

Poetry.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

"I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid."

Amidst the thrilling leaves, thy voice
As evening's fall drew near;
Father, and did not man rejoice,
That blessed sound to hear?

Did not his heart within him burn,
Touched by the solemn tone?
Not so! for, never to return,
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, 'midst holy stream and bower,
His spirit shook with dread,
And called the cedars in that hour,
To veil his conscious head.

Oh! in each wind, each fountain's flow,
Each whisper of the shade,
Teach me, my God, thy voice to know,
And not to be afraid!

Mrs. Hemans.

A PRAYER.

BY THE LATE WM. BECKFORD, ESQ.

Like the low murmur of the secret stream
Which, through dark elders, winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard: Ah! do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale—
On the wild mountain—on the verdant sod—
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lonely communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps, in cold shudders, through my sinking frame,
I turn to Thee: that holy peace impart
Which soothes the invaders of thy awful name.

O, all-pervading spirit!—sacred beam!—
Parent of life and light!—Eternal power!
Grant me, through obvious clouds, one transient gleam
Of thy bright essence on my dying hour.

THE MAGIC DRAUGHT.

(From Hood's Magazine.)

It was past the time when sober citizens went home, but early for roisterers, when the door of the Rose and Crown, now nearly deserted by its guests, was pushed open, and two dashing cavaliers—so they seemed by their dress—rushed in. "Here, a quart of canary," cried the first, flinging a crown to the landlady: "the old fellow shall drink the king's health in style;—ho, George, where are you?" "Come along, old boy!" said a third, equally richly dressed, dragging in a stout man, no other than Giles Higgins. "Nay, good sir; nay, honourable sir; hinder me not, I'm on the king's business," said he. "Let the king's business wait our pleasure; come in, old fellow, and drink the king's health," said the first. "Well done, George, right loyally done," cried the second; "and what errand are you upon, master constable?" "Good gentlemen, hinder me not, as you love the king's majesty." "Ah, that to be sure we do," cried the third, with a chorus of laughter. "Take a drop, good master," said the second, holding the quart measure to his lips, "I'll help you on—make you valiant." "Down on your bare knees, and drink the king's health," said the first. Giles Higgins knelt as directed, and took a deep draught. "Now stand up and confess, as though in the presence of your lawful sovereign," said the second. "Good gentlemen, I have a warrant here, and I was about to execute it, and was coming hither to ask this good wife to spare two of her drawers to help me." "What, some stout fellow to take up to the Gate House?" "No, worshipful sir, an awful witch." "Ha, ha! some old crone with a hump back and brindled cat—take her tomorrow morning." "Heaven save us, good sir; here's the worshipful Justice Rainsford lying all but dead through this witch, and her magical doings." "Good Giles, you don't say so," cried the landlady in blank astonishment. "But I do though. There has that Mistress Deborah been going to the witch over the way, and she has got some drink, some poisonous mess, and there's the poor gentleman all but gone. I've been to Justice Sheldon, and here's the warrant." "What! for the strange young lady over yonder?" cried the landlady. "Why, George, we are in for adventures to night—a young lady witch, we'll go and see her," cried the second. "Forward, right valiant master constable, we'll support you." "Good Giles, it cannot be," said the bewildered landlady. "Ay, but it can be, mistress; these are awful times; and as worshipful Justice Sheldon saith, we need all pray for church and king." "For king we all will," cried the first cavalier with a nod to the second; "but for old mother church—we'll leave Clarendon to do that." "Hold your tongue, George, or this worthy constable will take us for heathens or roundheads: lead on to the witch, most valiant constable."

Forth went the goodly company. "Look at them, Ralph—court gentry, I'll warrant," said the landlady; "poor Giles will get into some sad trouble, I fear me." "Into worse, mistress, I'll warrant, if he'd been psalm-singing."

The constable and his attendants knocked at the door of the suspected house. "Let me go in first, good man," whispered the second cavalier; "I'll manage her."

The door was quickly opened, but ere it could be shut, there was a light step upon the stairs, and a lady appeared. "You know our errand, madam," said the cavalier, who for want of a more designative name we have called the second. "Surely I do," said the lady, in a low voice; "come up." "A witch outright," laughed the first, closely following up the stairs; "she knows all about it, before we tell her." The lady turned quickly round, and the second cavalier caught her hand. "My pretty witch, what have you been doing?" said he. "Who are you, sir?" cried the lady, struggling to disengage herself. "I'll tell you who you are," said the constable, bustling forward; "you're a wicked, heathenish, traitorous, poisonous witch, madam. A wicked crew are ye all, as I've suspected long ago—so come, madam, here's the warrant." "The warrant!" faltered the lady, turning pale, and clasping her hands. "Don't be frightened, pretty one, at that old fellow," whispered the second cavalier, again seizing her hand. "For whom is the warrant?" gasped the lady. "For your own self, madam, and for none else," growled the constable. "Come along; here's poor Justice Sheldon forced to sit up for you till midnight; come along." The lady seemed reassured at this reply. "Suffer me but to fetch my cloak," said she. "No, no, madam, come along." "Sir cavalier," said the lady, turning to the second, "stand my friend so far as to let me just fetch my cloak. Come to the door with me if you fear I should escape; I will not exceed three minutes." "I'm the friend of all fair ladies, pretty one," said he, "so I'll give you five." He pulled out a large enamelled watch set with diamonds: "five minutes, pretty one—no longer." "My good sir, what will the justice say?" cried the con-

stable. "Nay, I'll take him in hand; meanwhile, here's this." A bright guinea accompanied the reply, and the five minutes passed, the lady reappeared wrapt in her cloak. "I am ready," said she, calmly but mournfully; "and I commit myself to God's good providence." "A witch!" cried the first cavalier, "why, we've got after all a canting puritan."

There was a loud knocking at the door; it was hastily opened, and a sergeant, preceded by his mace-bearer, rushed in. "Keep the doors fast while we search the house," said he to some men who followed him; "but stay, here they are—faith! we were but just in time." "Who are you, sir," said the first cavalier; "let us pass." "At your peril," said the sergeant, "put up your sword, colonel, the time is past for that." "But we are gentlemen, fellow; who do you take us for?" "Ay, gentlemen, truly; just be quiet and follow us." "They are all here; three; and that gentleman," said one of the men. "We've nought to do with her; our warrant is for these three men: so come, colonel, come on quietly, for there's a file of musqueteers without." "George, George, tell them who we are," cried the second. "I will be no use; let's on with them to the justice's, and then we'll send for Newcastle." "Well, master sergeant, we're quite ready." "Well then, gentlemen, walk on." "St. George! who would have told us we should be here to-night," said the second cavalier as he entered Justice Sheldon's parlour with his companions: "'tis a providence they did not take us to prison at once." "Well, constable, bring forward your prisoner," said the justice; "awful times these. And you, mistress, what, save the instigation of the devil, led you to practice on the life of my worthy brother justice?" "Ay, your worship, she can't deny it; for here's the very thing in which she brewed that poison. I carried it off unknown to Mrs. Deborah. Look, your worship, was there ever such a heathenish-looking thing?" The constable dived into his capacious pocket, and drew out a little squat tea-pot with a silver spout. A burst of loud and merry laughter startled the solemn justice. "A Tea-pot! George—nothing but a tea-pot!" cried the second cavalier; "poor girl! and so she was taken for a witch only for giving an old man a cup of tea." "But he lieth like dead," persisted the constable. "He is sitting up, greatly refreshed," said Justice Rainsford's serving man, who had just hurried in; "he sends his service to you, Mr. Justice, and saith he can never make amends to the lady for her kindness. We dared not tell him she'd been already taken up, or he'd have slipped on his morning gown, and come out himself." "You are discharged," said the justice angrily, waving his hand to the lady, who departed with her servant; "but I would that his sacred majesty knew our trials and vexations, let alone sitting up of nights for every piece of information every fool may bring us." "His majesty thanks you, as in duty bound, for your care, Mr. Justice," said the second cavalier. "Hold your tongue, sirrah; blaspheming his sacred majesty," said the Justice. "Come, come, master Justice, you little think who you are speaking to," said the third.

At that moment an old man in a damask dressing-gown, leaning on the arm of a person whose gold chain showed him to be steward in some noble family, entered. "Good Lord Newcastle," said the first, springing forward, "you will be bail for us." The justice rose, and reverently bowed, for it was the old Duke of Newcastle. "These three men, my lord," said he, "have been brought before me; but they prayed me to send to you." "Ay, truly," said the duke, taking off his hat, and bowing to the three; "but I scarcely thought to see you." "Peace, Newcastle, let's away and have some supper," cried the second. The duke approached the justice, and whispered a few words in his ear. "Good heavens! good heavens!" ejaculated the greatly amazed justice, "what shall we hear of next?"

The morning sun shone into a noble apartment in proud Whitehall, and upon a handsome but bold-looking woman, who, reclining in a white satin dressing-gown on a crimson velvet couch, was listlessly twisting and untwisting a rope of large pearls round her finely-formed arm, while she eyed with a pout, by far too natural to be becoming, the dark-complexioned, dark-haired young man, who, in rich but slovenly dress, sat on a low stool at her feet. Two gentlemen were the only attendants—one elderly, was standing bare-headed at some distance; the other, young and handsome, leant beside the couch, apparently studying the becoming, as he took off and replaced his hat, heavy with a red ostrich plume, keeping his eyes fixed on a large pier-glass opposite. "Not one word, my fairest," said the dark young man seated at the angry beauty's feet—"not one, after all the perils and dangers I've undergone since I last saw you!" "Why, you fool, did you get into them?" was the angry lady's reply. "Ay, why indeed," laughed the red-plumed gallant; "why, because it was our destiny, was it not, Lord Bristol?" The elderly gentleman looked grave. "It was a dangerous frolic," said he. "Twas our stars," again laughed the young man; "but we paid for it." "Served you right. You said you would sup with me. And so did you, sirrah," said the angry lady, turning to the cavalier on the low stool. "Sweet Castlemaine," said the high and mighty King Charles the Second, (for 'twas he) rubbing his eyes, and yawning, "so we did; but we went up into Islington fields, and met with adventures. Faith, some not at all to my liking." "The lady was, though," said the young man with the red plume. The enraged Castlemaine started up furiously. "Who was she?" said she. "Oh, 'tis a long story; we met with a constable, who told us about a witch; and then we went to the Rose and Crown in St. John Street. Rowley will tell you all." "No no—go on, George." "Well, so we thought we would see her, and we went to her house, and there—how was it? But we were taken up for roundheads, and enforced to send to old Newcastle, who lives, you know, hard by, to bail us." "A couple of arrant fools—it served you just right," said the lady. "Nay, be not cruel, fairest," yawned the high and mighty Charles. "Truly it was no laughing matter for King Charles the Second, King of Great Britain, and Ireland, and France." "Of Dunkirk in especial, Rowley," interrupted Buckingham, laughing. "Plague on ye—that was my Lord Clarendon's business—a good job for him." "Ay, Rowley; but somebody had a share—and 'twill help to pay for these," said Buckingham, touching the rope of pearls. "Keep your hands and your tongue quiet, sirrah," answered the angry lady, with a smart slap on his outstretched hand. "Well, old Newcastle hobbled out to bail you?" "Yes, looking as rueful as though he had just run away from Marston Moor. Poor old soul, we called him out of his bed." "It was most vexatious," said Lord Bristol; "for some intelligence had just arrived, and my Lord Chancellor sent three several times." "Ay, Rowley, he'll keep you in order. Now be a good boy when he comes, and confess all," said Buckingham. "Ay, he's now coming—there, crossing the

garden." "Let him come again," said Charles, gaping; "why, is his business of such great importance?" Lord Bristol smiled sarcastically. "Edward Hyde, Lord Clarendon, your Majesty, never lacks *beaucoup d'importance* either for himself or his business," said he. "Oh! well then, let him come." "Get up, you lazy blockhead," said Castlemaine; "go and sit in your arm-chair—he'll scold you else." Charles slowly rose from the comfortable low stool, and flung himself into the more appropriate arm-chair.

With a gloomy brow—and good cause had he for gloom—did Clarendon advance, and kneel before the king. "Stand up—sit down, my lord," said he; "I'm confounded ill to-day. Well, well, I must be more careful." "Truly, your Majesty had need," replied Clarendon, sternly. "Ay, I suppose you know all about it—how I was taken for a roundhead—a Colonel Somebody; now, don't laugh, George, don't—it might have turned out no laughing matter." "Truly, your majesty, it might. I would have given anything rather than this had happened. Only yesterday evening I had intelligence that Colonel Sydenham, disguised as an old man, and two other traitors, were in a house in St. John Street, preparing to go beyond seas." "What, was the sergeant-at-arms sent for them?" "Yes, your majesty, and mistook you and your two worthy companions for the three, by which means they got off, and are now upon the high seas." "O! that was the errand the little witch thought we had come upon, George." "Ay, Rowley—I said she was more like a puritan." "You did; well, but was not it what she would call a special providence that I did not follow her up stairs? Old Colonel Sydenham was one of Noll's own Ironsides, and would have thought as little of sticking me as a sheep. Ah! those Ironsides." "Made you run, Rowley, from Worcester field; no wonder you hate their memory." "Ah, George, you'd have run too. But truly, I'll maintain it was a special providence that I did not go upstairs. I'll send for precious master Calamy, or Dick Baxter, to exercise upon it." "It's a special providence to them, Rowley; they are singing 'the snare is broken, and we are escaped,' for it's their Restoration day. Well, my good Lord Clarendon, as they are beyond the reach of Tyburn, you must look out for a few others." "My Lord Buckingham, when I require advice, permit me to choose my own counsellor," said the chancellor offended. "Nay, my lord, be not so angry. Rowley will be a good boy for the future, and do all that his schoolmaster bids him." "My lord duke!" "Now have you not been a most careful guardian of him? He knows it, don't you, Rowley? but only remember, my good lord, that all work, and no play—'Is this your majesty's pleasure!' cried the justly irritated old man. He said no more, for he saw a scarcely-suppressed laugh on the king's face, so he bowed and left the presence. Ere the door had closed, the duke snatched up a small embroidered cushion: he beckoned Colonel Titus who had just before entered, and who now took up the silver fire-shovel, and holding the cushion for the purse, while Titus preceded him with the shovel on his shoulder as a mace-bearer, Buckingham mimicked the stately walk and stern countenance of that celebrated statesman. Castlemaine clapped her hands, and laughed aloud with delight; Charles laughed too, while Lord Bristol looked on with a quiet, but malignant smile. "I will impeach him next week," said he. The door hastily opened. The chancellor had one important question to ask the king, but it was no time to ask it. He saw he was made the scoff of profligate courtiers, of a shameless wanton, of an ungrateful king. "But not your trust in Princes," said he bitterly, as he rushed from the door. Alas! for that prince, he had sacrificed the rights of a whole nation!

Brightly shone the sun; merrily bounded the Mayflower over the sparkling waves; and joyfully looking round stood Colonel Sydenham, with his two companions, holding his daughter's hand. "Ay, onward," said he, "with God's own heaven above us, and His good providence over us, what land may be called a place of exile? But cheer up, my child, we may yet again return to England—to free England. Well, who might have thought that your kindness to that sick old man would have been so wonderfully repaid! Truly, for us, as well as for him, it has been a MAGIC DRAUGHT."

RUSSIAN PICKPOCKETS.—The French ambassador was one day vaunting the dexterity of the Parisian thieves to one of the Grand Dukes, and related many anecdotes of their address. The Grand Duke was of opinion that the St. Petersburg thieves were quite their equals, and offered to lay a wager that, if the ambassador would dine with him the next day, he would cause his Excellency's watch, signet ring, or any other article of his dress which he thought most secure, to be stolen from him before the dessert was over. The ambassador accepted the wager, and the Grand Duke sent immediately to the chief of the police, desiring him to send the adroitest thief he might happen to have in custody at the time. The man was dressed in livery, instructed what to do, and promised a pardon if he accomplished his task well. The ambassador had named his watch as the particular object of attention, both for himself and his thief; when he had got the watch, the supposed servant was to give the Grand Duke a sign. The dinner began—the preliminary to it, the soups and the roti, came and disappeared in their turns; the red, white, Greek, Spanish, and French wines sparkled successively in the glasses of the guests. The ambassador kept close guard upon his watch, and the Grand Duke, observing his earnest anxiety, smiled in good-humoured archness. The pretended lackey was busily employed assisting in the removal of the dishes, the dinner was nearly over, and the Prince awaited with impatience the expected signal. Suddenly his countenance brightened; he turned to the ambassador, who was in deep conversation with his neighbour, and asked him what was the hour. His Excellency triumphantly put his hand in his pocket, he had had it on his watch a few moments before, and to the amusement of all, and more particularly the Grand Duke, drew out a very neatly cut turnip! A general laugh followed. The ambassador, somewhat embarrassed, would take a pinch of snuff, and felt in all his pockets for his gold snuff-box—it was gone! The laughter became louder. The ambassador, in his embarrassment, had recourse to his seal ring, to turn it as he was accustomed—it also was gone. In short, he found he had been plundered of every thing but what had been fastened on him by tailor and shoemaker—of ring, watch, snuff-box, handkerchief, toothpick, and gloves. The adroit rogue was brought before him, and commanded by the Grand Duke to give back the stolen property; when, to his great surprise, the pickpocket took out two watches, and presented one to the ambassador and one to his Imperial Highness—two rings, one for the ambassador and one for the Grand Duke—two snuff-boxes, &c. In astonishment, the prince now felt in his pocket as the ambassador had done, and found that he too had been

stripped of his moveables in a like manner. The Grand Duke solemnly assured the ambassador that he had been quite unconscious of the theft, and was disposed at once to be angry with the too dexterous artist. However, upon second thoughts, the fellow who had enabled him to win his wager so triumphantly, was dismissed with present, and a warning to employ his talents in future to more useful purposes.—*Kohl's Russia.*

EVILS OF FAMILY INTERMARRIAGES.—Another source of human deterioration is a long series of family intermarriages. Be the cause what it may, both history and observation testify to the fact, that the issue of marriages between parties related by consanguinity always degenerates. They become enfeebled in time, both mentally and corporeally. This practice, which is fostered chiefly by the false pride of rank, has reduced almost to dwarfishness the nobility of several nations, especially Portugal. It has likewise aided not a little in not only deteriorating but nearly extinguishing, most of the royal families in Europe. This case is strengthened and rendered more expressive by the fact, that the ancestors of those families were the real *proceres naturalis nobilitatis* of the land: men peculiarly distinguished in their day, as well for corporeal stature, strength, and comeliness as for mental excellence. Yet, I repeat, that a long line of family intermarriages has contributed much to reduce below the average of mankind the descendants of those ancient nobles, whose high qualities alone gave them station and influence. In this the human race are analogous to our domestic animals, which are deteriorated by breeding constantly from the same stock. Even among the people of certain sects in religion, much mischief is done by the continued intermarriages of the members with each other. The condition of the Jews and Quakers affords proof of this. Those two societies are more afflicted with some form of mental derangement, in proportion to their numbers, than any others in Christendom. They are also unusually deficient in distinguished men. This is, no doubt, attributable, in a small degree, to their so seldom marrying out of their own sects.—*Caldwell's Physical Education.*

NECESSITY OF PAIN.—Pain is affirmed to be unequalled evil; yet pain is necessary to our existence; a birth it rouses the dormant faculties and gives us consciousness. To imagine the absence of pain is not only to imagine a new state of being, but a change in the earth, and all upon it. As inhabitant of earth, and as consequence of the great law of gravitation, the human body must have weight. It must have bones, as columns of support, and levers for the action of its muscles; and this mechanical structure implies a complication and delicacy of texture beyond our conception. For that fine texture a sensibility to pain is destined to be the protection; it is the safe-guard of the body; it makes us alive to those injuries which would otherwise destroy us, and warns us to avoid them. When, therefore, the philosopher asks why were not our actions performed at the suggestions of pleasure, he imagines man, not constituted as he is, but as if he belonged to a world in which there was neither weight nor pressure, nor anything injurious, where there were no dangers to apprehend, no difficulties to overcome, and no call for exertion, resolution or courage. It would, indeed, be a curious speculation to follow out the consequences on the highest qualities of the mind, if we could suppose man thus free from all bodily suffering.—*Sir Charles Bell's Expression in the Fine Arts.*

Magnetic Telegraphs.—Scientific description.—The rapidity of communication is truly astonishing; it is instantaneous. The rate at which the electro-magnetic fluid passes, according to Mr. Wheatstone, is 359,000 miles (equal to 11½ times round the globe) in one second. We see the "streak" of lightning in the Heavens, but it leaves no trace; the stream of electricity has passed in less than the twinkling of an eye, and is gone far beyond our sight. In the same manner, with equal swiftness, the electro-magnetic fluid unerringly conveys the intelligence intrusted to its operation.

A new field is laid open for the researches of science, and new discoveries may yet be expected.—Experiments have already been made in the country, with wires of 160 miles in length, insulated in coils, with perfect success. A small battery of 100 pairs of plates was sufficient for the operation of the whole distance. In effecting the transmission of intelligence by the telegraph, the artificial magnet, created by electricity, sets in motion an apparatus, which gives on paper certain characters, representing certain letters of the alphabet. Communications are thus recorded, either by day or night, on a revolving cylinder, without even superintendence, and many be transcribed at leisure. The medium employed is simply a copper wire insulated and extended on posts, at an expense not exceeding \$150 per mile. It is confidently believed that proprietors will thus connect their dwellings with the places of their mechanical operations. How easily, for instance, could Boston and Lowell be thus connected. The same posts, too, would answer for many lines of communication. Each wire, however, must be insulated; and, strange as it may seem, if two wires are placed horizontally at some distance apart, and one is charged, a similar effect will be produced on the other.

Amongst the most curious effects attending this discovery is the transmission of intelligence through a single wire, at the same time, from opposite points. Thus, on a wire reaching from Washington to Baltimore, a messenger, by electricity, too, is extremely subtle. Nor is the fact less astonishing that the ground itself is a good conductor, and supplies the place of another which is necessary in ordinary cases before any effect is produced.

The advantages of this mode of communication must be obvious, both in war and peace. The east and the west, the north and the south, can enjoy the earliest intelligence of the markets, and thus be prepared against speculation. Criminals will be deterred from the commission of crimes, under the hope of escaping upon the "iron horse," for the mandate of justice outrunning their flight will greet their arrival at the first stopping place.

Intimately connected with this branch of science, employed in effecting the results obtained by the telegraph, are the medical applications by the magnetic battery. The same wonderful agent—the electro-magnetic fluid—which also gilds the metals, and separates the beautiful ores, dissolves the calculus (stone in the bladder) without pain; rescuing thus many victims, otherwise doomed to a lingering death, or the sad alternative of a more excruciating operation.—The facility with which medicines are infused into the system, by the aid of this battery, leads us to hail the approach of a quicker alleviation of human woes, and the future success of experiments, fraught with the brightest anticipations.