

Poetry.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Remember the poor, for bleak winds are blowing,  
And brightly the frost-pears are glistening around.  
The streamlets have ceased all their musical flowing,  
And snow drifts lie scattered all over the ground.  
Remember the poor in their comfortless dwellings,  
Ill-clad and ill-fed, and o'erburdened with care,  
Oh, turn not away with a look so repelling—  
Thy kindness may save them perhaps from despair.

Remember the poor when the hearth-stone is cheerful,  
And happy hearts gather around its bright blaze;  
There are hearts that are sad and eyes that are tearful,  
As bright as thine own in their sunnier days.  
Misfortunes may scatter thy present possessions,  
And plenty, to poverty, leave thee a prey;  
How bitterly then wilt thou think of the blessings  
That Charity asks from thy riches to-day.

Remember the poor as they thankfully gather  
Each round his rich table with luxury spread;  
Thou too art a pensioner on a rich Father,  
For health and for friendship, for raiment and bread  
If he hath been bountiful, with a like spirit,  
Dispense of that bounty what Charity claims;  
Far greater the treasure thy soul shall inherit  
When thy bread on the waters returneth again.

Remember the poor—this thou art commanded—  
Thy Saviour thus kindly remembered the poor:  
"The destitute thou shalt not send empty-handed,  
Unclad and unwarmed, and unfed from thy door."  
Thy peace in this life shall be like the deep river,  
And dying, thy welcome to heaven shall be—  
"Ye faithful and blessed of my Father—come hither;  
Ye did it to others—ye did it to me."

Select Literature.

[Original.]

ABDALLAH;

OR,

The Syrian Youth.

ABDALLAH, the son of a wealthy merchant in Aleppo, formed the chief delight of a delicate yet affectionate mother. His prepossessing manners and fascinating ways secured for him all that parental love could bestow. Thus our youth increased in years, always accustomed to the society of tender parents. Scarcely, however, had young Abdallah begun to appreciate the real value of a loving mother, when cruel death, with stern hand, severed the bond of earthly connection. He wept bitterly the death of so cherished a parent, and, although only in his fifth year, the kind love and indescribable affection of an attached father seemed inadequate to soothe the heart-felt grief of the mourning child.

Time passed, and, with its magic balsam, appeared to succeed in healing the wound so deeply inflicted on young Abdallah's heart. He re-acquired his liveliness of disposition, indulged freely in the innocent pastimes of youth, and, on his return from school, every evening, never failed to acquaint his delighted father with his success in his classes. And, in fact, with reason could he boast, in childish terms, of his superiority over his fellow-schoolmates; for, endowed with a great amount of natural talent, and an extraordinary facility for the acquisition of languages, with little application he easily surpassed those who contended with him for the honor of ascendancy.

Here it was that our youth, by his singular progress in the Chaldean, Syrian and Arabic languages, attracted the attention of a Spanish gentleman who then resided in the city of Aleppo. Don Juan, for such was his name, delighted with the beauty of person and the superior education of Abdallah, lost no time in proposing to his father to send him to Paris for the purpose of completing his studies. The father was easily persuaded, for he had already for some time fostered the same idea, without, however, communicating it to mortal ear, but hesitated in bringing it into execution, on account of the many dangers to which his dear son should be exposed during so long and perilous a voyage.

One evening, as our youth returned from school, the affectionate father having satisfied himself with the singular advances made by his son, especially in the acquiring of languages, suggested to him the propriety of travelling for the completion of an education commenced under such happy auspices. His eyes brightened up, his heart leaped with joy at the unexpected proposal, as he then saw a way open which would screen him from the surly look and unpleasant society of an ill-disposed step-mother. Preparations were immediately made, and, after taking a hurried leave of his relations, Abdallah, then a youth of seventeen, set out for the grand metropolis of France.

Scarcely, however, had he arrived at Messina, when troubles began to mar the pleasures he was enjoying. He had the difficulties of a foreign language to contend with; he had no one to whom he might confidentially look for assistance, or on whom he might make so free as to explain his perplexities. The companions he left behind, the customs of his native city, contrasting so strongly with those he now witnessed, the idea of being for some years separated from the joys and pleasures of the world, and the thought of a total abnegation of the will to the desire of foreign superiors, tended, in no small degree, to render our youth quite melancholy. A glance at him, and one would be convinced that his mind was then the seat of distracting and trying considerations. But his resolution was not to be flinched, for he continued his journey, surmounting all obstacles, until he finally arrived at the gates of his college, where, after having produced his credentials, he was received into the number of its students.

He soon became quite familiar with the French language, discoursing it with facility, and writing it with ease. It was then that his companions became aware of the rare gifts which he possessed. An accomplished linguist, a graceful declaimer, a comic singer, and a beautiful performer on the violin, he was the life and admiration of his companions. His society was always sought by all, and the very expressions that fell from his lips were received with bursts of laughter, as containing something novel or humorous.

As may be easily imagined, Abdallah's mind did not find much pleasure in the pursuit of the dry studies of the College. Latin or Greek possessed but little charms for him, so that one could easily detect that his assigned lessons were too insipid for him. Still, he kept pace with his class for five years, until he had completed his philosophical course. But now a new difficulty presented itself: Abdallah, although the life of his companions, did not enjoy the best wishes of his superiors. Their reprimands he would wittingly convert into ridicule for conversation; he would reluctantly

comply with their wishes when desiring to enforce discipline; and, in a word, made little or no progress in his studies during his whole collegiate career. Hence, previous to his departure for his native city, he was unable to procure a satisfactory certificate of good conduct. This fact formed, for a time, the subject of his meditation. How, says he, soliloquizing, can I dishonored, revisit a city where I have been so universally esteemed? How can I receive the embraces of a father whose fond hopes in me have not been realized? How can I bear the smile of satisfaction which will then beam on the countenance of a hated step-mother? No; if I am doomed to misfortune, unknown lands shall maltreat me, and less poignant, then, will be the pangs of misery and contempt.

Full of these resolutions, he quits the College; and, instead of returning to Aleppo, as his superiors imagined, he directed his steps to London. Fortune there seemed to favor his rash undertaking; for, scarcely had he spent a day in this city, when he was employed by a rich gentleman to give instructions in the Oriental languages to his family, previous to a premeditated sojourn in the East. He soon initiated himself so thoroughly in his master's favor, that he was his constant guest, even at table. His refined politeness and ready wit daily confirmed him in the good graces of the kind family.

At length the time for the tour was appointed. A large travelling trunk contained the apparel, while each was supplied with a neat travelling valise. Abdallah was in high spirits, pleasingly contrasting the happiness of his present state with the monotonous routine of his college career. He shared the same table with his master and mistress, and delighted in exciting the beautiful Amelia to laughter. But it was only when they arrived in Cairo that the services of the interpreter were really appreciated. The guttural sound of the inhabitants of those places were unintelligible to the rich Englishman, who then was thoroughly convinced that learning is preferable to riches. Abdallah saw the perplexity of his master, and hence, grateful for past favors, made himself most useful and interesting on all occasions. His sincere attachment, deep interest, satisfactory replies, and active management of all things, endeared him more than ever to his patrons. In their journeys, he explained all that was remarkable; conducted them to the Turkish mosques, explained their religious ceremonies, and distinguished the costume of the different nations to the great satisfaction of Mr. Knight. Their travelling now, though not so pleasant as in Europe, was nevertheless more romantic; for partly on camels, partly in caravans, were the journeys performed. Many a suspicious looking Arabian caused the blood to stop in the veins of Abdallah, as he then recalled to mind the numerous accidents he heard of to which unprotected travellers were subjected in these routes where the defiles of immense large tracts of country formed the den and refuge of reckless plunderers and cold-blooded assassins. Without disclosing his anxieties, he rendered the monotonous journey less fatiguing by the recital of anecdotes of his native country. Some weeks had now elapsed in passing from country to country, from town to town. In the meanwhile, the red fez, or large-leaved turban, the heavy moustaches and loose-flowing Oriental robes, becoming quite familiar to them, no longer excited their admiration.

It was now a pleasant morning of October. The sun shone beautifully; the fragrance of sweet-smelling trees pervaded the air; the warbling of the birds, the luxuriant herbage, large fruit trees and picturesque scenery, tended to enliven their wearied spirits, as from an elevated plain they espied the city of Mecca in the distance. Winding ways rendered the route much longer than was imagined. It was now that Abdallah became pensive and quite agitated. He appeared fatigued, and hence, supporting his head on the back of the wagon, feigned to sleep;—feigned, for he was startled to hear two swarthy-looking Arabs, in his native tongue, plot the plunder of the English gentleman and the abduction of the fair Amelia, for whom, on account of her beauty, they had conceived a deadly passion. He lost not a word of their conversation, and considered himself the instrument chosen by Providence to foil them in their impious attempts and rid the country of a band of robbers whose depredations had been for so many years so severely felt. Arrived in Mecca, he sees the imposters take rooms in the hotel with his master. But he is not dismayed. Under pretence of seeing the city, he acquaints the civil authorities with the circumstances connected with his journey, and informs them that the ruffians are to put their bloody resolutions into effect during the night. It was immediately decided that they should enter in disguise whilst the supper table was being served, and make an easy prey of their unsuspecting victims. It was accordingly done. Four military officers enter at the appointed time, and seize their victims, who were convicted on the charge of Abdallah. They were startled and looked aghast when, in the company, their already blood-stained daggers were exposed, their secret plans discovered, their resorts made known, and their treasures detected, through the vigilance of one whom they considered to be English, and totally unacquainted with their language.

Considerable time elapsed before Mr. Knight could realize his real situation. The event was so unforeseen and unexpected, that he was inclined to regard it as a dream. The idea of being subjected to the violence of rough plunderers, and of witnessing his beautiful lady and charming daughter becoming a prey to the merciless desires of barbarous Arabs, was, in itself, so horrifying, as to bewilder him. A thousand sad thoughts at once crowd on his agitated mind; he saw the danger which awaited him, but scarcely could persuade himself that it was totally averted. A tremble seizes him—the blood hardly circulates through his veins—weakness overpowers him. A lounge received the fainting form of Mrs. Knight, while closely to Abdallah did the young terrified Amelia cling. How changed was that brightly illuminated dining-saloon! What horrifying scenes had not then taken place! The lights seemed only to glimmer for the host of waiters who had by this time crowded in, attracted thither by the sudden events which had just occurred.

At length the deadly pallor leaves the countenances of the awe-stricken family, and in dear and affectionate terms did Abdallah strive to assure them of their happy deliverance. They all look upon Abdallah with joy and love. Mr. Knight, considering him the cause of his present and future happiness, imprints fond kisses on his fine large forehead, embraces him with all the affection of a parent, and places his ring on his finger. His mistress also endeavored to surpass the expressive affection of her husband towards him, whilst Amelia, in her embrace, seemed to say that only by her union with him could he be any more happy in this world. The robbers were tried, convicted and executed. Abdallah, besides receiving an immense amount as a reward for the fortunate detection, had the happiness of being joined in wedlock with her whom he always regarded as the beloved of his heart, but from whose affections he once considered himself inseparably debarred.

THE GERMAN COURIER'S STORY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I took an engagement at once, with an English gentleman, elderly and a bachelor, to travel through my country, my Fatherland. He was a merchant who traded with my country, and knew the language, but who had never been there since he was a boy—as I judge, some sixty years before.

His name was James, and he had a twin brother, John, also a bachelor. Between these brothers there was a great affection. They were in business together at Goodman's Fields, but they did not live together, Mr. James dwelt on Poland Street, turning out of Oxford Street, London. Mr. John resided by Epping Forest.

Mr. James and I were about to start for Germany in about a week. The exact day depended on business. Mr. John came to Poland Street—where I was staying in the house—to pass that week with Mr. James. But he said to his brother on the second day:

"I don't feel very well, James. There's not much the matter with me; but I think I am a little giddy. I'll go home and put myself under the care of my old house-keeper, who understands my ways. I'll get quite better. I'll come back and see you before you go. If I don't feel well enough to resume my visit where I leave it off, why you will come and see me before you go away."

Mr. James, of course, said he would, and they shook hands—both hands, as they always did—and Mr. John ordered out his old-fashioned chariot, and rumbled home.

It was on the second night after that—that is to say, the fourth in the week—when I was awake out of my sound sleep by Mr. James coming into my bedroom in his flannel gown, with a lighted candle. He sat upon the side of my bed, and looking at me, said:

"Whitcomb, I have reason to think I have got some strange illness upon me."

I then perceived that there was a very unusual expression in his face.

"Whitcomb," said he, "I am not afraid or ashamed to tell you, what I might be afraid or ashamed to tell another man. You come from a sensible country, where mysterious things are inquired into, and are not settled to have been weighed or measured—or to have been unweighable and unmeasurable—or in either case to have been disposed of for all time—ever so many years ago. I have just now seen the phantom of my brother John."

I confess that it gave me a little tingling of the ears to hear it.

"I have just now seen," Mr. James repeated, looking full at me, that I might see how collected he was, "the phantom of my brother John. I was sitting up in my bed, unable to sleep, when it came into my room in a white dress, and regarding me earnestly, passed up to the end of the room, glanced at some papers on my writing desk, turned, and still looking earnestly at me as it passed the bed, went out at the door. Now, I am not in the least mad, and am not in the least disposed to invest the phantom with any external existence of myself. I think it is a warning to me that I am ill, and I think I had better be bled."

I got out of bed directly and began to get on my clothes, begging him not to be alarmed, and telling him that I would go myself to the Doctor. I was just ready, when we heard a loud knocking and ringing at the street door. My room being an attic at the back, and Mr. James's being a second floor room in the front, we went down to his room and put up the window, to see what was the matter.

"Is that Mr. James?" said a man below, falling back to the opposite side of the way to look up at us.

"It is," said Mr. James; "and you are my brother's man, Robert."

"Yes, sir. I am sorry to say, sir, that Mr. John is ill. He is very bad, sir. It is even feared that he may be lying at the point of death. He wants to see you, sir. I have a chaise here. Pray come to him. Pray lose no time."

Mr. James and I looked at each other and he said:

"Whitcomb, this is strange. I wish you to come with me."

I helped him to dress, partly there, and partly in the chaise; and no grass grew under the horses' iron shoes between Poland Street and the Epping Forest.

Now, mind! I went with Mr. James into his brother's room, and I saw and heard myself what follows.

His brother lay upon his bed, at the upper end of a long bed-chamber. His old house-keeper was there, and others were there; I think three others were there, if not four, and they had been with him since early in the afternoon. He was in white, like the figure—necessarily so, because he had his night-dress on. He looked like the figure—necessarily so, because he looked earnestly at his brother when he saw him come into the room.

But when his brother reached the bedside, he slowly raised himself in bed, and looking full upon him said these words:

"JAMES, YOU HAVE SEEN ME BEFORE TO-NIGHT—AND YOU KNOW IT!"

And so died!

Mr. Digby Seymour, Q. C., who defended Allen, Larkin and J. Gould, writes to the *Times*, in the character of a loyal Irishman, to suggest that Irishmen in London and the Provinces should declare by public meetings or formal addresses their devotion to the throne and constitution, and their abhorrence of the crimes perpetrated under the insidious name of Irish patriotism. He says:—"There are obvious reasons, I think, of a large and national character, in favor of such a movement; but there are also considerations of a more practical and personal kind, which are worthy of grave and immediate attention. A panic is rapidly spreading, which, unless checked in its earlier stage, must tend to produce calamitous results among the industrial orders of Irishmen resident in the various centres of trade and commerce in England. Let the notion once possess the public mind that among the humbler classes of my countrymen 'Irish' and 'Fenian' are convertible terms, and who can say how long the English artisan or laborer will consent to work side by side with men committed on the above assumption to a diabolical policy of secret treason and dastardly crime? If ships are menaced with Fenian fire, how long will Irishmen be employed in our docks? If warehouses are in danger from explosive compounds, how long will Irishmen be allowed to labor in their precincts? What, in a word, will be the prospects for the winter if thousands of Irishmen are driven from the English labor-market under the ban of a national proscription. These are no speculative questions, nor am I a fanciful alarmist. There are grounds, only too solid, for contemplating the possibility of such a catastrophe.

It is not the professional man, whose social position is interlarded with various ties of home relations and private interests, who has anything to fear. The mischief will fall on those whose humble lot exposes them to misrepresentations they cannot refute, and makes them responsible for the guilt to which they are no parties. I believe the vast majority of my countrymen in London are at heart as loyal and as true as any men in Her Majesty's dominions. I believe the miscreants who planned the desperate outrage at Clerkenwell, if Irishmen by name or birth, are the miserable and misguided tools of foreign conspirators."

A woman named Atkinson, residing on Cartwright street, London, C., was suffocated on Tuesday night last. It appears from the evidence of the husband, Wm. Atkinson, and one of the children, that the deceased being enfeebled, and near confinement, had indulged, during his absence, in whiskey which she insisted upon obtaining, and after drinking about half-a-pint of it went to bed—the husband's return he went into the bedroom and found his wife unconscious. He closed the door and sat up with the children until twelve o'clock, and upon going to bed he caught hold of deceased's hand, and found it very cold. When on attempting to wake her, to his astonishment, found she was dead. Drs. Lancaster and Campbell made a post-mortem examination of the body, and the verdict of the jury was, that the deceased came to her death from suffocation while under the influence of liquor. The deceased, according to the doctor's testimony, must have been dead three hours before the husband went into the room. Seven children are left to lament the loss of their mother.

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