

POETRY.



From the Forget-Me-Not.

THE GOOD WIVES OF WEINBERG.

Who can tell me where Weinberg lies?
As brave a town as any—
It must have cradled good and wise,
Both wives and maidens many.
Should I e'er wooing have to do,
Faith, in Weinberg will I woo!

The Emperor Conrad, on a time,
In wrath the town was battering,
And near it lay his warriors prime,
And sturdy horsemen clattering;
And, with fierce firing, rode and ran
All round about it, horse and man.

As him the little town withstood,
Though every thing it wanted,
So did he swear in vengeful mood,
No mercy should be granted;
And thus his herald spake—"This know,
I'll hang you, rascals, in a row!"

When in this town was heard this threat,
It caused a great dejection,
And every neighbor neighbor met
With mournful interjection:
Though bread was very dear in price,
Yet dearer still was good advice.

"Ah wo for me, most wretched man!
Great wo the siege has won us!"
They cried, and every priest began,
"The Lord have mercy on us!"
"Oh, wo, wo, wo, on all sides changed;
We feel 'em now as good as hanged!"

When in despair wise men will sit,
In spite of council-masters,
How oft has saved them woman's wit
From manifold disasters!
Since woman's wit, as all men know,
Is subtler than aught else below.

There was a wife to her good man
But yesterday united,
And she a wise scheme hit upon,
Which the whole town delighted in;
And made them all so full of glee,
They laughed and chattered famously.

Then, at the hour of midnight damp,
Of wives a deputation
Went out to the besieger's camp,
Praying for capitulation;
So soft they prayed, so sweet they prayed:
And for these terms their prayer was made!

"That all the wives might be allowed
Their jewels forth to carry;
What else remained the warriors proud,
Might rive, and hang, and carry."
To this the Emperor swore consent,
And back the deputation went.

Thereon as soon, as morn was spied,
What happened! Give good hearing!
The nearest gate was opened wide,
And out each wife came, bearing—
True as I live!—all pick-a-pack,
Her worthy husband in a sack!

Then many a courtier, in great wrath,
The good wives would have routed:
But Conrad spake: "My kingly faith
May not be false or doubted!
Ho! bravo!" cried he, as they came;
"I think you our wives would do the same!"

Then gave he a pardon and a feast,
Those gentle ones to pleasure;
And music all their joy increased,
And dancing without measure:
As did the Mayress waltzing twirl,
So did the bosom-biding girl.

Ay, tell me now where Weinberg lies,
As brave a town as any,
And cradled has it good and wise,
Both wives and maidens many:
If wooing e'er I have to do,
Faith! one of Weinberg will wo!

AN ODE.

AIR—*Scots who have no Wallance bled.*
Hail, our country's natal morn!
Hail, our spreading kindred born!
Hail, our banner not yet torn,
Waving o'er the free!

While this day, in festal throng,
Millions swell the patriot song,
Shall we not thy notes prolong,
Hallowed Jubilee?

Who would sever Freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the inviolable line?
Though by birth one spot be mine?
Dear is all the rest;

Dear to me the South's fair land,
Dear, the central, Mountain band,
Dear, New England's rocky strand,
Dear, the prairied west.

By our altars, pure and free,
By our Law's deep-rooted tree,
By the past's dread memory,
By our Washington;

By our common parent tongue,
As our hopes, bright, buoyant young,
By the tie of country strong,
We will still be one.

Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
Ages! must ye droop again?
MAKER! shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by THEE,
No! receive our solemn vow,
While before thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain as now,
UNION—LIBERTY.

TRUE WIT.

True wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from Golconda's mine; [one,
Which boasts two various powers in
To cut as well as shine.

Genius like that of polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds,
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

The Mysterious Stranger,
FOR THE BRAVO OF BANFF.

(CONTINUED.)

Chapter III.—Agitation.

"Yet sang she Brignal banks are fair,
And Oreta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen."

"How do you like the air, Janet?"
asked Marian Lovat, when she had
finished the burthen. The two com-
panions were sitting alone, and Miss
Thom had been gazing for some time
past, with surprise and uneasiness, in
the other's face.

"How do I like the air, Mirron?"
said she. "The air is well enough—
but why do you sing so loud, and look
so wild, and speer at me with a sud-
denness that is enough to make a body
jump! Ye are no well, Mirron—
there's a flush on your cheek, and a
glare in your eye, and I misdoubt me,
fiver in your blood and in your brain!
Ye have nae been weel ever since that
very walk to the bridge of Alva; but
ye were aye so stout that you will not
acknowledge that ye got a fright at
the sudden apparition of the stranger,
and the skreigh we gave when we saw
him, that has settled on your speerits.
Go to your bed, lassie, and first pray,
and then sleep, and ye'll be weel the
morn. Go to your bed," added Miss
Thom, while the tears came into her
eyes—"and I'll never vex you again,
Mirron, and never argue and flyte with
you so long as I live, and never—never
more call you the Bravo's
Bride!" Marian attempted to laugh;
but the next moment she rose sudden-
ly and throwing her arms around her
friend's neck, hid her face in her bosom,
and burst into tears. Miss Thom
wept for company; but in spite of the
promise she had just made, *flyed* all
the while.

"Hoot!" said she, "What for are ye
greeting? It's naething but mysteries
—get up, ye tawpie! I declare I tho't
ye had more sense!"

"It is only weakness," said Marian,
faintly.

"That is just what is astonishing to
me! I never saw you greet before, ex-
cept when your mother was called
home."

"I will do what you advise Janet;
I'll go to bed, and try to pray, and—"
"Try to pray! Goodness be about
us! Heard ever any body the like
of that?"

"I will pray," said Marian faintly—
"and I'll try to calm my spirits—and
perhaps (with a deep sigh) I shall be
well in the morning."

This little scene took place many
days after Marian's first interview with
the stranger. The second meeting
had been quite as accidental as the
first, the third less so, the fourth—but
why explain what every body under-
stands? Who cannot picture to them-
selves the short, easy, and natural sta-
ges of such an intercourse?—and yet
there some points in it far from com-
mon. Marian felt that she loved, and
was beloved; and yet no word of warn-
ing—no hinted hope had ever passed
the stranger's lips! There was be-
tween them—in all things but one—
the confidence of love. Their eyes
conversed; their souls mingled; their
very air, and gestures—the slightest
working of the features, were as the
words and signs of an intelligible lan-
guage.

There was an enthusiasm in the
stranger's character, which it would
have been difficult for a girl like Ma-
rian to resist; but there was also a
certain something in his air which,
while it invited familiarity, brooked no
intrusion. He seemed to be natural-
ly frank and open; but the circle of
his confidence was limited and impos-
sible, and an inquiry which even point-
ed beyond either roused him to fierce-
ness, or plunged him into the deepest
melancholy. He abhorred the past;
he dreaded the future; he lived only
for the present. His thoughts, altho'
not habitually gloomy, were familiar
with murder, and he seemed, in his
own language, to have "a taste for
robbery."

But on the other hand, his infor-
mation was so extensive, and his senti-
ments so noble and generous, and so
deeply tinged with those golden hues
of romance which were the prevailing
color of her own character, that Ma-
rian, when walking by his side, was oft
haunted by the beautiful melody—

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, of sea, shall lie at thy feet,
Whatever in fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in hope's sweet music is most sweet,
Shall be our's, if thou'lt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we
rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love!

But, in the mean time, the suspi-
cious that had so oddly attached to the
stranger from his very first appear-
ance at Banff, gained ground daily—
A thousand little circumstances ap-
peared, which although individually
trifling, formed in their union, a body

of at least presumptive evidence. Mr.
Thom, who was the zealous agent of
the secret trial that was going on, at
length bethought himself of the serv-
ing lasses, who had left their situations
at the time of the Major's conflict with
the robber. These, who were three
in number, had all left the town imme-
diately after; but one had lately re-
turned in bad health—and Mr. Thom,
who was in the commission of the
peace, as well as his friend the major,
did not hesitate to arrest her on suspi-
cion. The poor girl was so much
terrified that she fainted on being in-
troduced to the magistrate. Her evi-
dence, however was important, inas-
much as she confessed having seen one
of the robber's one night that her mas-
ter's house was stripped of a quantity
of plate, and her description of his per-
son tallied so completely with that of
the stranger, even to the minutest par-
ticulars of dress, there was no longer
any doubt. The only extraordinary
thing was that the man should have
remained so long in the scene of his
exploits; but this species of infatua-
tion is frequently observed even among
experienced and hardened villains.—
The warrant for his arrest was actual-
ly prepared; but before serving it, Mr.
Thom, with Scottish caution, sent out
the witness, under charge of one of the
officers, to take a view of the party as
if accidentally. The result was, that
she *thought* he was the man, but she
could not and would not swear till him.
On being asked why she had never be-
fore avowed having seen the robber,
her reply was, that she had been ad-
vised by a friend to conceal it, as she
might otherwise get herself into trou-
ble. Who was this friend? With
some hesitation, accounted for by a
flirtation that had been between them,
she named Mr. Franks, Major Lovat's
servant. The warrant was of course
cancelled.

We may imagine what were the
feelings of Marian when, day after day,
this interesting and tormenting subject
was canvassed before her. Frequent-
ly she repaired to the romantic walks
round Duff House, where the stranger
passed the greater part of the day, for
the very purpose of warning him of
the degrading rumors that filled the
town. But on these occasions, as the
word rose to her lip, her heart seemed
to die within her, and she remained
mute. She dreaded to ask herself
whether it was owing to a fear of
wounding his noble spirit, or to a worse
and more terrible apprehension, that
her silence was owing.

Miss Thom's visit had been paid for
the express purpose of carrying her
the news of the warrant being issued
for the stranger's apprehension; she
having run out in the midst of the pro-
ceedings with the natural love of young
ladies for disseminating information.—
Marian, however, was evidently un-
well; and Miss Thom judiciously re-
solved to avoid exciting her by any
tale of the kind; but unfortunately,
she delivered it by way of some indem-
nification, to one of the maids, as she
passed through the hall; and the latter
ran at once to her mistress to relieve
her of the burthen. Marian neither
screamed nor fainted; she said that
she felt better, and instead of going to
bed, that she would take a walk. She
threw on her shawl and bonnet; walk-
ed leisurely along the road till she
was out of sight of the house; and then
flew with the speed of the wind to-
wards the Craigs of Alva.

The stranger was gazing over the
parapet of the bridge, when she stood
by his side with the suddenness of an
apparition.

"Good Heaven! what is the mat-
ter?" he exclaimed with a start—"you
are flushed—panting!"

"Think not of me!" said Marian, "I
come to talk of you. There is no time
for ceremony. I have only to ask you
—without preface—without comment
—are you aware that there is a war-
rant for your apprehension in town?"
The stranger stood thunder-struck for
an instant, and grew deadly pale; but
immediately recovering his composure,
he said in a low, calm, tone—

"Let them come then—I shall not
be taken alive!"

"Mau—tell me what you fear!" said
Marian, grasping him by the arm, and
fixing her eyes wildly and even fiercel-
ly on his face.

"The gallows."

"I will not believe it!" she shrieked
—"it is impossible that you can be—"

"But I am!—all you fear and worse
than you fancy—guilty—miserable—
lost!" She fell senseless at his feet.

When she recovered from her trance
he was hanging over her distractedly,
and her awakening ear was filled with
exclamations that could only have
burst from a heart full of love and
despair.

"Was it a dream?" said she open-
ing her eyes—"Oh, say that it was a
dream!"

"Dream for one day longer," repli-
ed he raising her, and suddenly assum-
ing a cold, stern, and even haughty
demeanor, "Your information was pre-
cious; at the worst it was prophetic,

and I have yet time to prepare. A
dieu for the present."

Even this interview, strange to say,
did not throw any light on Marian's
perplexity—if we should not rather
say, that she continued wilfully to shut
her eyes. That some calamity had
befallen him, the effect of youthful in-
discretion, which his own sensibility,
and perhaps even the letter of the law
magnified to a crime, she had long
suspected; and hence arose what she
determined to believe the equivocal
of the scene. His manner at parting
more especially, she thought had been
full of sullen dignity, which a pitiful,
skulking robber—a nightly thief—
could not have assumed to save his ig-
noble neck. At any rate she was of
opinion—somewhat late indeed, that
it was now full time to ascertain his
real character; and she solemnly re-
solved that if, after the lapse of another
day, he did not redeem his implied
pledge by revealing himself, she would
never more return to the bonnie banks
of the Deveron and the Craigs of Alva.

When she reached home, however,
it was not without consternation that
she found that the warrant had been
actually filled up, but afterwards de-
stroyed. Was it still possible to im-
agine, that there had been any equiv-
que in her conversation? Did it not
appear, only too plainly, that the stran-
ger was completely aware of the pro-
ceedings that were going on against
him? Could his knowledge of her
mistake have proceeded from anything
but a secret league and understanding
with the witness, on whose simple
word his liberty and perhaps his life
depended?

The next morning, being called into
town on some family matters, she learnt
that the mail had arrived unusually
soon, and she therefore waited a few
minutes to inquire for letters. Among
the despatches was a newspaper which
as soon as she got into the cross-road
that served as an avenue to her fa-
ther's house, she unfolded and began
to read. Her thoughts however were
absent, and ever and anon she raised
her head to look in the direction of
the main road, which led towards their
favorite walk. Soon her heart beat
and her cheek grew pale, for she saw
the stranger. She lingered a while
to observe whether he meant to ap-
proach her; but he was walking rap-
idly in the direction of the town.—
The next moment, however, he appear-
ed to change his intention, and came
bounding towards her.

"Can it be," said he, that the mail
has already arrived?"

"Yes; this is a paper of to-day."

He snatched it out of her hands and
turned it over with tremulous eage-
ness. His face was flushed, and cov-
ered with perspiration; his hand shook
and his knees seemed to bend beneath
him. But the next moment the color
faded from his cheeks; the moisture
stood in large drops upon his brow,
like beads of ice on white marble; and
his eyes fixed with an expression of
horror upon the paper, appeared to be
riveted there by a spell. Marian ap-
proached till she was close beside him,
and took the paper out of his hand,
without uttering a word; and having
first distinctly observed (as she tho't)
the paragraph which produced his ex-
traordinary emotion.

"Miss Lovat," said the stranger, so-
lemnly, "you must dream no more!"

He gazed for a moment mournfully
on her face, and then sinking upon his
knee, took her hand, and pressed it to
his lips. Marian was at once surpris-
ed and affected. She did not withdraw
her hand, and the stranger seemed to
want resolution to give it up. But the
struggle was at length over; a few
scalding tears mingled with his long
last kiss; and, rising hastily, he with-
drew, and was soon out of sight.

Marian, at that moment, and on that
spot, could not trust herself to read the
fatal paragraph; but, keeping her fin-
ger still pressed convulsively on the
place, hurried home, and locked her
self in her own room. On unfolding
the newspaper, the paragraph, when
at length read, ran as follows:

"Reward of five hundred pounds.—
Whereas the gang of housebreakers,
names unknown, who committed in
Warwickshire, two years ago, the of-
fences specified below, and who were
supposed to have gone to America, are
now ascertained to be lurking in the
north of Scotland. It is believed that
they can be identified with the Banff
robbers of August last. Their leader
is now a man of about thirty years of
age, tall, handsome, and genteel look-
ing. One of his hands is always con-
cealed either by a glove or a black
silk handkerchief, and there is the scar
of an old wound on one of his thumbs.
A reward of five hundred pounds is
here offered," &c. &c.

Marian was soon after, by one
of the servants, examining minutely
the robber's thumb, which still retain-
ed its place upon the mantel piece;
and the circumstance excited observa-
tion from its being known, that, so far
from touching it, she had hitherto cov-
ered her eyes with her hands when-

ever it was produced. When the ser-
vant re-entered the room, she found
her mistress lying senseless on the car-
pet. The family, it may be supposed,
was really alarmed; but when Marian
awoke from her fit, as it was termed,
she seemed to have suffered so little
injury, that the preparations were not
interrupted for entertaining that even-
ing a large party.

(Remainder next week.)

From the Boston Transcript.
MARCH OF INTELLECT.

The following dialogue is said to
have taken place in the town of C.
down east, between a master and his
pupil, previous to an examination be-
fore the school committee of that town.

Master. Jacob come here. Are you
a good boy, Jacob?

I am sir.

M. How do you know it?

J. By auricular demonstration.

M. Is auricular demonstration a tal-
ant natural to the human family?

J. Plato asserts that it is, except in
cases where the optical membrane is
injured by over exertion.

M. What authority have you that
Plato said so?

J. Mr.—, that comes to see moth-
er, told me so.

M. Very well, let me see if you are
versed in Jography, and may I just
questions will be a little political. Well,
in the first place, who commanded the
American Rogers on Bunker's Hill?

J. Brigadier General Arnold.

M. Where was Gen. Jackson on that
memorable week?

J. Shooting woodchucks in Kentucky.

M. Did you ever hear of Henry
Clay?

J. Yes sir.

M. What sort of a man is he?

J. A very clever man, only he *brags*
a little too much, father says.

M. What part of Rhode Island is
Cape Hatteras?

J. South east part, sir.

M. In what part of Novia Scotia
does the River Nile rise?

J. In the centre.

M. What is its course, and where
does it empty?

J. Its course is serpentine, and it
empties into Mississippi just above
New Orleans.

M. When and where was Indepen-
dence declared?

J. In the 75th year of the Christian
erec, under the big poplar down by
Davises brook.

M. What part of speech is Ante-Ma-
sonry?

J. A regular defective verb.

M. Was Morgan's death protected?

J. No sir, it was granted by an Act
of the Ginral Assembly.

M. Very well, you must try and be
perfect at the school committee day,
which will be the third Tuesday pre-
ceding the last Saturday in next month.

DIVORCE—Some time since, in an
adjoining town, a happy pair were
regularly joined in wedlock by a facetious
township squire whose fees totally ex-
hausted the funds of the bridegroom.
Not many days, it appears, had elap-
sed before the parties who had been
joined "till death should them part,"
became mutually dissatisfied with their
lot, and returned to the squire with ma-
ny tales of wo, beseeching him with all
their eloquence to *unmarry* them, which
he agreed to do, provided he was pre-
viously paid the sum of three dollars,
double the fee of the first ceremony.
The sum the bridegroom paid by a
week's labor on the squire's farm.—
Then came the ceremony of "parting."
The squire placed a block upon the
floor, on which was put a live cat: one
pulled the head and the other the tail,
while the squire, with an axe, severed
the cat in twain, at the same time ex-
claiming, "Death has now parted
you!" The couple departed with a
firm belief that the performance was
strictly legal, and have not lived togeth-
er since.

There is a horrible institution among
some of the Indian tribes, which fur-
nishes a powerful illustration of the
never-fading love of vengeance. It is
called the Man-Eating Society, and it is
the duty of its associates to devour such
prisoners as are preserved and deliver-
ed to them for that purpose. The mem-
bers of the society belong to a particu-
lar family, and the dreadful inheritance
descends to all the children, male and
female. Its duties cannot be dispensed
with, and the sanctions of religion
are added to the obligations of immem-
orial usage.

Distressing.—Houses are so scarce
at Salisbury, in Massachusetts, that the
young people have been obliged in
some instances to postpone their wed-
dings, for the lack of buildings to shel-
ter them.

A suit has been brought by a citizen
of Salisbury against his neighbor, for
stealing two acorns.

The greatest advantage I know of
being thought a wit, is that it gives one
the greater freedom of playing the fool.