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MISCELLANY.

From the London Athenæum.

THE LAST PRAYER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

'O Domine Deus! speravi in te,
'O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me—
'In dura catena, in misera pœna,
'Desidero te—
'Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
'Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me,'

It was the holy twilight hour, and clouds in crimson pride
Sail'd thro' the golden firmament, in the calm evening tide;
The peasant's cheerful song was hushed by every hill and glen—
The City's voice stole faintly out, and died the hum of men;
And as Night's sombre shades came down o'er Day's resplendent eye,
A fadeless face, from a prison cell, gazed out upon the sky;
For to that face the glad bright sun of earth for aye had set,
And the last time had come to mark eve's starry coronet!
Oh, who can paint the bitter thoughts that o'er her spirit stole,
As her pale lips gave utterance to feeling's deep control;
While shadow'd from life's vista back, throng'd, 'mid her bursting tears,
The fantasies of early hope—dreams of departed years:
Where Pleasure's light was sprinkled, and silver voices flung
Their rich and echoing cadences, her virgin hours among;
When there came no shadow on her brow—no tear to dim her eye;
When there frown'd no cloud of sorrow in her being's festal sky.
Perchance at that lone hour the thought of early visions came,
The trance that touched her lip with song at *Love's* mysterious flame;
When she listened to the low breath'd tones of him the idol One,
Who shone in her mind's imaging, first ray of pleasure's sun:
Perchance the walk in evening hours—the impassioned kiss and vow
The warm tear on the kindling cheek—the smile upon the brow;
But they came like flowers that wither—and the light of all had fled,
As a hue from April's pinion o'er earth's budding bosom shed!
And thus, as star came after star, into the boundless heaven,
Were her deep thoughts and eloquent, in pensive numbers given,
There were the offerings of a heart where grief had long held sway,
And now—the night, the hour had come, to give her feelings way;
It was the last, dim night of life—the sun had sunk to rest,
And the blue twilight haze had crept on the far mountain's breast!—
And thus as in her sadden'd heart the tide of love grew strong,
Pour'd her meek, quiet spirit forth, this flood of mournful song:
The shades of evening gather now o'er the mysterious earth;
The viewless winds are whispering their strain of breezy mirth;
The gentle moon hath come to shed a flood of glory round,
In the silence of this calm repose—the beauty of the ground,
And in the free, sweet gales, that sweep along my prison bar,
Seem borne the soft, deep harmonies of every kindling star:
I see the blue streams glancing in the mild and chasten'd light,
And the gem lit fleecy clouds, that steal along the brow of night.
Oh, must I leave existence now while life should be like spring—
While Joy should cheer my pilgrimage with gladness from his wing?
Are the songs of Hope for ever flown—the siren voice which flung
The chaunt of youth's warm happiness from the beguiler's tongue?
Shall I drink no more the melody of babbling stream or bird,
Or the scented gale of summer, as the leaves of June are stirred?
Shall the pulse of love wax fainter, and the spirit shrink from death,
As the bud-like thoughts that lit my heart fade in its chilling breath?
I have pass'd the dreams of childhood and my loves and hopes are gone;
And I turn to thee, Redeemer! oh, thou blest and holy One!
Tho' the rose of health has vanished—tho' the mandate hath been spoken,
And one by one the golden links of life's fond chain are broken;
Yet oh my spirit turn to Thee, the Chast'ner! and can bend
In humble suppliance at thy feet my Father and my Friend!
Thou who hast crown'd my youth with hope—my early days in glee—
Give the eagle's fearless wing—the dove's, to mount to Thee!
I loose my foolish hold on life—its passions and its cares—
How brief the golden extacies of its young, careless years!
I give my heart to earth no more—the grave may clasp me now;
The winds, whose tones I loved, may play in the dim cypress bough;
The birds, the streams are eloquent; yet, I shall pass away,
And in the light of Heaven shake off this cumbrous load of clay;—
Shall join the lost, the lov'd of earth, and meet in each kindred breast,
"'Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!'"

Philadelphia. N. G. C.

* These lines, so melodious in the original, are susceptible of equally melodious translation, were written by the unfortunate MARY, a short time before her melancholy execution.

A LEAF FROM A REEFER'S LOG.

On the morning of the 15th Nov. [illegible] one of our seamen died, and, as there was every appearance of a severe gale, he was buried the same afternoon. The funeral service of the Episcopal church was read over him, the poor fellow's body consigned to the deep, and the order given to 'pipe down.'

My companion resumed with me his monotonous walk, fore and aft the quarter deck, on the lee-side, talking over the loss of the man just gone, and who had been a favorite among the others, and now and then giving a look at the skipper, (of whom we stood in salutary awe,) just to see whether he was in good humour. He was standing upon the Jacob's ladder, watching the three [illegible] clouds, that seemed to grow blacker and more angry every moment. The first mate had stationed himself upon an [illegible] chest on the quarter, observing quietly the increasing sea that, at one moment, displayed a crest of pure white, and the next sent a shower of spoondrift from one wave to another; and every now and then bending an inquiring look upon the Captain, as if he would say, when are you going to order to reef in another reef? All at once the craft gave a heavy lee lurch, so did Harry and I; the water came plentifully into the lee ports, and we sent into the water, and when we recovered our base of our feet, we saw the two above named officers, and the lieutenant of the watch, making themselves very merry at our expense; we tried more than once to get our shots were unsuccessful. Our turn came on for while the captain was coaxing his craft, a sea took us on the quarter, and sent us just enough to its curling head to give the old man a handsome washdown. We both smiled, but when we saw his face as black as the west, we felt not the least inclination to indulge in further mirth. The order was given to the first lieutenant, and all hands reef topsails.' reef topsails resounded through the ship, accompanied by the shrill pipe of the boatswain. Reef was taken after reef, and it was not until after ten o'clock that the vessel was got under a close reefed fore topsail and storm stay-sails, and she thoroughly trimmed, top officers received permission to come on deck. We now expected to hear the order to 'pipe down,' but it never passed with no noise except the straining of the vessel, the whistling of the wind among the rigging, varied every now and then with the swash of the sea, making a clean breach over us, without proving any great addition to our comfort. A little after eleven the fore-top-sail split with a noise equal to the report of a nine-pounder, and at the same moment, one of our anchors getting off the bows, enlivened the scene without adding much to our amusement. Before the anchor was secured, a sea struck us forward, and washed overboard our old Boatswain and three men; the boatswain and one man got on board again, and the other two were blotted from the book of life. In the course of a short time the anchor was secured, the foresail and stay-sail hauled down, and the vessel hove to, as the expression is, like a duck.

I had noticed that during the night there had been strong symptoms of disaffectation among the old seamen, and accident put me in possession of the cause. I was standing in the waist, leaning against a gun, and holding on to the life-line, when I heard an old quarter-master grumble to a petty officer, 'It's no use working after all. Time for when a skipper don't know no more nor to launch a poor fellow's hull overboard on Friday, any green horn might know the ship would'nt be a safe one till next banyan day over.'—'Aye,' says Tim, 'did I seen the brother Carey's Chickens, thinker nor soger in Gibraltar, jist before Hawkins was launched overboard, and after that they stood off to the norrard, and hat was the last of them all; and, moreover, that grey monkey they call Jenney, as was alone when she was picked up in the desert Araby, (as now the bloody soger turns out to be a hoax,) took a look out on the yards when they piped to dinner, and kept a light watch and to wind ward till they piped the afternoon grog. I knowd that meant *and by for trouble!*'—This let me into the secret; an old superstition had been forgotten, and a man buried on a day considered particularly unfortunate.—The men had done their duty from their high state of discipline, but not from expectation of saving the ship or their own lives, and had it not been for the strict obedience they were habituated to pay to their officers, their forebodings might have verified true, and all hands have been sacrificed to an idle superstition.

The conversation of the two seamen was interrupted by the call of all hands splice the main brace' and of course no seaman waited for a second invitation to the hall, or grog tub. The officers received permission for one half to go below at a time, and get some refreshments; when we went below, we found one of the ward room boys, who presented the compliments of the officers of that mess, together with a cold ham, large pitcher of punch, and never was a present received, that imparted more gratification to the presenters. One muddy was placed in the corner of the steerage, with his feet braced against the lashed table, holding the pitcher, while the rest were rummaging the locker, for knives and tin pots; these were soon procured, and never was a merrier supper eaten on shore, with all the luxurious appliances in this world, and the smile of woman to gladden the feast, although we were not far from a lee shore, and thought it quite probable we might bring up every moment.

When the next banyan-day (Friday) came round, I asked the old boatswain's mate, how we had got clear, after burying a man on Friday? He said, that it might be the loss of the two men that night, was sufficient, but he added, shaking his head, till the long queue whipped both ears, 'maybap you wont weather to blow so easy the next time, and when you've been on salt water as long as I have, you'll find banyan-day-an't no day to wet a man's jacket!'

THE GREEK BARBER.

I crossed the ferry to Poros. Now the conveniences for the indulgence of the toilet, situated as I then was, were exceedingly limited; and seeing the depot of an artist, vulgarly recognized as a barber, abundantly stocked with clean towels and keen looking razors, I entered, and intimated my wish to have my hair cut, and the performance of other little operations in his line, to the effect that I might be made comfortable. I seated myself complacently upon the bench which was extended round the room, and folded my legs under me with as much grace as the little practice I had had in that position enabled me. Seeing that I was a Frank—Franks generally pay better than natives—the master of the shop approached me with an air of considerable deference. He was a good natured looking Greek, particularly neat and trim in his attire. He wore his crimson Phesi jauntingly on one side, discovering a great portion of his very clear shorn temple. His eyebrows were reduced to a beautifully fine curved line, his mustaches, though very large and thick, were labaliged to a hair; in fact, it might be said of him, that he carried the best recommendation to his customers in his face.

From his waist hung a broad leathern strap, and his girdle was garnished with several razors of very peculiar construction, very narrow in the blade and firmly fixed in straight wooden handles. He addressed me with an 'Orssie Effendi, 'Fitheless,' (command me sir! what is your wish?) I signified my intentions. 'Effhese,' said he,—(speedy)—and, with his left hand, stretching the strap that hung from his middle, he smoothed it down with his right, and ended by giving it two or three smart slaps, that sounded like the smart crack of a rifle. The art of making this noise is as peculiar to the barbers of the east, as the cracking a whip is to the French postilion. Having strapped a razor he removed my cap, and I then thought it high time to enter into a remonstrance, saying that I did not wish to have my head shaved, but simply my hair cut. 'I understand you so,' said he, 'and am going to do it.' 'But,' interrupted I, 'surely not with a razor, have you no got a——' imitating the action of a pair of scissors with my finger. 'Do not be afraid,' said he, and a smile of contempt passed over his features as he, without further parley, applied his razor to my devoted head, and scraped from it a quantity of hair. 'There,' said he, 'if you are not satisfied, I will send to my uncle Theodoree, the tailor, for his shears.' I was compelled to submit, though in the full expectation of being scalped at every stroke of his accursed tool. When he pronounced the operation ended, I was not a little surprised to find my hair very decently cut, and myself unhurt.

He then proceeded to place under my chin a pewter basin, with a large rim cut out to fit the neck; and having washed my chin and cheeks with his fingers, and rubbed them with a piece of hard soap, he removed the basin, and putting his foot on the bench on which I sat, he laid my head gently upon his knee. He went on to shave me, not as our barbers do, by drawing the razor towards himself, but by pushing it from him outwards, pinching the skin up into ridges, and taking off at a stroke the crown of each ridge, making it not only tedious, but to me an excruciating operation, although, on the other hand, a very perfect one, for the face will remain smooth and beardless for a day or two. They seem to cut about eight and forty hours' growth beneath the skin. This ended, he put some questions to me; to which I, having no idea of the consequences, but supposing some matter of course, nodded an assent. He then tucked several towels down my neck and back, and gave me another pewter basin of the same construction as the first, but much larger. I had before observed a wooden bracket like an old fashioned gallows, projecting from the wall over my head, though without suspecting its use. Upon this he suspended a pewter pail having a stop-cock in the bottom. He then produced a large wooden bowl, containing a quantity of soap, and with a piece of raw silk, made a wash sufficient to wash the whole population of the island. I saw him deposit this on the bench by his side and bare his arms to the elbow. I witnessed all this preparation with some little anxiety, and even apprehension: but encumbered as I was by my position and his infernal paraphernalia, he had me completely in his power; and as to remonstrance, he took an effectual method of cutting short any solecisms I might have committed against the dignity of Greece, by turning the stop-cock of the bucket above me, and with the speed of thought, down came a bucket of scalding water! I tried to scream; the power of utterance was gone. I would have thrown the basin at him, but then my whole body must have been parboiled: I had nothing left but to endure. At last the deluge ceased. Now, thought I, now, thou perfidious barber,—though thou wert even the progenitor of Sir Edward himself—now will I be revenged of thee. I will dip thee in thy own copper, and hang thee up to dry like a lathered napkin, as a warning to all toy detestable craft how they exercise their atrocities upon confiding Franks. But alas! I opened my eyes, glistening with the fire of fury, but to be quenched with tears of torture. 'Oh, the lather! the lather! In a moment I was smothered—eyes, nose, ears and mouth—with the very sublimated essence of soap suds! The souls of the great grand father of all barbers throughout all generations, must have concentrated their wickedness in this individual. He insinuated the compound into my eyes, he blew it into my nostrils, he crammed it into my mouth, and thrust it into my ears. Soap suds and hot water! soap suds and hot water!! soap suds and hot water!!!—three times over. I can do no more; 'tis like Alfonso's dagger—

'It rouses horrid images—away with it!'

At last, he took from a dome-topped towel horse, that stood in the centre of the room, over a basin of burning charcoal, a hot napkin, which he folded, turban like, upon my head, while with another, he dried my sunken countenance as well as he could. I was completely subdued—my spirit was broken; he might have tweaked me by the nose, and I should scarce have known it; but yet I wondered why these latter kindnesses were vouchsafed me. Alas! it was only to prolong my existence till I had endured, to their full extent, the enormities the monster yet meditated against me. He took my hand in one of his, and, placing the other upon my shoulder, suddenly extended my arm, making every joint crack. The other arm——. But I hasten over this part of my narrative: the remembrance is too painful to dwell upon. He took possession of my head, and causing it to perform a rotator, after the fashion of our harlequin, he gave it such a dexterous twist on one side, producing a report that sounded, to my hearing, almost the only faculty I had left, like the crack of doom! I thought the whole vertebral column was dislocated. He then placed me upright, my back against the wall, retreated some three or four paces, and raising his hands, rushed with outspread palms against my chest, with such force as to cause the involuntary ejaculation of ha! as loud as an Irish pavior. The measure of his iniquity now being full, he called for a tchibouque and a cup of coffee, and, presenting them to me in the most obsequious manner, this more obsequious perpetrator of all these atrocities had the impudence to wish me a good health and many ages.

STORY OF A PIKE.

The desperate voracity of the pike is not more remarkable than the extraordinary retention of life it possesses after being removed from its native element. The following is a remarkable and rather ludicrous instance of its possession of both characteristics, for the truth of which we can safely pledge our veracity. An acquaintance, who is a perfect enthusiast in the science of Angling, sometime ago strapped the creel over his shoulder, took the rod in his hand, and with a plentiful and select assortment of hooks, bait, and fly, in his pocket, set off, on a piscatory pilgrimage, to the banks of the Clyde. There he casually encountered a shepherd, with his Colley at his foot, and whilst exchanging news and a pinch of rappee with the pastoral patriarch, our acquaintance observed a frog spring out of the grass in the water—which it had no sooner done than an immense pike shot with the speed of lightning from beneath the bank, and the next moment poor Monsieur Frog became an inmate of the monster's insatiable maw. In an instant, the five piece hickory rod was screwed together, the hooks fixed to the line, and another unfortunate 'paddock,' as the shepherd termed it, being soon found and transfixed, our friend retreated back to a proper distance and threw in the bait. No sooner had it dropped into the water than it was in the jaws of the pike, when the barbs were forthwith struck into his gums, and after about half an hour's desperate tussle, a huge 12lb. fish was laid on the green sward. Whilst our friend was undoing his rod and tackle, having made the shepherd a gift of the prize, the colley that had watched the sport seemingly with much attention, was going snuffling and smelling round the captive, and wagging his tail evidently with great satisfaction. Tired at last with scrutinizing, the unsuspicious quadruped sat down with his rump towards the fish, and the bushy tuft of his tail lying temptingly near the jaws of the latter it snapped at and caught hold of it.—No words can paint the terror and surprise of the poor colley at this unwonted assault on his person! First he bolted straight out for a hundred yards or so, like an arrow—then wheeled round with the circular rapidity of a mill stone—and finally sprung into the water, thinking, no doubt, that his assailant would prefer emancipation and safety in his native element, to the gratification of a malicious revenge; and so no doubt it would: but the wishes of both were fated to be baulked—the hair having got so warped round the pike's jaws and grinders, that the latter was totally unable to disengage itself. Away swam the dog across the river, the pike tugging and tearing with might and main—now pulling poor colley the one moment fairly below the water by sheer weight and strength: the next, lifting his hurdies high in air,' as it sprung aloft in its struggles to get free—at every pull the terrified quadruped bellowing forth his alarm; whilst the two spectators, completely overcome by the ludicrous novelty of the spectacle, absolutely roared with laughter till 'the tears coursed one another down their noses' with downright mirth. Having landed on the opposite bank, the colley took direct for his master's cottage (which was a gunshot or two off the river) at full speed—the pike throwing incessant pirouettes in the air, to each of which a lengthened howl was responded. Anxious to see the termination of this laughable affair, our friend accompanied the shepherd across a neighbouring ford, and on arriving at the domicile, found the whole family, wife, weans, dogs, cats, and chuckies, in a state of tumultuous uproar and confusion that baffles description. The unfortunate colley had crept under the bed with his tail-piece, whence he literally sent forth shrieks of agony and terror. Having pulled him out by the neck, the gudewife's shears were put in requisition, and the poor dog was soon freed from his truly unwilling persecutor; yet notwithstanding all the bumping and thumping which the latter had undergone in its awkward career to the cottage, our friend assures us that the voracious animal actually snapped at and sunk its teeth into the puridge-stick which was employed to force open its jaws! After resting himself a little, and giving the gratified shepherd, in addition to the fish, a caulker from his flask, our friend resumed his pilgrimage, highly diverted with the strange and unexpected sport he had met with.

Dumfries Journal.

The Rail Road now in use from Amboy to Bordentown, is thirty miles in length. It is said that when the whole arrangements are completed, which will be in a few days, the travelling over it will be accomplished in about *fifty minutes.—N. Y. Mer. Adv.*

SLANDER SUIT.

The Albany Daily Advertiser, of Thursday states, that at the present term of the Circuit Court, held in that city, a suit for slander was tried, in which G. W. Ryckman, was plaintiff, and Joseph W. Perkins, ex sheriff of London, defendant. The jury on Wednesday rendered a verdict for plaintiff of *seven thousand dollars.* Mr. Ryckman was one of the Editors of the Albany Daily Advertiser.

From the United States Telegraph.

NATURAL WONDERS.

It is very surprising, that two of the greatest natural curiosities in the world are within the United States, and yet scarcely known to the best informed of geographers and naturalists. The one is a beautiful water-fall in Franklin county, Georgia; the other a stupendous precipice in Pendleton district, South Carolina; they are both faintly mentioned in the late edition of Morse's Geography; but not as they merit. The Tuccoa Falls are much higher than the falls of Niagara. The column of water is propelled beautifully over a perpendicular rock, and when the stream is full it passes down without being broken. All the prismatic effect, seen at Niagara illustrates the spray of Tuccoa. The table mountain in Pendleton district, South Carolina, is an awful precipice of 900 feet. Many persons reside within five, seven, or ten miles of this grand spectacle who have never had curiosity or taste enough to visit it. It is now however occasionally visited by curious travellers, and sometimes men of science.

Very few persons who have once cast a glimpse in the almost boundless abyss, can again exercise sufficient fortitude to approach the margin of the chasm. Almost every one, in looking over, almost involuntary falls to the ground, senseless, nerveless and hapless; and would inevitably be precipitated headlong and dashed to atoms, were it not for measures of caution and security, that have always been deemed indispensable to a safe indulgence of the curiosity of the visiter or spectator. Every one on proceeding to the spot whence it is usual to gaze over the wonderful deep, has in his imagination, a limitation, graduated by a reference to instances with which his eye has been familiar. But in a moment, eternity as it were, is presented to his astonished senses; and he is instantly overwhelmed. His system is no longer subject to his volition or his reason, and he falls like a mass of pure matter. He then revives, and in a wild delirium surveys a scene, which for a while he is unable to define by description or imitation.

How strange it is the Tuccoa Fall and Table Mountain, are not more familiar to Americans! Either of them would distinguish an empire or a state in Europe.