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POETRY.

The following lines are said to be the production of Robert Burns, although not found in his works. They are inscribed to a hand-organ, and are written only from memory.

Out on your noise, ye blasted wight,
That break me slumbers ilky night,
A grinding your tunes for very spite,
Through thick and thin:
You'd make a Christian
Swear outright to hear your din.

There is na music in your din,
With sic a discord ye begin,
Ye jar the very windows in:
Wi' tortured tune,
If murder be a deadly sin,
You'll rue it soon.

Could ye but ken the pangs I feel,
To lay and list your cursed squeal,
Ye wad na grind another peal,
So harsh and deep,
But gang in pity to the dei'l,
And let me sleep.

To please the dei'l, old Orpheus played,
And for his wife in fid'ling paid;
On dolphin's tail Orion rode the billows stripping:
Baith drew the oaks from hill to glade,
By dint of piping.

But ye wad do things greater still,
Your noise would drown a water mill,
You'd scare the woods and split the hills,
Sae great your power,
And any mortal wight you'd kill in half an hour.

But if ye heed na prayer nor spell,
Nor winna stop that croaking yell,
For a poor bard to sing or tell,
Or any boon,
I'll try if brick bats
Can't avail to change your tune.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the National Press.

DIALOGUES OF OLYMPUS

BETWEEN THE GODDESSES
COLUMBIA AND BRITTANIA.

BY LUCIAN, JUNIOR.

NUMBER II.

[Brittania seated—the lion at her feet, a spear in her hand, helmet, shield, etc., etc.]

Brit. I wonder if that young Jezebel Miss Columbia, has come to her senses yet, and is willing to listen to reason. What shall I do with the upstart hussy? She is too big to be whipped, and too bold to be frightened. Oh! yonder she comes—there is nothing left for me but coaxing; I'll come over her with a little blarney.

[*Enter Columbia.*]

Brit. Ah! my dear little pupil, how do you do—and how have you been this long time—and how are all your sisters, the precious little souls! Confound the brats, I wish they were in Guinea. *(Aside.)*

Col. Good morning, madam. *(Attempting to pass on.)*

Brit. Stop, stop—you foolish little thing, and don't look so cool on your doating old governess. You don't know how I love you.

Col. Oh! yes I do. I remember the last time we met you called me American vulture, spawn of Democracy, half-horse, half-alligator, and accused me of chewing, and spitting, and upsetting mustard pots.

Brit. Hah! hah! hah! I was only joking—indeed I was. It's a way I've got. I always abuse most those I like best; and sometimes when I'm in special good humor, I box their ears, and pummel them to a jelly, for pure philanthropy.

Col. The deuce you do? Well, now I declare, that's tarnation droll, isn't it? Suppose I were to turn round and give you as good as you send; tit for tat, you know, is all fair?

Brit. Oh, then, my dear, I should fall into a terrible passion. You see I'm a venerable old lady, that knows everything, and am always in the right Besides, didn't I take an immense deal of trouble with you, to make you a good girl, and take away all your pocket money, for fear you should get a surfeit of gingerbread and round-hearts? Answer me that. You are—you dear little pettish spoiled imp—of —— I mean you dear moppet.

Col. Well, well, goody—I don't want to quarrel with you—not I—and am willing to forget what you said the other day. But you must acknowledge that you have a foul tongue in your head, and whenever you can't make people do just as you please, abuse them like pickpockets. I wish you'd leave it off—it's a bad practice, and will bring you into trouble, one of these days.

Brit. (Aside.) Was there ever such an impertinent, provoking minx? If I hadn't a point to gain, I'd scratch her eyes out, so I would. But my dear little Columbia, let's be serious, and talk over the old affair of Oregon. You'd better give it to me at once, and say no more about it, and you can't think how the Quarterly will praise you, my dear.

Col. Can't, indeed.

Brit. You don't know how I'll love you, if you will. I'll call you a chip of the old block—I'll invite you to all my tea parties—I'll kiss you, and hug you, and humbug you, and you shall be my ony-dony-darling.

Col. And suppose I don't choose to make a fool of myself—what then?

Brit. Why, then—why—why— But I must keep my temper—*(aside)*. But you're only joking—I know you will.

Col. Can't indeed.

Brit. Well then, as we can't agree, suppose we submit it to arbitration?

Col. No, thank you. I've had enough of arbitration. Besides, you have abused me, and blackened my character so all over the world—you've called me vulture, and so many other hard names, that if your reputation as a scolding old termagent was not pretty well known, I would be considered almost as bad as yourself. As it is, I have hardly a friend left in the world, and I don't know a single person I could trust to do justice between us.

Brit. My character! old termagent! Marry come up, my dirty cousin!—pray what do you mean by that? Aint I a broth of a woman? Aint I as pious as a saint, as patient as a martyr—and as philanthropic as a she wolf? Don't I starve the hungry, strip the naked, and make the little children work like horses, to keep them out of mischief? Don't I wrong every body's rights—I mean right every body's wrongs—tho' I say it myself, because nobody else will say it? Answer me that, you upstart caterpiller—you—but you'll certainly accept the forty-ninth degree—hey, honey dear?

Col. No. I offered it once, and you as good as told me I was trying to cheat you outright. You know the old saying about one good offer?

Brit. Then you mean to swallow it all yourself, you little vulture, just as you did Texas.

Col. Why, I don't know. Perhaps, if you behave decently, and don't give yourself airs—and if you'll take it as a favor, and not as a right, I may allow you to set your traps there for a few years longer. But mind, my lady, if you go to chatter and bully, as you always do, I'll make you dance the Polk-a to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

Brit. The jade—the hussey—the minx—the vulture—the cormorant—the catamount—the undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious spawn of Democracy—the—the—*(aside.)*

Col. Why, what are you muttering about, old, lady?

Brit. Why, my darling, I was just saying to myself, that if you'd only be good now, I might find in my heart to persuade you to do me a great favor.

Col. Ah! that would be something new, indeed.

Brit. Why, my dear little pupil, as you have a great deal more than you want, and things are a little scarce with me just now, think—that is to say, if you'll be a very, very good girl, and give me a big slice of Oregon—I'll permit you to supply me with bread and provisions.

Col. The deuce you will! Well now, that *is* liberal in you, I must say, and I'll take the matter into serious consideration. But I must first consult the wisdom of Congress, and in the mean time, good bye.

[*Exit.*

Brit. He—he—he! I've hooked the gudgeon at last. That notion of free trade was what they call a *Peeler.* What a greenhorn! I can change whenever there is a good crop of potatoes; but if I once get a fair hold of Oregon, they may choke me, if they can. [*Exit humming "Brittania Rules the Waves."*

A DOSE.—A lady sent her servant the other day for a copy of Lalla Rookh, but confounding it with *arrow root*, she brought home a dose of that instead of Lalla Rookh, labelled, *to be taken warm when going to bed.*

THE MYSTERIOUS FLOWER.

A LEGEND.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

Many years since, a well-dressed traveller, about 30 years of age, sat in the parlor of the inn in the small hamlet of Neujohnsdorf, in the province of Lusatia. It was not yet sunset, and the golden light bathed the richly-wooded mountains enclosing the landscape of which the windows commanded a view. A stream that wandered thro' the valley could be seen flashing at intervals between the trees on its margin, or bordering a meadow of verdure. Close to the foot of the mountain it expanded into a small lakelet that lay in deep shadow, reflecting the sombre green of the fir and pine trees—its glossy surface rippled continually by the fishing boats that shot to and fro, giving animation to a scene of calm and picturesque beauty.

The stranger leaned forward thoughtfully in his seat near the window, and looked forth; but he seemed to have little enjoyment of the quiet loveliness of the landscape. He had visited, in fact, all the countries of Europe remarkable for romantic scenery. He was a traveller for pleasure, or rather to escape from himself; one of those restless beings who find relief from ennui only in continual change of place. He had heard much of the beauty of Lusatia; it would not do to pass it by in his tour; but its charms already palled upon his taste.

'Lucas,' said he to his attendant, who just then entered, 'I shall leave here to-morrow.'

'To-morrow? and yet Monsieur le Comte has not seen all the wonders of the region!'

'What are those?' asked the stranger, yawning.

'There is a spot in the lake which, they say, is bottomless—a whirlpool on the other side of the mountain, where men, venturing to bathe, have been swallowed up; and a wizard tree scarce a league hence, of which wild tales are told. But the greatest curiosity of all is the Schalkstein.'

'What is that?'

'Does Monsieur note yon conical rock, rising from the midst of the wood? It crowns the summit of a mountain just behind that we see close at hand. Within that mountain—so rumor says—a treasure lies buried.'

'A treasure?'

'Ay—for a thousand years it has lain there. The spot is marked by a strange flower, that grows and perishes in a night. The only night in the year in which it blooms is the eve of St. John.'

'A curious tradition in sooth.'

'It is believed throughout the country, that he who finds that flower—and he alone—is destined to possess the treasure.'

'Hem! is not to-night the eve of St. John?'

'It is.'

'And the moon is full. Why not search for the flower, and dig for the treasure, Lucas?'

'Monsieur is pleased to jest. I know not one flower from another.'

'Well, then, I will go myself. I am anxious to know if there be really any plant peculiar to this season, whose growth could have originated so singular a superstition.'

'Monsieur has a rare taste in flowers.'

'True, Lucas, and in philosophy. A walk in the moonlight cannot be hurtful at midsummer, and it will be something to think of. Should I discover any rare plant—a specimen for the museum in Berlin—I shall have thanks for it, at least. Order supper early."

In the most shaded part of the valley, some miles from the hamlet, stood a small hut, in front of a garden carefully cultivated, but so limited in extent as to show the poverty of the owner. About the humble dwelling were evidences of taste, and a love of the beautiful. A vine had been trained so as to cover a part of the rude building, and twined in graceful wreaths, mingled with roses, around the casement. A little piece of ground before the door was literally a wilderness of flowers. A large oak tree on one side sheltered the cottage from the sun at noon, and added its share of picturesque beauty.

As the last beams of sunlight faded from the mountain tops, a weary looking man, coarsely attired, returned from the forest, bearing his axe and armful of wood. He entered the cottage and seated himself, wiping his forehead, and complaining bitterly of fatigue; while the dame, with care on her brow, was busied in preparing the evening meal. This consisted of coarse brown bread and salt, a few wild fruits, and a pitcher of water from the spring. But those who partook of the frugal repast had long been used to no better fare. The man drew his seat in silence to the table, and ate, glancing now and then at the door, as if he expected some one.

'Where is Roswitha?' he asked at length, peevishly. 'Why comes she not?'

'I will call her presently,' answered the dame. 'She was spinning but now—and, belike, hath not yet finished her task.'

When the meal was ended, the dame went out to seek her daughter. A few paces from the house, in a natural arbor, formed by wild vines clustering over myrtle trees, a young girl was seated. Her spinning wheel was before her, but she had ceased work; her hands were folded in her lap; her face was uplifted as if in thoughtfulness or prayer. So exquisitely beautiful was it, and so fair in the moonlight that poured into the arbor, it might have seemed the face of an angel. Its expression was that of sadness, and a tear trembled in the soft blue eyes, without escaping from the fringe of their lids.

'Roswitha!' said the mother gently.

The young girl started, and passed her hand over her brow.

'It is late, my daughter, and thy father has asked for thee.'

'I will come presently, my mother.'

'Thou hast been weeping, Roswitha?'

'Nay—'

'Thou art wont to sing all day like a bird on the mountains. And now I mark, thy cheek is pale. Hath evil chanced to thee, Roswitha? It would break thy mother's heart.'

The young girl pressed her lips to the hand of her parent, and answered, after a pause—'I have nothing to grieve me, dearest mother, save the thought that thou and my father, who were once rich and honored—must now toil like born peasants. And my father has no wine to cheer him when he is faint. I heed not poverty—but it is bitter to him.'

'It is our lot, and we must submit,' said the dame, mournfully.

'Madame Perota, the rich lady in the hamlet, wishes a young girl like me, for an attendant; if I might go and earn money for you and my father—'

'Speak not of it, Roswitha; thou wouldst find the great dame's humors harder than labor; and couldst thou leave me? No—no—we will bear penury together. Better days have been, and may come again.'

So saying, the dame wiped her eyes, and returned towards the cottage, followed by her daughter. Roswitha had not told all her thoughts. She said not how the old tale she had heard so oft in childhood, of treasure buried in the mountain of Schalkstein, had of late dwelt upon her mind. She told not how she had dreamed twice of walking on the mountain, and finding the mysterious flower, and the treasure; and how happy it made her parents. Nor how she had watched for the Eve of St. John, and prayed all day to St. Agnes, till her heart was strong within her, and she was resolved to face every danger for the sake of those to whom she owed life. All this, and her resolution, Roswitha kept within her own heart. She smiled as she bade her father good eve, and meekly bore his petulant chiding for lingering so late, and assisted her mother in household work, talking cheerfully the while, until her parents, after evening prayer, retired to their rest. Her own little chamber was next to theirs. She seated herself by the casement, leaning her head on her fair hand, and watched the glorious moon going up the sky, till the orb hung like a crown of silver over the mountain. Then Roswitha softly opened the door, and went forth. The whole valley was light as day. She walked rapidly, without looking round her, till she reached the mountain of the Schalkstein. The woods here was not dense; the moonlight streamed through the foliage to the ground; and bending forward as she walked, the maiden sought the strange flower. There were pale marigolds in abundance, and blue bells, and the golden buttercups, and St. John's wort, and the lowly daisy, and phlox, and the wild violet; but all these were familiar. In vain she sought one she had never seen. Intent on the search, she wandered for hours on the mountain. At last the bleached, bare rock of the Schalkstein rose full before her, while in the moonlight. All was still as death; and as the utter loneliness of her situation, miles from home, occurred for the first time to Roswitha, she felt her heart sink within her. The spot was banned by spirits—it was the hour of their sway. What did she, wandering alone in their domain, seeking treasure over which they alone had power. Or might not evil men be lurking at midnight in these lonely woods? How could a helpless girl, if she chanced upon robbers, escape or fly? Then her parents—should they wake and call to her—what would be their alarm when she answered not, and they found her chamber solitary? Poor girl! her courage had departed; she only wished to reach home in safety. Walking as fast as possible, she took the nearest way homewards; but bewildered and frightened, she lost herself in the woods. After wandering about some time in uncertainty, she sat down, utterly exhausted, and weeping bitterly, at the foot of a tree. Nature soon yielded to fatigue and sorrow, and she fell into a profound slumber.

The moon was just descending behind the mountain opposite, when a dark figure, wrapped in a cloak, entered the wood. It was a stranger from the hamlet. He too had been wandering around the Schalkstein, in his philosopher's search. Beguiled by the beauty of the night, and the romantic views that presented themselves at almost every turn, he had roamed farther than he intended. The sight of a white object at a little distance caused him to quicken his pace. Beneath the shelter of a tree a young and beautiful girl lay sleeping. Her cheek rested on the dark moss; her loosened hair, in long light curls, lay on her fair neck and bosom. Tears still hung on the silken eye lashes, and now and then—though her slumber was deep as an infant's—a sigh heaved her breast, as even in sleeping she had not forgotten grief. Never had so exquisite a picture of youth and grace and loveliness, met the gaze of the stranger. Taking off his mantle, he laid it softly over the unconscious maiden, and seated himself beside her.

Hours passed, and still the stranger watched the slumbers of the fair girl. At length the grey dawn began to steal over the sky; the mountain tops were crimson with the first rays of the sun. Roswitha opened her eyes, started up, and shrieked when she saw a man so near her.

'Be not alarmed, fair maiden,' said he; 'I found the sleeping, and made bold to guard thy rest, and to shelter thee with my mantle from the night air.

Roswitha timidly murmured her thanks, and began to walk quickly homeward. The stranger followed her. They soon passed out of the wood, but the sun had arisen when the young girl came in sight of the cottage. Her parents had already missed her, and were calling her name in tones of terror and anguish.

'I am here—mother! Father—I am here!' answered Roswitha, breathless, and running towards them.

The dame wringing her hands and weeping violently.

'Where hast thou been, Roswitha?' asked her father, almost sternly.

The maiden confessed all her foolish dreams, and her vain search. She had done childishly—but it was to serve her parents!

'Nay, chide her not,' interposed the stranger, advancing towards the group, as he saw how severe a reproof the poor girl was to bear—'chide her not; for wiser than she have been led into like folly. I too wandered last night over yonder mountain, to seek the flower so much desired. And I found indeed a flower—more wondrous and more lovely than ever I dreamed of! A flower I fain would win to myself and wear it on my breast.'

Roswitha blushed as she saw how closely the stranger had followed her, and more deeply at his words. Her parents saluted him courteously; but when he announced his name as Oswald Count Von Belton, the face of the old man brightened, and he warmly grasped his hand.

'Thy father and I,' he cried, 'were fellow solders. Hast thou never heard him speak of Fabian?'

'Often!' answered the Count. I have heard him tell how the timely succor of Fabian, his brave comrade, saved him from defeat, perhaps from death. He thinks you dead.—But you shall go to him, and talk over the days of battle. And if I can persuade your lovely daughter to go with me also, as my bride, to lighten with her presence a home that has been but dull heretofore, I am sure I shall never fear ennui again!'

We have no time to dwell on the Count's wooing. But it sped well; and when Roswitha, with both her parents, accompanied him to his castle, where his own father lived, they formed a happy household. The story of their wandering over the Schalkstein mountain, and the finding such unexpected treasure, served often to amuse those who came to visit them.

The treasure still remains buried—according to popular rumor—in the bosom of the mountain.

SANTA ANNA.—The Havana correspondent of the Picayune states that Santa Anna is busily engaged in gambling and cockfighting at a little village named Carro, three miles from Havana. A young American, of high respectability, recently won 35,000 dollars at "monte," from the Ex-President.