

fore. She did not check him in his hopes, and in process of time he too made her an officer. But when she spoke of her fortune, he begged her to be silent; it is to virtue, worth and beauty, said he, that I pay my court; not to fortune. In you I shall obtain what is more worth than gold. She was most agreeably disappointed. They were married; and after the union was solemnized, she made him master of her fortune with herself. I am indeed worth eighteen hundred dollars said she to him; but I have never said how much more; and I never hope to enjoy more pleasure than I feel this moment, when I tell you my fortune is one hundred and eighty thousand.

It was actually so; but still her husband often tells her that in her he possesses a more noble fortune.

#### PRINCE POTEKIN, OF RUSSIA.

To what trifles do many persons owe their elevation: Prince Potemkin was indebted for his honors and fortunes to a FEATHER. In the revolution which gave the late Empress sole possession of the throne, she appeared at the head of the Ismailof guards, when Potemkin, a young officer in the cavalry, perceiving that she had no feather in her hat, as she appeared on that momentous occasion *en militaire*, rode up to her and presented his. This extraordinary man, experienced, in early life, a disappointment of heart, which so frequently forces the mind out of its proper sphere, and unsettles it for ever.—Potemkin rushed into the field of battle, and in search of death obtained glory. The cruel fair one still rejected him, notwithstanding his scars and honours, and became violently smitten with an ugly old man, whom she married, and hated for ever after.

Marville, in his *Melange D'Histoire*, &c. produces two or three instances of ridiculous situations, in which great men have been seen. One of them must have been singularly so. The celebrated Constable Anne de Montmorency, a man whose valor and military skill were only exceeded by his pride, his cruelty, and his bigotry, was ordered by Francis I. of France, to carry on his shoulders, or any way that he could contrive it, his niece, the princess of Navarre, to the altar, where she was, against her will, to be married to the "Duc de Cleves." This, Brantome observes, was a hard task, as the little lady was so loaded with jewels, and rich brocade of gold and silver, that she could scarcely walk. The whole court were amazed at the King's command; the Queen of Navarre was pleased, as she wished her daughter to be humbled, on account of her having imbibed Lutheran principles; but the Constable was much hurt, at being exposed to the ridicule of the whole world, and said, "It is henceforward over with me: my favor at court is passed away!" accordingly, he was dismissed as soon as the wedding was over.

"I wonder," says a woman of humor, "why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one grant point: he wishes to be master, and so do I."

Old Taswell, the comedian, having a dispute with Mrs. Clive, concluded his remarks on her by saying, "Madam, I have heard of *tartar* and *brimstone*; but you are the *cream* of the one, and the *flower* of the other."

### POETRY.

The following lines, published in the January number of the Monthly Magazine, are by Professor Everett, of Boston:

#### DIRGE OF ALARIC, THE VISIGOTH,

Who stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

When I am dead, no pageant train  
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,  
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain  
Stain it with hypocrite tear;  
For I will die as I did live,  
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust  
Upon the spot where I repose,  
Ye shall not tawn before my dust,  
In hollow circumstance of woes;  
Nor sculptured clay with lying breath,  
Insult the clay that lies beneath.

Ye shall not pile with servile toil  
Your monuments upon my breast,  
Nor yet within the common soil  
Lay down the wreck of Power to rest:  
Where man can boast that he has trod  
On him, that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,  
And lay its secret channel bare,  
And hollow for your sovereign's urn,  
A resting-place forever there:  
Then bid its everlasting springs  
Flow back upon the King of Kings;  
And never be the secret said,  
Until the deep gives up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling  
Back to the clods that gave them birth;—  
The captur'd crowns of many a king,  
The ransom of a conquer'd earth:  
For e'en though dead will I control  
The trophies of the Capitol.

But when, beneath the mountain tide,  
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,  
Ye shall not rear upon its side  
Pillar nor mound to mark the spot:  
For long enough the world hath shook  
Beneath the terrors of my look;  
And now that I have run my race,  
Th' astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like the river deep,  
And from the northern hills I burst,  
Across the world in wrath to sweep,  
And where I went the spot was curs'd—  
Nor blade of grass again was seen  
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fall  
Beneath the terror of the Goth,  
Their iron-breasted legions quail  
Before my ruthless Sabaoth,  
And low the Queen of empires kneels,  
And grovels at my chariot wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend  
In judgment my triumphal car;  
'Twas God alone on high did send  
The avenging Seythian to the war,  
To shake abroad, with iron hand,  
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge he rear'd  
O'er guilty king and guilty realm,  
Destruction was the ship I steered,  
And Vengeance sat upon the helm;  
When launch'd in fury on the flood,  
I plough'd my way thro' seas of blood,

And in the stream their hearts had spilt  
Wash'd out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp  
I pour'd the torrent of my powers,  
And feeble Caesars shriek'd for help,  
In vain within their seven-hill'd towers;  
I quench'd in blood the brightest gem  
That glitter'd in their diadem,  
And struck a darker, deeper die  
In the purple of their majesty,  
And bade my northern banners shine  
Upon the conquer'd Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done,  
I go to him from whom I came;  
But never yet shall set the sun  
Of glory that adorns my name,  
And Roman hearts shall long be sick  
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done—  
But darker ministers of late  
Impatient round the eternal throne  
And in the caves of vengeance wait,  
And soon mankind shall blench away  
Before the name of Attila.

The dream on the pillow  
That flits with the day,  
The leaf of the willow  
A breath wears away;

The dust on the blossom,  
The spray on the sea;  
Aye—ask thine own bosom—  
Are emblems of thee.

When I trust the dark waters,  
And tempests are near,  
List the blue sea's false daughters,  
And think not on fear—

O! then I'll believe thee  
As once I believed,  
Nor dread thou'lt deceive me  
As thou hast deceived.

When the rose blooms at Christmas  
I'll trust thee again,  
Or the snow falls in summer,—  
But never till then!

FROM THE NORTHERN WHIG.

THORNS AMONG THE ROSES.  
Her darling son a mother ey'd,  
(His childish gambols playing,)  
When suddenly with joy he cried,  
As near a rose-bud straying,  
I'll seize the blushing flow'rs so fair,  
Which yonder bush discloses—  
Nay, touch them not, my son, for there  
Are thorns among the roses.

He seiz'd the flow'rs with eager force,  
Of good advice unheeding;  
His stubbornness soon brought remorse,  
His hand was torn and bleeding—  
Hush! naughty child, the mother says,  
And cease your idle grieving,  
And learn from this—appearances  
Are oftentimes deceiving.

As on in youth's bright path you go,  
Where many a flower's reveal'd,  
Remember those that fairest blow  
Have sharpest thorns conceal'd:  
Be this charge written on your breast,  
And let not time annul it—  
Whatever flower thou lokest best,  
Examine ere you cull it. YORICK.

☞ No. 2 has been re-printed, to supply subscribers who have not received it.