

Poetical.

By a Cashmerian Indian.
WHEN shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glimmering hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire;
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Still in fancy's rich domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

When around the youthful pine,
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
When our burnish'd locks are grey,
Thun'd by many a toil-spent day,
May this long-lov'd bow'r remain,
Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, power, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again,

MISCELLANY.

RAYMOND: OR THE REVENGE.

NIGHT had diffused her darkness over the earth, and the moon darted her pale rays on the murmuring rivulet which twined its narrow road through the fertile meads that surrounded the humble cottage of the unhappy Raymond who was pensively reclining on a bench at the door of his cot. The melodious harmony of the nightingale, which at intervals floated with dulcet sweetness on the evening air; the universal silence which prevailed, and seemed (if I may so say) "to waft the soul to realms unknown!" together with his own melancholy thoughts, inspired Raymond with a degree of enthusiasm which he had never before experienced. When the sweet notes of the night bird echoed along the dreary expanse, he caught the harmonious sound, and when it died away expectantly waited for a repetition. His thoughts roved to the remembrance of past felicity when he was blessed with the company of his much lamented adored wife. His fancy represented her seated by him as she was wont, and at that delusive moment he forgot his miseries, and thought himself again blessed with his beloved companion; but when the visionary image had disappeared, and awful reality presented herself to his view, he exclaimed, with a voice half stifled by the agitation of his soul;

"And are those truly happy days never to be repeated? Is she lost to me forever? Oh, let me not indulge the heart-piercing thought!" Then suddenly recollecting himself— "But what if she were to be restored to me; if I were once more to possess my lovely Miranda, and she to be bereft of that chastity, in the possession of which she was torn from me, tenfold unhappiness would be my portion! I should be miserable to eternity! The thought rends my very soul! O God! why am I thus afflicted?" His agitated frame would not permit him to proceed, until after a short time becoming more calm, he said, "But what have I done? I have presumptuously questioned the great decree of Heaven and thereby have justly merited its divine displeasure! Be calm, be calm, my soul! tear not my heart-strings thus with thy vague surmises; I may— Oh! the ecstatic thought adds vigor to my nearly exhausted strength; it pours in to my aching heart the sweet balm of comfort! I may once

more possess my lovely Miranda: 'himself whether it would be more I may press her panting bosom advisable to proceed or return. He felt a peculiar something throb within his breast, prompting him to the former. It was almost impossible! Yet hold! there is an Almighty Being above, to whom nothing is impossible, although it appears so to my weak eye of mortality. To him I commit myself, and to his decree I patiently bow."

Thus said Raymond; after which he seemed to have an ascendancy over despair, and sunk into profound thoughtfulness.

He had not continued thus long before the air became tremulous, and the dull aspect of the heavens seemed to portend an approaching storm; thick clouds were rapidly collecting, and grew fast upon the horizon. The nightingale, affrighted, fled for shelter within her leafy nest; and the owl, dismal note, commenced her nightly wailing.

Raymond was still buried in thought, when a distant and faint shriek assailed his ears. He started up; and, laying his hand on his sword, rushed into an adjoining mead, in the direction from whence he imagined the sound proceeded. He had not gone far before it was repeated in a more heart-rending sound, and seemed to be uttered by a person at the verge of despair. It almost froze the soul of Raymond.

Not until that moment did he notice the dreadful aspect of the elements; and, however regardless of the awful scene which he foresaw most infallibly ensue, he proceeded with eager inquiry, in order, if possible, to give succour to the person distressed. The voice seemed to be that of a female and this discovery roused a sensation within him which again prompted him to proceed.

The thunder now began awful to murmur from a distance and the lightning streaked with fire the prominent clouds which rolled terrifically over the head of Raymond. The sky was so overshadowed with black vapours and impenetrable mists that they obscured every object, except when at intervals the moon beams, darting between a cavity in the clouds, gave Raymond a melancholy opportunity of beholding the dreary prospect before him. He found himself to be entangled in an unknown path and knew not how to proceed.

He stopped to consider what he should do; and, after some conflict between his regard for his safety and his humanity, he determined to make the best way he could back to his mournful cottage, rather than still farther bewilder himself in an unknown place.

He was turning round, in order to prosecute his intention, when a vivid flash of lightning, succeeded by a dreadful clap of thunder, burst over the spot on which he was standing, and seemed to rend the firmament. He stood appalled; never had dread seized him in so powerful a degree before; and he had scarcely recovered from the shock it had occasioned, when another shriek, much louder than either of the former, assailed his ears. The sound seemed to issue from a spot not far distant. He knew not which tract to pursue; and was bewildered in a place the labyrinths of which he was totally unacquainted with. His senses were confounded; and, a second time questioned quickening his space up the crazy

steps, he soon arrived at a landing place.

The first object that presented itself, was an old suit of armour lying on the ground, which had evidently just fallen down and occasioned the sound before mentioned. Raymond approached it; but judge his horror, his astonishment when he assisted by the rays of a glimmering lamp, perceived it still to confine within its rusty frame the skeleton of a human being. The sight sickened him; he recoiled with disgust, and proceeded onwards, muttering a prayer for the soul of the poor departed mortal.

In a few moments he arrived in a large gothic chamber, in which a dreary lamp was suspended from the ceiling. But upon his entrance into this gloomy chamber, a tremendous clap of thunder burst over the edifice, and appalled him. A secret impulse directed his attention to a small door at the further end of the room. He distinctly heard footsteps from within, and a faint voice exclaim, "Oh, spare me! spare me!" which was succeeded by a deep and convulsive groan. He sprang towards the door, which, being only ajar, permitted him to enter; but oh, what a dreadful spectacle presented itself to the astonished Raymond. He beheld a man, brandishing, exultingly, a dagger, reeking with blood, over the body of a female, who had fallen a victim to his barbarity. His savage triumph was not long lived; for Raymond soon gave him that reward he so justly deserved, and thus revenging the death of the murdered female, sent his loaded soul to expiate his mortal crimes in the regions of eternal misery.

He now approached the corpse of the unfortunate fair. On beholding her distorted countenance, a sudden shivering seized him; his strength failed him, he tottered a few paces back, and fell senseless on the floor.—It was Miranda!

A poet was noticing how sometimes the most trivial and unforeseen accident overturns an author's hopes. "A thing," said he, "once happened to me which was enough to make a man forswear ever taking a pen in hand. I had a tragedy— Garrick performed in it. I must confess the principal incident was a little similar to Lear's abdication of the throne, in favor of his daughters. Mine were two daughters; and the king, after giving them a short lesson, fraught with legislative advantages, that might have done honor to Solon or Lycurgus, finished his harangue by saying, 'And now I dividethis crown between you.' Sir, a malicious scoundrel, peeping over the spikes of the orchestra, and staring Garrick full in the face, cried out, 'Ah! that's just half a crown a-piece.' Sir, an incessant laugh immediately prevailed, and it had been to save your soul, another syllable could not be heard."

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