of the lord of the 'unerring (fiddle) bow.'

Several pieces were to be performed before Paganini made his appearance, and these, like oysters and lemon juice, before a Parisian feast, served only as sharpeners of the appetite for what was to follow. The preliminary playing and singing was doubtless very fine, but it passed off heavily enough, and glad was I to discover, by the aid of the programme, that "The Carnival of Venice," by Paganini, was the next piece.

An interval of a few minutes. The 'gods' of the gallery have sobered down. Nuts are no longer cracked and the shells showered down on the heads of those in the pit. The popping of ginger beer corks has ceased, and the cry of 'apples and oranges' is heard no more. The pit folks have squeezed themselve into as comfortable positions as possible, and along the boxes is seen a row of anxious faces, and a line of ready opera glasses. There is a dead silence in the house. The musicians in the orchestra are all on the *qui vive;* the first fiddle looks amazingly anxious, as if he knew that an extinguisher was about to be put on him; the flutes rest with their lips half puckered up, and fingers resting lightly on their orifices; the clarionets stand with their reeds ready for vibration, and the drum sticks describe an angle of forty-five. There is a waving of the curtain, and a prolonged sh—— goes round the house; a little bell rings once, and the musicians fix their eyes intently on their books, all but the flutes, who squint at the stage—another, and a louder ring—and up goes the green baize. Up—up—up—till the last fold of the curtain is invisible, and there is the broad open stage, with a grand piano in its midst. A gentleman, dressed very neatly in black, with a music book in his primrose-gloved hand, enters, bows, and takes his seat at the instrument. He looks first at the audience, with quite an air of unconcern, as if he had already seen and knew every thing about the great man; he has all the calm consequence of a man who knows what others do not know about him. Now he hems, looks intently at the wing, and as he gives a jerk on his chair, and takes off his gloves, it is evident some one is coming. How death like is the silence!

With the slow and stealthy step of a tiger drawing near enough to its victim, in order to make the sure and fatal spring—noiselessly, and with a horribly sardonic smile on his countenance, glides sideways from behind the wing, a being who startles every one who beholds him. He is very tall, and so remarkably thin that his black close fall loosely about him—his trowsers bagging as if they hung upon poles. These trowsers were so large, that, at their termination, where they came in contact with his small, ladylike shoe, the polished leather of which seemed just to cover the tips of his toes, they seemed of exactly the same width, united, as his shoulders. His hips did not in the least project, so that he seemed, from his arm-pits, to be exactly the same breadth; there was no projecting point to disturb the straight line. His double breasted coat had long skirts, and was buttoned up close to his chin, round which was a white cravat, and a turned-down collar. But, extraordinary as was his figure, his face and head were the great points of attraction and wonder; so much so were they, that, when a first glimpse of the face, especially, was caught, the people involuntarily drew back, as if they had seen a spectre.

He was ghastly pale. In the centre of his forehead, which had nothing very remarkable as to its developments, that I could see, at least, his jet black hair was parted, and from thence it fell down in curly, frowsy masses over his shoulders. His eyebrows were dark, and, where the outer parts terminated, there were deep *fossæ* in the temples. His nose was slightly beaked, and on either side of it were the most remarkable eyes that, I believe, mortal ever possessed. They were small, dark and sparkling, but of a lustre more resembling that of polished steel, when seen in a dimly-lighted room, than any thing else I can compare them to. Their expression as he smiled horribly at the audience, in recognition of their plaudits, and as he bowed his long back, was absolutely snake-like. As I said, he came on the stage sideways, gradually, as he bowed and smiled, approaching to near the centre. His arms were so long that, as he bent, the fiddle and bow, which he held in one hand, would have touched the stage, but that he held them obliquely. At last he reached the front and almost the middle of the stage, near the foot-lights, drew himself up to his full height, held out his violin at arm's length, surveyed it as if it were the most beloved thing in the universe and then slowly brought it to his shoulder, with as much gravity as if it had been a deity and he a devotee.

With a firm and decided air the great Maestro planted his right foot a little in advance of his left, which remained with the knee firmly fixed, threw back his head, then inclined his left ear towards his fiddle, smiling faintly, as if it were saying something to him and he was intently listening, and lastly, lifting his long fiddle bow high in the air, stood, with flashing eye and compressed lips, a few seconds—motionless—a perfect study.

At a nod from Paganini, the orchestra struck up, and the pianistel's fingers flew over the ivory keys—but still, like a sorcerer with his wand, stood the kind of fiddlers, with his uplifted bow. At length, a faint smile stole over his tight and marble-like features, and every heart beat quickly, as his long arm descended, so gradually that you could scarcely see it move; and bringing the lower end of the stick upon the strings of the instrument. To the disappointment of many, however, it rose again, and refrained an inch or two from the bridge, whilst the exceedingly long fingers of his left hand struck a few notes, which were heard sharply and distinctly above the warblings of the flutes, and the rumbling of the trombones. Once more his arm ascends, and now it comes down so delicately on the smallest string, that something like the shadow of an exquisite sound is heard—'so soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,' that it is heard as distinctly as a silvery rivulet is seen wind its sinuous course through a vernal wood. It is unlike anything one ever before heard produced from the instrument, or rather it seems as if the sense of hearing had been sharpened. And now succeeds a flood of delicious melody, which laps the audience in elysium. It is not, cannot be fiddling; and see, the leader of the band has forgotten himself, and sits in wide-mouthed wonder, listening to the astonishing effects of Paganini's genius. The Maestro, as his inspiration becomes more profound, partakes in the enthusiasm which he has created, and his snaky eyes flash almost supernatural fire. He smiles a ghastly smile, as he

"Pours forth the notes like enchanted wine,
Loosens the chords in a silver shower."

By a change in the composition, he now produces the most discordant notes, and then surprises all by alternating them with snatches of almost celestial harmony. Now he moves to tears, anon convulses with laughter. His violin for a few seconds almost roars; and then as he slowly draws the bow across the "quivering strings,' he elicits a sound

"—— so fine that nothing lives
'Twixt it and silence."

At length the spell ceases—the finale is played and with outspread arms the bow in one hand and the fiddle in the other, he bows himself off the stage, smiling horribly, as when he entered from the wing.

Not the least interesting portion of the proceedings, were the astonished looks of the musicians, especially of the fiddlers—and when they commenced playing in the interval between the first and second appearance of Paganini, I could not help thinking of the couplet, addressed by some one to a very indifferent musician:

"When Orpheus played so well, he moved old Nick,
But thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddlestick."

Not that the leader of that evening was a second rate artist. By no means: he was one of the first in his line; but what excellence could stand, when compared with Paganini! Like Cavanagh, the celebrated rocket player to whom Hazlitt refers in his Table Talk—the Italian had not only no equal but no one stood second to him.

The only musician who has been thought to rival Paganini, is OLE BULL whom most of my readers have doubtless heard. Few, however, who have heard both, will be disposed to admit that the latter is worthy to be named with the former. Paganini possessed GENIUS—Ole Bull sedulously cultivated tatent alone. Paganini hopelessly distanced all competitors. Ole Bull has been excelled by VIEUX TEMPS, and DE BERIOT. The former resembled in his moods of inspiration, the rushing cataract; the latter would be more appropriately symbolized by the placid, rolling river. Energy, force, passion, boundless enthusiasm belonged to the one. Grace, tenderness, mildness, and sweetness to the other. Paganini demanded and received the homage due to exalted genius. Ole Bull wins applause by the very power of his gentleness. In short, the Italian attained, scarcely with an effort, to heights which the Norwegian never can reach, though he devote a life-time to the pursuit. I do not wish to depreciate the talents of Ole Bull; he is admirable, but he has not, nor has any one else, caught the falling mantle of the wonderful Paganini.

The celebrated violinist happened to be staying at the same hotel as myself, and the next morning, as I was standing by the window, I observed a crowd in the street below. On asking the waiter what caused it, I learned that Paganini's chaise was at the door, and that the people had collected to catch a glimpse of him, as he got into it. "One fool they say, makes many," and so I joined them. I had not waited long before I saw him coming down the stairs. He had on a blue cloth cap, from which hung what appeared to be a bullion tassel, and he was so muffled up in the folds of a most voluminous fur-lined cloak, that I could see nothing of him but his pale, hawk-like nose, and his two dark, awful looking eyes, which seemed to have no occupation, but in anxiously looking after a little boy, who, muffled up like himself, was taken to the chaise in the arms of an attendant, his own servant. This was his son, the only living thing, it is said, towards whom he exhibited any marks of attachment. The landlord told me that happening, one day, to enter his guest's room unannounced, he found Paganini lying on the floor hugging and kissing the child, with the uttermost earnestness. The great Fiddler, however, was much enraged at the intrusion, and immediately on the man's retiring, locked the door, a precaution he failed not to take during the remainder of his stay.

LOVELINESS IN WOMEN.—It is not the smile of a pretty face, nor the beauty and the symetry of thy person, nor yet the costly decorations that compose thy artificial beauty. No! nor the enchanting glances which thou bestowest with such lustre on the man thou deignest worthy of thine affection. It is thy pleasing deportment—thy chaste conversation, thy sensibility, and the purity of thy thoughts—thy affable and open disposition—sympathising with those in adversity—comforting the afflicted—relieving the distressed—and, above all, that humility of soul, that unfeigned and perfect regard for the precepts of Christianity. These virtues constitute thy loveliness. Adorned with but those of nature and simplicity, they will shine like the refulgent sun; display that the loveliness of thy person is not to be found in the tinsel ornaments of thy body, but in the reflections of the rectitude and the scrutiny of a well-spent life, that soars above the transient vanities of the world.

KISSING.—The Yankee Blade, which is as sharp and keen as one of the genuine Damascus manufacture, thus comments upon kissing. We appeal to the experience of all our readers who know any thing of Kissingdom, if he has not cut right into kissing, and skilfully dissected the science of the thing:

The sweetness of kissing (quoth this Blade) depends with us altogether on the slyness of the thing. Take our word for it the stolen draughters are the most delicious. We would rather be "cut up into catfish bait" than kiss a girl in company. Besides, there is great danger in the promiscuous kissing which is indulged in at parties—ten to one if your lips do not, at the very moment after they have been revelling in the most ecstatic enjoyment, come pop upon those of some old maid, so sour that you cannot get the taste of the bitters out of your mouth for a week. No—no! Kissing in public is not the way to manage the thing; it destroys the reverence with which man delights to wrap the wondrous sex, and none but a bungler will resort to it. If you wish to enjoy a kiss in all its raciness—a kiss at once delicate, airy and *spirituelle*, yet one that will cause every pulse in your body to thrill with ecstacy—get your little charmer into the corner of a sofa, before a cozy fire of a cold night—steal your arm around her waist—take her hand gently in your own—and then, drawing her tenderly towards you, kiss her with a long, sweet kiss, as if you were a bee sucking honey from a flower. There's true kissing for you.

"How am you Jonsing?"

"Sweet as butter."

"How s you, old rosin heel?"

"Ah, nigger! I's in love; I feels as if I war up in de clouds atween two hot buckwheat cakes, and all de leetle angels wer a pourin' down 'lasses 'pon me."

"By golly, nigger, you must be in fur it sweet!"

TO PURGE A HORSE QUICKLY.—When medicine is administered to a horse with his bowels in a *natural* state, or costive, it will not operate in less than twenty hours, and is frequently thirty to forty in doing so. When the horse's bowels are purging, medicine will act very rapidly; this arises from the great irritibility of his bowels, and purging with him is always the *result* of inflammation. On the other hand, costiveness is the *cause* of inflammation. When there is *inflammation* in the *bowels of the horse*, purgative medicine should never be given. In nine cases out of ten, when *severe*, the medicine will be *fatal. Palliative* treatment, not *remedial*, is to be resorted to in cases of *inflammation.* When purges are to be used, this must be borne in mind. To the horse *fasting* and thirsty, give one or two pounds of *Glauber* salts, with plenty of *warm* water, in which has been stirred some meal. In *three* or *four hours after*, give an injection, composed of three gallons of warm water, one quart of common cheap oil of any kind, or melted lard, one quart of molasses, and half a pound of salts, all well mixed up together. If the first injection does not produce purging, give a second. If the horse have *no inflammation*, give him exercise, if he has, avoid it carefully, and keep him cool.—*Am. Ag'st.*

AN ELOQUENT EFFUSION.—The following thrilling and soul-inspiring effusion of liberty and glory is said to have been delivered by the commandant of a bare-foot company in the Hoosier State shortly after receiving the report that Mexico had declared war against the United States:

Men of blood and friends of Washington and that old hoss General Jackson! I want your attention. Lightnin' has bust upon us, and Jupiter has poured the ile of his wrath down the greasy, yallor shanks of the Mexicans. Thunder has broke loose and slipped its cable, and the mighty Valley of the Massasip reverberates the thousand-tounged hissing of Santa Anna and the smaller *ignorant fatius* that revolves round that benighted and wooden legged pop-gun of the Montezumas.

Citizens and sires on the bloody ground on which our fathers catawampously poured out their claret, free as ile, to enrich the soil over which we now hover and watch with hyena eyes! Let the catamount of the inner varmint loose, and prepare the chessy cat of vengeance, for the long-looked-for day has arriv! The crockodile, and the sun that lit King David and his host across the Atlantic Ocean, looks down upon the scene and drops a tear to its memory.—Hosses, I am with you! And while the stars of Uncle Sam and the stripes of his country triumphantly wave in the breeze—whar—whar is the craven, low-lived, chicken-bred, toad-hoppen', red-mouthed mother's son of ye who will not raise the beacon light of triumph—smouse the citadel of the aggressor, and press onward to liberty and glory! Whoo-oop! H-u-r-r-a-h! Wher's the *innemy.*

"I DON'T DANCE."—An exchange paper tells a good story of an innocent countryman who chanced to be in one of our cities on Sunday, and concluded to go to church. Arrived there, he waited outside for a moment, when, to his profound surprise, the organ struck up, from which he concluded that some sort of "shake down," was about to commence. Just at that moment a gentleman invited him to walk in and take a seat. "Not 'zactly, Mister, I aint used to no such doings on Sunday: and besides, *I don't dance;*" and he retired, shocked exceedingly.

WE BELIEVE IT.—A fellow lost his *sigh* by reading borrowed newspapers, but he recovered his sight again by subscribing and *paying* in *advance.* What an awful warning this is; and what awful consequences result from spunging upon your neighbor's generosity, by borrowing his newspaper.—The man that's too stingy to subscribe to a newspaper, and the first to *beg* one, deserves to be placed in the buck ONE year, made to sleep on a harrow, be *blindfolded* and fed on old *newspapers* for breakfast, *shavens* for *dinner*, and *corn cobs* for tea.

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best medicine.

KEEN.—"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient, "that you think me a fool!" "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

The desire to marry a woman for wealth is the worst kind of *cupidity.* To marry her, and spend all her money at the tavern, is a still worse kind of *cupidity.*