Robert Webb

Rose Villa
11 July, 1844

SELECTIONS

FROM

MODERN AUTHORS:

FOR THE USE OF THE HIGHER CLASSES IN SCHOOLS,

AND FOR YOUNG PERSONS GENERALLY.

BY MRS. GETHING.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A POPULAR writer observes, with regard to school publications, "It may be fairly doubted whether the learner's progress is not apt to be retarded by the constant recurrence of the same lessons, and whether a wider range in his juvenile exercises might not afford additional facilities for forming his taste and strengthening his understanding."

Knowing, by experience, the truth of this observation; and wishing to add to that variety in reading lessons, which tends so materially to interest the young, as well as to make them acquainted with many authors to whose merits they might otherwise remain strangers, this 'Selection' is now presented to teachers: it is not designed to *supersede* other class books, but to form an accompaniment to them.

Every work from which extracts have been made in this volume, may, with perfect confidence, be put into the hands of young persons; indeed it has been a principal object with the compiler not even to refer to any author, whose writings might, in any way, prove injurious to their taste, sentiments, or morality.

From "Derry," a tale, &c., by *Charlotte Elizabeth*, considerable extracts have been made, which are here respectfully acknowledged: this is a deeply interesting work, and well worthy careful attention.

Notwithstanding great care, several typographical errors have escaped observation, which, it is hoped, will be candidly excused.

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Lord Ulla.

The young Lord Ulla had passed his majority without effecting any benefit, either to his country or to himself, and did not then seem anxious to repair the time which he had lost. Unfortunately for his own peace, his wealth was so excessive as to leave no enjoyment, that he cared to indulge in, beyond his reach. From the highest scenes of dissipation, to the lowest of profligacy, he had left none untried; and all alike had ceased to gratify him. He became indolent and apathetic, and found himself, before the beard was yet black upon his lip, in the condition of a man satiated with the enjoyments of sense, and possessing no relish for, or knowledge of any other of a higher order.

"I lead a most miserable life," he said to his physician, — "I have tried every species of recreation that the world can afford, and I am tired of

them all. It terrifies me to think that I have yet a long life before me, without a single object to interest or amuse me. I detest vice : it has disgusted and sickened me, and there is no harmless or useful employment that has the power of affording me a moment's stimulus. What a strange fantastical body is this in which I am confined !—Every thing tires and annoys it; even repose itself, the only enjoyment that I now covet, has become a labour and a torment. But that I think it a base, a cowardly, and ungrateful thing, to fling away a gift that God has bestowed upon me—I would be tempted

> ———" To play the Roman fool, and die
> On mine own sword."———

" I do not know," the medical adviser replied, as he lifted his brows and tossed his head, " why a man should become tired of answering the ends of his existence. Will you pardon me for intimating that there are diseases wherein the patient must minister to himself, and with this advantage, that his practice, if vigorously put in execution, is certain to be successful. There is a feeling in our nature, which if judiciously cultivated, would furnish a certain and radical cure for the sense of discomfort which you describe."

" I have no object to stimulate me to exertion; and labour for labour's sake — you know the apophthegm. Ambition, I have none — I can feel no

gratification in the prospect of hearing a few thousand tongues wagging with the sounds of my praise. Why should I care for regulating the affairs of an empire? What is it, but providing for a more numerous family?—and what has the nation done for me, that I should pretend to father it?"

The doctor smiled, and remained for a few moments in meditation. "To be candid with you," said he, "I know of no power in medicine that can be available in your case. But if you could prevail on yourself to travel a few hundred miles, I am acquainted with a mineral water on your own estate of Ulla, which I am almost certain would effect a beneficial change in your constitution. Go there, and when you have found the spring, I will send you directions how to use it."

"Go there!—go to Ireland? Is it to be shot from behind a hedge, or have my throat cut in my bed?"

"I do not think there is such manifest danger of that; and even if the journey were not without risk, would it not be better to meet death at once, than be frittered out of the world by colds, and indigestions, and nervous idiosyncrasies?"

"I protest you are right," replied the young Lord—"but then to leave London now in the blaze of winter—and Pasta and Sontag in town!"

"I thought you said that both had tired you—that there was nothing in London that could supply

you with a moment's amusement. The trip will at least have novelty to recommend it."

"I protest you are right again," replied the young nobleman, "I will certainly undertake the journey."

"And if you do so," continued his adviser, "you would do well to perform it incognito, and take with you no other articles of value than are necessary for your expenses on the road. It will be the safest course; and when you arrive in Ulla, you can send to your banker for remittances."

The plan was embraced and executed. Under the unassuming name of Mr. John Johnson, the young Lord of Ulla took his seat in the Bristol coach. He admired (not for the first time), the glories of Bath, as he entered its gloomy vale late at night, when the traveller imagines he is passing through a city of stars; and lights twinkle through the darkness above, around, and beneath him. He grew rapturous on the Avon—bought bookstones and copper ore at the foot of the lofty Clifton hills; felt queer for half a night on board the Nora Creina; and landed safely on the Waterford quay, all wonder, interest, and terror.

Although there was a great crowd of Irishmen upon the quay, he had the good fortune to arrive with life at a small hotel in a retired part of the city, where he immediately hired a post-chaise for the interior. He drove rapidly by

" ——— that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,"

and arrived late on the following day, at the principal inn on his own estate, in a remote and mountainous country.

He was met in the ruinous hall of the house of entertainment, by a shrewd looking man, whose bows and smiles seemed to announce him as the proprietor of the establishment. In compliance with Mr. Johnson's desire, he was shewn into a parlour, the dreary regularity and discomforting finery of which chilled and depressed him.

He observed, as he entered, a peculiar and penetrating expression in the landlord's eye; it vanished, however, the instant their glances met.

" You appear not to be much troubled with company here, landlord?" said Mr. Johnson.

" Scarce and genteel, sir—scarce and genteel is the way with us," replied the host, tossing his head.

" Whose is the estate, pray?"

" It belongs to the young Lord Ulla, please your honour."

" A good landlord, I suppose?"

The man lowered his face as if to hide a smile. " Middling, sir," he answered; " middling, as we say, like the small potatoes."

"Why, does he oppress his tenantry in any way for his rents?"

"As for himself, sir," replied the innkeeper, "we can't say what he is, for our two eyes never perched upon him yet, since the day he was born. But whatever he be himself, the man that *does for him** here, is no great things."

"You mean his agent."

"Why then I'll not tell you a word of a lie about it, it's the very man I mean."

Mr. Johnson said no more on this subject, but ordered dinner, and gave particular directions about the cookery. After enumerating a long string of dishes which he could furnish, only for something, the landlord named a pair of chickens, together with "the best potatoes in Europe." On this Mr. Johnson thought he could contrive to sustain life for one day.

But he was doomed to fare still worse, for the chickens were overdone. He rang for the landlord, who, it appeared, was his own waiter.

"These chickens are overdone," was Mr. Johnson's first exclamation.

"Overdone, sir!"

"There is not a morsel fit to eat upon the dish, except the liver."

* Transacts his business.

"In earnest, sir?" said the man, with apparent concern.

"Take it away," said Mr. Johnson.

"Will I kill a couple more for your honour?"

Mr. Johnson stared. "Are you a cannibal," said he, "that you would kill and eat a chicken on the same day?"

The landlord, looking quite perplexed, removed the chickens, and the young nobleman ordered him to send in tea as quickly as possible.

At this order the landlord remained for some moments, as if hesitating about what he should say.

"Please your honour, sir," he exclaimed at length, "what kind of *tay* would your honour wish?"

"Good green tea, if you have it; I don't suppose I can expect anything better from you."

"Oh, no, sir, 'tisn't that at all I mean, only it's what I mean is, is it rale tay-tay your honour wants, or coffee-tay, or oat-male tay?"

"Tay-tay! coffee-tay!" ejaculated the guest; "I don't understand you. I want tea.—Don't you know what tea is?"

"Oh, yes—I see it's the tay-tay you mean. I'm sorry to say I can't give you any to night."

"No tea!" sighed Mr. Johnson; "well then, send me in coffee, or *coffee-tay*, as you call it."

"I can't promise your honour that, neither," said the landlord, shaking his head; "but if you'd

like a drop of the oat-male tay, an' a fine thing it is, I could give you some of the best in the county."

"Will you answer me one question, friend?" said Mr. Johnson, after pausing for some moments to gather patience.

"As far as my knowledge goes, sir," replied the landlord, with a quiet bow.

"On what do you support your guests in this house?"

"On what heaven gives me, sir, surely, day after day, taking the fling as it comes."

"Leave me those potatoes," said Mr. Johnson; "I see I have nothing better to expect."

"Why then 'twould be droll if you had," said the landlord, "for the whole parish gives it up to them, that they are the best potatoes that was ever dug out of the ground."

In a few minutes, Mr. Johnson's bell again summoned the landlord to the parlour. The latter made his appearance with the same courteous bow, and the same obsequious "What's wanting, please your honour?"

Have you any listen in the house?" was the query of the guest.

"Listing!" exclaimed the landlord, in a grave and rather lofty tone; "Oh, no, sir, there's none o' my people listing.—It's not come to that with us yet, any way."

"Psha!" replied Mr. Johnson, "I dont't mean

listing for soldiers—but cloth listen to nail on that door ;—there's such a draught ! "

" There's nothing of the kind in the house, please your honour," said the host, shaking his head.

" Well then throw on some more turf on the fire, and shut the door after you, which, I perceive, nobody in this house ever thinks it necessary to do."

The man obeyed; and Mr. Johnson began to read a provincial paper which lay on the table. In a few minutes the chimney puffed clouds of smoke, and again the house-bell summoned the landlord to the room. He entered at this time with a smile of peculiar mischief and shrewdness.

" Oh ! murder, murder ! " he exclaimed, " what a mortal sight o' smoke ! "

" Well, what's to be done about it ? " said his guest.

" Oh, then I don't know, sir," he replied, with much apparent concern, and yet with something like an inclination to smile ; " but if your honour would leave the door open, just the weeniest little peep in the world, it will all clear in a minute."

" But then the cold draught, friend—it would be the death of me."

" Well, a dawny piece of the window, then ? "

" You stupid man, wouldn't the draught be as bad from the window as the door ? "

" Oh, then, dear knows," exclaimed the man, tossing his hands up in despair ; " I'm fairly lost

between the whole of 'em.—I don't know what I'll do with your honour, nor where I'll put you."

"Give me a light," groaned Mr. Johnson, "and shew me to my sleeping-room."

This was done; but a hard bed, and scanty covering rendered it only an exchange of one suffering for another. Mr. Johnson resolved that his first measure, in the morning, should be to change his quarters. What was his astonishment and consternation, however, after he had dressed, to discover that his pocket-book, containing all the money which he had brought with him, was not to be found. Inquiry was fruitless; and the landlord threw out more than one hint of his doubt as to whether any loss had really taken place. This doubly incensed the young nobleman, and made him regret his having ever trusted himself, thus unprotected, in such a land.

Still, however, wishing to preserve his incognito, he resolved to remain for some days, at the inn, until he should obtain a remittance from his banker. He wrote accordingly, and gave the letter to the landlord, that he might send it to the nearest post town. By this awkward circumstance, Mr. John Johnson was reduced almost to his last sovereign, and the appearances which he chose to assume for the preservation of his incognito, rendered it improbable that many persons would be willing to afford him a long credit.

He spent several days within the cover of his apartment—talking with his landlord on the state of the country, and listening with that fascinating curiosity which attracts interest even while it inspires apprehension, to numberless tales of Rockite murders, post-boys shot from behind hedges, and houses burned about the ears of the inmates. These narratives contributed, together with the terrific accounts put forward in the alarmist newspapers, to increase his fears a hundred-fold, and to make him regret that he had ever ventured his life among so murderous a generation.

He regretted it still more acutely, when, after a second application to his banker, he received no answer nor acknowledgment of his letter. This circumstance was peculiarly annoying, as, during his sojourn here, he had not rendered himself a favourite with the people of the inn. The air of superiority which Lord Ulla was accustomed to assume, sometimes unconsciously manifested itself in the demeanour of Mr. John Johnson, and the landlord began to feel indignant at his complaints of smoking chimneys, and draughts, and undressed dinners. "Set him up with cookery, indeed!" his guest heard him say, as he left the apartment on one occasion, "I wish I was sure of getting my money for what's past and gone. What I'm thinking is, that the nobles are down to fourpence with him."

One morning, Mr. John Johnson was seated at

the breakfast table, on which was placed a quantity of material, sufficient to make a considerable company contented. This profusion has always a strange appearance in the eyes of an Englishman who is accustomed to the Lilliputian frugality that is manifested in the service of a London coffee-house. The door suddenly opened, and the landlord advanced to the table.

"I'd take it as a favour, sir," he said, "if you'd oblige me with the loan of five pounds. There's a neat cow below street at the cant, and I'll want beef against the gentlemen come to the races."

Mr. John Johnson could not conceal his confusion.

"I should be most happy to accommodate you," said he, "but, upon my honour, I—I—am quite drained at present. If a few days would answer—"

"No, sir—'twould not answer," the man replied gruffly, "who ever heard of a cow being canted for a few days running?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Johnson, "if you send your man to the office he would find a letter there for me?"

"Long ago this morning, sir, my man was at the office, and there's nothing for you. I'm tired of sending to the office for you. I'm sorry to say it, Mr. Johnson, but I'm afraid 'tis humbugging me you are, sir."

"Humbugging, fellow?"

"Fellow!" the landlord shouted out, glad of a quarrel, "no fellow for a rogue or a sponge, Mr. John Johnson."

"Why, you scoundrel, what do you mean to insinuate?"

"I mean to insinuate, that I have my doubts if you're anything better. That's what I mean to insinuate. And I'll tell you what's more again; I mean to insinuate that there's company coming here to the races, and that I'd be obliged to you if you'd make yourself scarce in these rooms; there's the long and the short of it now."

"Stay, my good fellow," said Lord Ulla, conscious that he was likely to profit little in a contest of this nature, "the fact is, I have written to my banker, and, by some mischance, I have not been able to obtain an answer."

"Poh! that's the old story always. I declare, look—it sickens me to hear you talking of yourself and your banker. I believe he might put all you ever lodged with him into his waistcoat pocket in small change. You have as much bankers as I have of prime ministers—and that isn't one."

"You are an impudent rascal!"

"Cut out of my house now this moment, since you call me an impudent rascal. There's the door open for you."

"Why, you inhospitable fellow, you would not turn me out alone, now, and the country in such a state!"

"Country in a sad state! And what state is it in, Mr. John Johnson? How mighty genteel you are, indeed! Why then you may go from this to Cork, and if you'll meet a greater rogue than yourself on the way, I'll give you leave to call me another, for company. Pack away with yourself now, if you please."

"Very well! I tell you I can make you repent this."

"You're welcome, as soon as you like. That's what vexes me entirely, now, is the airs you take upon yourself. If it was Lord Ulla himself was there, he couldn't speak prouder, nor give more trouble."

"Why, fool that you are—I tell you that I am—"

"Well, what do you tell me?"

"Nothing. Give me my hat—and take care of my valise until I send my servant for it. What do you sneer at, you scoundrel?"

"Nothing. Only some thoughts that were coming into my mind when you talked of your *servant*. Why then, you're the foolishest young man I think I ever saw. Good morning to you.—Here, although you didn't behave so well, still I declare you have a touch of a gentleman with you that I like. Here's a paper of sandwiches, put 'em in your pocket against the road."

Without condescending to return any other reply than was conveyed in a look of fierce anger, Mr.

John Johnson left the door of the hotel, and took his way across the mountains, towards the residence of his own agent, which was about fifteen miles from the spot where he stood.

Necessity taught him the art of walking upon the ground, in which, until now, his education had been very deficient. He discovered, also, that he was capable of standing upright in the face of a tolerable gale, by the mere force of gravitation ; and actually sustained two very severe showers of rain without melting away. Fifteen miles in one day, however, for a person who had not practised walking, was a little too much; and it was with dismay that Mr. Johnson saw the sun go down behind him, while he was yet pacing wearily along the side of a lonely mountain, over which a few wretched cabins were scattered at long intervals. The night threatened to be stormy, and its threats did not prove vain, like those of a bully. His long abstinence had induced him to bestow more reflection on the rejected paper of sandwiches than his pride would have willingly permitted ; and the fear of not being able to procure some equivalent, formed no small part of his anxiety. Indeed it was unreasonable to suppose that he could procure anything fit to be laid even before Mr. John Johnson, in such a wilderness as this.

The night advanced, and his apprehensions increased with the darkness. He would not venture to ask for a lodging in one of the mountain huts, for

how did he know but it was there the white-boys lived. And yet was it so safe to be out on such a night? Who knew but he might run full butt up against a rebel, in the darkness? Horrible!—And even if he were fortunate enough to escape, what a terrible thing it was to pass the night out in such a place, with a thorough draught running from the east to the west, enough to give a man his death of cold. He thought of passing the night like Julius Cæsar, under the shelter of one of the cabin walls; but, after leaning in that position for a few minutes, he discovered that he and Julius Cæsar were different men. While he was diliberating, he found himself staggering through a sink of stagnant water, which lay unseen on his path, and arrived with a pint of the liquid in each boot on the opposite side. This made him jump to a conclusion.

The slough in question formed a sort of ornamental lake, in front of one of those mountain villas beforementioned. No other course was now left him than to apply for assistance at the cottage; and, reversing the principle of Hamlet, he chose rather to fly to ills he knew not of, than to bear those ills he had.

The door was opened by a meagre looking man, in wretched attire, who held a rush-light in his hand, and looked with an expression of surprise and half-forgotten sorrow on the stranger. The squalidness of his appearance caused a coldness to fall on

the heart of the young nobleman, who would have preferred damp feet to the chances of a night's lodging beneath the same roof with so ill-looking an individual.

" 'Twould not be worth our while to refuse you a lodging," said the man, in answer to his request —" in a house that won't be our own to-morrow. Walk in, and welcome."

Mr. Johnson entered, and showed by his countenance, as he stared around the apartment, that he did not think there could be much hardship in being ejected from such a dwelling as this. A few crazy hay-bottomed chairs, and a small table, constituted nearly all the furniture ; and the floor, which was of clay, was moistened into a puddle in most places, from the dropping of the roof.

" Put down the rest of the faggots, Mary, honey," said the man, " let us have the benefit of them for this night, at any rate, since it is to be the last, and there's no use in sparing them, when we can't take them with us."

Two little girls, as pale and squalid as their father, proceeded to rekindle the dying embers, by heaping on fresh fuel, and stooping forward on their little hands to illumine it with their breath. This picture, coupled with the surrounding misery, reminded him of the lines in that magnificent poem of " Darkness :"

——— " They raked up
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life—and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects!"

The man bade them put down their supper, a small lot of potatoes which lay near, saying, that he supposed " the gentleman had no objection to eat a little, any more than themselves."

Mr. Johnson made as cheerful a reply as he could, under the circumstances, and after making an unnecessary apology, was preparing to draw off his wet boots, when a faint moan from an inside room struck on his ear.

" Is it anything that you'd want, Mary, darling?" said the man, pausing, and holding in his hand the boot which he was about to place in a corner near the fire.

" Nothing, only the rushlight, Ned, until I'll hear little Milly her lesson."

The man asked Mr. Johnson's pardon for leaving him in the dark, saying that his wife was lying sick in the room. When he entered, the young nobleman overheard, with some misgiving, a half-whispered and broken conversation, in the course of which, the sick woman, he perceived, was endeavouring to prevail on her husband to grant her some request which he was unwilling to concede.

"But listen, here, Ned — can't you, now? — what good is it for you?—can't you be said by me?"

"Ah! hold your tongue, woman, you'll drive me crazy."

"But I see by you, now, that you are harbouring something bad in your mind against him; Ned, don't add to my sickness—don't bring down more sorrow on my head."

Mr. Johnson felt very uneasy.

"You poor foolish woman," the man replied; "I don't know what to say to you. The world wouldn't make you murmur. What chance have we at all of anything but starvation now, and you don't look as if you thought it."

"I don't think it, I tell you—and if I did, what good would it do us to have such thoughts? You say yourself, that the rich people have a great deal to answer for, that feast and drink all their days, and fly the face of all suffering; but what would be said of us when the Almighty sends the means of salvation to our hands, if we refuse to use them? We can't help being poor; if we were to harbour all the revenge, and spite, and envy in the world—if we were to murmur and be sick of discontent, it would not make us one penny richer;—it might be a hard thing, and sore against nature, to tie ourselves to sorrow, but when we are bound to it by the Almighty's will, surely it is easy to be contented with

what he ordains. The rich man has a better excuse for not inflicting self-denial, than we have for not enduring it ;—I declare there's nothing so surprising in the world, as that poor people should murmur at all, when it is so easy for them to earn a great reward just by being silent. Now, if you ever loved me, Edward, show that you loved me with a right heart and intention, by bearing every thing to-morrow with patience."

" Listen to me, what I tell you, Mary ; I'll do what I can, and what can I do more, if I was the Pope itself ? Ah ! you poor saint, it isn't there you ought to be lying this night. I wish, Mary, I left you where I found you first, in your father's house, and never asked you to suffer such misery as this."

" That's the unkindest word you ever said to me yet," said the woman ; " I never repented it yet, and why should you ? I had rather be sorrowful and patient with you, than gay and thoughtless with another. Do this for me, and I am satisfied."

The husband re-entered the outer apartment, and took his seat with a pleased though troubled aspect, by the now blazing fire. He seemed totally forgetful of the stranger's presence, and continued to turn the roots in the simmering water, while his thoughts were evidently bent on another subject. The sick woman, in the meantime, instructed the

child in her lesson, which consisted of that beautiful and consoling passage from the Sermon on the Mount, which is distinguished by the name of the Eight Beatitudes. The lesson was so appropriate in this scene of tears and affliction, that a deep sympathy of mingled hope and pain fell upon the heart of the young Lord, while he glanced from face to face of the silent group, and heard the lips of the innocent child echo the cheering promise, that "they who mourn are blessed, for they shall be comforted!"

"The Lord relieve you, poor woman," the husband said, at intervals, as he listened, "and direct them that brought you to that pass, and teach them better. The Lord forgive young Lord Ulla, this day! Five pounds couldn't be so much to him that he'd turn a poor famishing family out on the road in weather like this on account of it. Come, Mary, child, lay the table, and throw out the potatoes before the gentleman."

Mr. Johnson endeavoured, but in vain, to prevail on them to sit down with him, but the peasant was resolute in keeping what he thought his distance. In the course of the entertainment, he made his guest acquainted with the story of their distresses, which threw a considerable share of blame upon the shoulders of the young nobleman's agent, the little holding being situate on his estate. The grievances and oppressions detailed, though common even to stale-

ness, were new and shocking to the ear of the sensitive and not ungenerous voluptuary.

"Indeed he has laid a hard and heavy hand on our house," the man added in conclusion "but, as the woman within says, there's no knowing what compulsion might be on him to do as he is doing, and we have no right to judge."

The delicate Mr. Johnson was astonished to find that he, whom the refinements of a scientific repast frequently failed in tempting to a cheerful meal, was able without an effort to dine heartily on a plate of plain potatoes, sweetened with a grain of salt. They tasted more sweetly, he thought, than any delicacy he had ever before partaken of. To his great surprise, moreover, he found an armful of dry straw, placed at some little distance from the fire, a more luxurious resting-place than all the upholsterers in the empire could have afforded him.

He was awakened, late on the following morning, by the sound of loud and angry voices in the house. On looking out from behind the projecting partition that separated him from the fire-place, he perceived that the work of spoilation had already commenced. The scene which met his eye was touching in the extreme. Near the door stood a fat red-faced man, with a shot-belt round his shoulder and a note-book in his hand, in which he was making some memoranda.

"Come, come, bundle away, Hanrahan, as quick

as you can. There's no use in your keeping us all day, since you *are* to quit, and I want to have some cocking in the wood as I go home."

The man was standing at a little distance from the door, the early sunshine falling on his features. His wife, a pale and sickly, but calm-eyed and handsome young woman, hung with both her hands upon his shoulder, while their children, unconscious of the mournful consequences of their ejectment, gazed with innocent wonder on the stranger and his attendants. The man exchanged glances with his wife at the speech above written. His look was one of smothered passion; hers was one of affectionate entreaty. He tossed his head; resigned his indignation; and smiled a mournful acquiesence.

"Ho! ho! what have we here?" exclaimed the agent, stirring something that glittered on the floor. "A silver cigar-box! How came you by this, Ned?"

"I don't know," replied the man, "if it doesn't belong to the strange gentleman that was benighted with us last night."

Mr. Johnson here advanced, and claimed his property, mentioning at the same time, in brief and polite terms, the circumstances which compelled him to seek the shelter of so humble a roof as this. While he and the agent were interchanging mutual civilities, a dreadful shower of rain fell outside.

"I'll tell you what, sir," said the poor man, as he

bent an anxious eye on his wife, "leave us in the house for a few days, or for this day itself, until we try to get some sort of a lodging. My poor Mary, here, can never stand the weather."

"I can't do it, Hanrahan. I have Lord Ulla's positive directions not to let it go beyond this day; and I have no choice left."

"The Lord forgive that young man," said the husband. "If he's as hard on you as you are on us, you are to be pitied with him. I'll tell you what it is, sir," he added, after a pause and with a totally altered tone. "I'd consider it nothing less than murdering my wife to go out to-day; and neither for Lord Ulla, nor for you, nor for any other man, will I stir one step until I have provided a lodging for her at any rate."

"Come, drag them out at once, now," said the agent, snatching his gun.

The man, springing from his wife, who shrieked in terror, caught up a pitchfork that lay on the floor.

"Leave the house!" cried the man of power, cocking his piece.

"Never while I live," shouted the peasant, "you'll take me out on a door first! Stand back, woman! I say you shall not go."

"But I am able! I am well, well able!" cried the woman, walking across the room. But the effort disproved her words. She staggered from

weakness, and would have fallen, but that her husband caught her in his arms. He looked with a smile of bitter reproach on the agent, while he held her forward, as if by way of appeal to the spectators. The agent understood the action.

"I can't help it," he said: "come, turn them out!"

"Hold!" exclaimed Mr. John Johnson. They all held their hands accordingly, obeying they knew not what of authority in his voice that charmed them.

He requested a word apart with the agent, who followed him into the inner room in some surprise. The rest gazed on one another in silence. In a few seconds, Mr. Johnson returned with the step of a Lord, and the agent followed him pale and agitated.

"Hanrahan," said the latter, "I have changed my mind about this business, you can remain here for the present, and here is some money for your present use. This gentlemen has brought me word, that Lord Ulla—that—there was some mistake about his wishes."

The man darted a shrewd glance at Lord Ulla, but perceiving some reproving expression on his features, continued silent, bowing his head down in unaffected reverence, and almost trembling with the agitation of joy and gratitude. Not a word was spoken, until the cabriolet of the baffled deputy

drove to the door, and its owner, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, took his seat in the vehicle.

Both sat for some time, the one in embarrassed, the other in meditative silence. At length, Lord Ulla asked, in an indifferent tone, whether there were not a certain mineral water in the neighbourhood, much resorted to by valetudinarians.

No such thing had ever reached the ears of the obsequious gentleman, who sat beside him. The young nobleman remembered the sharp looks and secret smiles of the landlord, the words and character of his medical friend, and a strange suspicion darted into his mind. The whole had been a scheme concerted between the physician and the innkeeper. The latter had never forwarded the cheques on Lord Ulla's banker, and probably knew more of the abstraction of the pocket-book than he had pretended.

"I hope," the agent resumed, in some trepidation, "your Lordship will not attribute the fault—"

"I attribute it where it was due, sir," replied the nobleman. "The fault was mine."

"Yours, my Lord? I think the very last—"

"You drive too slow, sir. Imagine that grey mare to be one of Lord Ulla's tenants, and, if I mistake not, she will be driven faster. You know you want to have some shooting in the wood."

The agent coloured, and discharged his vexation on the sides of the animal. When they arrived at

the "great house," Lord Ulla called for ink and paper, and penned the following note to his physician.

"I have found the spring of which you spoke, "and derived so much benefit from the draught I "have already taken, that I stand in no need of the "code of directions you were kind enough to promise "me. It is my intention to remain on my estate "during the summer, for the purpose of completely "establishing the beneficial alteration, which has "been already effected.

"Yours, &c.

"ULLA.

"P.S. The English do not know how to dress "potatoes. They should be boiled in the rind, and "eaten with salt."

On the next morning, the suspicions of the young nobleman were verified by a visit from the innkeeper, who came to restore the pocket-book, with all its contents, and the two letters which, as Lord Ulla had conjectured, never had been forwarded.

"Please your Lordship's honour," said the landlord, with many obeisances, "if your Lordship blames any body in this business, 'tis the doctor you'll blame, and not me, for 'tis his bidding I was doing. He wrote me word a few days before you

came to do all that I did after, and I made no work about doing it, for I knew that I was safe as long as I was said by the doctor. And this much I'll say for my house, please your Lordship's honour, that if ever your Lordship comes the way again, you'll have the best of all good treatment, tay-tay, and coffee-tay, and green-tay too, and yellow, if there's such a thing to be had, high or low; for 'twas only by the doctor's orders we gave your Lordship such poor usage the last time. And as for the chimney, it never puffed before nor after (which is saying a great deal), only that once I just slipped a weeny piece of a tile upon the chimney above, thinking to please the doctor. Indeed, it went sore against my heart to see you cutting away with yourself that morning, please your Lordship, 'tis what the wife I have said to me and you going out the doors, was that you'd get your death by it. But as I said to her—A' hold your tongue, you foolish woman, says I, do you think you know better than the doctor? Indeed, I'll tell your Lordship no lie, 'tis the word the doctor wrote me, was to do something to make Lord Ulla know what poverty was! Is that the way of it? says I to myself; why then let me alone for giving him a taste of it:—as I did, I'm sure, please your Lordship, and more blame to those that put me up to it."

The history informs us, that Lord Ulla prolonged

his residence beyond the summer, and discovered, by personal experiment, that the only way to enjoy the real comforts of life, is by bestowing them wherever they are needed.

FROM "THE CHRISTIAN PHYSIOLOGIST."

Morning Hymn.

Again we hail the golden light—the dawn
Now breaks from purple clouds on grove and lawn;
Leave we our couches, let the morning rays
Shining behold our gratitude and praise.

The glittering chariots of the night
Have fled, and lovely Morn again
Looks from her throne of lucid light,
And reassumes her fragrant reign.
Touched by her hand, the clouds that rolled
In gloom sublime, now brightly beam,
And seem a sheet of liquid gold
When viewed in some soft murmuring stream.
Thou Lord of Light, Thou God supreme,
Once more we seek on bended knee,
At morning's first returning beam,
To breathe our hymns of praise to Thee.

The flowers that late all hung as dead,
Faint, and oppressed with nature's dew,
Now meet the beam profusely shed,
Revive, and blush a lovelier hue.
Where thick the forest's branches wreathe,
And feathered songsters dwelling there,
Waked by the ray they grateful breathe
In melody to thee their prayer.
Then, Lord of Light, and God supreme,
Let man seek now on bended knee,
At morning's first returning beam,
To breathe his hymns of praise to Thee.

Midnight.

'Twas midnight, and I stole away
From ev'ry haunt where life was gay;
Where blooming wreaths and festive boards
Were in a wild profusion spread,
And ev'ry bliss that earth affords
To tempt me, was around me shed.

I flew, unheeded and alone,
To seek a spot my heart could own;

Where I could view the stars arise,
And watch the silvery moon's decline,
And glance from earth to sea and skies,
And make each passing moment mine.

I passed a vale where all was still,
And gained the summit of a hill,
From whence I saw the ocean far
In silent splendour calmly glide,
While o'er it many a lustrous star
Shed her soft radiance o'er the tide.

And thus unto myself I said,
"When youthful years I've numbered,
Then, far away from worldly strife,
May I, with cool reflective brow,
Scan o'er my long fled tide of life,
With eye as calm as I gaze now.

And as o'er ocean's bosom shine
Rays hallowed, bright'ning and divine,
May I then, trembling, grateful feel,
Within this aged breast of mine,
Religion's rays consoling steal,
And meekly bend before my MAKER'S shrine."

RICHARD RYAN.

The Comet.

How lonely in this wildered scene,
When silence, from her vault so blue,
Steals soft o'er Teviot's mountains green,
To sleep embalmed in midnight dew!

All hail, ye hills, whose tow'ring height
Like shadows scoop the yielding sky!
And thou, mysterious guest of night,
Dread trav'ller of immensity!

Stranger of heav'n, I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial gale;
Broad Pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?
Art thou the standard of his wrath,
Waved o'er a sordid sinful world?

No; from thy pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,
No latent evil we can deem,
Fair herald of th' eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
And streaming locks so lovely pale;

Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
  Stranger of heav'n, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years?
  Why sought these polar paths again?
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
  To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

And when thou climb'st the milky way,
  And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray,
  Through wilds of yon empyreal blue.

Oh, on thy rapid prow to glide!
  To sail the boundless skies with thee!
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
  Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea.

To brush the embers from the sun;
  The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to other systems run,
  Where other moons and planets roll!

Stranger of heav'n! O let thine eye
  Smile on a wild enthusiast's dream:
Eccentric as thy course on high,
  And airy as thine ambient dream.

And long, long may thy silver ray
  Our northern vault at eve adorn;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
  Sweep the grey portals of the morn!—HOGG.

Hymn

Composed by the late BISHOP OF CALCUTTA, and always sung on New Year's Day, by his desire.

As o'er the past my mem'ry strays
  Why heaves the secret sigh ?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
  Still unprepared to die.

The world and worldly things beloved
  My anxious thoughts employed ;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
  Presents a fearful void.

Yet, Holy Father ! wild despair
  Chase from my lab'ring breast ;
Thy grace it is which prompts the pray'r,
  That grace can do the rest.

My life's brief remnant all be thine !
  And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
  O speed my soul to Thee !

Life; a Poem.

The morning arises, the noon fleets away,
The shadows of eve spread their mantle around ;
So life speedeth onward and closes its day,
As Death deals his arrows in stillness profound.

Yet the pilgrim of life deems his exit afar,
Nor dreams of that moment so dreary and cold,
When Death all his visions shall suddenly mar,
And bid him return to the earth as his fold.

The sun shines above him, there's music around ;
The flow'rs are in bloom, and the earth is as blest,
Like a babe when it sleeps mid the sweets of the ground,
Or toys with the blossoms which pillowed its rest.

The heart of the pilgrim in unison swells,
And life seems a bow'r full of fragrance and mirth
He hears not the voice of his conscience, which tells
There's a spoiler and waster which travels the earth ;

That the bud of his joys, so luxuriant in bloom,
Has a worm at its root and disease at its core ;
And that Time must soon bend it in death to the tomb,
In the gleam of its beauty to revel no more.

Thus existence fleets on, and the startled grow dumb,
When Death in deep darkness sweeps solemnly by,
And speaks, as the hour of his triumph may come,
Thou hast lived—thou hast loved—now turn thee,
and die.

FLETCHER.

Sonnet to a Child.

A rosebud opening, pearled with morning dew,
Through the young foliage glancing, light and free—
A gentle fountain gushing joyously
O'er the green sward—a bright star in the blue
Of the still heav'ns, or beacon on the sea;
These have I thought thee, light of fanciful hours!
Fair promise of Time's yet unmeasured space;
But be thy bloom more durable than the flower's!
Thine all that fountain's purity and grace!
And may no blight fall on their hopes, who trace
Their features, fortunes, happiness in thine!
Be thou the star-light of their day's decline,
Waking unearthly dreams. O may'st thou be
All I would fondly deem—all they will picture thee!

On the Death of a little Girl Five Years old.

Sweet little flow'r thy bloom is fled,
Thy tender leaves are pale and dead,
And scattered (once so rosy red)
O'er the cold tomb.

Around thee now in vain may beam
The summer's ray and winter's gleam;
No sun can pierce the slumb'rer's dream
In earth's dark womb.

But yet on thee a sun shall rise
More glorious than these earthly skies,
E'er dipped in heav'n's aërial dies,
Or beauty's ray;

A light, that on thy spirit breaking,
From death's embrace in bliss awaking,
Shall bid it, ev'ry care forsaking,
Rise into day.

Then why the night of sorrow here,
That darkens round thy early bier,
And o'er thy mem'ry sheds the tear
Of vain regret?

We should not mourn the closing flow'r
Whose petals shun the nightly hour,
But open to that orb, whose pow'r
Can never set.

ELEANOR DICKINSON.

The Cast-away Ship.

Her mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land,
And from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand ;
And weeping eyes are on the main
Until its verge she wanders o'er ;—
But from that hour of parting pain,
Oh ! she was never heard of more !

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doom'd to flee,
Say, sank she 'mid the blending wrath
Of racking cloud and rolling sea ?
Or—where the land but mocks the eye—
Went drifting on a fatal shore ?
Vain guesses all ! Her destiny
Is dark !—she ne'er was heard of more !

The moon hath twelve times changed her form,
From glowing orb to crescent wan,
'Mid skies of calm and scowl of storm,
Since from her port that ship hath gone;
But ocean keeps its secret well;
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
Her fate:—she ne'er was heard of more!

Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,
'Twere something to the broken heart;
The pangs of doubt would then be gone,
And Fancy's endless dreams depart!—
It may not be:—there is no ray
By which her doom we may explore;
We only know—she sailed away,
And ne'er was seen or heard of more!

JOHN MALCOLM.

The Philosopher's Scales.

What were they?—you ask: you shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar or tea;
O no;—for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,

Together with articles, small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense;
Nought was there so bulky but there it could lay,
And nought so ethereal but there it would stay;
And nought so reluctant but in it must go:—
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire*,
Which retain'd all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of his cell.

Next time he put in *Alexander the Great*,
With a garment that *Dorcas* had made—for a weight;
And though clad in armour from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up and the garment went down.

A long row of *alms-houses*, amply endow'd
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropp'd into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weigh'd less than one plough.
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,—
Ten counsellors wigs full of powder and curl,—
All heap'd in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weigh'd less than some atoms of candour and sense:—
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just wash'd from the dirt;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh—'twas "the pearl of great price!"

At last the whole world was bowl'd in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve as a weight;—
When the former sprung up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof—
While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell,
That it jerk'd the philosopher out of his cell.

JANE TAYLOR.

The Shadow on the Sun-Dial.

Upon yon dial-stone
Behold the shade of time
For ever circling on and on,
In silence more sublime

Than if the thunders of the spheres
Peal'd forth its march to mortal ears.

Day is the time for toil;
Night balms the weary breast;
Stars have their vigils; seas awhile
Will sink to peaceful rest:—
But round and round the shadow creeps
Of that which slumbers not nor sleeps.

In beauty fading fast
Its silent trace appears,
And—where a phantom of the past
Dim in the mist of years,
Gleams Tadmor o'er oblivion's waves,
Like wrecks above their ocean-graves.

Before the ceaseless shade,
That round the world doth sail,
Its towers and temples bow the head—
The Pyramids look pale—
The festal halls grow hush'd and cold—
The everlasting hills wax old!

Coeval with the sun
Its silent course began,
And still its phantom-race shall run
Till worlds with age grow wan—
Till darkness spread her funeral pall
And one vast shadow circle all.

JOHN MALCOLM.

The Sunbeam.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea:—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles;
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest-shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains,—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou brakest forth,—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot,—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;—
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of Heaven!

MRS. HEMANS.

The Ant and the Caterpillar.

As an Ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting, with consequence, over the plain,
A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cried—"Bless your good worship wherever you go;
I hope your great mightiness wont take it ill,
I pay my respects with a hearty good-will."
With a look of contempt, and impertinent pride,
"Begone you vile reptile," his antship replied;
"Go—go, and lament your contemptible state,
But first—look at me—see my limbs how complete;
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please:
Of nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way."
The reptile insulted, and vex'd to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;

But nature, determined to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.

Ere long the proud Ant, as repassing the road
(Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load),
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd;
His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant, quite amazed at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away.
"Stop friend," says the Butterfly—"don't be surprised
I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despised;
But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I play,
While you must for ever drudge on in your way."

CUNNINGHAM.

Christmas Hymn.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining!
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall!

Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the hearts adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

HEBER.

Gelert.

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound
Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer ;
" Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear ?

" Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam ?
The flower of all his race !
So true, so brave, a lamb at home—
A lion in the chase !

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty prov'd ;
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood !

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet :
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd,
(And on went Gelert too),

And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view !

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stain'd cover rent,
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied ;
He search'd—with terror wild ;
Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child !

" Hell-hound ! by thee my child's devour'd ! "
The frantic father cried,
And to the vengeful hilt his sword
He plunged in Gelert's side !—

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell,
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh ;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry !

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search hath miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kiss'd !

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain,
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe,
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

SPENCER.

Day-break.

Dawn of day ! thy twilight dress,
A mantle seems of holiness,
Dropt by him who fashion'd earth,
Ere the morning stars had birth ;—
Ere the womb of shapeless night
Heav'd creation into light.

Dawn of day ! how pure to me
Is all thy fresh-born fragrancy ;
Of odours, that from nightfall rise,
A yet untainted sacrifice.
From God's footstool to his throne—
Oh ! that I so could waft my own !

Dawn of day ! how wrapt thy hush
Of stillness : ere from brake or bush
Beasts do rustle—birds take wing,
Or noise of any earthly thing
Break in upon that holy calm,
Which spreads o'er care celestial balm.

Sweet, oh ! sweetest, dawn of day !
Like all that's sweet, how brief thy stay :

For now the sun, in beamy spread,
Tips eastern clouds with garish red ;
And gathering sounds the ear steal on—
Dawn of day ! thy charm is gone !

The Son of a Genius.

In truth, he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
BEATTIE.

Mr. Lewis was the only surviving son of a gentleman, who had nearly expended a fine fortune in mechanical pursuits, which he had not the steadiness to follow so as to bring any single object to perfection, though he evinced powers sufficient to have fully effected that purpose. His son had received the education suitable for a liberal profession, but a direction of mind too desultory for any, until his seventeenth year, when he professed himself determined on embracing that of a painter ;—a desire perfectly consonant to the wishes of his father, who obtained for him every aid his profession required ; but, at the same time, by instilling the belief that on

his genius alone he must depend for future fame and fortune, defeated in a great measure the benefits he bestowed, in providing his talents the means of cultivation; since his son was thereby encouraged to neglect that application necessary in every profession, and taught to rest on fortuitous means for producing that, which is the reward of well-exerted efforts and unwearied application of appropriate talents. The father died very soon after the son's choice of a profession was settled, leaving his affairs in a state of so much derangement, that his widow, who had always been a most affectionate wife and tender mother, was literally harassed to death with settling them. She had, however, the satisfaction of paying all his debts, reducing his scattered property to a tangible shape, and leaving her son in actual possession of about two thousand pounds, with which she hoped he would be enabled to set out advantageously in life; being assured by all who knew him, that he was a young man of the most promising talents, and being happy in the persuasion that he had an excellent disposition, and was not subject to any vicious propensity whatever.

Young Lewis sincerely loved and lamented both his parents; but he neither took warning from the errors into which *one* had fallen, from following blindly a pursuit praiseworthy in itself, but ruinous to him from his mismanagement and mutability, nor followed the advice and example of the *other*, by

estimating his own right of expenditure and powers of improvement. Rash, impetuous, and enthusiastic —yet generous, affectionate, and ingenuous, he was perpetually led into the commission of follies which he repented and despised, but whose recurrence he adopted no stable means of preventing. Attributing his faults to weakness immediately connected with that superiority in himself, of which he felt too proud to examine minutely its claims to his partiality, or even his right to the distinction thus arrogated ; and as it served as an apology for idleness at some times, extravagance at others, and eccentricity in *all*,—as it had been ceded to him by his father, allowed him by his companions, and was the attribute most dear to him in others,—he indulged himself in believing that he was influenced in all he did by possessing *genius*.

This supposititious power did not, however, prevent the young man from knowing that it was by *common* application and *regular* study he had become master of all that which was indeed estimable in his attainments : and so long as the period lasted in which he placed himself under the direction of others, his progress was striking ; for his application was truly that of vigorous intellect, and a noble contempt of surrounding difficulties : but, when to the cares of his profession were added those of his worldly affairs, and the possibility of turning his knowledge to profit, he manifested a carelessness amount-

ing to folly, and an ignorance at which a schoolboy might blush; and, from his scorn of trifles and neglect of petty cares, was continually subject to serious inconveniences, and, in time, to alarming calamities.

At the time of his marriage, Mr. Lewis was about four-and-twenty, and, considering his youth, was in possession of a considerable degree of public favour: but as he had embraced landscape painting (a branch of the art slow in the fame it bestows, and by no means lucrative until that fame is established), it was necessary to husband his little patrimony with prudence, unless he increased it by the ordinary method—that of teaching: but there was, according to his apprehension, a degradation in this mode of employing his abilities, unworthy of a man of genius; he therefore applied himself exclusively to painting; and, professing himself devoted to his art, conceived with all the ardour natural to his years and character, that success must naturally crown his labours, more especially as he had made considerable progress in his father's studies, possessed a fine taste for poetry, and had spent much of his time in the composition of an epic poem, from which he promised himself the highest honours.

But, alas! between the pen and the pencil, each applied to by turns, but neither with effect, month after month glided on, and Agnes never perceived that the labours of her husband actually produced any money. For some time she forbore to make

any remarks, or express any wishes on the subject, since all *her* modest wants were more liberally supplied than she desired; but, as she found that all their expenditure arose from a principal which was, by the confession of her husband, fast waning to a close, she became extremely anxious to see those talents, on which she had so often meditated with delight, produce something like the harvest so long promised, especially as she was become the mother of a boy, whom his father beheld with great delight and affection, and whom, from his partiality to the painter of that name, he christened Ludovico Caracci.

They now removed from the northern counties, where they had hitherto resided, to Manchester, as a place of great importance for its wealth, and where the talents of a respectable artist were likely to meet with that encouragement not to be expected in a more secluded situation. Mr. Lewis regarded his long residence among the mountains as a period of study in Nature's best academy, and considered *this* the outset of his professional career. He had obtained many valuable introductions to various wealthy inhabitants, and his hopes were so sanguine, that even the consciousness that he had not more than fifty pounds in the world left, to provide for daily increasing expenditure, failed to affect his spirits, or cast a cloud on his brow.

He was well received at Manchester by those to

whom he looked as future patrons ; the specimens of his talents exhibited in his rooms were much admired ; some were bought, others ordered and Agnes partook the happiness she had hoped for, though she lamented the expense incurred from residing in a place where the means of living were so much more difficult than she had ever known them ; she, however, applied herself with double diligence to the management of their concerns, and endeavoured to supply by frugality the difference in their expenditure.

But now came the time of trial : hitherto Mr. Lewis had followed the bent of his inclination, as it directed his studies, or made those studies his amusement : he was now called upon (as every man is, more or less) to obey the will of others, and submit to certain privations, for certain rewards. But the desultory life he had so long led, his habit of placing Genius at the helm of his thoughts, and indulging in the belief of its all-controlling power, without examining how far caprice, idleness, and folly, assumed its name, either in his own mind or that of others, precluded him from every solid advantage offered to him. Pursuing the dictates of this supposititious impulse, he scorned every other : the pictures ordered were frequently never touched, or if painted, were not according to the wishes of their owners ; they never were finished to any given time ; and it frequently happened that a picture, on which all his hopes of

subsistence depended, was abandoned entirely, whilst he composed couplets intended to garnish the corner of a newspaper, wasted his time in the perusal of a new novel, or, with more apparent wisdom, but to equal loss, pursued some mechanical speculation or learned hypothesis. If any person, who either felt for him that friendship his manners seldom failed to inspire, or was really interested in the speedy conclusion of the work then on his easel, presumed to remonstrate with him on this unfortunate misapplication of his time, he never failed to insist upon "the utter impossibility of binding minds of a superior class to common rules:" gave a thousand instances in which men of genius had acted in the same eccentric manner; declared that the moment of inspiration must be employed, but cannot be *pressed* into the service of art; and that the independence of his mind should never yield to the shackles which the restraints of prudence threw over souls of a more vulgar mould and meaner destination.

The total negligence of the wishes of his patrons was particularly disgusting to the wealthy merchants and manufacturers of Manchester, who, used to regularity in all their proceedings, and seldom educated in a manner that could make them comprehend the nature of that mental labour which is, in fact, the life of the art, viewed his errors with too much austerity, and aggravated the fault, which appeared the greater, because, in opposition to their own mode of action.

They condemned *him*, not more than he despised *them*. After three years' residence he left Manchester, with a determination never more to reside in a manufacturing town, and set out for York, taking with him a wife and three little children, who left a place with regret where they had experienced much personal kindness, and where Agnes had seen that, with common prudence, it was very possible not only to live in comfort, but to secure an ample independence.

A very short time served to convince Mrs. Lewis, that if the evils of narrow-minded tradesmen were severely felt in their *late* residence, the narrow purses of gentry, living for the most part on stated incomes, were likely to be more severely felt at the *present;* but she had some consolation from the cheapness of the place, and from perceiving the kind consideration with which her husband was treated by people of real superiority. Mr. Lewis, for his part, was delighted: he found himself amongst kindred souls, and felt as if he was now, for the first time, brought into that world which he was formed to enjoy and to embellish; every where courted, invited, and admired, his presence seemed necessary to enliven every party, and to give zest to every enjoyment; for, as he was known to be a man of family, as well as a man of genius, every house in York was open to receive him; and literary acquaintance, lively friends, and admiring amateurs, surrounded him on every side,

while agreeable invitations poured in from every quarter.

But in this round of engagements all employment was suspended, and for a time even painting was forgotten; unfortunately, the interesting antiquities, the fine cathedral, and many local advantages of York, awoke admiration, which affected him rather as a Poet than a Painter, and every solitary ramble and unengaged hour were given to the composition of poetry. By degrees this passion gained still more ground, and, with the true spirit of a poet, he withdrew from all company, abandoned every other pursuit, and, wrapt in the sublime contemplation of the past, became completely absorbed in this single subject; so that at the time when the city was filling with company, who might have been really beneficial to him, and to whom it was the intention of his new friends to introduce him, he was so distracted with the thoughts of being torn from his beloved employment, that he hastily fled from the city, took refuge in a distant farm-house, and determined to live in the closest retirement till he had accomplished his task, which was writing an Epic Poem, entitled "Constantine the Great."

During the time when he had been visiting in York, though admired and caressed by all, his wife and infants had lived in a solitary lodging, where, with melancholy forebodings, she had endeavoured to keep up her spirits in the hope of better times, and

by every method of the most self-denying economy, to delay the approach of want. As, however, it was impossible to avoid running in debt for mere necessaries, her anxiety became more distressing; and her creditors were so urgent for payment, when her husband thus incautiously forsook her, leaving her a message to follow him, without reflecting on the necessity of settling their affairs, that she was obliged to compromise in the best manner she was able, by disposing of all the little furniture they had brought with them, and the greatest part of her husband's books. This circumstance was quickly spread; their credit was universally blasted; and, when the poem was finished, and the author presented it, under the idea of a liberal subscription being entered upon for it, which would doubtless have been the case three months before, he found from the bookseller that he was universally regarded in York as an idle, dissipated man, who ran into debt he had no means of discharging, and exposed his wife and innocent children to bear the brunt of misfortune and the sufferings of poverty.

Stung more with the severity of this sentence than the truth it contained, since he conceived that the very people who pronounced it were those who, on his arrival, had made him idle and dissipated, and now, when by incessant application he had redeemed his character, abandoned him without mercy, he hastily repaired to his unhappy wife, declaring that

he would instantly fly to the metropolis, where alone he could publish his poem, and where genius never failed to meet with patrons whose wealth and liberality ensured the success due to superior talent.

This scheme was found impracticable : the utmost limits of their power only enabled them to proceed to Leeds, where they were obliged to take a poor lodging ; which, in the course of a week, was exchanged for one still poorer, and where the infant, poor Agnes, now nursed at her breast (affected by the suppressed but bitter woes of its unhappy mother), soon breathed its last—the victim of sorrow and imprudence.

Over the corpse of his youngest darling, the father shed many a heartfelt tear ; but the mother's sacrifice, though lamented, was more easily resigned. As soon as she was somewhat recovered from the shock, she earnestly looked around for some employment which should enable her to assist in providing for her family ; and, having lodged in the house of a glover during her residence in York, and being always of an observant turn, and remarkably quick with her needle, she determined on making gloves for sale ; and had provided herself with the means of carrying this purpose into effect, when her husband, on perceiving her intention, reprobated it in the severest manner, as a means of injuring him in his profession, and precluding him from appearing in the light of a gentleman.

"But our children want bread, my dear Lewis!" This appeal overwhelmed the wretched man with so severe an agony, that Agnes resolved to comply, *apparently* at least, with his wishes. She soothed his sorrows, praised his poem, predicted its success, and finally persuaded him to resume his habits of sketching, and preparing a few pictures, though she almost dreaded their finishing, knowing that the expense of providing frames was utterly out of her power. During the hours he was in the house, she applied herself to household concerns, and to instructing her two little boys; but the moment he went out, she flew to the business she had adopted; and, by dint of incessant labour, and that quickness which practice supplies, she was enabled to find food, though very coarse food, for herself and children,—ever making an excuse to their father, on his return, for having dined without him, and providing something more palatable for him, which she was under the necessity of procuring from the sale of her clothes, or entreating the butcher to trust her. Lewis returned to the study of Nature with increasing avidity; became again a painter; and so long as no one troubled him with claims for money he could not produce, was perfectly easy how his boys were fed or clothed; their smiles were delightful to him, and every display of talent they evinced transported him: but of their *real* comforts, or their future destination, he either thought not at all, or when, by

some pressing circumstances, forced to think, he shrunk from with a weakness that enervated, or self-reproach that overwhelmed him.

By degrees, the artist emerged from the obscurity that attended his first appearance at Leeds; and a bookseller having permitted his pictures to be hung in his shop, was so fortunate as to dispose of two of them. This circumstance renovated the spirits of Lewis: he took better lodgings immediately; replenished his wardrobe; increased his stock of materials; sent his eldest son to school; and considerably extended his credit with various new tradesmen; —but he neglected to pay those who had trusted him, and whom he thus made his enemies, to the sincere grief and mortification of his wife, whose utmost endeavours could not enable *her* to repay them; for, as he was now much at home, it was impossible for her to carry on her employment with effect, especially as she was again likely to increase her family, and her second son was a very delicate boy, and occupied much of her attention. Many a heart-breaking sigh did she breathe over him, under the distressing idea that the hardships to which he had been exposed, in consequence of their poverty, had preyed upon his constitution; for, notwithstanding all that may be said, and with truth, respecting the healthiness of poor people's children, yet it will not be found that scanty meals and long protracted fasts produce firm flesh and ruddy looks. Agnes

well remembered that her boys at Manchester were blessed with both, and her heart sickened at the present contrast; but she endeavoured, in all her sorrows, to look up to her heavenly Father for consolation and strength, and, as far as it was possible, to lead her poor babes to the same celestial fountain;—and many a time did the little boys, kneeling on each side of their prostrate mother, with clasped hands and devout looks, listen to her fervent prayers for their welfare and that of her beloved partner, who at some times fervently partook of their devotions, but never without evidently suffering so much, that the tender heart of his wife almost shrunk from witnessing emotions, which she perceived were indications of sensibility, unaccompanied by resolution, and unattended by reform. From time to time he suffered every opportunity for really benefiting himself and family to escape, either from a carelessness which lost the hour for securing employment, a haughtiness which rejected it, or, what was prejudicial in the highest degree, a versatility in the application of his talents, which, while it evinced his real superiority, prevented every effect that might have been expected. After three years' residence in a rich, populous, and hospitable town, Agnes found herself again with a babe at her breast, her second son in his coffin, and her eldest, pale, emaciated, and weeping by her side, without money to procure support for the one, or interment for the other—surrounded by creditors she

could not satisfy, and far distant from all her natural connexions,—yet forced to urge the instant departure of her dejected husband, lest every pang she felt should be aggravated by seeing him dragged to a long-threatened prison.

Poor Ludovico, after lamenting many hours, as one that "refused to be comforted," over the dead body of his beloved brother, witnessed the still acuter pang which his mother felt, when, emptying her little purse of the few hard-earned shillings which remained, she put them into the hands of his father, and besought him to take advantage of the night, and hasten out of the country, ere the law should seize him. The bitter sorrow visible in his countenance, as he glanced his eye over the wretched apartment he was quitting, arrested that of Ludovico; he watched its pathetic expression, as pursuing each object of love and interest; it regarded first the coffin of the departed child—then the cradle of the sleeping babe—his own swollen face and weeping eyes—and lastly, the wasted form and pallid countenance of his mother, on which it rested with an expression of sorrow that seemed to concentrate all human misery.

The boy flew into his father's arms; he sobbed convulsively upon his bosom; he felt as if his very heart was breaking. "My *poor* fellow!" said Lewis, struggling with himself, "my *dear* boy! do not give way to this sorrow; remember, it is your

duty to exert yourself for your mother's sake; I leave her to your care, Ludovico; she has now no other comforter; remember *that*, my dear, my *only* son." The father pressed him to his heart, and fled.

"We have a Comforter above," said his mother, approaching the bewildered and overpowered boy: "and to that Comforter we must both look, my dear; but you know we can only have a right to do so by controlling our immoderate grief. It is natural that you should mourn for Raphael, that you should lament parting with your father at such a time of affliction, for our blessed Lord himself wept at the tomb of Lazarus; but you know, Ludovico, he did not *indulge* in affliction, he did not increase the sorrows in which he sympathised by his own *excess*."

Ludovico promised to subdue his grief, and he sought divine assistance; then turning to his mother, he said, "Oh, mother! if I could *indeed* help you, I should be happy even now—I feel I should."

"You will help and comfort me most at present, by endeavouring to sleep, my child. My fears for your health outweigh every other."

Ludovico kissed her, and crept to his solitary bed, which, though the night was far advanced, he had feared to visit, from a consciousness that it would renew his sorrow; but his recent agitation had spent itself, and a ray of hope that he was yet capable of assisting and comforting his mother solaced his

mind; and, in a long and ardent prayer, he poured out his heart to Him that "despiseth not the day of small things;" after which he sunk into a sound and refreshing slumber, and which, though not a long one, renewed his strength. Hearing uncommon noises in the streets, he recollected that it was a great fair; and concluded that, though early, it was better to rise, and collect the various thoughts which he well remembered had occupied his mind the morning before.

On entering the sitting-room, he perceived his poor mother just as he had left her; and though she had now his little sister in her arms, yet it was plain, from the appearance of her work-table, that she had been sitting up all night making gloves, and he doubted not it was with the intention of disposing of them in the fair. After an affectionate salutation to her and the babe, and one tender look towards the melancholy corner which contained the loved remains of his brother, he busied himself with looking up several articles that were scattered round the room, but with an air of such quietness, that his mother fancied he was attaching some little mystery to his employment; and rejoicing that he was going to adopt any means of dissipating his distress, she appeared not to regard him, but fixed her eyes attentively on her nursling; whilst Ludovico, having collected various necessaries for drawing, which had

naturally become his favourite amusement, sat himself down on the floor opposite to her.

One party absorbed in deep and sorrowful reflections, the other in great but not hopeless solicitude—both were silent for a considerable time : at length Mrs. Lewis said, " Come, child, you have been up nearly two hours ; get your breakfast."

" Presently, mother ; I have nearly finished my picture, but cannot move till I have done it."

In about ten minutes Ludovico arose, and presented to his mother a coarse, but not ill-conceived picture of herself and the babe, which she approved of very much, though she pointed out some improvements, which he readily adopted ; then dispatching his breakfast in great haste, but not till he had prevailed on his mother to take hers also, he resumed his employment. As his celerity increased by practice, in the middle of the day he found that he had made six pictures of his mother, upon as many half-sheets of paper ; and he now began to mount them upon press-paper, which he begged from the master of the lodgings, who was a clothier, and used it in the pressing of his cloth ; having done this, he drew lines round them, which he filled with Indian ink, and thus finished them in a tidy manner ; but all this was accompanied with the same air of secrecy with which it was begun ; and scarcely could the afflicted mother refuse a smile at the important and mysterious air assumed by her industrious boy,

whom she had always encouraged in pursuing whatever he engaged in with perseverance and ardour, as the never-failing means of ultimate success.

In the course of the afternoon, the person whom she had engaged to take her little parcel of gloves came for them ; and as she was not quite prepared, Ludovico stepped out unperceived while she detained him. After this business was over, she was somewhat surprised that he did not return ; but concluding that he was contriving to get more press-paper from the master of the house, was not sorry for an absence that would be beneficial to him ; but when evening came, and upon inquiry she found that he had not been below, and was certainly out of the house, she became extremely uneasy, and felt more bitterly than ever the full extent of her wretched situation—thus trebly bereft of her comforts.

During all the distress which Mrs. Lewis had experienced since she left the happy, though humble roof of her father, she had never yet acquainted her parents with more of her real situation than was absolutely necessary, feeling, that to make them farther informed of her unhappiness would be only increasing their burthen, without lightening her own ; though she was well aware that the utmost relief they could render her would be speedily accorded. It now struck her that her poor boy, deprived of the company of his brother, would be placed to the greatest advantage under the roof of his grandfather,

who, she doubted not, would afford him the protection he so much wanted at this time; and she was debating in her own mind on the necessity of the step, and struggling to overcome the dread she felt of parting with a child so inexpressibly dear, when the door was suddenly opened by Ludovico, who, with an air of wildness in his countenance, ran to the spot where she sat, fell on his knees before her, and laying his face on her lap, burst into tears,—at the same time seizing her hand, which he devoured with kisses, he placed in it a crown piece, and two shillings.

"My child! my dear boy! who gave you this money?"

"Oh, mother! mother! I have sold them all,—*all* my pictures. At first I was sadly ashamed, when I went out and stood in the market-place: but as people came to me and asked me what I would take for them, I said a shilling a-piece; so two women came and bought each one; and then a man, who sold toys, came and put this crown in my hand, and took the other four away with him, and told me to paint a dozen more before next Tuesday, and he would buy them all—and—and—is not this good news, mother?"

"Indeed, my love, it is: but why do you cry, Ludovico?"

"Oh, mother, I cannot help it: yesterday I was so very wretched, because poor Raphael was dead;

and father and you looked so unhappy, I could not help wishing it would please God to take me too, and I cried for exceeding great sorrow : but now I feel as if I had much rather live and be a comfort to you : and since I have sold my little pictures, it has made me so happy, I feel my heart swelling quite full, very full of joy."

Again the boy wept, and his mother, straining him to her fond heart, which rose to heaven in silent gratitude for such a gift, wept also.

After a long pause, Ludovico, recovering serenity, cheerfully said, " Who knows, dear mother, but I have a genius, and may one day be a great man ? I am sure if I *have*, I shall always thank God for giving it to me, for your sake and the baby's, and poor father's sake too. Oh, I wish that Raphael had lived, if it had been only till to-day, that he might have felt as I do just now."

Agnes was loth to repress the generous hopes and ennobling enthusiasm which, at this moment, so evidently enlivened the heart of her amiable child ; but she felt it her duty to impress, in this hour of awakened feeling—this early outset in the life of a child, forced by circumstances to premature reflection and exertion, the necessity of justly estimating his own powers, and the nature of the path he seemed appointed to tread. Taking both his hands in hers as he still knelt at her feet, with a look of great tenderness, but deep solemnity, she said, " My dear

child, God has given to you and to *all* men *talents;* by the prudent and persevering, who not only *use* but *improve* them, every thing really desirable may always be attained; but without industry, and the proper application of that industry, no natural gift can possibly avail them. Therefore, though it is only just and right that you should *thank* God for enabling you to be of use to your parents, and praise *Him*, who is indeed the giver of every good and perfect gift; seeking with humility and diligence for his blessings on your endeavours, and his direction in all your pursuits; yet remember, it is foolish and presumptuous to expect success, even in a good cause, otherwise than as He has appointed: and it is His *will* that we attain all real advantages, both for this world and that which is to come, by earnestly *endeavouring* to obtain them by vigilance."

"But then, what does my father mean by saying so often that Genius conquers all things: and telling me about so many great men who had genius?"

"The great men he speaks of, having a decided preference for some particular art or science, pursued with unceasing diligence every means which was likely to contribute to their attainment; this preference is called *taste*, and united with this perseverance, it produced that superiority which became *genius*. Do you understand me, my dear?"

"Perfectly, mother; for I remember when Raphael was making a kite, he could not do it at all;

and as father used to say he was a *good* child, but had no genius, I thought it was of no use to leave off drawing to teach him: but he wanted a kite; and he tried, and tried, till at last he made this pretty one, which I will keep for his sake: and then father said, 'Well, I declare the boy has really a genius for kite-making.' I suppose, in general, people call a taste, or just having a liking for things, having a *genius;* but if they think that will do, they are sadly mistaken; I know that by myself. Why, mother, do you know I have been drawing your face and the baby's with pencil only, for many weeks, but I would not waste paint on it till I was quite sure of doing good; because many a time, when I have seen father waste things, you have looked so sad, and given such deep sighs when nobody heard you but me."

"Yes, my child, our Father who is in Heaven heard them; and in teaching you to feel for your mother, proved that the sorrowful sighing of an humble heart ascended not to his mercy-seat in vain: let this be ever your comfort, my child; and in every exertion you make for yourself, remember, that although success may not crown your endeavours, though ever so well exerted (which is sometimes, though not frequently, the case), that you have an unfailing friend in heaven, who can render your sufferings the means of blessedness, and who never fails to help those who put their trust in him."

The sequel may be told in a few words: Lewis was cast into prison for debt; was liberated by great exertions on the part of his wife and son; again he rose into a state of comfort and respectability; but by imprudence, versatility, and that infatuation which he imputed to genius, and deemed inseparable from it, ere long sunk into indigence and misery. At length, from the effects of a cold, caught while wandering about the streets one wet and stormy night, to avoid an arrest, he died in the very prime of his life, and the zenith of talents, addicted to no vice, capable of every virtue, and possessing powers that might have secured not only the comforts of independence, but the acquisition of wealth and fame.

Ludovico was received as an apprentice, without fee, by an eminent engraver, who had become acquainted with his previous history and good conduct. By degrees he rose to eminence in his profession, ever remembering the painful lessons of his childhood, and deeply impressed with this truth,—that talents are of little value, unless accompanied by *industry*, *punctuality*, and *integrity*.

Poor Mrs. Lewis, after living some years as governess in a family, was, by a train of happy circumstances, comfortably settled with her daughter, now a blooming and graceful girl, in a small, but neat and pleasant dwelling, in Somer's town.

Address to Young Ladies.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Will you permit me, my dear young friends, to speak to you freely as to daughters? You doubtless need no argument to convince you of the excellence of industry. We will devote a few thoughts only to those branches of it which belong peculiarly to our own sex. It is one of our privileges, that we have such a variety of interesting employments. Time need never hang upon our hands, who have it continually in our power to combine amusement with utility. If we leave any vacancy for ennui to creep in, it must surely be our own fault.

Needle-work, in all its countless forms of use, elegance, and ornament, has been the appropriate occupation of women. From the shades where its simple process was to unite the fig-leaf, to the days when the most exquisite tissues of embroidery rivalled nature's pencil, it has been their duty and their resource. The most delicate efforts of the needle claim a high rank among feminine accomplishments. But its necessary departments should be thoroughly understood. The numerous modifications of mending are not beneath the notice of the most refined young lady. To keep her own ward-

robe perfectly in order, she doubtless considers her duty. A just regard to economy, a wish to add to the comfort of all around, and a desire to aid in the relief of the poor, will induce her to become expert in those inventions by which the various articles o apparel are repaired, altered, or renovated. A very sensible, rational self-complacency arises from the power of making "auld claiths look amaist as well as new."

I regret that the quiet employment of knitting has become so nearly obsolete. In many parts of Europe it continues a favourite branch of female occupation. It is so among the classic shades of Greece; and Russell, in his tour in Germany, speaking of the Saxon ladies, says, "They are models of industry, whether at home or abroad; knitting and needle-work know no interruption. A lady would think little of forgetting her fan; but could not spend half an hour without her implements of industry." Knitting is adapted to those little intervals of time when it would be scarcely convenient to collect the more complicated apparatus of needle-work. It is the friend of twilight, that sweet season of reflection so happily described by a Scottish writer, as that brief period "when the shuttle stands still before the lamp is lighted." Neither are the productions of the knitting-needles so valueless as those who take no part in them are disposed to pronounce. Yet, if there are any who consider so humble a branch of

economy unworthy their regard, they may still be induced to patronize it for the sake of the comfort it administers unto the poor. Their laborious occupations and limited leisure often preclude their attention to this employment; and a pair of thick stockings in winter will be usually found a most acceptable gift to their shuddering little ones. Knitting seems to have a native affinity with social feeling; it leaves the thoughts at liberty for conversation, and yet imparts just enough of the serene and self-satisfied sensation of industry, to promote good humour, and prepare for the pleasant interchange of sympathy.

I recollect in my early days, sometimes seeing a number of most respectable elderly ladies, collected for an afternoon visit, all knitting, all happy, all discussing the various topics of neighbourly concerns, with friendly interest and delight. I saw benevolent smiles beaming from their faces, and formed a fancied union between knitting and contentment, which perchance is not yet broken. I observed that the fabrics which they wrought, to protect the feet of their household, were often composed of yarn, manufactured by their own hands. And here permit me to advert to that almost forgotten utensil, the large spinning-wheel. From the universal yet gentle exercise it affords the limbs, the chest, and the whole frame, it is altogether the best mode of domestic calisthenics which has hitherto been devised. It is

well adapted to those periods when, from a succession of storms, ladies are prevented from going into the open air, and begin to feel the lassitude of a too sedentary life. By a change of habits in the community, and by the introduction of machinery on a larger scale, domestic manufactures are become a less prominent branch of economy. Still some degree of alliance subsists between them. Materials for winter stockings might be profitably prepared in families. Durable flannels, and even handsome carpets, have been often the productions of delicate hands. Among a large family of sisters, the cheerful operations of the spinning-wheel assume the character of an amusement, and are said to promote a happy flow of spirits. Were my own sex as great admirers of antiquity as the other, I might bespeak a more creditable chronology for the same science of spinning; and present a formidable list of Princesses, and women of high degree, who patronized it by their example. Yet, inasmuch as there are but few lady antiquarians,—and I have not the temerity to undertake bringing an exploded thing into fashion,—I plead for the great spinning-wheel solely as a salutary mode of exercise, and not one inconsistent with domestic economy. To females who suffer for want of muscular action,—and there are many such among the higher classes,—physicians have prescribed a variety of substitutes, such as sweeping, polishing furniture, jumping the rope, playing at battledore, modifications of calisthe-

nics, &c. In some of these the effort is too violent; in others it may be carried to excess, through excitement or competition; but regular exercise upon the spinning-wheel has been known to give the valetudinarian strength, and to remove incipient tendency to pulmonary disease.

With regard to the culinary art, I should be pleased to persuade my young ladies to become some what adept in it: not that I believe to tempt the palate with high-seasoned dishes, and induce indigestion and debility among one's guests and dearest friends, is true benevolence, though some benevolent ladies may practise it, But that superintendence of a table, which unites neatness with comfort, consults health, and prevents prodigality, and the power of personally supplying it with salutary or elegant preparations, is an accomplishment of no slight order. It need not follow that a thorough knowledge of house-keeping is incompatible with intellectual tastes and attainments. There is, indeed, no native affinity between them; but she will display the greatest mental energy who can reconcile their discrepancies, compose their welfare, and become adept in each. This may be effected; we have had repeated examples. It will suffice our present purpose to cite one. The accomplished Editor of the "Juvenile Miscellany," whose prolific pen enters almost every department of current literature, to instruct and delight, is also the author of the "Frugal Housewife;"

and able practically to illustrate its numerous and valuable precepts. You will probably think, my young friends, that an essay on such homely and antiquated subjects might have been spared. But while home continues to be the province of woman, nothing that relates to its comfort, order, and economical arrangement should be held of slight import. That these complicated duties may be well and gracefully performed, some foundation should be laid for them in youth.

It has been alleged as an objection to the present expanded system of female education, that it creates dislike to the humble occupation of the domestic sphere. It becomes those who enjoy these heightened privileges to disprove the argument, and to free themselves from the ingratitude of repaying the increased liberality of the other sex with disregard to their interests and happiness. This responsibility rests much with the rising generation. We, therefore, who are almost ready to pass off the stage, entreat you, our daughters, not to despise that domestic industry which walks hand in hand with respectability and contentment. We pray you to show that love of books is not inconsistent with what primitive simplicity expects of its daughters, and that knowledge need be no hinderance to duty.

A Merchant's Wife.

Lucy was the youngest of three sisters : she had passed all her life at her father's parsonage, in Cornwall, till her marriage with a young merchant, who was visiting a distant relation, near Mount's Bay. At her father's house he first saw her, and in her father's church she became his wife : he was an orphan, and his only sister had been long married to a clergyman in North Wales. A few weeks after her marriage, Lucy set off with her husband to London. On the morning of her departure, she visited every room in the small parsonage, and sighed over objects, which association had long endeared to her : she had never sighed over them till then. She ran weeping round the garden, and patted the head of her father's old gray horse, as it trotted up, thrusting its neck over the orchard gate at her approach ; she wished to have gathered some of the primroses, which spotted with their pale yellow blossoms the bank of her favourite hazel copse, but she heard her father's voice, and ran quickly back : he told her that her husband was waiting for her. " Oh, my dear father," said Lucy, as he pressed her arm to his side, " now I am going to leave you, I am so afraid that I shall not attend to all your advice, and

prove unworthy of your tender care and kindness to me." "My very dear girl," replied the old clergyman, "you have been a dutiful child; I, who never flattered you, declare so; I think God will enable you to be a good wife: you may expect trials, we all must; but while you trust in Him, he will never leave you, nor forsake you; remember that 'God is a God that hideth himself;' but 'God is love.'" The two old servants were standing near the door, to see Miss Lucy as long as they could; and she shook hands affectionately with them both. Again and again did she kiss her parents and sisters. At last she took her husband's hand, and said, "Dear William, you will love me the better, for being so very sorry: I am quite ready now." She could not speak when she looked from the windows as they drove away, and she tried to smile, but it was one of those smiles which brought tears. They arrived late in the evening at Birchin-lane, where Mr. Morton resided. The door was opened by a respectable, middle-aged woman, who had lived with him since his arrival in town. Every thing was neat, the house had been freshly painted for her reception, and a fire was blazing in the comfortable parlour. Lucy felt very tired, but she saw that every thing had been prepared for her with more than common attention: she shook off her fatigue and languor, and sat down, cheerfully, to make tea for her husband. In the presence of Mary, the servant, she admired the neat-

ness and cleanliness of the house. Mary was one of those persons who possess a kind heart and a bad temper: she had been out of humour, because her new mistress had delayed her journey for a few days, and because she had waited for her, and the house had been prepared for her reception in vain; but she could not resist the smile with which Lucy, after her long, fatiguing journey, greeted her, and surveyed the apartment which she had arranged. She went down stairs, saying to herself; "Well, I think there will be some pleasure in waiting on my young mistress: I feel as if I could not be cross with her." Mary, however, was often cross; but Lucy was always gentle, but as firm as she was gentle; so that Mary soon learnt not only to love, but to respect and look up to her young mistress. Many months glided away; Lucy was still very happy in her small house, with the few hours she enjoyed of her husband's society. Morton was not wanting in good sense, but he was not without a share of that false shame about residing in the unfashionable quarter of the town which has become so common to the merchants of London. His business prospered, and he allowed himself to be too much elated by it. He began to think of moving to the west end of the town. "Lucy," said he, one evening, "I have been thinking, that now I am become richer, there is no occasion for us to remain in this dull house; suppose we were to remove to the other end of the

town? I can't bear your being shut up here all day." "But, my dear William, I don't mind being shut up; and I am not dull; the city agrees perfectly well with us. If we were ill, perhaps it might be better to remove; you have no fatiguing walk now, after a wearisome day. And, while the counting house is so near me, I have more of your society. If on my account you wish to go, really, I would rather remain here, always near you." William agreed that it would be much pleasanter to remain near her, and the plan was given up. Lucy passed her mornings in reading and working; she seldom played till the evening, when her husband joined her, as she feared the sound of her piano-forte might disturb those beneath her. She paid and received but few visits, for she was very happy in remaining quietly at home with her husband. Lucy was an attentive observer; and she saw with anxiety, that as winter approached there was a sort of assumed cheerfulness in William's manner, which he was at times unable to sustain: she could not account for it; nor could she imagine why he was less with her than formerly. One night she had, as usual, heard the counting-house shut up, and she knew that all the clerks had gone; but still William remained below; she waited longer for him than she had ever done before; and at length, she hardly knew why, she became uneasy. Leaving the parlour door partly open, she softly descended the stairs, and was about

to enter the office, when, through a small window in the door, she perceived Morton sitting alone at his desk, leaning his head on his hands, with a countenance which seemed fixed in an expression of utter wretchedness. The desk was closed, no papers were lying on it, the candles had half burnt away, and their dim light, and long crusted wicks, declared that he had long remained in that gloomy position. Lucy said nothing; she returned, even more quietly, to her parlour, and when her husband joined her, she was more than usually affectionate in her delicate attentions to him. For some time his affectionate cheerfulness lasted; he asked his wife to play, but, on turning her head, she saw that he was lost in sad reflections, leaning against the chimney-piece. She left the piano-forte and went up to him, taking his hand, and looking up into his face, with one of those looks of pure, tender love, which only a wife can bestow, "My dearest William," she said, "I cannot be deceived, you are very unhappy; and to see you thus, makes me wretched. Will you confide in me? I do not ask from curiosity, but from real affection; I can bear anything but this dreadful doubt, indeed I can. You will tell me every thing, William?" He had, at first, tried to laugh; but he then turned mournfully away, and Lucy heard him sob convulsively: she approached nearer to him, and gently threw her arms round his neck. Poor Morton could not restrain his grief any longer; but, leaning his

head on her shoulder, he sobbed aloud : Lucy wept too, but she quietly wiped away her tears, and stifled the choking anguish, that seemed to rise up into her throat, though she was unable to conceal from her husband, how violently she trembled. After a little time, William became more composed ; he looked up, kissed his wife's pale cheek, and said, " I am a sad child, Lucy ; but I will not give way so again. I have acted unjustly and ungenerously towards you, in concealing any thing ; but you shall hear why I am so unhappy, and you will learn how to bear it all."—" Oh yes, yes," replied his wife, " we shall learn to bear it all : ' God, is a God that hideth himself ; but God is love.' How, my own William, can our trust in God be proved, without its meeting with some trial ?" She left off speaking, for her husband appeared calmer ; and she listened to his account of the manner in which his affairs had suddenly become so involved, that ruin was inevitable. She felt very deeply, all the time her husband was speaking ; but she continually kept the remembrance of God's gracious promise uppermost in her mind. Morton had watched her countenance with the most earnest attention ; and saw, with bitter grief, the expressions of surprise and woe that passed over it ; but, as the clouds passed over, they also passed away, and the sunshine of the soul alone remained. In a short time, the spirit of the true Christian had become resigned, cheerful, and resolved ; she gazed tenderly

on her husband, and then half raised her eyes towards heaven, as he finished speaking, while the words, "God is love," faintly escaped from her lips. "What is to be done?" inquired William.—"Oh! every thing is to be done; nothing is to be left undone, or at least untried," she answered: "we must endeavour to be very calm, very diligent, and very honourable: it is God's will that we should be tried; let us pray, that, with the trial, he will afford us the means of rising superior to it. To-night you must go to bed early, and endeavour to compose your mind; and to-morrow, you must try to use every exertion, which our present situation requires." At an early hour they retired, but Lucy was detained below some time after her husband: she remained still longer, to read in the book where, in every sorrow, she had acquired strength and consolation; and as she softly opened the door of the bed-room, thinking that her husband had been long in bed, she was surprised to find him sitting up, still undressed, and intently occupied, she supposed in reading. His back was towards the door, but as he looked round at her approach, a pensive smile lighted up his features, and he said, "I have been taking your advice, my love; I have been seeking composure, and I have not sought in vain. Every word that I read is peace to my soul; read here, dear Lucy,—'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent.' This and the preceding

verses seem really to allude to my situation: 'Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not, that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' I have said thus, to my soul; and I have not felt, that, with all my riches, with all my self-sufficiency, I was really poor, and blind, and naked. Then this verse, 'counsel thee, to buy gold tried in the fire, that thou may'st be rich; and white garments, that thou may'st be clothed.' Oh, how very beautiful! God, the God of heaven, Jesus, the forgiving, gracious Saviour, deigns to counsel, He who can command."—They both arose the next morning much composed and refreshed. Morton went down early to the counting-house, and Lucy soon followed him thither (for the clerks never attended before breakfast); "I do not understand business," she said, "but I have quite time to do whatever you will employ me about." She was determined to be useful, and Morton soon found she could assist him very essentially.

After breakfast she employed herself for some time in copying letters for him; just as they were finished, the friend before mentioned, a Miss Nugent, entered: she was an old maiden lady, related to many noble families, and first cousin to Lucy's mother. Not having permission to speak of her husband's situation, Lucy was silent, when Miss Nugent said, "I have heard, my dear, that your

husband is ruined; is the report true ?'' The entrance of Morton, put an end to Lucy's embarrassment; he frankly answered that the report was quite true. "You have been very candid with me, my young friend,'' said Miss Nugent, "another person might have feared to trust an old woman, and would, perhaps, have prevaricated: I am not come as an intruder, but to ask if I can be of any use; would Mrs. Morton come, for a short time, to my house ?'' "O thank you, thank you,'' replied Morton: "do, dear Lucy, accept this kind offer; I will really exert myself as a man, and I will try to prove myself a Christian too;'' he added, in a low voice.—"You are, indeed, kind, my dear madam,'' said Lucy, "but I cannot leave my William: I don't stay to watch you; I don't doubt you, my love,'' she added, turning to her husband, "but with you I can bear any thing; when away from you, I cannot answer so well for my fortitude; I feel quite prepared. Where, in the hour of misfortune, should a wife be, but near her best earthly support, a faithful and affectionate husband ? No, no, I cannot go away. Promise me, William,'' said she, with a beseeching smile, fondly clasping his arm, "promise me that I shall remain with you.''—Lucy did not go !

That evening Morton's name was in the Gazette; some speculations which he had engaged in, with an apparent certainty of success, had failed, and he was a bankrupt: that evening, however, Morton and his

wife were busily employed till a late hour. They gave up no time to useless lamentation, but they were, like seamen, exerting themselves to the last, in a sinking vessel: they thought that it could never be useless to perform their duty; and many hours of bitter regret were spared them by their unwearied assiduity. They were, at the same time, attentive to their health, and endeavoured to compose their minds, that they might be better enabled to be useful. Lucy was still as attentive as ever to all her duties: a common observer would have perceived no difference, for she was only a little paler; her house was as well regulated, and her dress as elegantly neat, as in happier times. She endeavoured to give way in nothing; and, being very watchful, she was usually successful. A young and delicate female, bearing up against the storms of misfortune, is a beautiful sight: she is not out of her element. Where could the peaceful halcyon appear so lovely as on the raging water! I could not pity such a person, admiration and respect should alone be felt. "An unwise man doth not understand this, and a fool doth not well consider it;" but it is a divinely attested truth, "that whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."

Lucy accompanied her husband when he went to surrender his property at Guildhall; and while she sat, anxiously waiting his return, in a coach at the door, two persons came out, and stood very near,

talking. She heard her husband's name frequently mentioned by them. One of them, an elderly man, said, "Ah, I never thought that young Morton would get on well, with his high notions and obstinacy; and then, too, the speculating fool must marry a girl without a farthing." Lucy could not bear this, she coughed loudly; they turned and perceived her, before she could throw herself back in the coach. Morton did not return; and supposing the two gentlemen were gone, Lucy sat, half lost in thought, vacantly gazing towards the door, whence she expected her husband to proceed. Morton joined her, and, as they drove away, she saw the elder gentleman standing near the gateway: she felt that he must have been looking at her, for he coloured deeply, as he slowly turned away, and an expression crossed over his countenance, which said to her, "Poor thing! I did not know *you* were his wife." This old man was a rich banker; he was slightly acquainted with Morton, but he had been struck with the countenance of Lucy, and walked home quite ashamed of himself, for having unintentionally hurt her feelings. He could speak of nothing, but that pale, sweet countenance, which not even a shade of anger had darkened at his cruel remark, and which had been so illumined at the return of Morton to the coach. He lay awake part of the night; for the remembrance of Lucy incessantly haunted his mind. At eleven the next morning, Mr. Johnston

was at Morton's door. He conversed some time with him, and found, that he was not so much to be blamed, as he had supposed. He told him, how he had spoken in Lucy's presence, and begged to be introduced to her. Lucy was in her chamber, but at her husband's request, she instantly came down. "Madam," said the old man, "I must have seemed an old brute yesterday, but I heartily beg your pardon: I think you will forgive me." She replied to Mr. Johnston, with a smile, which he thought even more beautiful than the one with which she welcomed her husband on the preceding day. Before they parted, Mr. Johnston had contrived to offer Morton a considerable sum of money, but Morton declined it, saying, "I am young and healthy, Sir; and I can work; if you can give me any employment for the present, I should be truly grateful. I cannot incur another debt, which I may be unable to discharge." Mr. Johnston admired the principle, which he could hardly understand. He had never been refused before, when he had offered to lend money: he became deeply interested for his new friends, and he did not forget them. He was requested, some time after, by his brother, to recommend some person who could take charge of confidential letters over land to India; a considerable sum was offered, and every expense was promised to be paid, to render the fatigues and dangers of the journey more tolerable.

Mr. Johnston took the letter to Morton, and giving

it to him to peruse, said, "I know your character and principles; you may, if you please, accept this offer."—"I *must* decline it, sir," replied Morton. "Decline what?" inquired Lucy, who was sitting at work near the window; she had alternately gazed at the countenances of her husband and Mr. Johnston. "May I see that letter?" William gave it to her, but his hand trembled, and he turned away. Lucy, as she read it, leaned her head down over the paper, and, at last, she let it fall; but, in stooping to pick up the letter, she pressed the handkerchief to her eyes, which she had been hemming; and the tears, she had feared would overflow, were not discovered as she returned the letter to her husband; "I would not have him refuse this kind offer," said she. William was desirous of refusing it at once: he could not bear the mere idea of leaving his wife. "Would Mr. Johnston wait till this evening," asked Lucy, "for a decisive answer?" He consented, and soon left them. William was desirous at once, to state his reasons, and convince his wife that he ought not to go. She felt then quite unable to resist even his wishes, much less his arguments; she requested him to leave her for a short time, and retired to her chamber to pray, for she felt that a real sorrow had, at length, visited her, and that the time was come when her heart was indeed to be tried. And let it be remembered, that to such persons the trial was doubly severe. To any one, the parting

from another, whose society mere habit had endeared, would be sorrowful ; but Lucy and her husband were no common lovers. Their congeniality of tastes, their increased delight in each other's society, every thing had heightened their affection, and religion had sanctified that affection, during the trials they had so lately undergone.

Lucy, was also, about to become a mother ; and to lose her husband, at such a time, was doubly afflicting : but as she thought of all this, she only felt the greater necessity of *entire confidence* in God. She met her husband, prepared to conquer, where the victory half broke her heart. Morton thought *he* was also prepared, and determined to remain with her : but after much consultation, it was agreed that it was Morton's duty to go.

The settlement of Morton's affairs was nearly finished, and his creditors had allowed him to leave England ; he had accepted the proposal of Mr. Johnston, and he had often determined to break his resolution and remain with his wife : but Lucy, though daily more sad and pale, was still firm, assuring him that when he was once gone, she should soon become more resigned to his absence. She did not feel nearly resigned, however, she felt quite sick at heart as she stood over the packages, where all her neatness and ingenuity had been exercised, to put every thing in the smallest compass ; and as she sat next him, on that last evening, how vainly did she strive to

speak and smile! she could only gaze on him, and think, till a deeply drawn sigh recalled her to herself. Who has not, on the mournful last evening, read over every feature with future despair, and felt that remembrances would intrude to make the heart doubly wretched—remembrances of things, so trivial, that they are only regretted because, at the time they had occurred, the morrow was *not* dreaded? "Well!" said Lucy to herself, as they sat down by the bright fire, at an early hour, "I have this *whole* evening with him;" but the whole evening passed away; and, as she knelt afterwards to her prayers, she could only hang down her head and weep. She thought it would be impossible to sleep, but she did sleep, to wake, alas! to that sense of misery, which, when the anxious mind has been, as it were stupified with grief, is so dreadful! William was standing near her, quite dressed; his kiss had awakened her, though he had been tempted to leave her in her quiet sleep, and had kissed her very softly. She started up, and guessed his intention; "O William!" she exclaimed, "you would not leave me in this manner? I was very weak last night, but you shall see that I can exert myself; you may go down, for I am sure you will not leave me, as if I should act unbecomingly, and only distress you and myself." Lucy was soon ready to join her husband; she felt, as she threw open the window, and breathed the fresh morning air, greatly com-

posed; and repeated to herself, "Though heaviness may endure for the night, yet joy cometh in the morning." She put into her husband's hand, at parting, her own small Bible, and a written paper.

As soon as Morton was gone, Lucy began to employ herself very busily; and though at times she started up with some agonizing recollection, and burst into tears, her mind became gradually calmer. She passed much of her time at first, in writing, for she found that her pen could easily be made to express every succession of thought which passed over her mind; while in reading, it was difficult and often impossible, to follow the idea of an author writing with different feelings from her own. This was never the case, however, with the Bible, where every mind can find some allusion to its situation, at every time; where the God, who breathed into man, and he became a living soul, has given his divine inspiration to every page. Poor Lucy was very weak, but I am not speaking of a Stoic, but a woman endued with all the anxieties and weaknesses of a woman; but of a Christian, who, though pierced with many sorrows, still looks up, through her grief, for that consolation which never faileth. In her was blended a woman's feeble qualities with a Christian's hope, a Christian's want of selfishness! and surely the tears of such a person would not have been despised by Him who wept over the departed Lazarus.

Morton, after parting from his wife, was continually engaged, till he reached the ship which was to convey him from England. He stood on the deck, and looked wistfully on his native shores till they faded away, and all was sea and sky around him. The last glimpse of his dear home had vanished; and, with a heavy heart, he descended to his cabin, to peruse, again, the paper which Lucy had given him. It is very delightful to read over and over, when no one present cares about us, the language of the true, constant heart, which is never indifferent to our slightest feelings. Morton read as follows :—

" I thought, my dearest William, that I could say so much to you, before we parted, but now I cannot —I am so very much confused by grief, that, when I see you, I forget it all; now that I am writing, even writing to you, my thoughts and feelings are all so mingled together. I know that when my letter and you are gone, I shall remember many things I meant to say, and did not. Dear William, am I not presuming in writing a letter of advice to you ? Something tells me that a wife should not claim the right of directing ; but my foolish heart whispers that you will not be displeased with my motives ; and, indeed, I don't claim any right; I only love you very much, so that I can't help risking your displeasure, by declaring my sentiments. Would not a wife be blamed, who, in my situation particularly,

neglected to make every possible provision for her husband's bodily comforts? Surely, the wife acts rightly, who proves, that, to her, the soul of that husband is most valuable. Don't be afraid, my kind William, that I am going to give you a great deal of my advice, after this long preamble. I am only going to tell you what I think, and what I can only think about; for, in speaking of religion, I am very fearful to injure the divine cause I am pleading for: snow must be touched only by delicately clean fingers, if we would preserve its dazzling whiteness unsullied. It is the same with religion, but I must speak, and may God, who sees my intentions, give his blessing to them. You are going, my beloved husband, into countries, where the name of our Saviour is unknown or disregarded—where, perhaps, the only temple for his worship may be your own weak heart; guard then the issues of that heart: watch, and pray that it may be made pure and holy: and never forget God in a strange land. Be like Abdiel, whose simple, faithful character, we have so often admired:

> "'His loyality he kept, his love, his zeal;
> Nor number, nor example, with him wrought,
> To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind;
> Though single.'

"Though single, yes, dearest, with every temptation around you; depending not on your own strength,—in what trials can that avail, if not divine-

ly assisted? How can one poor mortal oppose an invisible spirit, who is ever on the watch, to enter into the heart and corrupt it?—one, who seduced the once pure Eve!—one, who presumed to tempt the Son of God? With such an enemy, man must fall: he is every way unprepared, by his own power, to resist his ghostly enemy. But if "God be for us, who can be against us?" "The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." My best beloved, let religion possess the first place in your every thought and action, it will not consent to hold a second place. It must be no theory, but practice; it must be every thing, or nothing. Too many, alas! act as if they thought that there are occasions, when the precepts of Scripture may be disregarded, there are none. I speak in decided terms—but I speak truth. I do not forget, dear husband, that I am a feeble woman; but I remember, that my soul loves you, and, feeling as I do, I cannot *speak* otherwise. Oh! I don't wish to appear superior! I don't pretend to eloquence; but I would touch your heart with that pure and glorious truth—with that joyful hope which now "makes me, indeed, reckon the sufferings of the present time, as not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—"Hope, that is seen, is not hope; but if we hope for that which we see not, then do we, with patience, wait for it." How far we shall soon be separated! you will be where every

thing around is different, in another quarter of this immense world ; but, with God, this immense world is but a little speck, and God will be with us both at the same time ; we may both be kneeling to Him at the same hour, and, to Him, we shall appear very near to each other. Think how I shall feel repaid, by your return, for all my sorrows, and be careful of your health ; I promise you never to neglect mine, but, should we never meet again on earth, accept this faint expression of my gratitude, dearest, most affectionate husband. It is not wrong to speak thus, for who knows what may be the will of the Almighty : should this be our last parting, we must not murmur. To say that I love you, and pray for you, would only be repeating what you are assured of; to say how I love you, how earnestly I implore the blessings of our Heavenly Father for you, would be impossible. To his care I commit you. May he keep, and bless you for His dear Son's sake.

" Your devoted wife,

" Lucy Morton."

This paper was read with delight by Morton, who felt that it made him more reconciled to his separation from Lucy ; it also relieved his mind from many fears on her account ; for it made him more confident in her affection, and in his reliance on the divine care to which he had left her. Unwilling to add to her father's expenses, Lucy declined his ear-

nest request, that she would allow him to come for her, and take her back with him to Cornwall. He was growing old; the journey was expensive; besides, she had plans which would oblige her to return to London immediately after her confinement: she accepted, therefore, the repeated invitation of Miss Nugent, and became her guest. Having attended unremittingly to her health and spirits, it was in the calmest and most resigned state that Lucy felt the time approaching when her life would be in danger, and when, perhaps, her life might not be spared. She prepared as for her death; but she suffered little, and became the mother of a fine girl. In her gratitude to the Almighty, she could not even think a murmur that William was not gazing with her at his child; and as she saw the little infant lie smiling on her bosom, and felt, for the first time, the pressure of its soft lips, her heart glowed with love and gratitude. Lucy soon recovered from her confinement; and, when she had weaned her child, she informed Miss Nugent of her determination to go out as a daily governess. Her kind friend pressed her repeatedly to remain with her; but Lucy felt that it was necessary for her to depend on herself. She refused also the offer of Mr. Johnston to pay her a small annuity till her husband's return, declaring that his success in India, though probable, was not certain; and that she could not accept, what she had no reasonable expectation of being able to return. She was perfectly

well, and she possessed principles which urged her to make the best use of her own powers: she had also the good sense to begin her labours immediately. One request, however, she could not refuse; Mary, the excellent servant who had been discharged when her mistress gave up her house, came to her, and entreated to be taken back. "I know you better than a strange servant, ma'am," said she, "and you know me: though I have often been cross, I believe I have been always honest. I love my master, and I love you, as if you were my own children; and I told my master that I would never forsake you. I'd come to you for as little wages as any young girl you could hire, and I'd rather come for nothing, if you'd let me." Lucy hesitated; whilst she was doubting, the remembrance of Mary's hasty temper occurred to her, and involuntarily she looked earnestly at her child, who was sleeping in her arms: she feared that Mary had perceived what was passing in her mind, and she blushed deeply. Mary had perceived it, and she coloured too, and said, "Ah! ma'am, I know you are doubting about my shocking temper, and that sweet baby, you are afraid to leave her with me; but, ma'am, I'll promise you, and God will help me, to be very gentle with her. Only try me, and if you don't find that I am a very kind nurse, then turn me away, and that will punish me." "My good Mary," answered Lucy, "I will not treat you as I could not bear to be treated myself,

nor have the false pride to refuse you; but I am very poor, and can only try to be able to keep you with me. Will you take the baby for a little time?" she added, putting the infant into Mary's arms as she left the room. Lucy had really no reason that called her away, but with the feelings of a truly delicate mind, she wished to prove to Mary that she trusted her. Mary quite understood her; for persons of her disposition have usually superior quickness in comprehending every little slight, and every delicate attention.

Lucy soon removed to her lodgings; and, at Miss Nugent's recommendation, she gave daily instructions in several families. The exertion was frequently wearying; but, after her long walks, often through rain and snow, she always found her little girl healthy and smiling, and she could not murmur. That winter, she received letters from her husband, informing her that he had been offered a very advantageous situation, and had accepted it; he could not, therefore, return home for some years.

Lucy had just taken off her cloak one evening, having been very fatigued by a cold wet walk, when a message was brought, that Miss Nugent was ill, and wished to see her; she instantly obeyed the summons, and consented to her poor friend's entreaties to remain with her. Lucy became sincerely attached to her amiable friend; the gentleness and firm piety with which she bore a long and severe

illness, only added to the trials which Lucy underwent, for Miss Nugent died. She had lived on a life annuity, but she had left every thing she could to Lucy; a house in one of the principal streets at Bath, and one hundred pounds.

Lucy deliberated long; but at last she decided on removing to Bath, and setting up in business there as a milliner.

It would be needless to speak of the difficulties which Lucy struggled against and surmounted; she was, however, after a few years, surprisingly successful. Her sister Ellinor had left home to join her; and the unwearied industry of these two sisters would hardly have been credited. While all around them was elegance, and even affluence, they alone were ever simple and frugal. They did not indulge in one selfish expense; their charity, however, was so universal, that they could not prevent its being celebrated. Mr. Johnston was highly connected; he had many friends at Bath, and Lucy was every where recommended: her taste was so admired, that she became fashionable; and when her character and story were known, she became generally loved and respected.

The education of her daughter was her chief delight: she had, when a daily governess, regretted being obliged to leave Edith, then a little infant; for she thought even the first months of her child's life an important time. How much after-trouble

might be spared, if mothers would watch over the minds of their infants, directly they begin to notice surrounding objects; if fretfulness were instantly soothed: "the sympathies, even of infants, are quick, and powerfully affected by the manner, looks, and tones of voice of those around them; though the minds of children, as their bodies, are not to be forced; we are to follow the leadings of nature, 'to go her pace.'" Edith had the advantage of "those which are the golden hours of childhood, those which are spent in the society of a good mother:" she became an affectionate, obedient child.

Year after year did Lucy receive accounts of her husband's increasing prosperity. At length the period of his return approached: he wrote to tell her he had taken his passage for England in the Mowbray Castle; but many ships, which had sailed with her, had arrived; the Mowbray Castle was not among them. One morning Lucy looked, as she had long anxiously done, at the shipping accounts in the newspaper; the Mowbray Castle was mentioned, but, alas! it was wrecked. Morton, however, was not lost: he and one or two of the crew were preserved; he, indeed, had brought the news of the wreck to England, and she soon received the news of his safety from his own lips.

"How true, how very true, were my father's parting words!" said Lucy, "'God is a God that hideth himself; but, God is love.'"—C. B. TAYLER, M.A.

The Undivided.

Night dropp'd her pall. O'er moor and lea
Loud swept the rushing gale,
And louder roar'd the troubled sea;
The shrouded moon beam'd pale,
And dimly, with the stars on high,
Look'd timid through the stormy sky.

I wander'd on the shore, and heard
The strife of wind and wave;
The wild scream of the lone sea-bird,
Beside her rocky cave,
In which a cold and murky gloom
Frown'd dark and cheerless as the tomb.

Huge rocks scowl'd o'er the cave below.
Hark!—from its prison drear—
A voice, like one from a heart of woe,
Bursts on my startled ear!
In tones which, heard but once, remain
Like thoughts of unremitted pain.

I sought the cavern—enter'd there
As from the struggling moon,

Pass'd a dark cloud, while softly fair
Her beams uncumber'd shone;
And, gleaming in the lonely cave,
Reveal'd a sight would daunt the brave!—

Against the cold and barren rock
Lean'd a huge swarthy form;
His fearful scowl bespoke the shock,
The dread, the inward storm,
That sweeps the mighty waves which roll
Tumultuous o'er the troubled soul.

Lurk'd horror in his louring eye;
His brow was scath'd with pain,
As though a fire, that could not die,
Were withering up his brain!
His livid lips, and blighting breath,
Sent forth the pestilence of death!

A ghastly hue spread o'er his cheek,
As turn'd his eye on one
Who sat beside him, pale and weak,
A Maiden, woe-begone;
From whose swoln eyes the scalding tears
Fell, and must fall through changeless years!

Her cheek was blanch'd, yet coldly fair;
Her trembling bosom rose
With sighs, as though a serpent there
Had poison'd its repose;

And bitter hours to come might bring
Fresh venom to its ceaseless sting.

Oh ! it was more than grief, to trace
The dark, deep lines of care
That mark'd her pallid brow and face,
And stamp'd them with despair !—
Joy from her throbbing heart had fled,
Where all, save hope and fear, were dead.—

I marvell'd that the gentle Maid
Should dwell with one so stern :
Then long'd my soul, yet half-afraid,
Her name, her fate, to learn :—
" Maiden, why dwell'st thou thus with one,
Whom all that see would fear, and shun ?

" Leave that mis-shapen, monstrous form !
Seek the green earth with me ;
Come to my home, where lours no storm."—
" Stranger it may not be :
Alas ! from HIM I ne'er can sever,
Together link'd, we're link'd for ever !

" Yes ! through the countless ages past,
O'er earth and boundless main,
Our hapless fates together cast,
Our only birthright pain,
We've wander'd far, o'er ev'ry clime,
Since Man could note the flight of time.

"The east, the west, the north, the south,
Together we have ranged,
Through winter's cold, and summer's drouth,
Yet ne'er to be estranged !—
I loathe my gaunt companion's heart,
Yet feel the curse,—we cannot part !"

She ceased, and from her eyes again
Burst forth the swelling tears ;
The hot blood, gushing o'er her brain,
Went like a flame that sears :
While throbb'd her breast with boding dread,
To all that wins and charms us dead.

"Tell me," I cried, "your names—your race ?"
The maiden's tearful eye
Rose slowly to my burning face,
As came the brief reply :
While flash'd the Monster's eyes with fire,
As thus he spoke with scorn and ire :—

"Mortal, depart ! thou see'st the bane
That poisons all the springs of life !
We were, we are, we shall remain
The Undivided, though at strife !—
As yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
Thou know'st us, mortal—SIN and SORROW."

J. BIRD, ESQ.

Bonaparte—Wellington.

Sir R. Newdigate's English verse prize, which had been gained by Mr. Arnould, of Wedham, was read by him on the occasion of the recent Installation of the Duke of Wellington at Oxford, from the rostrum. The subject is "The Hospice of St. Bernard." The beautiful sentiments and the polished and elegant numbers of the writer, were applauded highly by the whole audience. The following passage is surpassingly beautiful:—

But when the lamp burns faintly, and the guest
Seeks his low cell, and homely couch of rest,
Dim with the mists of time before his eyes,
Majestic forms of other days arise,
And to his ear the night-winds waft along
Names that have lived in story or in song.

Once more the foe of Rome, from height to height,
Cheers his dark host, impatient for the fight,
And where yon plains expand in boundless gloom,
He bids them seek an empire or a tomb.
With nodding plumes, bright helms, and glittering spears,
Lo! Gaul's great emperor leads his knightly peers;
Hush'd is their iron tramp, and moonbeams dim
Show'r on each ghastly brow and mail-clad limb.
He too is there, who, slain on victory's day,
Besides their altar sleeps, the young Dessaix;

And there his chief, whose name of terror spread
Wide o'er the world, and shook mankind with dread,
Curbs his proud steed, and waves his warriors on
To Piedmont's vales, yet "bright with Lodi's sun;"
Unlike the despot Lord of after days,
Youth on his cheek, and ardour in his gaze;
E'en now his spirit, from the fields of fight,
The shout of triumph hears, the rush of flight,
As from Marengo's plain, "th' invading horde"
Flies the keen vengeance of his conqu'ring sword;
Chang'd is his brow, what loftier visions roll,
What dreams of empire crowd upon his soul!
Lo! prostrate nations tremble at his sway,
Kings quail before him—Thrones in dust decay;
Dominion crowns what conquest has begun,
And Fortune, smiling on her favourite son,
Wreathes round his tyrant brow the glittering toy,
Her fatal dower, that shines but to destroy.

If, in that hour of pride, and fervid youth,
Such were his dreams, mankind has mourned their truth;
O'er seas of blood his sun of glory rose,
And sunk, at length, 'mid tempest to repose.
When on that field, where last the eagle soar'd,
War's mightier master wielded Britain's sword;
And the dark soul, a world could scarce subdue,
Bent to thy genius—Chief of Waterloo!

The Red King's Warning.

Historians relate that the death of William Rufus, in the New Forest, was preceded by several predictions clearly announcing his fate. The statement in the second line of this piece, that the hunt commenced at *noon*, is in accordance with the fact.

With hound and horn the wide New Forest rung,
When the Red William at the bright noon-day,
Girt by his glittering train, to saddle sprung,
And to the chase spurr'd forth his gallant grey:
O'er hill, o'er dale, the hunters held their track;
But that grey courser, fleeter than the wind,
Was foremost still—and as the king look'd back,
Save Tyrrell, all were far and far behind.
Slow through a distant pass the train defiled;
Alone the king rode on—when in mid course
Lo! rush'd across his path a figure wild,
And on his bridle-rein with giant force
Seized—then swift pointing to a blighted oak,
Thus to th' astonish'd king in words of thunder spoke.

"Curb thy race of headlong speed,
Backward, backward turn thy steed!
Death is on thy onward track,
Turn, oh turn, thy courser back!

" See'st thou, king ! yon aged tree ;
Blighted now, alas ! like me ?
Once it bloom'd in strength and pride,
And my cottage stood beside.

" 'Till, on Hastings' fatal field,
England's baleful doom was seal'd ;
'Till the Saxon stoop'd to own
Norman Lord on English throne.

" Where the forest holds domain,
Then were fields of golden grain,
Hamlets then and churches stood
Where we see the wide waste wood.

" But the Norman king must here
Have his wood to hunt his deer,
What were we—he waved his hand,
And we vanish'd from the land.

" Fiercely burn'd my rising ire
When I saw our cots on fire !
When ourselves were forced to fly,
Or to beg, or rob, or die !

" Then on William's head abhorr'd
Then my deepest curse I pour'd—
Turning to this aged oak
Thus in madness wild I spoke.

" Powers of hell, or earth, or air,
Grant an injured Saxon's prayer—
Ne'er may one of William's race
Pass alive this fatal place !

" Powers of hell, or earth, or air,
Give a sign ye grant my prayer ;
Give ! oh give !—while yet I spoke,
Lightning struck the witness oak !

" Shun, O king ! thy certain lot—
Fly with speed the fatal spot—
Here to death thy uncle pass'd—
Here thy nephew breathed his last !

" Yes, my curse has work'd too well !
Sorrow seized me when they fell,
Would, oh would I might revoke
What in madness wild I spoke !

" —— Monarch ! to my words give heed,
Backward,—backward turn thy steed !
Danger, death, beset thee round,—
Chase not on the fated ground ! "

" Away," fierce William cried, " ill-boding seer !
Think'st thou to strike thy sovereign's heart with fear ?—
Think'st thou with idle threats to bar my way ?—
—I scorn thy warning—On my gallant grey !"

He plunged his spurs deep in his courser's side,
When from the blighted oak, as he advanced,
Right to the monarch's heart an arrow glanced:
The blood gush'd forth in streams,—he FELL!—he
GROAN'D!—he DIED! T. W.

A Winter Morning.

IT was upon a winter's morn,
When snow flakes on the wind were borne,
The keen black frost had scarcely failed,
And sleet and rain by turns assailed—
I mark'd, as where in warmth I stood,
And the sight did almost freeze my blood,
A little infant on a stone,
Cold and shiv'ring sit alone.

The snow fell thick and fast, yet he
Did never speak, but piteously
Upon each passer with a sigh,
Bent his little tearful eye;—
Yet of him notice none was taken,
He seem'd to be by all forsaken,
As cold and shiv'ring on the stone,
The little sufferer sat alone.

He asked not aid—he looked for one
Who came not—who, alas ! was gone
For ever from him ;—ne'er was he
Again that guilty one to see,
Nor e'er again was that sweet boy
To warm his mother's heart with joy—
For she, that morn, upon that stone,
Had left him there to sit alone.

At length his fears his silence broke,
And thus the little lost one spoke :
" Alas ! methinks she lingers long—
I cannot see her in the throng.
I strain my eyes to look in vain—
Alas ! she will not come again—
And yet she promised, when alone
She left me sitting on the stone.

" Oh ! mother, come to me—for I
Am cold and sick—and verily
Methinks the night begins to fall,
For darkness shuts me out from all
I saw before——I feel not now
The damp snow falling on my brow ;
And sure the cold has left this stone
Where I have sat so long alone.

" Come, mother, come, nor tarry longer,
For oh ! this weakness grows still stronger ;

Come, mother ! take me to my home——
How faint I am !——Come—mother—come !''
He said no more, his little breast
Heaved at once, then sunk to rest ;
Now calm, and colder than the stone
Where first he sat, he lies alone.

But soon that wretched mother came,
With her eyes in tears and her heart in flame :
And—Heavens !—how she stood in mute surprise
When first the vision met her eyes :
When first his little face she knew—
So chang'd from the last and lovely hue
It wore that morn when she left him alone
In tempest and storm on a damp cold stone.

But who shall tell the pangs she felt
As madly in the snow she knelt,
And clasp'd him round her in deep distress,
In all his chilling iciness ?—
The tear at once forsook her eye—
And she raised a harsh and horrid cry,
That seem'd on its rushing wing to bear
The last of her knowledge, her grief and her care.

Oh ! ne'er will she taste sweet rest again—
For madness reigns in her troubled brain ;
For her boy she calls thro' day and thro' night,
In coldness—in darkness—in pale moonlight—

" My boy !—my boy !—have you seen my boy ?"
Not another thought does her mind employ—
Not a gleam of hope for the past can she borrow,
And she wanders along in the grasp of her sorrow.

The Deity.

Translated from the Russian of Derzhaving, by Mr. BOWRING.

O THOU eternal One ! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy ; all motion guide ;
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight ;
Thou only God ! There is no God beside !
Being above all beings ! Mighty One !
Whom none can comprehend and none explore ;
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone :
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God—and know no more !

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God ! for thee
There is no weight nor measure :—none can mount

Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence; Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation:—all
Sprung forth from Thee: of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin:—all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine,
Thou art and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround;
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lifted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.

What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost :—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?
And what am *I* then ? Heaven's unnumber'd host
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness, is a cypher brought
Against infinity ! What am I then ? Nought !

Nought ! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too ;
Yes ! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought ! but I live and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence : for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God ! and surely *Thou* must be !

Thou art ! directing, guiding all, Thou art !
Direct my understanding then to Thee !

Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land.

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit,—Deity!
I can command the lightning and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me!* Thou source of light and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions bless'd!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,

Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good!
'Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

A Sabbath in the Wilds of Africa.

A FEW years ago, Mr. Pringle, one of the original editors of Blackwood's Magazine, joined a party of emigrants to South Africa. He afterwards returned to England, and published a delightful narrative of his adventures in the wilds of that continent, from which the following account is extracted. It is to be regretted that he did not long survive the completion of his interesting and important volume. Mr. Pringle thus describes the first Sabbath he spent in the wilderness:—

The next day, July 2nd, was our first Sunday on our own grounds. Feeling deeply the importance of maintaining the suitable observance of this day of sacred rest, it was unanimously resolved that we

should strictly abstain from all secular employments not sanctioned by absolute necessity; and, at the same time, commence such a system of religious services as might be with propriety maintained in the absence of a clergyman or minister. The whole party were accordingly assembled after breakfast under a venerable acacia-tree, on the margin of the little stream which murmured round our camp. The river appeared shaded here and there by the graceful willow of Babylon, which grows abundantly along the banks of many of the African streams, and which, with the other peculiar features of the scenery, vividly reminded us of the pathetic lament of the Hebrew exiles:—"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof."

It was, indeed, an affecting sight to look round on our little band of Scottish emigrants, thus congregated for the first time to worship God in the wild glen allotted for their future home, and the heritage of their offspring. There sat old ——, with his silvery locks, the patriarch of the party, with his bible on his knee,—a picture of the high-principled, grave Scottish husbandman; his respectable family seated round him. There was the widow ——, with her meek, kind, and quiet look (the look of one who had seen better days, but who in adversity had found pious resignation), with her three stalwart sons, and

her young maiden daughter, placed beside her on the grass. There, too, were others, delicate females; one of them very nearly related to myself, of whom I need not more particularly speak. There was ——, the younger brother of a Scottish laird, rich in blood, but poor in fortune; who, with an estimable pride, had preferred a farm in South Africa, to dependence on aristocratic connexions at home. Looking round on these collected groups, on this day of solemn assembly, such reflections as the following irresistibly crowded on my mind:—"Have I led forth from their native homes, to this remote corner of the globe, all these my friends and relatives, for good or for evil? to perish miserably in the wilderness, or to become the honoured founders of a prosperous settlement, destined to extend the benefits of civilization, and the blessed light of the Gospel through this dark nook of benighted Africa? The issue of our enterprise is known only to Him who ordereth all things well. 'Man purposes, but God disposes.' But though the result of our scheme is in the womb of futurity, and although it seems probable that greater perils and privations await us than we had once calculated upon, there yet appears no reason to repent of the course we have taken, or to augur unfavourably of the ultimate issue. Thus far Providence has prospered and protected us. We left not our native land from wanton restlessness or mere love of change, and without very sufficient and reasonable motives.

Let us, therefore, go on calmly and courageously, duly invoking the blessing of God on all our proceedings; and thus, be the result what it may, we shall feel ourselves in the path of active duty." With these, and similar reflections, we encouraged ourselves, and proceeded to the religious services of the day.

Having selected one of the hymns of our national Church, all united in singing it to one of the old pathetic melodies with which it is usually conjoined in the Sabbath worship of our native land. The day was bright and still, and the voice of psalms rose with a sweet and touching solemnity among these wild mountains, where the praise of the true God had never, in all human probability, been sung before. The words of the hymn (composed by Logan), were appropriate to our situation, and affected some of our congregation very sensibly :—

" O God of Bethel! by whose hand thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage hast all our fathers led;
Through each perplexing path of life our wandering footsteps guide,
Give us each day our daily bread, and raiment fit provide.
O! spread thy covering wings around, till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode our souls arrive in peace."

We then read some of the most suitable portions of the English Liturgy ; and concluded with an excellent discourse from a volume of sermons presented to me on parting from a reverend relative, the Rev. Dr. Pringle, of Perth. We had a similar service in

the afternoon ; and agreed to maintain in this manner the public worship of God in our infant settlement, until it should please Him, in his good providence, to privilege it with the ecclesiastical dispensation of religious ordinances.

While we were singing our last psalm in the afternoon, an antelope (oribi) which appeared to have wandered down the valley without observing us, stood for a little while on the opposite side of the rivulet, gazing at us in innocent amazement, as if yet unacquainted with man, the great destroyer. On this day of peace it was, of course, permitted to depart unmolested.

On this, and other occasions, the scenery and productions of the country reminded us in the most forcible manner of the imagery of the Hebrew Scriptures. The parched and thorny desert, the rugged and stony mountain, the dry beds of torrents, " the green pastures by the quiet waters," " the lions' dens," " the mountains of leopards," " the roes and young harts (antelopes) that feed among the lilies," " the coney of the rocks," " the ostrich of the wilderness," " the shadow of a great rock in a weary land ;" these, and a thousand other objects, with the striking and appropriate description which accompany them, recurred to us continually with a sense of their beauty and aptitude, which we had never fully felt before. " He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into watersprings.

And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation; and sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase."

Londonderry.

GRATITUDE and loyality are displayed in the elegant columnar monument, raised on one of the city bastions, to the memory of the heroic George Walker; a Doric column, eighty feet in height, and finished with a cupola, is surmounted by a statute of the patriot, with outstretched arm, pointing to the eventful passage on the river where the English vessel broke the boom, and reached the famishing citizens with a fresh supply of food.

Early in the reign of James the First, a considerable part of the province of Ulster was vested in the crown, by the attainder of the Roman Catholic families of distinction, and a colonization of the forfeited estates was then suggested to the King by the Lord Treasurer, Salisbury. His Majesty, conceiving the city of London to be the best qualified to effect so great an object, on the 28th of January, 1609, permitted an agreement to be entered into, between

commissioners for the city and the lord of the privy council, whereby the towns and liberties of Derry and Coleraine, with the " salmon and eel fisheries of the rivers Bann and Foyle, and all other kind of fishing in the river Foyle, so far as the river floweth, and in the Bann to Lough Neagh, should be in perpetuity to the city ;" that the liberties of Londonderry should extend three miles every way ; with numerous other privileges and conditions, included in twenty-seven articles of agreement. In 1613, the Society of the New Plantation of Ulster was incorporated ; and from this date, Derry has been the property of the city of London.

At the period of the plantation, the city was enclosed, re-built, and strengthened, and liberal grants made for the foundation of useful institutions. A free school was founded in the year 1617, by Mr. Springham, and handsomely endowed ; and the society have also founded free schools at Coleraine and Moneymore. In the reign of Charles the First, by the underhand conduct of Sir Thomas Philips, and the great political designs of Stafford, the whole county of Londonderry was sequestrated, and the city seized into the king's hands. But this decree of the star chamber was afterwards resolved in parliament to have been unlawful and unjust.

During the civil wars, the city of London made ample provision for the defence of Derry. The twelve chief companies sent two pieces of ordnance

each, with provision, clothing, and accoutrements; and, by such precautionary measures, preserved the place from the fury of the rebels. Oliver Cromwell viewed the plantation and proprietorship by the city of London as an important advantage, and restored the society to the full possession of their original estates, a step confirmed, in 1662, by King Charles the Second.

In the wars of William and James, Derry, from the number of its Protestant inhabitants, was looked on with suspicion by one party, and partiality by the other. Hither the Protestants of the north retreated as to a sanctuary; and the improvident precaution of Lord Tyrconnel, in withdrawing Mountjoy's regiment from the place, produced the unhappy effect of augmenting the breach between the contending parties. The lord deputy had directed that Lord Antrim's regiment, consisting wholly of Roman Catholics, men "tall, and terrible of aspect," should immediately take up their quarters here, and overawe the Protestants of the north; but dilatoriness in the execution of his measures, and the advance of the ferocious looking body being communicated to the citizens, by Philips, of Newtown Limavady, the gates were closed against the advanced guard that had arrived within three hundred yards of the walls.

To the spirit and decision of nine young men, who, with an intuitive perception of the tyrannous government, that was about to control their destinies, seized

the keys, raised the drawbridge, and secured the ferrygate, the citizens were indebted for their preservation. These youthful patriots appointed Phillips governor of the place, conjured the citizens to join them in arms, and threatened to fire upon the king's troops, if they approached nearer to the walls, or continued to invest the city.

The spirited conduct of the citizens placed them in a situation that enabled them to dictate terms, and they decided, that henceforth only two companies, and those of a religion agreeable to themselves, with a commander, Mountjoy, in whom they relied, should be received within the walls: conditions, of necessity, accepted by Tyrconnel. Meanwhile King James and his adherents pressed their designs with vigour and success, and, after the second retirement of Mountjoy from Londonderry, the Protestants had no place of refuge, in all the north, but the walls of Derry. Hither they had fled precipitately, and placed themselves under the protection of its governor, Lundy, a man whose memory is despised for baseness and treachery, if it has escaped from the imputation of cowardice. Upon the arrival of James in Ireland, from France, the reduction of Derry was resolved upon, as a matter of the deepest consequence to final results, and the king determined, at first, to conduct the siege in person, Lundy expressed the most zealous attachment to the interests of the inhabitants, and appeared to have caught up a spark of their

patriotism; but, upon the approach of the enemy, he hid himself within the walls, whither he had fled with so much confusion that he actually shut the gates against some of his own party, who sought the same asylum.

While the duplicity or timidity of Lundy deprived them of the assistance of some English troops, whom he dismissed as an unavailable aid, Murray, a brave and popular officer, insisted upon entering the gates, and seconding the efforts of the Protestants. During the expostulations of this gallant captain with the dastardly governor, the citizens ran to the walls, pointed their cannon, and fired on the advanced guard, of King James. The siege being thus commenced, Lundy concealed himself in his own house, and resigned the governorship to the afterwards famous George Walker and his coadjutor, Major Baker.

Every thing was now gravely and deliberately put into a defensive attitude, the meaner spirited were suffered to withdraw from the scene of danger, and amongst them Lundy escaped, in disguise, and beneath the encumbrance of a heavy burden. After a somewhat eloquent detail of the great difficulties and dangers that environed them, Walker concludes his justification as follows: "The resolution and courage of our people, the necessity we were under, the great confidence amongst us on God Almighty, that he

would take care of us, and preserve us, made us overlook all these difficulties."

Eleven days King James continued his assaults with repeated mortifications, and withdrew from the camp with peevishness, observing, that an English army would have brought him the town piecemeal in half that time. The protraction of the siege gave birth to enemies not previously thought of, famine and disease; these had just begun to aid the besieger, when a fleet hove in sight, with troops and provisions, to assist the reformed cause in Ireland. The enemy, taking advantage of the apparent inactivity of the commander, threw a boom across the Foyle and interrupted the navigation. Henceforth all signals of the townsmen were coldly received by Kirk, the commander of the expedition, a man of so much apathy, such coldness, and almost inhumanity, that he considered little of individual misery and destruction, provided he advanced the great cause generally to which his duty attached him, and signifying to the beseiged "that they should be good husbands of their provisions," he sailed away for Lough Swilly, intending to forward supplies to the stout Enniskilleners.

The situation of the besieged, from this period, became truly deplorable, but the resolution and bravery of its garrison proved equal to those of the most devoted men that we read of, in the history of any

nation. Their determination seemed to acquire strength from increased misery; and amidst famine and death, one of their governors, Baker, failing from fatigue, they threatened instant destruction to the man who should first advise a surrender. Rosen, who conducted the siege, gave them until the first of July, to consider; upon which day, finding the garrison still obstinate, he drove a multitude of Protestants, of all ages and sexes, gathered from the surrounding districts, beneath the walls, who, with true Roman fortitude, and like so many Reguluses, besought their countrymen, on bended knees and with outstretched hands, to disregard their cries, their tortures, and their deaths, and to persevere to defend themselves against the basest and most cruel of enemies. The townsmen now erected gallowses on the walls, and threatened to execute their prisoners, if their wretched countrymen were not suffered to escape; but Rosen persevered, and famine and massacre pursued their cold and devastating way. The Protestant Bishop of Meath now boldly remonstrated with King James, upon the inhuman massacre of the unoffending victims without the walls; to which his majesty coolly replied, "That such severities were usual in foreign service;" but ordered the sufferers to be released.

Time had now almost effected for the enemy what their military skill and courage were unequal to: the flesh of horses, dogs, and vermin, now consti-

tuted the only sustenance of the besieged, and it was calculated that of this miserable food, a supply of a few days was all that could be obtained. In this extremity, Walker's courage and presence of mind never for an instant deserted him; he harangued his brave companions at the crossways, and in his sacred pastoral character addressed them from the pulpit, imploring them to place a firm reliance upon the Almighty Disposer of events. At this critical moment, Kirk, accompanied by his fleet, reappeared below the town, and manifested a determination to attempt its relief. Two provision ships, convoyed by the Dartmouth frigate, approached the city, within view of the half-famished garrison that manned the walls, and reached the boom, the eventful spot, under a heavy fire of musketry, and discharge of cannon from the enemy. All eyes were intent; the arm of the soldier was suspended, for a moment, from its work of destruction, while he hearkened to the victualling-ship striking against the boom, the final proclamation of death or victory. She dashed with giant strength against the barrier; broke it in two; but, from the violence of the shock, rebounded and ran upon the river's bank. The joy of the enemy was displayed by an instantaneous burst of tumultuous joy; they ran with disorder to the shore, prepared to board her, when the vessel, firing a broadside, was extricated by the shock, and floated out nobly into the deep again. During the

short interval of these momentous events, the feelings of the besieged can only be compared to the criminal —tried, condemned, reprieved; they underwent the trial, they prepared for their sentence with firmness, and they bore the reprieve with the humility that might be expected to belong to such bravery and resolution.

Upon this happy relief, the enemy raised the siege, and marched to the southward. Two thousand three hundred of the garrison perished in battle, or by famine, and of the enemy above eight thousand, during a siege of one hundred and five days.

Amongst the curiosities in the vicinity of the city, the long bridge is perhaps the most interesting. It is built of wood, from the design of Lemuel Cox, an American, extends one thousand and sixty-two feet in length, and cost originally £10,000. From the eastern end of the bridge we have taken our view of the city; a view supposed to bear a singular resemblance to the town of Lancaster, nearly encircled by the Lune, and to Cagliari, in Sardinia, with the smooth waters of the gulf spread out below it. The ruins of O'Donnell's and O'Neil's monasteries are totally extinct, as well as those of a religious house founded here by St. Columb in the year 546.

The Siege of Londonderry.

The Siege of Londonderry has supplied materials for a most interesting Work, entitled "DERRY," a tale of the Revolution, by CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, in the preface to which she remarks, "It has been imagined by some readers, that in the historical details here presented of the Siege, considerable exaggeration has been employed, and a high colouring given to the events narrated. This the writer positively disclaims; she has stated simple facts, as they stand recorded on unquestionable authority: and she laments that those facts should be so imperfectly remembered, as to leave room for such surmises."

"To exchange such a spot as this for the smoke, the din, and publicity of a town—how shall I prevail on them?"

Such was the mental enquiry of Bryan M'Alister, as he slowly wound along through one of the most romantic defiles of the ancient Tyrconnel. November blasts had stripped the foliage from many a towering tree, and luxuriant shrub, tarnishing the emerald hue of Erin's sod, and imparting to that majestic scenery a character as sternly wild, as were the spirits of those times. Yet beautiful, surpassingly beautiful, in despite of cloud and storm, the giant hills arose, the vallies crouched beneath their sheltering bulwarks, and the broad lake expanded,

or the narrow streamlet rippled on, diversifying by its liquid splendour, the ever changeful prospect. Home itself, that centre of all attractions to young Bryan's affectionate heart, could not by its proximity win him to quicken his pace. He suffered the rein to hang loosely on his horse's neck, and gazed around him with the sad forebodings of one who anticipates a long farewell to a spot endeared by every tender recollection of infancy and youth.

The abode to which he was so leisurely advancing, lay buried in deep seclusion, considerably removed from the highway. The approach was a perfect labyrinth, scarcely deserving the name of a road, or even of a path; but Bryan's steed required no guidance to the well known spot. Emerging from the covert under which an ascent, and then a descent had been pursued, he now came full in view of the simple but substantial cottage that sheltered all his earthly treasures; and his near approach was presently discovered by its delighted inmates. A sturdy house-dog was the first to greet him, with the warning bark of defiance, instantaneously changed into the yelpings of joy, as he bounded forward to spring against the saddle. Two blooming girls next rushed from the door; and after them hastened a white-haired retainer of that noble, but no longer affluent house, whose fallen fortunes it was his pride to follow. A bare-headed gossoon seized the bridle with one hand, while the other plucked at his matted

locks by way of obeisance; old Shane laid hold on the stirrup; and the impatient sisters seemed disposed to drag their prize from his seat, before he could well dismount. Bryan had a kiss, and a smile, and a tear too for each, with many a kind word to old Shane, as he hobbled after the youthful trio, to the presence of two more expectants; a smiling mother and a grandame, whose feelings were too deep to find vent in many words, as she embraced and blessed the sole representative of her slaughtered line.

But why attempt to describe the most indescribable of all things—an Irish welcome, bestowed on one around whom a cluster of Irish hearts entwined their fondest affections?

Amid the interesting group now assembled, a stranger's eye would have involuntary rested on the form and features of the venerable parent. Both were strikingly noble, nor had the pressure of near threescore years and ten diminished the sparkling intelligence of the face, or bowed perceptibly the stately figure of the old lady. Highly intellectual, and marked with decision of character, her countenance yet bespoke a meek benevolence which endeared what had otherwise been too commanding to inspire affection; and there were traits of long and patient endurance, sufficient to show that a cross had indeed been borne by her, whose whole deportment told a tale of pious resignation.

She was the daughter of the princely race of O'Neill, brought, in childhood, by a chain of providential circumstances, under the influence of truly Christian advisers. Thus her mind became early and deeply imbued with doubts and apprehensions as to the soundness of her hereditary religion. Pursuing in secret the enquiry, she had made a tacit renunciation of its errors; convinced by the mere force of reason, and such arguments as came within her reach. At an early age she had become attached to Colonel M'Alister, a Protestant of rank and influence, whom she married, much to the chagrin of her own bigoted kindred, and resided with his family until the dreadful massacre of 1641 cut off many of them, and sent most of the survivors broken hearted to an untimely grave.

Through many calamities, and bitter reverses of fortune, she had been brought to such a thorough self-acquaintance as laid her low at the foot of the Redeemer's cross; and rendered her a meet guide for the children of her only son, who, with their widowed mother, dwelt in this secluded nook of their native Donegal, subsisting on the wreck of a fortune once most abundant. Letitia and Ellen, the latter of whom was scarcely past the age of childhood, furnished sufficient employment for those whom they fondly designated their two mothers; but Shane distinguished the younger widow as "the mistress," and the elder as "the Lady of M'Alister,"

by which title she was generally known and spoken of, throughout the narrow circle of their rustic acquaintance.

Shane O'Connogher was a genuine Irishman, from the western province, bred to arms from his infancy, and most devotedly attached to the master, whose steps he had faithfully followed. The same partial affection that led him, as a young lad, to separate from the Romish communion, and to embrace nominally the faith of his benefactor, inspired him with unspeakable horror and detestation of all belonging to that party by whom the cruel murder was perpetrated. Shane was, in truth, a devotee to his political creed; and in universal indiscriminate hatred of all who differed from him, he could not be outdone by any partizan of any cause whatsoever. His ardent fidelity was so appreciated by all the wrecks of M'Alister's house, that it secured to him immunities and privileges, approaching rather to the station of a friend than that of a domestic.

Bryan had now been settled for two years with his master; and his steady application to business had won many kind approvals, with frequent permission to visit the cottagers in the glen. To them his approach was ever as the returning spring after the clouds of winter; so dearly, so exclusively, was he beloved in that retired nook. The object of his present excursion, however, was one of more serious import than any that had preceded it; and he lost

no time in making known to the wondering little circle that surrounded the evening fire, his wish to accomplish their removal to the town of Derry.

At Bryan's earnest request, Shane was now summoned; and he, delighted to find the restraint taken off, gave full vent to a large collection of anecdotes and inferences, bearing on the subject under debate; of which, if some provoked a smile by their extravagant improbability, others were calculated to excite serious alarm. He concluded by advising Bryan to make a short tour through the neighbouring vallies, and to judge from the result of his own enquiries.

His suggestion was adopted; and it was ascertained beyond dispute that preparations of a most threatening description were on foot, among the more fierce and lawless of the peasantry. Language was uttered from the altar and the pulpit, that could admit of but one interpretation; and instances were not wanting where the Priest had added to his harangues the encouragement of his personal assistance in collecting, marshalling, and exercising his flock, as for military service. In corroboration of all this, a letter followed Bryan from Derry, with farther intelligence of a similar purport, collected from other quarters; and the friendly head of his establishment urged an immediate removal of the family to Derry; proffering the use of a small house, in a retired part of the town, where, if obscurity were their object, they might remain almost as much

out of the busy world as in their present retreat. These concurrent circumstances satisfied the Lady of M'Alister, that to reject such an interposition would be indeed presumptuous : and as her decisions gave law to the whole household, immediate preparations were engaged in for a hasty removal, which was accomplished without much difficulty.

It will not be doubted that the progressive advance of James II. towards a re-establishment of Popery had excited in her mind the most acute and painful interest, while a just view of what the Scriptures inculcate of submission to constituted authorities, taught her to shrink from the prospect of popular insurrection on the part of the aggrieved Protestants. The act of abdication, therefore, by which the monarch subsequently vacated his throne, she hailed as a most providential interposition ; the very name of William of Nassau sounding in her ears a tale of hope and joy. Beneath her calm deportment, there lay concealed an anxiety the most intense ; and while her thoughts pursued, with eagle glance, the relative position of the contending parties throughout the British Isles, that little spot to which the family had been recently removed, acquired an importance abundantly verified by the sequel. She doubted not but that a perilous fermentation pervaded the Scottish clans, and that to secure a northern point of rapid communication between that country and Ireland, such as the port of Derry

could supply, would be found essential to the success of James, who had sufficiently shown that he hoped to recover by force what in a moment of panic he had so hastily relinquished. These views she had communicated to her little family circle, as an incentive to more earnest prayer, since nothing short of divine power could interpose between the project and its accomplishment. Bryan was fully convinced that she predicted rightly as to the importance of that post; and the subject was frequently canvassed among his young companions, who entered into its discussion with the vivid feelings of men whose earthly all was involved in the question.

Tyrconnel, the unprincipled viceroy of James, had, in his eagerness to swell his master's disposable forces, withdrawn from Derry its accustomed garrison—a welcome relief to the minds of the many who dreaded such defenders far more than any evils from which they might assist to shield them. Entire subserviency to the views of James had rendered these troops a terror to their Protestant fellow subjects; and now, whilst almost every other place of note was strongly garrisoned by the partizans of James, Derry enjoyed the singular privilege of being under the guardianship of her own citizens. Whispers were abroad in the streets that such a privilege would not be lightly relinquished; and looks, more eloquent than words, gave frequent pledge of mutual fidelity, as from their barrier-walls they gazed upon

the winding Foyle, and calculated the strength of their position. But these were ebullitions of youthful spirits, extorting the smile of pity, or provoking the rebuke of prudence, from their more experienced companions.

The chills of December were now striking their paralyzing influence into every department of the natural world, and its snows began to whiten on the neighbouring hills. The Protestants of Derry remained unmolested, but conscious that perils were thickening around them: the numerous Roman Catholics within its walls generally wearing an aspect calculated to increase the perturbation, and with trembling solicitude was the appearance of Bryan M'Alister hailed whenever he approached the retired dwelling of his kindred.

Even old Shane now found a ready audience for his exaggerated reports; and it was with no slight degree of terror that Letitia and Ellen beheld him break abruptly into their sitting-room, after a short absence, with a countenance full of important information.

"What is it, Shane?" was the anxious enquiry.

"Indeed, and it's bad enough for the like of you to hear, poor fatherless creatures that ye be! Its out and out true, that next Sunday, the ninth of this very month, every Protestant soul will be murdered. I'm just after seeing the letter come in from Enniskillen, where the brave lads are defending the

place : and there's a big army coming up upon us, to be here in no time at all ; and the bloody Papists whetting their knives in open day, all over the town. Musha, but we'll be all slaughtered like a flock of sheep ! "

Before the old man could recover his breath, Bryan entered : his countenance was pale, but an air of fixed determination pervaded every feature, and seemed to nerve his whole frame. With a rapid, but silent glance, he scanned the agitated circle, and then rested his intelligent eyes on his grandmother.

" It is true," he said, " what Shane has no doubt communicated to you. A plan of general massacre is divulged, and the day after to-morrow fixed for its perpetration. Lord Antrim's regiment of Irish and Scotch, alike hostile to our faith, is on the advance towards us ; and the ferocious soldiery are even outnumbered by more furious women and wild young boys, armed with skenes, with pikes, and whatsoever instruments of destruction they can get hold of."

Ellen flew to her mother, who, with a sigh of silent despair, clasped her arms around the shuddering girl. Letitia sunk back on her seat, gazing with bewildered looks from one to another of the party. Bryan remained, his eyes fastened on those of his grandmother, who raised them to heaven,

while Shane exclaimed, "The gates, Master Bryan; ye were talking of that."

"Of the gates?" said the old lady, casting an enquiring glance at her grandson.

"There was a talk among us of closing them," said Bryan, "but the corporation checked that suggestion; and yet—grandmother—where the means are at hand."—He was proceeding in a tone of deepening energy, when another young man of the city rushed into the house.

"M'Alister," he exclaimed, "why do you loiter? Our lives hang by a whisp of hay. Those white-livered aldermen are temporizing and higgling, ready enough to sacrifice us all as the price of their own proper immunity."

"For shame, Ross," interrupted Bryan; "you wrong them."

"Then let them right themselves, the calculating drones. M'Alister, do you flinch? You were forward enough just now. Why, man, there are already two companies of infernals arrived at the water-side, attended by a host of furies, actually drunk with rage, and yelling for blood; while the little butchering ruffians, boys from eight or ten years old, are brandishing their knives, and prepared to take their initiatory lesson in the art of torturing from their more practised companions."

"Away!" exclaimed Bryan; and regardless

even of the cries that implored his return, in voices so dear to him, he ran off at full speed with Ross.

To describe the state of the city is utterly impossible; groups of terrified Protestants were seen congregated in the streets, their low whisper and side-long glance of half-suppressed suspicion, following the steps of every neighbour who held the contrary persuasion. Undissembled triumph sat on the features of the many friars and priests, who, in evident expectation, paraded the town, while, in strong contrast, an Episcopal or Presbyterian minister, with meek resignation pourtrayed on his countenance, might be seen encouraging his trembling hearers to a firmer trust in the Most High. Others of the clergy, with official men, merchants, and here and there a military officer, were grouped in close and earnest debate. Rapidly passing by these, the two young men reached that quarter of the city which fronts the Foyle; and there, on the opposite bank, called the Water-side, Bryan beheld an ample confirmation of his friend's report.

At this period, the two officers in command of the assailants were crossing the river in a ferryboat, for the purpose of demanding admission for their companies; and these, crowding to the water's edge, presented a most appalling spectacle to the devoted inhabitants. Ross had by no means exaggerated the horrors of their aspect. A more formidable body of assailants the imagination could not picture. Wild,

fierce, and restless, their very look was a menace; and the regular troops were mingled with such a motley crowd as gave them the aspect of a promiscuous banditti, while the impatient gestures and shouts of their followers, accompanied by an immense number of young boys, exactly answering to Ross's description, imparted a character more dreadful than could have attached to a regular army of military besiegers. The object of their cries—the intent with which those weapons flashed in the sun-beam—was but too little questionable; and maddening were the thoughts that crowded upon those whose domestic circles were threatened by a visitation so horrible.

Our youths found themselves surrounded by a number of lads and young men, apprenticed to the different merchants and tradesmen; these eagerly greeted their arrival, and pointed to the opposite side.

"It cannot be—it shall not be," cried Bryan: "By timely resistance we may avoid the effusion of blood. Admit those forces and our houses will be deluged in the gore of their inmates."

"To the gates, boys!" shouted several voices; and the mob re-echoed the words.

The deputy-mayor hastily approached, and demanded that the cry should be silenced.

"Never mind him, boys," said Ross: he's in the pay of the old Papist. Sheriff Kennedy tells us another story."

The courteous reception given to the officers, and the manifest determination of some among the leading men to admit their followers, increased the irritation of the apprentices; nor was this mitigated when they perceived the foremost of the two companies already in the act of crossing the river, to force admittance.

"Now, or never!" was ejaculated by the agitated lookers on.

Bryan's mind was in a tumult of opposing principiples, and harassing doubts; how far they should be justified in resisting what would soon become an overwhelming force, and thus increasing the certainty of slaughter, was a matter of severe perplexity to him. But then, the firm conviction that their city was formed to be the earthly bulwark of a righteous cause, an assurance that there was no restraint with the Lord, to save by many or by few, and the evident fact that butchery would be retarded, if not altogether averted, by a measure so purely defensive, all wrought with him to obey the impulse of strong natural feeling. One fervent ejaculation he breathed to the Helper of the oppressed, and then raising his voice to its utmost pitch, cried out "For our altars and our homes! To the Guardhouse, boys! Seize the keys!" and away they started.

Some severe struggling took place, before the keys were wrested from those who had them in charge; but the rapid approach of the soldiers, to

within three hundred yards of the gate, nerved every arm among the youthful band of resolute defenders with supernatural strength. The scuffle was quickly over, the keys were won; and with the rapidity of hounds in full chace, the boys rushed to the ferrygate, the drawbridge of which they instantaneously drew up; and as the massive gates swang heavily forward, and the coarse key grated harshly upon its wards, it told that the deed was done; a deed to which, under the all-directing power of the Most High, may doubtless, in some measure, be traced the blessings that for one hundred and forty years crowned our country. A deed achieved by unarmed boys, baffling the wily counsels of kings, impeding the progress of victorious armies, setting at nought the exterminating thunders of vindictive Rome, and proving by what seemingly inefficient means the Lord of Hosts wills to accomplish the dictates of Almighty wisdom.

At the moment when the ferry-gate was closed, Lord Antrim's myrmidons had approached within sixty yards of its portal. The other city gates were next secured and guarded by the enthusiastic spirit of those who volunteered for the duty. The hand of Bryan had been conspicuously active in assisting to perform all that his voice counselled; and he now led back his exulting comrades to the market place: whence, after a vain attempt on the part of the Deputy Mayor to induce a reception of the enemy, they

again sallied to repel a meditated movement, by which their exploit would have been rendered unavailing, and the gates thrown open. Popular feeling was now too strongly excited on their behalf to leave any doubt of the general resolution to defend the city, and the threat of bringing a piece of ordnance to bear on the intruders, sent them in disorder back to their companions; leaving the town to the guardian protection of her devoted young apprentices.

During the whole of this tumultuous scene, old Shane had endeavoured to keep Bryan in his view; but the tottering limbs of the veteran were unequal to the task. Indeed, the celerity of the young man's movements was such, that to Shane's vision he appeared as a flash of lightning, or rather a succession of flashes, darting along various points of the horizon. However, the powerful tones of his voice, continually rising above others, as he shouted forth the words of direction and encouragement, were faithfully echoed by Shane, whose inmost soul revelled in the luxury of what he considered the first act of vengeance wrought on the part of an injured family. At length he bethought himself of the terrified and anxious females, to whose abode the uproar must have penetrated; and he hobbled away from the scene of action, to place before them a glowing picture of Bryan's achievements. "The *raal* M'Alister; the true blood of him that was now revenged."

It was late at night before the youth could snatch an hour to satisfy his family that he was unhurt. The highest animation played upon his features, and enlivened every gesture, as he explained the events of that memorable day: and the Lady of M'Alister never sate more erect in native dignity than while she listened to his accents, and marked the strong traits of a character endeared by cherished remembrances. Yet a tear fell, as the ejaculations of thankfulness for the past, and earnest supplication for the future, ascended from her lips: and the less subdued emotions of the mothers and sisters, who hailed in their most endeared relative a deliverer from immediate destruction, sweetened Bryan's hasty meal into luxury. But in the open expression of delight, old Shane far outdid all the rest, and frequently extorted a smile by the extravagance of his commendations on the heroes of the day.

"What are you dreaming of, Shane?" asked his young master, archly, "the honour and glory of an apprentice boy?"

"Hush, my child," said the Lady of M'Alister: "and you, Shane, forbear to take from the Lord the praise which is due to him alone. The weakness, the inadequacy, of the instruments this day employed, give promise that the work will prove to have been of God; and if so, it will be a mighty and a perfect work. He who says to the foaming billows, 'hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther': here

shall thy proud waves be stayed,' may have blessed our little fortress to be the feeble but sufficient barrier against the progress of His church's foes. Here he may be about to kindle a fire through which they cannot pass; a fire whose intenseness shall try *us*, even as silver is tried. We are now pent up, beset by open foes, and in manifest peril of being surrounded by accumulating hosts, not one man of whom can set upon us to hurt us, unless the Lord give the word. Oh, my children! shall we trust to an arm of flesh, and cast away the shield of the Almighty, by boasting in our own prowess? Let us rather turn unto Him, in weeping and supplication, and pray that in these kindling flames *we* may be purified, and made white and shine—for in the straitness of this siege, the slain of the Lord shall be many." She then read the first two chapters of Joel, and offered up an impressive prayer.

"Grandmother," said Bryan, as he took her hands on rising to depart, "when I ran down to the portal, when I laid hold on the pulleys of the bridge, when I lent my strength to close those heavy gates—the sound of whose creaking hinges I never, never shall forget—the prayer of David was in my heart and on my lips, 'let us now fall into the hand of the Lord, for His mercies are great: and let us not fall into the hand of man!'"

"Peace and blessing be with my dear boy!" she

replied ; and the tears of all mingled on his cheek, as they bade him a reluctant farewell.

" Heaven bless her ladyship !" muttered Shane, as he secured the door, after wringing his young master's offered hand, " the like of her isn't above ground for throwing a wet blanket. And she's right, too, I'm entirely certain, in respect to the siege : for when the boys slammed the creaking ould gates in the faces of yon spalpeens, thinks I, its your heart's blood that 'll spout upon 'em yet, jewels of the world ! And Shane O'Connogher's old ears will tingle, when your merry voices are turned into dying groans, and the roar of big guns be yonr ullaloo !" And, overcome with the picture that his fancy drew, he slunk away to his little dormitory.

During the night, considerable tumult prevailed in the city, and with dawning day it arose to a higher swell ; and agitating was the anxiety of the M'Alisters, as they sat in desponding silence, bending many impatient looks on the door.

Suddenly, the loud report of two cannon, successively discharged from the walls, preceded and followed by most exulting shouts, sent a tremor through every frame. Old Shane, who had reluctantly consented to keep guard over the household, started, and threw back his head, as the aged war-horse, who smells the battle afar off. The sisters drew nearer

to each other, and gazed with fearful expectation on the opening door. Never had the protecting arms of their brother been so welcome as now, when, bursting into the room, every feature irradiate with joy, he embraced them, and exclaimed, " The post has brought us glorious news: not only has the Prince of Denmark declared for William of Nassau, but many a proud name of English rank and influence swells the roll of his adherents. Our own Ormonde has ranged his true men under the banner of Orange; and the tide of popular feeling runs steadily along, promising victory and peace."

Ejaculations of delight and thanksgiving followed the welcome communication. " But the guns, brother !" said Ellen.

" Merely a shot in honour of our deliverer; but I did not stay to witness its effect on the gentry over the water; so anxious was I to be the bearer of welcome news. And now have I earned my breakfast ?"

" What ! fasting yet, my poor boy ?" said his mother, as she eagerly advanced to her little stores.

" That's right, Master Bryan," said Shane, with great emphasis, " eating is the last thing in life that a soldier should think about. But is it you that have been on guard all night, avourneen ?"

" Sure, and I have, Shane, who should keep the gates but the boys that shut them ?"

"True for ye: and have you mustered the garrison?"

"Aye, and a bare three hundred of fighting men can we number, for the defence of our good town."

"Say three hundred and one, Sir:" exclaimed Shane, as he drew himself into an upright position.

"Three hundred and one, then: and to arm those we have made free to open the magazine, and have taken out muskets for about half that number: how to equip the rest, we know not. But that cowardly rabble before the walls cannot face the report of a child's pop-gun. Shoulder the poker, Shane, ready —present—and off they will scamper."

"Beware, my child, of viewing these things too lightly," said his grandmother. "Victorious moments are moments of temptation, when a vain-glorious spirit is too apt to taint the Christian's joy. For our sins is the chastisement sent: and no race of beings, no reptile, no insect, is too mean to execute the judgments of the Lord, where he wills to smite. Frogs, flies, and lice, were made effectual to scourge the pride of warlike Egypt."

Bryan assented: and united prayer was then engaged in, led by the venerable lady. Fervently did she supplicate that the Lord would look favourably on his little Zion, and be to them a strong hold in that their day of adversity. A touching recurrence to past scenes melted every heart; and if one thing

beyond all others characterized these prayers, it was the energetic pleading for every single soul among the thousands then thirsting for Protestant blood.

Immediately on rising, the lady withdrew to her apartment, and brought forth the antique arms of her slaughtered husband. She had, on that morning, opened a chest, which for many a long year had remained unexplored; and often had it excited the curiosity of the young people, as they remarked the jealous care with which its possessor kept it under her immediate guardianship. The objects now presented to their eyes were new to them: but a heavy groan from poor old Shane bespoke his recognition of the broad sword, from whose hilt of costly workmanship depended a knot, deeply encrusted with gore. A belt of black leather, much embrowned with age, trailed along the ground; and a brace of pistols, superbly mounted with silver, completed a burden almost too heavy for the arms that trembled as they bore it. Bryan hastened to take the weapons; and his knees involuntarily touched the ground, as he kissed the hands that wielded them. His heart was too full for any other expression of thankfulness.

Bryan and his friend Ross were keeping their accustomed guard towards evening, the former still endeavouring to awaken in his comrade's mind that concern after eternal things for which their growing perils furnished a more forcible argument, when

they were struck by the appearance of a group surrounding an object of squalid aspect, whose stubborn taciturnity incurred the evident wrath of his impatient querists. Demanding the nature of their enquiry, Bryan was informed, that the captive had been discovered lurking under the walls in a very suspicious way; and refused either to state the nature of his business, or to give an explicit answer on the score of his religion.

"Why don't you take him to the governor?" asked Bryan.

"Arrah, shure, and the governor's self is the very person to dale with a traitor," exclaimed one of the guard, with a grimace that sufficiently shewed the scope of his remark; while an involuntary movement of the prisoner's muscles seemed to bespeak a recognition of its justice.

This play of feature yet more provoked the bystanders, one of whom roughly seizing the stranger's collar, his tattered vest gave way, and displayed a small crucifix of coarse materials, suspended from his neck. The object seemed a satisfactory confirmation of the worst possible surmises; and while some shouted, "bayonet the popish traitor!" others proposed to throw him over the walls. Among the latter was Ross; but Bryan interposed, saying, "Really, boys, it is a bad example that our enemies set us, of putting men to death without a trial—give him fair play."

The public opinion, however, was against this; but on Ross enforcing the demand, and some other object diverting the attention of the people, it was agreed, that if M'Alister would be surety for his safe-keeping, he should be allowed the disposal of the prisoner for the night; and their guard being now relieved, the friends consulted as to the best way of securing their prize.

"I shall take him home," said Bryan, after a moment's consideration, "no prison so safe as our little abode; and I dare say the poor fellow is hungry by this time. Probably, too, he is wholly Irish; and we can make out a little of the Celtic amongst us."

"You need'nt to put yourself out of the way," grumbled the prisoner. "Sure enough its myself that has the Irish drop, clane and entire; but I'm 'cute at the languages."

Ross and M'Alister looked on each other, not a little amused at the careless effrontery of a man in such critical circumstances. The former, assuming as rich a brogue as his new acquaintance, said, "Come now, my gay fellow, I'll engage that you'll be after taking charge of some nate little billet for governor Lundy."

"You may get out of that," answered the other; "for my trial does not come on till to-morrow."

"Hold your tongue, Ross," whispered Bryan,

" we must not encourage his familiarity: consider the poor females at home."

Arrived at their abode, Bryan briefly prepared his family for the entrance of such a guest; and then ushered him into the apartment, from which the young ladies had withdrawn. Old Shane, of late indulged with a seat in the chimney corner, was dozing, and scarcely marked their entrance; but the lady of M'Alister bent her scrutinizing eye upon the stranger, as, with mild dignity, she pointed to a seat.

He was evidently quite young; and in the absence of filth, and if properly clothed, would have borne rather a prepossessing aspect. His figure was good, but drooping under evident weakness and fatigue: a naturally fair complexion, though embrowned by exposure, and lively blue eyes, bore witness to his Milesian descent; while the thick chestnut hair, clustered, or rather matted about his face, imparted a characteristic wildness, and concealed much of its expression. His manner at once changed to respectful conrtesy, when he beheld the ladies; till the luxury of a warm seat appeared to banish every other feeling but that of present enjoyment. Bryan immediately supplied him with a substantial slice of bread and cheese, over which he devoutly crossed himself.

Just at this moment Shane recovered the use of all his faculties; and sitting upright, with staring

eyes, exclaimed, "In the name of madness, Master Bryan, what have you brought here?"

A comic expression of countenance shewed that the new comer enjoyed his consternation; while Ross answered, "A prisoner;" and Bryan followed it up by a brief statement of the circumstances attending his capture.

Mrs. M'Alister expressed her anxious hope that he would not prove so guilty as they supposed; but Shane's indignation scarcely knew any bounds.

"Sure and you haven't the heart to see the poor ladies kilt with fright, while you garrison the house with murthering papist rebels!"

"Compose yourself, Shane," said the lady calmly; "we are perfectly satisfied to shelter him for the night."

"Long life to your ladyship's hospitality!" said the man; "you'll be Irish, I'm thinking, by that same."

"Aye, won't she then?" exclaimed Shane, in a yet more angry tone; "who'll be Irish if the right, real, rich blood of the O'Neill's is'nt that? Nothing but a black-mouthed Papist could deny her ladyship."

"I'm proud to hear it," replied the other; while Bryan reprimanded Shane's asperity, and Ross highly enjoyed the scene.

The old man, however, seemed to have been awakened from some alarming dream, to behold the

vision verified; for he continued to bewail the event, adding, "Man and boy, these seventy years, has poor Shane O'Connogher been larning the mischief of them; barrin, that when I was a brainless gossoon, I went to mass with my kin. But never since I saw the outside of sweet Ballinahagan, to follow my noble master, have I darkened the door of one of their mass-houses. Och, and it's old Shane that must sit and be bearded to his face by a rebelly popish traitor, crossing himself to the blessed work of selling our lives to the bloody Tyrconnel."

"And is it yourself, Shane, dear," said the other, in the most provoking tone of affectionate remonstrance: "is it yourself that'll sit cracking your precious windpipe to the disparagement of your own nathral flesh and blood, avourneen?"

"*My* flesh and blood, you imp?"

"Plase your honour," said the man, turning to Bryan and his laughing companion, "as sure as I sit here, I'm his brother's daughter's son. Hadn't he a brother named Dennis, five years older than himself, and that same married to Judy M'Lanaghan, who died, rest her soul! at the birth of her first child. Well, and was'nt young Judy married to Larry Magrath, the miller's son at Kilcronan, and he my own father? Fait and it's a good name that my uncle is after taking out of me, though I hadn't the merit of turning my religion, agra!"

Fixed in amazement, old Shane gazed on his *soi-*

disant grand-nephew; and then let forth a volley of Irish, to which the other responded with no less fluency: when, quite overcome by the sudden recognition, the aged man tottered towards his relation, and almost fell over him in the attempt to grasp his hands. Young Magrath at once lost the air of levity and sarcasm, and after affectionately embracing his uncle, led him back to his chair, by which he stood, looking down on him with an expression far more pleasing than his countenance had yet assumed; until Shane abruptly asked, "And did ye come to search for me, dear?"

"I can't say that I did," answered Magrath; and his looks changed for the worse.

No sooner had Bryan completed his breakfast, than Magrath respectfully summoned him aside, and commenced by asking before whom he was to be taken.

"You heard the bargain," answered M'Alister, "I engaged to deliver you up to the person who captured you, and he, I suppose, will have you before the governor."

"Colonel Lundy?"

"Yes."

Magrath's forehead now bore a portentous scowl, and he clenched his teeth. Bryan continued, "I have told you that it is our wish to avert the necessary consequences of your conviction. That your object in coming here was that of an enemy, we can

hardly doubt, nor have you denied it. As a citizen and defender of this town, I cannot, nor will I be a traitor to her cause, nor endanger her safety through favour to any man"—

"Now, your honour," interrupted Magrath, "will you believe what I'm going to say?"

"Certainly; if I have no just cause to doubt it."

"Why then, it isn't that I value the toss of a halfpenny what comes over myself; and if the fellows pitch me into the Foyle, as they talked, so let 'em. Larry Magrath is not the boy to flinch, right or wrong. But, sir, if you'll keep me out of the governor's sight, better folks than myself"—and he glanced around him—"may be thankful; only don't ask me why, for tell it I won't."

"But how am I to do this, and in the dark too."

"Och! it isn't for me to direct your worship: but one of the jontlemen that collared me last night didn't appear in haste to bring me to colonel Lundy: and he seemed to know his honour, too."

Bryan could not forbear smiling at the point with which these words were spoken, recalling the evident suspicion of Lundy's treachery.

"Well, Magrath, if I bring you out of danger, will you promise me—solemnly promise me—to lay aside any evil design with which you came here, and to be faithful to us while you remain?"

"Sir, I will." And the firm tone, the deliberate

utterance, the straight forward look, carried conviction with them, to Bryan's generous mind.

Accompanied by Ross, he now repaired to the principal of the party who had committed Magrath to his care, and informing him of the strong grounds for suspecting that the prisoner had come on some mission of treachery, which the unexpected meeting with a long-lost relation had led him to regret, he suggested the propriety of preventing the interview so much deprecated by Magrath. Knowing how deeply his hearer participated in the prevailing doubts concerning Lundy, he could speak without reserve : and two or three influential men of similar views having been consulted, it was agreed that if M'Alister himself would become surety for the appearance of the stranger when called on, no notice should be taken of his capture. The frequency of such occurrences rendered it unlikely that any farther enquiry should be made, beyond what a few vague words would satisfy, and Bryan returned with a light heart to acquaint Magrath of the result; enquiring whether he would be content to remain a prisoner on parole with him.

" Long life to your honour, and it's myself that could desire no greater than to be your servant. I would'nt ask it first; but indeed I'm better in it than outside the walls, barrin' always governor Lundy's two eyes upon me. And it isn't for my own gain I say it."

"I believe you, Magrath. I think that the natural kind feelings of an Irishman towards an unsuspecting family who wish him well, have overcome something less creditable to the character."

"True for you, sir; at least I don't deny it: and now your honour will just let me work in the family so as to earn the bit that I eat; and long life to you for the same."

On the following morning, by sun-rise, Bryan took post on the flat roof of the cathedral, and beheld a scene well calculated to thrill his every nerve. As far as the eye could reach, dense columns of infantry, shrouded at times in the dust raised by vast bodies of horse, approached the devoted spot. Situated within an abrupt bend of Lough Foyle, Derry is two-thirds surrounded by its waters, at that spot not more than half a mile in breadth. Not only was the town in process of investment by a line of troops, whose extreme right and left rested on the edge of the Lough; but batteries were being erected on the opposite side, and the prophet's imagery—"a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, a besieged city," presented itself to the mind of young M'Alister, with a force and a pathos that dimned his bright eye, as he scanned the accumulating host without, and pondered on the treacherous leaven that wrought on the multitudes within. Eager interest in the scene, as it regarded his couutry and his faith, together with the ardent risings of inherent courage, soon overcame

these saddened feelings, and aided by a small telescope, he took a scrutinizing survey of the advancing foe.

Proudly waving on the breeze, he descried the royal standard of England, which left upon his mind no doubt of James's personal approach, at the head of his army, surrounded by a galaxy of nobles and commanders, whose armour flashed in the far distance. It was, indeed, that unhappy and misguided tool of priestcraft, who, after exercising in Dublin the brief authority again acquired, in a manner sufficient to prove his infatuated devotion to the will of spiritual tyrants, now came to overawe by his kingly presence the cluster of determined Protestants encaged within those walls. And it had surely been an easy conquest, but for the Omnipotent Guardian of a praying people—a small number, who mingled in the mass, nerved by their incessant supplications the arms which were too prone to boast as though their own strength upheld them. Wonderful indeed were the incidents of that protracted siege, and most astonishing the deliverances vouchsafed. Let the praise be rendered to Him who wills not that his glory be given to others.

The flat roof of Derry cathedral furnished at once a post of observation and a battery; and while, beneath, the word of life was dealt forth, the engines of destruction stood ready charged above, to sweep immortal souls from earth, to the judgment-seat.

The thought pressed heavily on Bryan's spirit as the front of war expanded before his gaze: but his reveries were quickly interrupted by the ascent of many eager footsteps, while the citizens crowded to partake the commanding view. One of these presently pointed out to Bryan a party of cavalry, exultingly announcing them as belonging to Colonel Murray, a faithful and gallant ally, who, at the head of his troop, galloped up to the ship-quay gates, demanding entrance.

"See, see!" exclaimed Bryant's informant, if the villanous governor has not refused them admittance, after fighting their way thus far!"

A rope was now brought to that part of the walls, and an offer evidently made to admit Murray singly by such unmilitary conveyance; while a messenger from the Council directed the transaction. Colonel Murray wheeled his horse, in marked disdain, and addressed a few words to his followers; but ere he could conclude, the gate was flung wide by the officer in command; and greeted with the loudest acclamations, Murray led his men into the town, where he was presently hemmed in by the agitated populace imploring his assistance against their betrayers. The party on the cathedral rapidly descended to join their voices with the rest.

The tumult occasioned by Murray's reception had now subsided; and its origin had been explained by a passing friend, who described it as a most auspi-

cious event. Another half hour elapsed, and with increasing anxiety the coming of Bryan was expected; when suddenly a thundering peal of artillery burst forth, the roar of cannon drowning the fainter report of musquetry, while every building seemed to rock, and every roof to respond the dreadful salutation. For a moment it paused; and then the shrieks of terror might be heard, resounding from streets and neighbouring houses; but again the batteries renewed their fierce explosion, and clouds of smoke rolled by, impregnating every breath with their sulphureous effluvia.

What words may suffice to pourtray the agony of those bewildered females? The dreadful reality was at length arrived; the substance of those troubled visions which had frequently haunted their pillow, and even in the brightest hour of day overclouded their minds with foreboding apprehension.—It was come; and terrible indeed was that hour. A vague desire to flee from the surrounding peril, was immediately succeeded by a deep consciousness that no possible way of escape existed for them. Enclosed on every side, they must await the issue; and await it they did, in meek and holy resignation. No scream escaped them, no violent contortion appeared: they gazed on each other, and on Basil, and simultaneously kneeled down, but to articulate was as impossible as it would have been vain, amid that deafening uproar: Magrath wrung his hands, and struck

repeatedly upon his breast—now he hurried towards the door, then lingered and went back, when some imploring eye turned towards him. Poor Ellen was soon seized with a violent cough, as the tainted air assailed her tender lungs, and he hastened to procure a cup of water; then looked to the entrance of the house, as resolved to issue forth; but she grasped his arm, and uttered a cry.

"In the name of all the saints, Miss Ellen dear, do, do let me go see for the master," he said, when an interval of the firing allowed of it. His arm was immediately liberated; but before he could reach the door, his egress was impeded.

"Your handkerchiefs, girls, your handkerchiefs!" shouted Bryan, as he dashed into the room, followed by two or three more; and he snatched them from the astonished females, rending them in two, and tossing the divided portions to his companions: who, as well as himself, proceeded most busily to fasten each of them a fragment round his right arm.

Again the cannon thundered, and again ceased, with a longer pause than before: and Bryan was able to reply to the broken sentences of mingled joy and terror.

"Oh, such a deliverance! Murray, gallant Murray, has it all his own way. No SURRENDER! James is retreating——the Council stole off——"

"And Lundy?" asked Magrath.

"Gone to the bottomless pit, for aught we can make out," replied some of the young men.

"And this," continued Bryan, striking his left hand forcibly on the linen that encircled his right arm, "this is the badge of No Surrender. We who wear it are sworn to perish to a man, rather than hear of capitulation."

"Good luck to you, then," exclaimed Magrath, triumphant delight blazing in his countenance, while the guns drowning the remainder of his speech, he tore his neck-kerchief in two, and threw the half of it to Basil, twisting the other round his own arm.

"And now, Mr. Bryan, sir,"—for Magrath never called him M'Alister;—"when the cat's away, the mice will play, as uncle says. And I'm after your honour to the last drop,"——again the cannon could alone be heard.

Old Shane now bustled in, as the young men hastened out; and seeing Magrath with the badge, bestowed on him a cordial embrace—then, throwing himself into his chair, answered the queries that flowed in upon him, with a confirmation of the tidings that the besiegers were cast into great panic.

"And will they not come here, then?" asked Ellen, eagerly.

"Here! Och bless your simple heart: why it is'nt in them to look at the walls! Out and out frightened they were, from the minute the boys let loose the gunpowder. There's a gay chap killed, they

say, as close to King James as the pratee to the stalk ; and himself's off at a hand gallop, out of reach clane and entirely, to complain to Pope Joan, may be."

" Oh, brother," said Basil, " do not insult over a fallen king ! Unhappy as guilty, he is betrayed by others ; and even here he came to look for homage, and dreamed not of resistance."

" True, for you, sir ; may be he did'nt know that we have but few Jacobites here," replied the old man, rather bitterly.

" He is no Jacobite, Shane," said the Lady ; " but he feels that a head once anointed is no meet object for mockery. Let us rather pray that his present sufferings may lead to repentance."

" Your ladyship can, sure," answered Shane, sulkily ; adding, in a lower tone, " it's myself that'll fight for King William, let who will pray for old James."

The assurance of no attack from without being contemplated, somewhat reconciled the household to the discharges which at intervals still shook their abode : and in the evening they were gladdened by a visit from Malcolm and Ross, who brought a promise of Bryan's appearance : a temporary couch was formed for poor Ellen, whose disorder was greatly aggravated by the impregnation of the air with gunpowder. Magrath, who had returned with Ross,

occupied his usual place a little in the rear of Shane's seat by the chimney corner.

An occasional cannonade, interrupting the repose of their little apartment, furnished a striking commentary on the pious and appropriate remarks of the lady and Malcolm. The latter seemed to be still in a state of much excitement; and frequently paced the room, or stood within the attentive circle, who hung upon his words.

"All's well!" uttered the night-guard, as they passed the door: the explosion of a bomb followed.

The word of promise was then laid open; and amid the din of discord, the prayer and the hymn arose. Malcolm gave out a Psalm from the paraphrase of his church, the 23rd, dearly prized by the persecuted covenanters; and with deep intonation he dwelt upon the lines,

> Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
> Yet will I fear none ill;
> For thou art with me, and thy rod
> And staff me comfort still.

When Letitia retired with her mother to their little sleeping apartment, she stooped to look through the window, which nearly touched the ground, "How beautiful, mamma, is this night! The moon shines sweetly, and Lough Foyle dances like quicksilver below. Is it not strange that under such a sky, men should prepare to dyè those peaceful waters

with blood? With the words that we have heard to-night, warm on my memory, methinks I could go forth to yonder camp, and proclaim to the foes who seek our lives, 'Peace on earth; good-will towards men.'"

"My child, it is the love of God, shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, that disarms all bitter and resentful feelings. Come, Letitia; let us pray for them; for they know not what they do."

They kneeled in prayer; and peacefully composed themselves to rest, conversing for a while on the glorious privilege of God's children, so exquisitely set forth in the Psalm, which Letitia again recited.

The grey tint had not visited the darkened east, when a bomb broke through the garret roof, and falling on the bed, rolled thence to the window, which it forced from its frame, and exploded loudly in the street.

But those two quiet sleepers awoke not: without a pang they had passed into eternity.

In the crowded state of the city, it was needful to commit with all speed to their last earthly resting-place the bodies of the slain: and scarcely had the agonized survivors of M'Alister's race a competent time allotted to enshroud the forms so tenderly beloved, ere they were pent up in the narrow receptacle that sufficed for both—one coffin was prepared—one grave was dug—and ere yet the shell received

its lid, a crowd of weeping friends hemmed in the individuals, who, stationed close around the shattered bed, gazed upon those lineaments, as uninjured and as calmly soft as when slumber first stole over them. The lady's heart was rent beyond the power of her strong mind, and stronger faith, to sustain without a struggle that convulsed her frame; while the tearless stupefaction of poor Ellen, as she hung upon her brother's shoulder, appeared more pitiable still. But Bryan's trial was perhaps the hardest, for nature strove in his bosom against the subduing grace of God, and raised a cry of wrath and vengeance. Shane's grief was frantic; and his passionate lamentions woke a responsive chord in many a breast; for there were childless mothers by, and widowed brides, and orphaned children. The fugitives who had sought shelter in Derry, had each some tale to tell that would have claimed an eminence in grief; and the stream of selfish sorrow now flowed afresh, in the contemplation of another's woes.

Up to this period, Malcolm had not been apprized of the event; but he now appeared, led by vague rumour, and hastily passing the deserted apartments, ascended to the spot. His presence occasioned a movement throughout the party, whose sobs and moans redoubled as they opened a passage for him to the coffin.

"See there," said Bryan, moving his clenched fist towards it.

"And see there!" responded Malcolm, as he pointed to the broken roof, through which was visible a portion of the deep blue sky, and a little fleecy cloud that glided like a distant wing athwart it.

But while other eyes were raised to mark, his own fell again on the lifeless forms, and he burst into tears.

The firing at this time became more rapid; and whizzing balls passed through the streets, and another bomb exploded at a short distance. When the noise subsided, Malcolm spoke, "All is well; aye, better than well with them: for what hosannas, what music of heavenly harpings now surround those rejoicing spirits before the throne of the Lamb! Oh blessed confession," he added, as he bent over the shell: "said she not, last night, that the Lord himself had taught her, whose teaching is the pledge of never-ending life?"

Then, in a strain of triumphant praise, he rendered thanks for the victory achieved over death and the grave. The exercise was blessed: for Ellen wept, and Bryan found deliverance from the revengeful cravings of a lacerated spirit, while enabled to contrast the triumphs of heavenly joy, with the poor mangled remains of the earthly tabernacles, which once imprisoned the now liberated souls. On rising, he inquired for Magrath.

Summoned from a corner, the poor fellow approached; and covering his face with both hands,

exclaimed in broken accents, "Oh, don't, sir, don't put blame on me—they are *not* my beads,"

"Blame you, Magrath? never. I blame only the sin which has brought death into the world. I called you to take a farewell look at those whom you loved, and served, and would have died to defend. See, how peaceful—oh, Magrath, they are happy: for they died trusting in Christ, and in him alone. He is all—all sufficient."

Magrath gazed for a moment, then casting up his eyes, he wrung his hands; and with a passionate exclamation in Irish, left the room.

Through the broken window the coffin was lowered, and, amid the tears of many, borne to its grave.

Ross had quitted Derry three or four days previously, on a mission to Enniskillen; and returning into the town, he met his friend slowly retracing the homeward path.

"M'Alister, my dear fellow, are you going to give me the cut at last?" said he gaily: but the eye that was raised to his own made him start away.

To speak, Bryan found impossible: he took his arm, and strongly compressing it, led him back to the grave. Magrath had taken the shovel, and was carefully filling the last earth.

"Bryan, for mercy's sake, what is all this?"

"My mother—and Letitia—are there."

Aghast and panting, Ross seated himself on an

adjoining grave, while a stander-by related the circumstances.

"Come home with me," said Bryan.

"Impossible! what! to see *their* places empty—to look upon that venerable ruin, struck by such another thunderbolt—to see poor Ellen—poor Ellen;" and his tears flowed.

"Yes, my friend, to see all this, and to witness likewise the power of Him to whom you too must come, that you may have life."

Having passed through some painful scenes, Bryan turned towards the burying ground, hoping by a visit to that endeared spot, to calm his agitated spirit: yet before he reached the corner, now so sadly precious, his attention was attracted by two children, seated on a new-made grave, and crying bitterly. Bryan knew it to be that of a young townsman, who had fallen in the sally of the preceding Sunday; and drawn by sympathy, he approached the youthful mourners, gently enquiring why they grieved: "Oh, isn't it enough to be grieving at," cried the girl, "when brother Patrick is lying down here, ever so deep, and will never get up again!"

"Mother is always calling him," added the boy, who was much younger, "but he doesn't come, any how; though I've called him too." And putting down his rosy mouth to the sod, he shouted "Pat!" with all his power.

"Ah, vein of our hearts," sobbed the girl, as she also bent downwards, "is it never that you'll answer us again, your poor little Thady and me!"

Bryan was deeply touched; he seated himself by them on the grave, and said, "My dears, I can feel for your sorrow, and you for mine. Look yonder in that corner, at the large new mound of clay; my own fond mother, my yonng and beautiful sister, were buried there last night"—he could not proceed.

The little boy leaned against him, looking up in his face, while the girl said, "What; the ladies is it?—the ladies killed by the big shot in their bed?"

Bryan nodded assent. "Oh, then, and I wish you saw my mother; it's the only thing she'll hear about, let alone Patrick. May be she'd listen, if you spoke of them first, and then of Jesus Christ."

"And why of the Saviour last?"

"I don't rightly know: she'd be talking of nothing else, and Pat couldn't tire of reading about him in the ould bible. But now, joy, if we'll be speaking the least word, she goes wild, and cries out for Pat, to no end."

"Will you take me to see her?" asked Bryan.

"Och! and it's we that will, sure," answered the girl, rising with alacrity; but the boy remained seated, and as Bryan moved away, he pulled at his coat, saying, "Sir, if you'd call *very* loud, Pat, may be he'd hear *you*—Sir, will you then?"

Bryan made no answer, but lifting the child in his

arms, and taking the girl by the hand, conducted them to the other grave.

"See, my dears, if calling would waken the dead, do you not think that I should raise my voice, and shout for those who lie here to return to me?"

"May be not, Sir," said the girl. "Heaven is a better place for them—no shot fly about there: Jesus Christ feeds them, and takes care of them."

Surprised, and soothed too, Bryan rejoined, "most true, my child; nor would I, as I meant to tell you, bring them back to this world of woe: for I know that they are with Jesus. But how comes it that you wished to try and awaken Patrick?"

The girl again began to sob, and twisting her little apron, said, "I didn't wish to try, because I knew that the dead would never wake, till the angel comes with a trumpet. But mother cries out so, and she can't believe that he's with Jesus Christ. It's Thady wants to call him up, to make mother eat."

More than ever interested for his little companions, Bryan only remained long enough by the grave to declare to them in simple terms the blessedness of sleeping in Jesus: with a solemn warning of the hourly peril in which their lives were placed: and then, still carrying Thady, who had become drowsy with grief and fatigue, he accompanied Sarah to the abode of her parent, which was not far distant.

It was the house of a widow, in humble, yet decent circumstances; but all bore the marks of deso-

lation and disorder. In a high-backed chair, at the farther end of the little darkened apartment, reclined the mother; her apron thrown over her face. A compassionate neighbour watched beside her, who, on their silent approach, whispered, "I'm thinking she sleeps, the bereaved creature!"

"Sleeps!" repeated the mourner, throwing the apron from her face; "No, no: he giveth his beloved sleep, but none to me."

Bryan quietly seated himself near her; and carefully supporting the little Thady, shewed him to his mother, in a profound slumber. He was a beautiful child; and the traces of tears on his eye-lids and cheeks, with the disordered state of his auburn locks, added much to the interest of his appearance. The mother's attention was arrested; she gazed on her boy; and Bryan said, "Is not this one of His beloved? see how peacefully he sleeps. I found him," he continued, "near the spot where last night I buried my mother and sister."

This abrupt intimation had all the effect that he anticipated; the widow looked at him with much compassion, and taking his hand, burst into tears.

"I have trusted the Lord," continued Bryan, "while his dealings were plain and comprehensible to human reason; but now is the trial of faith, when he comes in a cloud, rending away our heart-strings, and the soul would, if it could, stay his hand, and say unto him, what doest Thou?"

The widow shook her head from side to side, and hid her face, but spoke not. Bryan resumed.

" To have trusted in him, to have sought him long in earnest prayer, and confidently known that the prayer of faith could not fail: to have seen a token of gracious acceptance, and then the veil drawn, and all left dark—impenetrably dark—oh, it teaches us a lesson of our own unbelief, most sorely humbling. For, had we faith, but as a grain of mustard seed, we should cast ourselves upon that seal, ' the promise of God standeth sure.' "

" Oh, Sir," exclaimed the poor woman, " yours are the first words that have reached my heart, and sure I see a little bright spot of hope and comfort where all seemed blacker than midnight."

She then told him, that her dear boy had given many evidences of spiritual feeling, delighting in the scriptures and prayer. That on the preceding Saturday he had been appointed to accompany a party in the sally of the following day; but did not make it known to her till the Sabbath morning; when on her requesting him to attend her and the children to public worship, he was obliged to confess that his destination was far different. In vain did she plead, and weep, and set before him the sin of violating the Lord's-day: to hinder him was impossible, and when he asked for her blessing, she still continued to urge him, until, after hastily embracing her, he ran off. His mangled remains were brought home at

night: and utter despair in regard to his eternal portion, had taken possession of her mind to that hour.

By representing the peculiar nature of that obligation which compelled the youth to follow his commanders, Bryan convinced her that she was not justified in deciding so unfavourably, on this awfully interesting question. He exhorted her rather to receive the message as one of admonition to herself, sent in love, to rebuke and chasten for the quickening of zeal and repentance.

He dwelt on the mysteriousness of the divine dispensation towards the most favoured people of God; and obtained a promise, that she would seek grace to rest her burden on the unchangeableness of him, whose gifts and calling are without repentance.

After kneeling in prayer, and persuading her to take proper sustenance, he left a kiss on little Thady's blooming cheek, and departed. At the door Sarah stood, and raising her eyes to his face, with a low curtesy, pronounced the words, "The Lord bless ye, Sir!" in a tone of such solemn, such earnest gratitude, that Bryan's heart welcomed the blessing, and acknowledged the hand of God in honouring him with this commission to comfort his mourners, rather than permitting him to go forth on an embassy of destruction against his wretched and deluded countrymen.

Time was rolling on, and the warmth of approach-

ing summer appeared far more dreadful than the rudest storms of winter to so dense a population, pent up within a narrow compass. After the beginning of May, the throwing of bombs ceased; and this was hailed as a welcome respite, though only of a few weeks duration: but the firing of cannon balls into the city, some of which were red hot, created a new source of terror, and deprived several persons of life.

James Stuart was still in Dublin, where, assisted by his mock parliament, he continued to issue the most tyrannical and oppressive edicts against the Protestants of the land, outlawing them, that his own adherents might obtain possession of their estates; and proving that their sole hope must lie in a desperate course of resistance to his usurpation. No succours had been received from King William; while the French fleet, with a reinforcement of popish auxiliaries on board, had gladdened the heart of James by making good their entrance into Bantry Bay, and landing their formidable freight in the country which, it was credibly reported, was to be annexed to the dominions of the French King, when his troops should have completed its subjugation. The Marechal Conrad de Rosen, a fierce and pitiless commander, headed this expedition: and commenced his progress across the island, from which his object was to root out Protestantism in every form, and to lay the nation prostrate before the rulers into whose hearts it was put to give their dominion unto the

papal antichrist. It is difficult to assign a reason for the tardiness of the English government in this emergency; but it was overruled to the better instruction of the Protestants as to the value of the stake for which they contended; and also to the severe chastisement of that pride, self-confidence, and disunion which so disgracefully marred the church of Christ among them.

During the month of May, continual sallies took place from the gates of Derry, in which the besieged were generally successful. Such was their confidence, that Walker in his Diary mentions, under date, May 5, "This night the besiegers drew a trench across the windmill-hill from the bog to the river, and there began a battery; from that they endeavoured to annoy our walls, but they were too strong for the guns they us'd, and our men were not afraid to advise them to save all that labour and expence, that they always kept the gates open, and they might use that passage if they pleas'd, which was wider than any breach they could make in the walls." This was five months after the commencement of the contest, and strikingly displays the undaunted resolution of men who, what with external assaults and internal treachery and disappointed hope, had endured enough to damp the ardour of minds sustained by any thing less powerful than the consciousness of a righteous cause. In the bulk of those people there might indeed be found few instances of vital, personal

religion; but, collectively, they had, by solemn public acts of devotion, committed themselves and their cause into the hands of the Most High, abjuring all connexion with the idolatrous power, which is most emphatically opposed to the sole and absolute sovereignty of Jehovah. What was the result? "He wrought for his name-sake," and having made them, in their unsupported constancy, a spectacle to the world, he finally brought them out of their distresses, when in the utmost extremity, and blessed their efforts to the establishment of that pure faith for which they professed to suffer. Alas, that so signal an example should in our day have become powerless! that on occasions of national perplexity, instead of seeking to that arm wherein our fathers hoped, and trusted, and found deliverance, we should embark our safety in the nutshell of our own strength, relying on a worldly, crooked, inconsistent, and unscriptural policy for that which perverted wisdom can no more secure, than could our puny might have acquired it. "Do we provoke the Lord to jealousy? are we stronger than He?"

Neglected by their friends, and on all sides pressed by foes, yet could not the inhabitants of Derry entertain a thought of capitulation; for not only were the most shameless acts of treachery committed—prisoners murdered in cold blood, and messengers fired at under a flag of truce—by the assailants, but one of the captives brought into the town after a successful

sally, moved by the generous compassion and kind usage of the citizens, confessed to governor Walker that the enemy were bound by dreadful oaths to observe no faith with them; but, on whatsoever terms they might obtain possession of the city, to slaughter indiscriminately, without regard to age or sex, whosoever bore the Protestant name. Thus, by the mercy of God, their peril was still made known to them; and any degree of suffering preferred before delivering up their helpless families to such blood-thirsty fanaticism.

The report of De Rosen's probable advance, with formidable reinforcements, was communicated to the besieged by their enemies, in one of the frequent parleys that took place. It reached M'Alister's home, and was variously received by the different inmates.

The month of May passed without any greater annoyance from the enemy than that of the frequent cannonading, which amongst other unpleasant effects, so polluted the water of the city, that many hazarded, and some lost their lives in the attempt to obtain a purer beverage from without the gates. This was a dreadful hardship, bearing, particularly, on the sick, on delicate women, and children. Various diseases began to spread among them, heightened by the heat of summer, and the unwholesome food to which they were well nigh confined. But on the twenty-ninth of the month, a general panic was spread

throughout the numerous families, by an order that every house should be provided with supplies of water; a heavy bombardment being expected during the night, of which the probable effect would be to ignite the town in every quarter.

All was confusion; and among other precautions the gunpowder hitherto lodged in the church, was removed into places of greater security, Wells, long since dried up, were selected to receive it; and covered with every article best calculated to repel the dangerous element.

The bombardment did not take place; but on the first of June a few shells were thrown during the night, and on the morrow an incessant fire was poured in from the enemy's guns; they had, in the course of the few preceding days, constructed no less than sixteen forts, on which to mount these engines of destruction. It was now that Magrath, for the first time, took part in offensive preparations; for he assisted to cast leaden balls, mounting the roofs of houses with cool intrepidity to strip the metal from them, while shot were flying in every direction around him. But the following day was marked by a shower of bombs, which inflicted greater damage than had yet been sustained; and a fierce assault from the besiegers brought the combat to the very walls of the town.

During the whole of the week, havoc and destruction were carried into the city: not satisfied with

the execution already done, the besiegers increased the size of the bombs, striking down houses, and killing numbers of all ranks and classes. Salted horseflesh was almost the only meat now discoverable, and of this they had put by a tolerable store.

Bryan and Ross ascended the cathedral roof, and surveyed the sickening prospect. The numerous forts, entrenchments, batteries, and works of every description that had completed the investment, were occasionally obscured, as the mortars rolled forth their clouds of smoke, each sending into the city its messenger of destruction. Lough Foyle rolled its broad stream tranquilly past, unless when a shot ploughed the surface, or sank with an echoing plash into the tide. Towards its mouth many a longing look had been cast, in fond anticipation of coming succours: and some, when their hearts failed them, were wont to mount the walls, and gaze in that direction, until the vision of hope pictured an approaching sail, and imagination filled up the outline. But now, in addition to the accumulated works on either side, the enemy were beginning to stretch a boom across the river; and thus presented such obstacles to the progress of a fleet, as tended to chill the most sanguine expectant: and when the eye, withdrawn from this quarter, fell on the streets below, a spectacle of misery presented itself, difficult to conceive and impossible to describe.

At this time the mortality was such, that the

burials averaged thirty in a day; so that the streets presented a succession of funerals, conducted in trembling haste, while the frequent bombs tore up the neighbouring pavement, and cast it among the attendants. Scarcely was more than the surface of the burying ground disturbed, to furnish a shallow grave for several dead bodies together: and often was some mourner reached by a fatal ball, while returning from his sorrowful task. Even as Bryan and Ross looked down from their elevation, a bomb struck the house of a gentleman, driving out from the wall a ponderous stone, which, falling on a man near the ship-quay bastion, dashed his head to atoms.

The fort, or castle of Culmore, situate on a point of land which projected considerably into the river, at a short distance, was an object of particular interest to the two friends. It formed the strongest of the enemy's positions of annoyance, in case of any approach from the harbour, and was well garrisoned. But beyond the association of Magrath's image with its distant outline, it presented nothing to their view; and in melancholy silence they quitted the spot, to commune with those who thronged the Diamond; to assist in deliberation on the important subject of husbanding provisions, and the many other anxious cares that harassed the public mind.

Magrath's augury that the Sunday would afford a respite from bombardment was fulfilled. Not a shell

nor a ball was fired on that day, the Irish camp being engrossed in paying those honours to St. Columbkill which they had never once afforded to the Lord of the Sabbath, during the protracted siege. Advantage was taken of this cessation by many whom timidity had deterred from venturing abroad; and the church was thronged at its various services, by a crowd of sickly objects, whose squalid and emaciated appearance contrasted most strangely with the words of hope and fortitude to which they gave utterance. Many with tearless eyes looked on the graves of their nearest and dearest connexions; while others, in greater emotion, uttered ejaculations of resignation to the divine will, blessing the Lord for what he had done, and declaring that they deemed no sacrifice too great for a cause so holy. Ellen was wheeled in a low chair to the cathedral, her grandmother, supported by Bryan, walking on one side, Basil on the other; and Shane, with trembling hand, essaying to steady the hinder part of the vehicle, which rather assisted his steps. An expression of heavenly peace was upon her pale fair countenance, and though a tear swelled when she passed her mother's grave, a smile of indescribable sweetness illumined every feature, as looking up to Bryan, she softly said, "I hope they will have room beside it."

At the door, a number of coffins were deposited during the service, and the departing congregation

were constrained to pass between two files of them, awaiting a hasty interment. One very plain box, over which was thrown a black shawl, attracted Bryan's view ; for the mother of Patrick, with little Thady in her hand, stood behind it. She curtsied as she caught his eye ; and with unruffled serenity glanced first at the boy, and then at the coffin, indicating that her other child was there.

" And is it so ?" asked Bryan, involuntarily pausing on his path.

" She was so happy !" answered the mother, raising her eyes to heaven ; while the deep hollow of her cheek, the sunken eye, and sallow hue, bespoke her also a candidate for speedy admission to the mansions of peace. Thady retained all his beauty, blooming like a solitary flower in the midst of every imaginable species of desolation."

" Ah ! the cause upholds her wonderfully," said a stander-by.

" The cause of the cross," rejoined the sufferer, " and the cross in the cause, are precious.

The crowded coffins, the open graves, the church windows shattered by balls, together with the wretched aspect of the living spectres, all arrayed in the gorgeous beams of a dazzling summer's sun, presented a wild and ghastly incongruity, over which the holy enthusiasm of the hour threw a character of such awful interest, that many lingered and looked, as if to impress upon their minds a lasting recollec-

tion of the unearthly scene. Among these was Colonel Murray, who, as Walker in full canonicals took his station in the door way, approached M'Alister, and requested to be presented to his venerable parent, to whom he immediately tendered his arm, addressing her with a suavity of manner peculiarly his own.

" It is a sad, and yet a glorious spectacle, which those who survive will labour to declare to their children's children, as a holy incentive to like fidelity."

" And a lesson of confiding faith," added the lady, " that hearing what the Lord has done for us, they may feel the blessedness of saying, ' This God is our God, for ever and ever.' "

Language is insufficient to pourtray the horrors of accumulating misery sustained by the diminished band. The horse-flesh was all expended, and the twenty thousand sufferers who still remained were reduced to greater privations than they had ever yet anticipated; the daily deaths becoming a matter of calculation, not unmixed with selfish feeling, among those whose craving hunger grudged the supply of many mouths; but instances abounded of noble devotion to the public cause, and self-denial was practised to an extent truly admirable. Bryan's little party had long since made a voluntary relinquishment of their private hoard to the public store, and he had himself embarked in an attempt to gain

the distant ships, with the view of making known their desperate situation to the unfeeling Kirke, who still rode at anchor where he could behold the piteous signals of agonizing distress. This effort was rendered fruitless by opposing enemies; and the little party returned after braving such perils in the cause of humanity, that Magrath could not refrain from uttering a few remarks on the subject of M'Alister's cowardice, within earshot of his ancient antagonist, Crowe.

The Lady was privy, to this expedition, but they concealed it from Ellen, whose wasted powers could ill have sustained the agony of sisterly apprehension. Her grandmother had cut the silver buttons from a suit of her husband's garments, and added to them the poor remains of her family insignia, in the hope that a price of some magnitude might win, from the well-supplied shipping, a few articles of suitable nourishment for the uncomplaining girl: but in vain. Bryan returned, after the absence of twenty-four hours; and the first feeling of his mind, on re-entering their poor abode, was a conviction that Ellen's sufferings were nearly terminated, although, to eyes less habituated to the sight of premature death, she would have appeared surprisingly revived.

Peaceful indeed, as affection itself could desire, were the few remaining hours of Ellen's mortal existence. She declined to be carried into her own apartment, observing, that there would be less trou-

ble in removing her remains from where she then lay. Encouragement to persevere in defending the citadel of Protestantism, mingled with fervent supplication for her deluded countrymen, and glowing anticipations of the rest upon which she was about to enter, occupied her latest breath. The last faint whisper was one of praise; and the last smiling look was bent on poor old Shane, who could not be persuaded to relinquish her hand, until its pulse had long ceased to throb.

On that same day the infamous De Rosen sent in his peremptory order to surrender the town, before six o'clock on the ensuing evening, on pain of indiscriminate slaughter, by fire and sword. It was rejected: and he proceeded to renew the bombardment with increasing fury. This producing no appearance of intimidation or fluctuation in the devoted little garrison, the Frenchman had recourse to an expedient, in the execution of which he proved himself an incarnation of the spirit of cruelty; a meet son of her who is drunken with the blood of the saints.

Some excitement prevailed in that quarter to which Bryan had repaired; for a rising cloud of dust bespoke the approach of a large body of assailants; and De Rosen's threats had rendered them doubly watchful. "Be steady, lads," said the officer in command, "and give them a proper greeting, if they advance." A line was formed, the men stood to their

arms, and, the party still drawing nearer, a volley was discharged into the mass. Screams and cries, in the shrill voices of women and children, with the loud and melancholy tones of entreaty from men, pealed back instead of the expected fire of musquetry; and the smoke dispersing, on a light breeze, and the dust abating from the temporary halt, a scene presented itself—would it were a vision of the writer's fancy—but alas! no description can do justice to the appalling reality of what has been left on record by eye-witnesses, then gazing from those walls.

A crowd appeared, comprising several thousands of Protestants—not captives taken in battle, but victims dragged by force from their peaceful habitations, of whom the great majority were females of every age, from extreme decrepitude of years to the infant newly born; the rest were old men and young boys, or invalids brought from their sick-rooms, with some more vigorous in appearance, seized in the moment of unarmed security, overpowered, and compelled to mingle in the wretched throng, Half naked, with bleeding feet and tottering knees, they staggered on, raising their supplicating voices to the besieged, to spare their helpless friends; while the latter, in the very attitude of reloading their pieces, stood petrified with horror, staring as on some hideous vision which they wished to dispel. It was, however, no vision; still the crowd advanced; and they might

see the ruffian soldiery behind, violently pushing and goading with their swords, the fainting forms that lingered last from inability to proceed; or dragging them along the ground, to which some had fallen.

The trance of horror into which the Derry men had been surprised was of short duration; and such a yell of frantic fury perhaps was never heard from human lips, as then echoed from the walls. Faces pale and ghastly with famine, now flushed into the deep hectic of rage, and not a menace nor an execration was left unuttered, that their boiling passions could suggest. For a time, nothing was heard but incoherent invective, and threatenings, till Murray shouted "a gallows!" and instantly a thousand eager hands were at work, preparing the apparatus of ignominious death, which they erected within view of the enemies' camp, for the execution of the prisoners then in their hands.

Meanwhile, the exhausted crowds had gained the walls, under which they sat or fell down, wiping the starting moisture, and tears, and blood that mingled on their faces: extracting the thorns from their blistered feet, and striving to close the tattered garments that scarcely covered their emaciated frames. Mothers clasped their infants, and rocked them to and fro, moaning in answer to the little sufferers' cries, or vainly tried to appease the clamours of children, who screamed for drink and food. Young girls were seen smothering their own complaints, though

racked with the anguish of fatigue and suffering, while busied in contriving some little support for the trembling head of an aged parent; or binding up the wounds of a brother, or relieving some fainting mother of her helpless babe. All this was terrible to witness; but when the victims looked up to those who hung over the walls, and smiled, and blessed them for their heroic fidelity, it was too much: tears and sobs broke forth from many who had endured without a groan the inflictions of that dreadful siege: and the leading men hastened to despatch a message to the general who commanded under the hateful De Rosen, declaring that unless the fugitives were properly refreshed, and re-conducted to their homes, the prisoners should be immediately hanged within their view, including a nobleman and several officers. Yet, with this atrocious example of religious persecution before their eyes, they added a free permission for popish priests to enter, and prepare them for their fate.

The captives, acknowledging the strict justice of this proceeding, and expressing deep abhorrence at the deed of De Rosen, wrote an imploring letter to their general, to save them from a disgraceful death by his compliance, but in vain. The Frenchman was inexorable, and left them to their fate, merely signifying that their death would be revenged on the defenceless multitude. The sentence was not carried into execution, but every possible method was

taken to relieve the sufferers, who on the following day were joined by another thousand in similar circumstances.

There was not a person in Derry, able to move, who did not seem to lose the sense of every privation in the all-absorbing sentiment of indignant pity. Many climbed the walls, whom age or sickness had apparently disabled from walking the street, and some were seen to drop their own scanty morsel of food, or change of clothing, in the laps of such as seemed perishing for help. Recognitions the most heart-rending took place, while those on the walls discerned in some bleeding famishing creature beneath, a sister, a parent, a child—sometimes a wife or husband. Distressed as was the garrison, it became necessary to prohibit, under severe penalties, the reception, and even the relief, of those over whom all hearts yearned; but the pleadings of natural affection overcame both fear and prudence, and many were admitted, fed, and clothed during the night. Among these, one amply recompensed the mercy shewn, by delivering a message from the fleet, directing that in case of great extremity, two fires should be lighted on the church. The beacons were immediately ignited, and plentifully fed, that their blaze might reach the ships with a silent tale of unparalleled distresses.

When the day was a little advanced, many citizens thronged the walls, in hope of discovering among

the multitude below some beloved relative, who had participated in the voluntary exile of the preceding night; but carefully avoided any sign of recognition, lest the watchful foe might detect the arrangement. They did, indeed, accuse the garrison of forming such intention; but failed to discover its success, although with insulting mockery, they passed among the shrinking victims, smelling to their garments, and declaring that they should identify the Derry people by the ill savour resulting from their wretched mode of existence. For, not only had their dwellings been impregnated by the suphureous effluvia of the shells continually bursting, which also had rendered the water unfit for cleansing their linen, but they were now reduced to subsist on the flesh of dogs, cats, and rats, on tallow, greaves, and every description of offal that famine could compel itself to swallow. The extreme length of the town being but three hundred paces, and its greatest breadth one hundred and eighty, some conception may be formed, even by those who have not seen it, of the dreadful effects produced on the health of its inmates, by a contest already of seven months continuance; during the last ten weeks of which their rest had been broken, their houses shattered, their friends slain, the water polluted, and the air poisoned by the almost incessant explosion of shells in the streets, three hundred and forty having been thrown in, to that date. To this we must add the horrible

circumstance of dead bodies being frequently torn up from the grave, by the same destructive engines; and the devastating nature of the pestilence which was carrying off the inhabitants in augmented numbers every day. It becomes a matter of increasing astonishment that human nature could endure such varied and protracted sufferings: if we refer it to dread of the infuriated enemy, what shall we say of those who voluntarily placed themselves in their power, for the sole purpose of relieving and strengthening the garrison within?

The fourth of July found De Rosen in a situation far from enviable: the half suppressed murmurs of his Irish confederates were rising into threats of open insurrection, on behalf of their tortured countrymen. The professing Protestants, who had disgraced their calling by co-operation with the Popish army, and who were chiefly men of influence, put no restraint on their angry feelings, but inveighed most bitterly against the unprecedented insult offered to their nominal faith, and the scandalous violation of all that man could deem binding on his fellow-man; for the greater number of De Rosen's victims had James Stuart's protection in their pockets. The popish officers, as we have seen, shrunk from identifying themselves with the perpetrators of the outrage; and their feelings were responded to by the native soldiers. When the Mareschal looked out upon his motley camp, he could not but perceive that elements

were there at work, which threatened a serious explosion; and on turning his eye towards Derry, he beheld the appalling apparatus still displayed—the gallows on which Lord Netterville and his companions were to terminate their earthly course, in full view of their former associates and followers. Yet all this, it is probable, would have failed to turn the foreign general from his purpose, and under the walls of Derry those four thousand Protestants might have perished by famine, while above its ramparts the bones of his captured comrades had whitened on a gibbet, if he could have farther calculated on the countenance of the unhappy king whose cause he had been sent to uphold.

But James was not sufficiently divested of humanity to concur in the dreadful project of the Mareschal. On being made acquainted with his cruel order, the monarch dispatched a letter condemnatory of the proceeding, and strongly protesting against it. The receipt of this communication left De Rosen under a responsibility too weighty to be incurred; and, after some delay, he reluctantly issued the order for driving the poor captives back to their homes.

This command was hailed with joy by many who had often been the ready instruments of persecution, but whose bosoms were melted by the piteous spectacle before their eyes; and by them it was communicated to the men of Derry, who mounted the walls to take a last farewell of their fellow-sufferers,

and to exchange one parting look with many a dear connexion, who had mingled secretly with the crowd below. The enemy on this day were liberal of their ammunition, sending into the town a number of bombs much larger than those fired on the five preceding days: but those missiles appeared to have lost the power of intimidating even the weakest, where death in such variety of terrible forms continually crossed their path. Indeed, it became with many a matter of cool calculation, or a topic of desperate levity, in what manner they were likely to quit the world before another sun should set or rise. When, therefore, it was known that a movement had commenced among their friends without, none were deterred from hastening to the walls, who had power yet left to mount them.

The lady of M'Alister, supported by Bryan and Magrath, was among the number who succeeded in ascending those impregnable ramparts; and melancholy beyond description was the scene displayed. Hundreds had already died upon the spot, and now, when the welcome sound of home saluted their ears, many were seen rising eagerly from the earth, only to fall again in helpless debility, beneath the overpowering burden of famine and disease, Of these, some in the wild eagerness of that hope which will cling even to a shadow, essayed to crawl along on their hands and feet; while others even rolled in the direction to which their hearts pointed. Many in

meek submission to the divine will gave over the attempt, after a faint struggle or two; and greeting with audible blessings the departing footsteps of their comrades, resigned themselves to the approach of a lingering death where they lay. And there were partings, characterized by such ebullitions of violent feelings as wrung the hearts of many whose overflowing portion of private sorrow might have been expected to render them heedless of all besides: such a spectacle was displayed immediately under the spot where the lady of M'Alister bent to survey the scene.

A woman of interesting appearance, the remains of whose garments bespoke that gentility to which her language also bore witness, was compelled to give over her feeble attempts at rising from a rude couch, spread by some compassionate hands for her accommodation. A girl, apparently about eighteen years old, stood near, gazing in silent anguish on her parent, while three children of tender age were using all their artless rhetoric to rouse the sufferer into renewed exertions.

"We are going home, mother dear," said the elder of the three; "and you will be well when once you see our pretty home again."

"Ah, mother," added a little boy, somewhat younger, "the smell of the roses, and the sweet honeysuckle over the porch, will be so nice after this place. The gunpowder and the noise of these

naughty men, have made you sick—home will make you well again."

"I want to go home," sobbed out a little creature, who clung to her mother's neck, attempting to raise her.

"Kathleen will take you home, my darlings," answered the poor mother.

"But you must come too."

"Yes, I shall go home, my children; but not to the one you are returning to."

"Then we'll go with you, dear mother, to the other home," said the little boy.

"No, not now, Robert: but if you love the Lord and pray to be among the Lambs of the Good Shepherd, you will come to me in that pleasant home where I am to enter first."

"Oh then you are going to die, mother! You must not die—you must not leave us;" and with cries of grief and terror each little voice repeated the words; adding such entreaties, mingled with terms of endearment and tender reproach, that the parent's natural feelings seemed for a while to overpower even the working of divine grace in her soul. She groaned with anguish of spirit, and exclaimed, "Oh, Kathleen, take them hence—leave me, leave me!"

Kathleen bent over her with an aspect of tearless despair, and in a smothered voice, answered, "Mother, I cannot."

"You must," said a voice from the wall, so deep,

so unearthly in its tone, that all who heard it turned involuntarily towards the speaker.

Kathleen started: the mother raised her eyes to the spot, clasping her hands, but neither uttered a word. The children renewed their lamentations, mingling the name of father with that of mother; until Kathleen, evidently impelled to a renewed effort, stooped down to fold her parent in a long, a fervent embrace, and then raising herself, proceeded to disengage her from the arms of the children, to whom she spoke in an earnest manner, but too low to be heard by any others. Her words seemed to produce the desired effect: for the little ones checked their tears, and in turn kissed their mother, each whispering some injunction in her ear, while she held them close, and seemed to experience the rending of a heart-string as each soft lip was withdrawn from her face. They then surrounded their sister; and the girls, gathering up their garments, displayed the scars that had marked their tender ancles: while the boy's feet, without shoes, shrank from the rough stones, with which they came in contact as he moved away. It was with unspeakable thankfulness that the weeping lookers-on beheld a pair of shoes suited to his size flung from the ramparts just in his path; which the little fellow immediately put on, jumping with delight at the valuable acquisition. Kathleen turned round—she appeared doubly glad of the excuse so to do; and raising first her arms and eyes

to heaven, she fixed an intent gaze upon the walls: she then bowed her head, clenched her hands in unutterable agony, and with one more hurried glance at her dying mother, she buried herself and the children amid the departing crowd.

All this was clearly comprehended by the spectators on the wall; and deep indeed was the sympathy excited for the father, who beheld his lovely and delicate children thus driven from beneath his eye, to seek a home, where no protection, beyond that of the bare paternal roof, awaited them; while the partner of his sorrow lay expiring, nor dared by one glance of recognition to hazard the discovery of his having been admitted into the garrison. He stood, his elbows resting on the outer wall, and his face entirely concealed upon his hands. There was no visible sign of what was raging within, save the short and violent gasping of his breath; nor did those who immediately surrounded him venture to break the silence, which spoke more than audible complaints could have expressed. Bryan had beheld the whole scene with feelings unusually excited; for, as the venerable forms of Basil and Shane had receded from his view, until they became lost in the promiscuous company around them, every wound recently inflicted on his affectionate heart, bled anew under the sense of irreparable loss, rendering him more keenly alive to the sufferings of others. Besides, the objects most dear to him, his mother,

Letitia, Ellen, were committed to a peaceful grave, over which it was his privilege daily to watch; and their spirits, he knew, were yet more safely housed in the mansions of the blessed, under the guardian hand of Him who had loved them, and who gave himself for them: whereas this agonized husband and father was left in the most dreadful surmises, as to what of mortal suffering might yet await those in whom his own life seemed to be wrapped up. "And I know not," thought Bryan, "whether he be a partaker in that precious faith which seems to support the soul of his expiring wife." With such thoughts in his mind, he gradually approached the stranger; and having rested for a while on the wall beside him, addressed him in a voice of respectful commiseration.

"You are not alone in your sufferings: alas, that the only consolation which we can offer should be a fellowship in wretchedness!"

The stranger shook his head in token of bitter assent, but neither spoke nor looked up.

Encouraged by this slight proof of attention to his words, Bryan proceeded: "I know that he whose power to save is as infinite as the compassion which calls that power into action, is likewise touched with a feeling of all our infirmities—has in all points been tempted like as we are"——

"Yet without sin," interrupted the other: and

then raising his tearful eyes to heaven, he ejaculated, "Oh, merciful High Priest! subdue these sinful repinings, and teach my soul to say, 'It is the Lord.'"

There was a simple, a sublime fervour in the tone of this short appeal, that bespoke the agony of spirit under which the sufferer struggled for resignation; it carried reproach to many a heart which had failed under similar trial to seek to the same source for comfort and submission. To Bryan the words were fraught with solid satisfaction; and confirmed him in a purpose already formed in his benevolent mind. Pressing still nearer to the object of his compassion, he continued in a low voice, the expression of his christian sympathy; and then said, "There is evident danger in your remaining to occupy a station from which it is yet hardly possible to urge your removal. Whenever your feelings will permit you to relinquish for a short space this post of melancholy watching, leave it to me—I will not neglect for a moment the sacred charge—and give my aged grandmother the support of your arm to her bereaved home, where your presence will fill one of its many vacancies with a fellow sufferer, partaking alike in our abounding affliction, and in the consolation that, through divine grace, sometimes much more abounds."

The stranger turned upon him his heavy and swollen eyes, with an expression of deep thankful-

ness, replying, "It is a brotherly offer; and with a brother's frankness I will accept it."

"Where have you been, Magrath?" asked Bryan, as his faithful follower mounted the wall near him.

"I have been putting my hand to the work yonder, your honour," he replied, pointing to the place where the gallows had stood, which, with scrupulous adherence to the letter and spirit of their declaration, the Derry men had taken down as soon as the crowd moved off from below.

"And did your governor really purpose to execute those miserable captives?" asked the stranger, whose name was Morrison.

"Every neck of them, Sir, we would have stretched," answered Magrath sternly, "and themselves never denied the justice of it."

"That acknowledgment was what saved them," added Bryan; "together with the evident fact, that the savage foreigners cared not how much of native blood might flow, but would rather rejoice in proportion to the horrors perpetrated under their iniquitous domination."

"They are encouraged by the priests," said Morrison.

"Look yonder!" exclaimed Magrath, unconscious of the agonizing interest that the scene to which he pointed must excite in the breast of his hearer.

A French officer, who appeared to have received some order to investigate the condition of those who

remained below the walls, had approached the place where Morrison's wife lay, seemingly in a quiet sleep. Attended by three or four soldiers, he reached the spot, and rudely pushing with his foot the helpless creature before him, he demanded in broken English why she did not follow the rest of the rabble on their march.

She raised her hollow eyes, and articulated some words too faintly to be understood. The Frenchman, with his sheathed sword, was about to thrust the pillow of ragged clothes from beneath her head, at the same time ordering her to rise, while Morrison, grasping the top of the wall, seemed in act to throw himself over, as the nearest way to succour her, when an Irish sergeant approaching, in a tone of suppressed rage, exclaimed, "Let the woman die in peace."

The officer commanded him to retire, but he stood his ground, seemingly prepared to resist, in deed as well as by words, the wanton barbarity of his companions, towards one so evidently suffering the pangs of dissolution; while the soldiers, pressing nearer, seemed anxious for some command to remove him by force.

This was presently given; and at the same moment the serjeant, placing himself astride over the narrow couch, drew his hanger; but several of his countrymen running up, among whom was an officer, the Frenchman moved back, calling on his men to disarm the mutineer, and conduct him to the fort.

"What's this, Connellan?" asked the Irish officer, "how came you to mutiny, sir?"

"Is it mutiny to defend a dying countrywoman from those who thirst for Irish blood?" said the serjeant, in his native tongue.

"Is she dying?"

The Frenchman asserted that she was as well able to walk off as the rest of the party; but that she preferred lying there, in the hope of being taken into the town.

"No fear of that," answered the other. "The starving rascals know better than to let more hungry mouths into their den; besides," he added, stooping to look at her pallid face, "she is really at the point of death.

The Frenchman made no reply to this, but in a more violent tone repeated the order to seize Connellan for mutiny.

"I've committed no mutiny, and I'll not be disarmed by you," said the serjeant, darting a look of defiance at all the foreign soldiers.

"You're right, my lad," exclaimed the officer, "and General Hamilton will say the same."

The Frenchman vehemently protested that all the rules of military service were on his side; that for a non-commissioned officer to draw his sword upon a superior, was death before any court-martial.

"Never mind," replied the other, with provoking coolness. "We're not particular here, you know.

Monsieur de Rosen has dispensed with all the troublesome laws of honour, good faith, and humanity; and we need not stick at a trifle in the articles of war."

The Frenchman peremptorily ordered his men to advance upon Connellan; the others as promptly joined in defending him. A desperate scuffle took place; pistols were discharged; while Magrath and others shouted from the walls their loud encouragement to the Irish party. It was a short interval of unspeakable horror to the husband, who beheld this sanguinary struggle around and over the death-bed of his beloved partner; and scarcely could Bryan withold him from leaping down to certain destruction. But the fray was ended, the Frenchmen retreated, leaving one of their number bleeding on the ground, and as the combatants separated, the Irish officer gently raised the lifeless object of their compassion, saying, "She's gone, indeed: a bullet has passed through her brain."

The fact was evident; and Morrison, bowing his head upon the wall, exclaimed, in a smothered tone, "Even so; and there is mercy in it. Lord, teach my soul to praise thee."

Late as was the hour, there was little appearance of repose within the walls of Derry: on the contrary, there seemed a greater stir than by day; a temporary respite from bombardment, combined with the freshness of the night breeze that swept over

Loch Foyle, having tempted many to leave the covert into which they had been driven during the glare of a sultry sun, rendered doubly oppressive by the perpetual explosion of gunpowder in every street. Of the better sort, many felt an insuperable reluctance to expose the squalid wretchedness of their unwashed garments and blackened visages, even to the gaze of partners in affliction; and among all classes there were mourners whose very heart-strings had been rent, while the objects of their tenderest love perished miserably before their eyes, and to whom the darkness seemed more congenial than the day. To this may be added the appalling fact, that their principal support now consisted of such animals as might be discovered prowling about the haunts of famine, under the cover of night; and these were sold at a high price by those whose love of money overcame the cravings of hunger, or who had a surplus, after deadening that craving by a scanty meal on such loathsome fare as they had seized. Dogs were turned out in the evening, to prey upon the unburied bodies of those who had been slain without the walls; and on their return were slaughtered to furnish a meal for the family, at whose hands they had once been plentifully fed. To such extremity had the garrison been reduced before the end of July, that a single quarter of one of these dogs was priced at five shillings and sixpence, the then currency, and his head at half that sum. Even a cat

was gladly purchased whenever it could be found, for four shillings and sixpence; and animals yet more disgusting to the human palate, in proportion.

Such being the condition of the beleagured fortress, the imagination may perhaps sketch an outline—it cannot by any possibility fill up the picture—of what was passing under the midnight sky of Derry. One object appeared to possess attraction, even for the most reckless wanderer; and that was the double beacon, which sent its red columns on high, from the cathedral roof. It was the appointed signal, communicating to the tardy fleet the desperation of that distress which they alone could relieve: and to the hollow eyes upturned towards the glare, it presented a sort of link between them and the objects of that oft-defeated hope which they could not relinquish. It was piteous to see the wistful countenances with which many would pause, to gaze upon this unconscious messenger of their grief; as though by so doing, they could communicate to it an additional power of expressing what they longed to send to the eye and the heart of the unfeeling Kirke. Seen under its ruddy blaze, the broken windows of the cathedral, the shattered walls and dismantled buildings around it, roofs ploughed up by innumerable bombs, and wood-work blackened by the frequent ignition that had marked the progress of red hot cannon balls — all these things united to produce such a spectacle of wretchedness, as the mind will

shrink from dwelling upon. Yet, happy had it been for poor Ireland, could that scene have lived indelibly engraven on the memory of her Protestant race, as an abiding stimulus to incessant exertion in the peaceful and holy warfare, whereby alone the souls of their deluded countrymen can be rescued from the usurping powers of darkness and cruelty !

There was, indeed, much to occasion the most serious misgivings in the minds of those who knew the actual state to which the stores of the city were reduced : what this was might be pretty well guessed by the inhabitants, when, on the ninth of July, it was announced that the garrison allowance to be served out for that day's subsistence, was, to each man, *a pound of tallow*. This was the soldier's fare ; the miserable citizens had no such regular supply whereon to depend; and they were to be seen in every corner, raking among the rubbish with which the bombs had overspread their little gardens, their bony fingers eagerly grasping every decayed leaf of even the most common weeds ; while many strolled out, in the carelessness of desperation, beyond the gates, to collect whatever the waters of Lough Foyle might have cast upon the beach, devouring the sea-weed as a dainty, though its only effect was to render more intolerable the burning thirst, to slake which, few could obtain a cnp of cold water ; so high was the price set upon the refreshing beverage, by those who must place their lives in imminent hazard to

procure it. When, therefore, on the following day, bombs were thrown into the town, containing, in lieu of gunpowder, the most inviting proffers from General Hamilton, to such as should be willing to surrender the fortress, it became a matter of most anxious calculation how far the leaders could depend on those placed under their command. It was with a beating heart that Bryan M'Alister communicated to his friend Ross, the morning after this discovery, that a parley had been agreed upon, and that a council was about to be held for the discussion of that subject, replete with awful interest to them all—the surrender of the city.

"Surrender!" exclaimed Ross, starting from his chair, "never, M'Alister, never!"

"It must not be," said the lady; "we may not deliver up our strong hold; we may not renounce our trust: we must not make ourselves a scorn, and our hope a derision to those who have hitherto been defied in the name of the Lord of Hosts."

"What excuse upon earth have they found for such a project?" asked Ross.

"The dreadful strait to which we are reduced in point of provision; the rapid decrease of the garrison by death and overpowering disease; the disappearance of the ships, which drop away from their distant station, becoming invisible to our best glasses."

Morrison, who had entered as Ross put his ques-

tion, added, " And disaffection secretly expressed by some; and more loudly declared since the insidious offers of Hamilton were circulated in the town."

Before Ross could commence the indignant reply which was rising on his lips, Magrath came in, asking, " D'ye know, gentlemen, what's to the fore this morning ?"

" Ay," answered Ross, " and to the fore it may still be; for I'll never believe that it can be present while there's breath in one true Derry boy."

" Long life to you, Mr. Ross, avourneen; and its you that will get into Miss Ellen's chair—didn't she bid us hold out like a rock ?—and we'll take you to the Diamond, where there's a party assembled that mean to have two words to the bargain. It's no time to be hesitating about the trifle of life that's in ye yet: make the most of it, and die like a man, sir."

" Magrath, my noble fellow, my true Irishman," cried Ross, " I would crawl there on my hands and knees rather than be absent. No need for the chair, Larry; give me your arm, and your's M'Alister—'tis true you have not yet declared your purpose, as to this new trial of our constancy, but you will not, you cannot"—he fixed a look of anxious earnestness on Bryan; and Magrath, with a broad grin, responded, " Declared himself, hasn't he ? Sure and 'twas not Mr. Bryan who sent me to collect the boys that first wore the white badge, and to tell 'em all that the seventh of December was come round again.

Be asy, Mr. Ross,'' he added, as the other put the little wheeled carriage aside, " into it you shall go, if 'twas only to honour her that spent her last breath in putting courage into our hearts. There, that's right; and now, your honours, for the Diamond, and no surrender !''

The lady of M'Alister watched them from the doorway of her dwelling, in which, for the first time, she was left perfectly alone. With uplifted hands, and overflowing eyes, she besought a blessing on the receding group; and then retired, to wrestle in more importunate fervency with him to whom alone she dared to look in this extremity of peril.

When Ross, having left his humble carriage at the entrance, was led into the room, supported by Morrison and Bryan, a movement of mingled gratulation and concern took place among the assembled party. His crippled state rendered his appearance yet more pitiable than theirs, who bore upon their visages the impress of famine, and on their persons the worn out, uncleanly garments that contrasted most miserably with the gentlemanly deportment of the wearers. Few among them of late paid any regard to outward purification; it was, indeed, next to impossible so to do; for water was too precious to be employed externally, and men who were thankful to feast on a dead dog, or a handful of meal fried in tallow, were little tempted to bring to their disgusting fare the decorations of the toilet. But there

was many a sunken eye now flashing brightly beneath the rude mass of uncombed hair; and the hectic colour speckled many a ghastly cheek, eager to encounter a far greater extremity of suffering, in the cause for which they were pledged to live and to die.

"You are welcome, Ross," said one with a smile. "A good spectre added to this most sepulchral assemblage."

"'Tis in contemplation," added another, "to treat yonder rascals with a display of our plump condition; we are to march out, a funeral exhibition of uncoffined skeletons, to show what sore penance we have undergone, for refusing to deliver up our town seven months since."

"I'll blow up the magazine first!" ejaculated a third.

"Softly, young gentlemen," said Morrison, who was by some years the elder of the party; "we must deliberate, not inveigh—time is very precious."

The commissioners being named, the second day from that—the thirteenth of July—was appointed for the final adjustment of those terms on which Derry should be given up to the combined French and Irish armies.

A letter was received on that very day from the fleet, announcing that a formidable encampment had been effected by Kirke on the island of Inch, with a view to some speedy movement towards the relief of

Derry; and the promptitude of Walker in circulating these glad tidings through the town, sufficiently indicated his real sentiments on the question of capitulation. It became a matter of the greatest moment to protract the parley, in expectation of the promised succour; and therefore the commissioners on one side were urgent in demanding for the besieged some days' space to consider of the proposed terms—an indulgence most strenuously resisted on the other side. One day, or rather one night alone, was given for the final settlement of this momentous point, within the walls, and the terms demanded by the garrison being such as the enemy would by no means accede to, the negociation abruptly concluded: a furious cannonading from their disappointed foes, conveying to the defenders a speedy token of the wrath excited by their enduring pertinacity. This was followed up by new and menacing demonstrations, large bodies of the hostile army being marched upon the different points towards the city; but these were met and repulsed by the intrepidity of the besieged, who sallied forth to meet them, apparently as much refreshed by the assurance of enduring yet longer their dreadful privations, as though they had received that supply for the lack of which they were perishing with hunger.

One day the half-opened door of M'Alister was pushed farther back, and a most pitiable object presented herself. A woman, whose husband and

two sons had already fallen victims to disease and famine reeled forward: clinging to her soiled and tattered garments, were three children, whose cries appeared to have overcome her reason; for she stared around with looks of wild distraction, repeatedly endeavouring to release herself from their grasp.

"Naughty mother! naughty mother!" screamed one of the children, striking at her with his little fist, in furious passion.

"Mother's not naughty," cried another, beating down the uplifted hand, "poor mother couldn't help it."

This interference was vehemently resented by the first speaker, who seemed scarcely four years old; he dealt a blow at his sister, and amid their redoubled cries of rage and pain, the battle continued, each maintaining its tenacious hold on the agonized parent.

The infant combatants were presently separated by Bryan and his friends, who vainly strove to pacify them. Their little bosoms seemed bursting with resentment and despair, and it was long before an answer could be obtained to the mild enquiries of their captors: at last the girl, who had been placed by Morrison on his knee, said, "Mother had a loaf, a beautiful loaf, that a kind gentleman gave: she dropped it; and a big boy snatched it up, and ran away."

"Naughty mother wouldn't catch the boy," roared her brother: the third child was too young to join in the explanation.

The poor woman, who had sunk into a chair, clasped her withered hands, exclaiming, "when will mercy come?"

"It will come," said the lady, "when we cast ourselves on it in utter self-despair." Then looking round on the miserable objects that encompassed her, she uttered, with a burst of anguish, "Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? hath he shut up his loving kindness in displeasure?"

"Never ask such a question, my lady," said Magrath, who had entered: "it's the first doubtful word that ever came out of your mouth. Forgotten! No, no; God hasn't forgotten any thing but our sins; and doesn't he say that he will remember them no more?" He then drew from beneath his coat a wooden bowl, adding, "here's a new dish just invented, that's in great request among us: enough to mess ye all." He glanced at the squalid children and their stupified mother, adding, as he put down the provisions, with a look of deep feeling, "When God sends mouths, he will send meat."

This supply proved to be a composition of starch and tallow, fried together: a large quantity of the former article having been found in a store, a respectable merchant, Mr. James Cunningham, was induced to try whether it might not be made avail-

able in the extremity of famine. He found it not only eatable, but medicinal; and gladly published the important discovery, which became a means of saving many valuable lives. With the greediness of young wolves did those poor babes devour the portion joyfully raised to their livid lips; and that sight, melting the mother into tears, relieved her brain from its intolerable oppression. She also ate, and invoking blessings on that hospitable roof, departed with her now laughing little ones.

On the twenty-seventh day of July, there was a general darkening of countenance, an interchange of looks among those who had charge over the public stores, that bespoke an approaching failure of the last poor pittance: and by the governor's order, an urgent invitation was circulated through the town, for all to assemble on the morrow at the cathedral, and with united supplication to make known their request to God.

The lady of M'Alister, reclined in her antique chair, with folded hands and closed eyes, was placidly meditating on the inscrutable ways of HIM whose path is in the deep waters. She sensibly felt the loosening of those cords which held her earthly tabernacle together, and secretly resolved to waste as little of the city's scanty provisions upon it, as the vigilance of her attached household circle would allow. More than once she had baffled the watchful anxiety of even Bryan; but Magrath it was still

harder to elude, with such jealous care did he note her reception of each providential supply. Neither could her dignity overawe him; for when, with a semblance of displeasure, she had demanded to be left alone over her pittance, the poor fellow replied, with glistening eyes, "And I'll go, my lady, as soon as I have seen the morsel pass your lips. Sure and what is it that keeps the life in poor old Shane, but the hope of looking you in the face again."

"Shane has a better hope, Magrath," she answered: but touched by his evident distress, partook of what his affectionate zeal had provided. On this evening no inducement presented itself, for food there was none; and Bryan returned from an unsuccessful search, with looks of deeper dejection than he had ever worn, and seating himself opposite, silently gazed on the venerable ruin before him.

It was then that the summons reached them, to join the morrow's solemnity; and the lady, aroused by the welcome sound, said, "It is well: be the issue life or death, in God's temple let us find it."

The silence of the grave reigned in Derry throughout that solemn night, save only one unceasing sound—the cries of hungry children, unsupported by the high resolve which nerved the adult population. Morning arrived; and at an early hour, the ghastly apparitions of that famished town were seen approaching from every quarter to the house of prayer. In little more than the space of a fortnight

the garrison had lost upwards of a thousand men: the mortality among other classes being proportionate. No marvel that death, become so familiar to their daily and hourly view, seemed stripped of half its terrors: no marvel that the burying ground, crowded as it was with objects nearest and dearest to their hearts, presented to many an inviting couch of repose. They entered the cathedral, and, prostrate in supplication, sought help of Him who alone is mighty to save.

Walker, still robed as in the pulpit, paced slowly among the scattered groups, his gaunt frame and hollow cheek presenting a personification of suffering as acute as had been undergone by any one. Arrived at an eminence, formed by the recent interment of several bodies beneath one mound, he looked for a moment at the crimson flag, whose folds fell languidly over the battlements of the church tower, then cast his eyes around upon the patient sufferers, who met it with something approaching to a smile, so full of melancholy endurance, that his tears well nigh overflowed, while once more addressing them in the tones of soothing encouragement. "Nay, doubt not, my faithful, my true-hearted fellow Protestants: the Lord has heard — the Lord will assuredly answer—the united appeal of his poor perishing creatures. Doubt not, for when did he reject the prayer of faith? when did"——A sound, sudden and strange, and wildly joyful, came from the

direction of the waterside: it produced a singular effect upon the hearers, and occasioned even in Walker, a sensation of such choking emotion, as cut short his address. That sound——dare they believe it? had they heard it aright? Yes, again it was repeated, and again the shout was raised; and again in articulate words was the transporting intelligence borne to their ears. "The fleet, the fleet approaches!—The ships are in the Lough!"

It was as in a death-struggle that the greater number of those emaciated beings rushed to the walls. Husbands carried their dying wives, mothers their expiring children, and by efforts that seemed supernatural, they gained the height to witness what to their eyes appeared a celestial vision—the broad sails of three stately vessels, filled by a favouring gale, whitening upon the curled waters, and steadily approaching, with the undoubted purpose of anchoring beneath the walls. In the besiegers' camp all was bustle: a desperate resistance would no doubt be made; and the boom that stretched across the Lough menaced destruction to the coming deliverers. The fort of Culmore was manned, and its batteries opened with thundering fury upon the advancing ships; while volleys of musquetry from either bank, poured upon their sides. The fire was returned, and evidently with considerable execution, upon the wretched instruments of Romish aggres-

sion; while, comparatively unharmed, the gallant vessels made good their passage past the fort.

"The boom! the boom!" was breathed in gasps, and whispers of unutterable agony, by the terribly interested spectators on the walls. "Will they venture to pass?—Can they break it?—Oh NOW, NOW, OR NEVER!—God give them resolution!—Still they approach!" Such exclamations burst from the parching lips that had so recently moved in united prayer; while a party of the townsmen mounted the cathedral, firing as a knell their minute guns of distress, and combining the efforts of their trembling arms to wave the crimson flag, in mute, yet touching appeal to the hearts of their compassionate deliverers.

The Mountjoy had taken the lead: her captain was a native of Derry, and within its walls were his wife, his children, and his friends. The boom was right before her, and she swerved not; but rising upon the flowing tide, impelled by a lively breeze, she bore with all her force upon the sturdy barrier. It broke:——alas! the shock was too severe for the vessel; she recoiled, rolled deeply in the waters, and, striking into the shallow stream, was instantly aground.

A shout, or rather a yell of rapturous exultation, resounded from the hostile banks; and boats were rapidly pushed off for the purpose of boarding the Mountjoy; while a groan, a deep, low, scarcely uttered groan, seemed to issue from the walls of Derry,

with now and then a shriek of female agony, re-echoed by terrified children. There was a horror on the minds of those devoted beings, compared with which, all their preceding sufferings seemed light and trifling: but there was also many a prayerful spirit wrought into that intenseness of supplication, which cannot fail of entering into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth.

The Mountjoy lay upon her side, seemingly a helpless victim, within the reach of the foe: but the stake for which her captain fought was too precious to be trifled with. He fixed an earnest gaze upon the crowded walls of Derry, then raised his eyes to heaven as in passionate appeal; and drawing his sword, sprang forward to the most commanding station upon deck, cheering his men to a determined resistance. His shout was answered by a general huzza from the crew, each gunner applying his ignited match, and a tremendous broadside instantly enveloped the combatants in a cloud of smoke.

This was indeed the climax of agonized expectation to the gasping spectators, who clung to their rampart walls for that support which their own trembling knees refused to yield. Mothers strained their infants as in the very grasp of death, and joined their little hands together, lifting them between their own in mute supplication. Some were actually fainting under the conflict of hope and terror; not a few of whom had mounted the walls by

that strength alone which desperation gives, to sink exhausted into the arms of bystanders somewhat less enfeebled. And the voice of trembling affection was heard in anxious whispers, imploring some loved one to revive, and hope, and pray for the issue of that fearful hour. It was a scene to mock description; a reality before which all the powers of imagination fade into contemptible nothingness.

The few seconds that elapsed before that cloud of smoke rolled away, leaving the Mountjoy once more fully visible — these few seconds seemed long indeed to the breathless gazers. They passed, and the gallant ship re-appeared, not lying in stranded helplessness upon the bank, but majestically floating in deep water, she ploughed the dancing tide right onwards towards the town.

"That broadside saved her!" shouted Walker. "She has bounded from the shore—she has passed the boom! Derry and victory!"

Loud and long, varied and strange, were the sounds that pealed from those invincible walls. The thundering shout of triumph again and again burst forth, mingled with passionate cries of devout thanksgiving. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise!" was the language of many a lip: while streaming eyes, and outspread hands were raised towards the dwelling-place of HIM to whom out of the depths they had called, and from whom they had received so gracious a reply.

"Hush, baby, hush!" said the mother, while the laughter of joy mingled with her agitated sobs; "look yonder at the pretty ships: they come like birds—they come like angels to us. There is food for my baby—bread for my child—meat, meat for us all. Oh God of mercy, ever mindful of thy covenant, thou wilt open thy hand and fill us all with plenteousness!"

Leaping from the walls, the men of Derry now hastened to throw wide the ship-quay gate, and in the bustle of rapturous preparation, they made all ready for receiving their precious freight. The other ships had fought their passage past Culmore, and followed the Mountjoy, whose gallant captain had fallen in the moment of success. A musket ball had terminated his mortal career, the last effective shot discharged by the baffled foe.

Magrath hastened to his favourite post, the bedside of Colonel Murray, whom he found in joyous exultation, too great for language to express. A silent grasp of the hand bespoke their mutual congratulations, and then Magrath sat down, and burying his face in his palms, wept like a child.

"Many a stout heart has melted to-day, my lad, said the colonel, after a short pause, "and I should not envy the feelings of the man who could be ashamed to weep, when he looks upon our living spectres, and thinks upon our martyred dead."

"True for you, Colonel Murray: and the last soul that passed hasn't left its fellow among us."

"Do you mean the gallant Browning?"

"No, Sir; I mean the Lady O'Neill."

"The lady of M'Alister!" exclaimed Murray, almost starting from his pillow: and before Magrath could resume, Bryan entered, with Morrison and Ross.

The smile with which M'Alister greeted his friend met no response; Murray's brow was contracted, and he said in a tone almost resentful, "Surely, surely, she might have been spared to rejoice a while with us!"

"Aye, surely," said Morrison. "She is spared indeed; spared all farther conflict with a body of sin and death; spared to rejoice with us for ever."

"Don't teach me rebellion, dear colonel," said Bryan, smiling through his tears: "my own heart is ready enough to prompt that lesson. The liberated saint whom we would fain have kept, a longer tenant in this dreary dungeon, lingered till our deliverance was certain. At her own request, she was taken to the church battery, where we were stationed; and there, upon that hallowed roof, she poured forth the supplications of a soul that truly wrestled unto death, for us and for our cause."

"When the minute guns of distress were fired," observed Morrison, "she expressed her thankfulness, that even our engines of destruction had laid

aside their character, uttering only the voice of sorrowful entreaty."

"She called them a goodly passing knell," said Ross: "and seeing that I both understood and felt her meaning, she added, 'All, all is peace: full pardon, full salvation, joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

"But the flag," said Magrath.

"Aye," rejoined M'Alister, we waved our flag, the signal of distress, and reeled beneath its weight. She gazed upon its crimson folds, and, in a tone of holy triumph ejaculated, 'Jehovah-nissi! In thy name, O Lord, we first set our banners: for thy name's sake, put to thy hand, hear, behold, and save.' It was then that Browning's vessel ran aground, and every shout from the enemy, every cry from the walls, seemed to infuse new energy into her prayers. Life was ebbing fast away; I gave her my support, and strove to join her fervent supplications; for never did so fearful a darkness overspread my soul, as during that season of suspense."

"It was not yourself only, Mr. Bryan," said Magrath. "Every man's face was changed, and blackened as if by a spell. Such looks were never seen among living men, as we beheld this day."

"And did she rally again?" asked Murray, whose interest appeared intense.

"Yes: when the ship gave that successful broadside, she raised her head in earnest expectation; and then the shout, the clamorous joy, that told its result,

came pealing on our ears; our comrades on the battery exclaimed, 'she floats! she floats!' and I raised my dying charge, and bore her to the point from whence she might descry the stately vessels bearing down in unimpeded approach. She uttered a sound of joy, and spreading abroad her hands, exclaimed, 'Lord, I have lived to pray—I come to praise thee!" She sunk back, breathed the name of Jesus, and departed to abide with him for ever."

A Prayer for every Day, and all Day long.

KINDLY PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR FOR INSERTION IN THIS SELECTION.

In the morning hear my voice,
Let me in thy light rejoice;
God, my sun! my strength renew,
Send thy blessing down like dew.

Through the duties of the day,
Grant me grace to watch and pray,—
Live as always seeing Thee,
Knowing "*Thou, God, seest me.*"

When the evening sky displays,
Richer pomp than noon arrays,
Be the shades of death to me
Bright with immortality.

When the round of care is run,
And the stars succeed the sun,
Songs of praise with prayer unite,
Crown the day and hail the night.

Thus with Thee, my God, my friend,
Time begin, continue, end;
While its joys and sorrows pass,
Like the flowers of the grass.

MONTGOMERY.

The Blind Mother.

GENTLY, dear mother, here
The bridge is broken near thee, and below
The waters with a rapid current flow,—
Gently, and do not fear.
Lean on me, mother; plant thy staff before thee,
For she who loves thee most is watching o'er thee.

The green leaves, as we pass,
Lay their light finger on thee unaware,
And by thy side the hazels cluster fair,
And the low forest grass
Grows green and lovely where the woodpaths wind,
Alas, for thee, dear mother, thou art blind !

And nature is all bright ;
And the faint grey and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn ;
And evening's dewy light
Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky,—
Alas, dear mother, for thy clouded eye !

The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up
In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
Is pencill'd passing well.
And the swift birds on brilliant pinions flee,—
Alas, dear mother, that thou canst not see !

And the kind looks of friends
Peruse the sad expressions in thy face,
And the child stops amid his bounding race,
And the tall stripling bends
Low to thine ear, with duty unforgot,—
Alas, dear mother, that thou seest them not !

But thou canst hear!—and love
May richly in a human tone be pour'd,
And the slight cadence of a whisper'd word
A daughter's love may prove;
And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
Albeit thou dost not see my face the while.

Yes thou canst hear! and He
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung
Heaven, and earth, and sea!
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know,
With but one sense the soul may overflow!

How Pleasant is the opening Year!

How pleasant is the opening year!
The clouds of winter melt away;
The flowers in beauty re-appear;
The songster carols from the spray;
Lengthens the more refulgent day;
And bluer grows the arched sky;
All things around us seem to say,
"Christian! direct thy thoughts on high."

In darkness, through the dreary length
Of winter, slept both bud and bloom;
But Nature now puts forth her strength,
And starts, renew'd, as from the tomb;
Behold an emblem of thy doom,
O man! a star hath shone to save,—
And morning yet shall re-illume
The midnight darkness of the grave!

Yet ponder well, how then shall break
The dawn of second life on thee,—
Shalt thou to hope, to bliss awake?
Or vainly strive God's wrath to flee?
Then shall pass forth the dread decree,
That makes or weal or woe thine own;
Up and to work! Eternity
Must reap the harvest Time has sown!

Treasures of the Deep.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main!
Pale glist'ning pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of and in vain,

Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more!—What wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main!
Earth claims not thee again!

Yet more, the Depths have more!—Thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the Billows and the Depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,—
The battle-thunders will not break their rest,
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!—
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—Those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long

The prayer went up through midnight's breathless
gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
—But all is not thine own!

MRS. HEMANS.

The Savoyard's Return.

Oh! yonder is the well-known spot,
My dear, my long-lost native home!
Oh! welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest no more to roam!
Oh! I have travel'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband.
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes the false report
Allured me from my native land;
It bade me rove—my sole support
My cymbals and my saraband.

The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights ;
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And, oh ! a thousand more delights,
That grace yon dear beloved retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,
No more my little home I'll leave ;
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall while away the winter's eve.
Oh ! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land ;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband ;
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

WHITE.

Lochiel's Warning.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

Wiz. LOCHIEL ! Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowland's shall meet thee in battle array !
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight :

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Loch. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantom of fright.

Wiz. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast,
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Loch. False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan:
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clamanald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

Wiz.——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring

With the bloodhounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His deathbell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—
Loch.——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kingdom of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

CAMPBELL.

Journey to the Gold Mines & Lavaderos of La Carolina.

STARTED at day-break from San Luis, to go to the Gold Mines and Lavaderos* of La Carolina, which are in the mountains on the north of the town.

Drove a set of loose horses before us, and, about twelve o'clock, stopped to change.

The horses were driven to the edge of a precipice which was quite perpendicular, and which overhung a torrent, and we formed a semicircle about them while the peons began to catch them with the lasso, which they were much afraid of. The horses were so crowded and scared, that I expected they would all have been over the precipice:

* Alluvial soil, which is washed for gold.

at last the hind-legs of one horse went down the cliff, and he hung in a most extraordinary manner by the fore-legs, with his nose resting on the ground, as far from him as possible, to preserve his balance. As soon as we saw him in this situation, we allowed the other horses to escape, and in a moment the peon threw his lasso with the most surprising precision, and it went below the animal's tail like the breeching of harness. We then all hauled upon it, and at last lifted the horse, and succeeded in dragging him up: during the whole time he remained quiet, and to all appearance perfectly conscious that the slightest struggle would have been fatal to him. We then mounted our fresh horses, and although the path over the mountains was so steep and rugged, that we were occasionally obliged to jump a foot or two from one level to another, we scrambled along with the loose horses before us, at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour.

In the evening, we came to a small stream of water, which led us to the wretched hamlet of La Carolina, which is close to the mine.

A man offered us a shed to sleep in, which we accepted, and we then went into several of the huts, and conversed with the poor people, who had heard of rich English associations, and who thought we were come to give them every thing they could desire.

In the evening we got some supper, and slept on

the ground in an out-house. We had observed, tied up in the yard, a large savage dog, which was constantly trying to get at us. In the middle of the night, while the moon was shining upon us through some holes in the roof, this dog walked in, and after smelling us all, he went to sleep among us.

The whole of the next day we spent in the mines and the lavederos, and in the evening I walked alone into a little garden, and looked among the soil for gold. I really was able to find a very few particles, and it was singular to collect such a commodity in the gardens of such very poor people.

On my return I called at several of the huts, to receive some gold-dust which I had promised to purchase. It happened that I had nothing but a quantity of four-dollar gold-pieces; and although they were current all over South America, I found, to my very great astonishment, that no one here would take them. In vain I assured them of their value; but these poor people (accustomed to change gold for silver) all shook their fore-fingers in my face, and in different voices exclaimed, "No vale nada," (Gold is worth nothing), and among such wild, desert mountains, the great moral truth of their assertion rushed very forcibly into my mind.

I offered them the piece of four dollars for what they only asked two and three dollars, but they would not take it; and we had scarcely silver

enough among us to remunerate our landlord for the board and lodging which he had afforded us.

Our horses, which we had brought from San Luis, were caught, and put into the corral the evening before we left the town, and they had consequently nothing to eat all that night.

The following day, I have stated, we rode them sixty miles, and as it was then too late to turn them out, they were kept by the peon in the yard all that night.

The third day, while we were inspecting the mines, they were turned out for four or five hours to graze among stones and rocks, where there was apparently nothing for them to eat, and they were then brought into the yard, where they remained fasting all night. The next morning, before day-break, we mounted them, and rode sixty miles back to San Luis ; and as some of the party came in very late, I rather believe the postmaster kept them starving in his corral all night, and that the following morning they were driven to the plain.

The poor creatures must of course have suffered very much, but I did not know that at Carolina there would have been nothing for them to eat ; and when we were there, I believe it was merciful to them not to stay ; however, the truth is, that the business I was on was of such importance, that I really had not time to think about them.

Mendoza.

The town of Mendoza is situated at the foot of the Andes, and the country around it is irrigated by cuts from the Rio de Mendoza. This river bounds the west side of the town, and from it, on the east side, there is a cut or canal about six feet wide, containing as much water as would turn a large mill. This stream supplies the town with water, and at the same time adorns and refreshes the Alameda or public walk. It waters the streets which descend with it to the river, and it can also be conducted into those which are at right angles.

Mendoza is a neat small town, built upon the usual South American plan. The streets are all at right angles: there is a plaza or square, on one side of which there is a church, and several other churches and convents are scattered over the town. The houses are only one story high, and all the principal ones have a porte-cochere, which enters a small court, round the four sides of which the building extends.

The houses are built of mud, and are roofed with the same. The walls are white-washed, which gives them a neat appearance, but the insides of the houses, until they are white-washed, look like an

English barn. The walls are of course very soft; occasionally a large piece of them comes off, and they are of that consistency, that, in a very few moments, a person, either with a spade or a pick-axe, could cut his way through any wall in the town. Some of the principal houses have glass in the window-sashes, but the greatest number have not. The houses are almost all little shops, and the goods displayed are principally English cottons.

The inhabitants are apparently a very quiet, respectable set of people. The governor, who is an old man, has the appearance and manners of a gentleman; he has a large family of daughters, who are very pleasing-looking girls. The men are dressed in blue or white jackets, without skirts. The women in the day are only seen sitting at their windows, in complete dishabille, but in the evening they come upon the Alameda, dressed with much taste, in evening dresses and low gowns, and completely in the costume of London or Paris. The manner in which all the people seem to associate together, shows a great deal of good feeling and fellowship, and I certainly never saw less apparent jealousy in any place.

The people, however, are sadly indolent. A little after eleven o'clock in the morning, the shop-keepers make preparations for the siesta; they begin to yawn a little, and slowly to put back the articles which they have, during the morning, displayed on

their tables. About a quarter before twelve they shut up the shops, the window-shutters throughout the town are closed, or nearly so, and no individual is to be seen until five, and sometimes until six o'clock, in the evening.

During this time I used generally to walk about the town to make a few observations. It was really singular to stand at the corner of the right-angle streets, and in every direction to find such perfect solitude in the middle of the capital of a province. The noise occasioned by walking, was like the echo which is heard in pacing by oneself up the long aisle of a church or cathedral, and the scene reminded me of the deserted streets of Pompeii.

In passing some of the houses I often heard people snoring, and when the siesta was over, I was often much amused at seeing the people awaken; for there is infinitely more truth and pleasure in thus looking behind the scenes of private life, than in making formal observations on man when dressed and disguised for his public performance. The people generally lie on the ground or floor of the room, and the group is often amusing.

I saw, one day, an old man (one of the principal people in the town) fast asleep and happy. The old woman, his wife, was awake, and sitting up in easy dishabille, scratching herself, while her daughter, a very pretty-looking girl of about seventeen, was also awake, but lying on her side kissing a cat.

In the evening the scene begins to revive. The shops are opened; a number of loads of grass are seen walking about the streets, for the horse that is carrying them is completely hid. Behind the load a boy stands on the extremity of the back; and to mount and dismount he climbs up by the animal's tail. A few Gauchos are riding about selling fruit; and a beggar on horseback is occasionally seen, with his hat in his hand, singing a psalm in a melancholy tone.

As soon as the sun has set, the Alameda is crowded with people, and the scene is very singular and interesting. The men are sitting at tables, either smoking segars or eating ices, and the ladies are on the mud benches, which are on both sides of the Alameda. This Alameda is a walk nearly a mile long, between two rows of tall poplars: on one side of it are the garden-walls of the town, concealed by roses and shrubs, and on the other the stream of water, which supplies the town.

The walk is often illuminated in a very simple manner by paper lamps, which are cut into the shapes of stars, and are lighted by a single candle. There is generally a band of music playing, and at the end of the walk is a temple built of mud, which is very elegant in its form, and of which it may truly be said, "meteriem superabat opus."

The few evenings I was at Mendoza, I always went as a complete stranger to this Alameda to eat

ices, which, after the heat of the day, were exceedingly delightful and refreshing; and as I put spoonful after spoonful into my mouth, looking above me at the dark outline of the Cordillera, and listening to the thunder which I could sometimes hear rumbling along the bottoms of the ravines, and sometimes resounding from the tops of the mountains, I used always to acknowledge, that if a man could but bear an indolent life, there can be no spot on earth where he might be more indolent and more independent than at Mendoza; for he might sleep all day, and eat ices in the evening, until his hour-glass was out. Provisions are cheap, and the people who bring them, quiet and civil: the climate is exhausting, and the whole population indolent—"Mais que voulez-vous?" how can the people of Mendoza be otherwise? Their situation dooms them to inactivity;—they are bounded by the Andes and by the Pampas, and, with such formidable and relentless barriers around them, what have they to do with the history, or the improvements, or the notions of the rest of the world? Their wants are few, and nature readily supplies them;—the day is long, and therefore, as soon as they have had their breakfasts, and have made a few arrangements for their supper, it is so very hot that they go to sleep, and what else could they do better?

The Pampas—Province of Santa Fe.

Travelling from Buenos Aires to Mendoza by myself, with a *virloche*, or two-wheeled carriage—entrance behind—two side seats—had two peons—Pizarro, who had already ridden with me twelve hundred miles, and Cruz, a friend of Pizarro. We had travelled for three days a hundred and twenty miles a day—Pizarro's fidelity and attention—at night when he got in, his dark black face tired, and covered with dust and perspiration—his tongue looked dry, and his whole countenance jaded—yet his frame was as hard as iron. His first object at night to get me something to eat—to send out for a live sheep—He made a fire and cooked my supper—as soon as I had supped he brought me a candle at the carriage door, and watched me while I undressed to sleep there—then wished me good night, got his own supper, and slept on his saddle at the wheel of the carriage. As soon as I awoke and, before daylight, anxious to get on, I used to call out "Pizarro!" "Aqui sta la agua Senor," said he, in a patient low tone of voice—he knew I liked to have water to wash in the morning, and he used to get it for me, sometimes in a saucer, and sometimes literally

in a little mate cup, which did not hold more than an egg shell; and in spite of his fatigue he was always up before I awoke, and waiting at the door of the carriage till I should call for him.

Province of Santa Fe to be described—its wild, desolate appearance—has been so constantly ravaged by the Pampas Indians, that there are now no cattle in the whole province, and people are afraid to live there. On the right and left of the road, and distant thirty and forty miles, one occasionally sees the remains of a little hut which has been burnt by the Indians; and as one gallops along, the Gaucho relates how many people were murdered in each—how many infants slaughtered—and whether the women were killed or carried away. The old post-huts are also burnt—new ones have been built by the side of the ruins, but the rough plan of their construction shews the insecurity of their tenure. These huts are occupied only by men who are themselves, generally, robbers, but in a few instances their families are living with them. When one thinks of the dreadful fate which has befallen so many poor families in this province, and that any moment may bring the Indians again among them, it is really shocking to see women living in such a dreadful situation—to fancy that they should be so blind, and so heedless of experience—and it is distressing to see a number of innocent little children playing about the door of a hut, in which they may be all massacred, un-

conscious of the fate that may await them, or of the blood-thirsty, vindictive passions of man.

We were in the centre of this dreary country—I always rode a few stages in the morning, and I was with a young Gaucho of about fifteen years of age, who had been born in the province—his father and mother had been murdered by the Indians—he had been saved by a man who had galloped away with him, but he was then an infant, and remembered nothing of it. We passed the ruins of a hut, which he said had belonged to his aunt—he said that about two years ago, he was at that hut with his aunt and three of his cousins, who were young men—that while they were conversing together, a boy galloped by from the other post, and in passing the door, screamed out, "Los Indios! los Indios!"—that he ran to the door, and saw them galloping towards the hut without hats, all naked, armed with long lances, striking their mouths with their bridle hands, and uttering a shriek, which he described as making the earth tremble—he said that there were two horses outside the hut, bridled but not saddled—that he leapt upon the back of one and galloped away—that one of the young men jumped on the other, and followed him about twenty yards, but that then he said something about his mother, and rode back to the hut—that just as he got there the Indians surrounded it, and that the last time he saw his cousins they were standing at the door with their knives in their

hands—that several of the Indians galloped after him, and followed him more than a mile, but that he was upon a horse which was "muy ligero (very swift), muy ligero," repeated the boy; and as we galloped along he loosened his rein, and darting on before me, looked back, and smiled at showing me the manner in which he escaped, and then curbing his to a hand-gallop, continued his history.

He said that when the Indians found he was getting away from them, they turned back—that he escaped, and that when the Indians had left the province, which was two days after, he returned to the hut. He found it burnt, and saw his aunt's tongue sticking on one of the stakes of the corral; her body was in the hut; one of her feet was cut off at the ancle, and she had apparently bled to death. The three sons were outside the door naked; their bodies were covered with wounds, and their arms were gashed to the bone, by a series of cuts about an inch from one another, from the shoulder to the wrist.

The boy then left me at the next post, and I got into the carriage—the day growing hot, and the stage twenty-four miles. After galloping about an hour, I saw a large cloud of smoke on the horizon before me; and as the Indians often burn the grass when they enter the country, I asked Pizarro what it was? He replied, "Quien sabe,—Senor, what it may be;" however, on we galloped.

I took little notice of it, and began to think of the dreadful story the boy had told me, and of many similar ones which I had heard; for I had always endeavoured to get at the history of the huts which were burnt, although I generally found that the Gauchos thought very little about it; and that the story was sometimes altogether in oblivion, before time had crumbled into dust the tottering mud walls which were the monuments of such dreadful cruelties.

It appears the Pampas Indians, who, in spite of their ferocity, are a very brave and handsome race of men, occasionally invade "los Cristianos," as the Gauchos always terms themselves, for two objects—to steal cattle, and for the pleasure of murdering the people; and that they will even leave the cattle to massacre their enemies.

In invading the country, they generally ride all night, and hide themselves on the ground during the day; or, if they do travel, crouch almost under the bellies of their horses, who by this means appear to be dismounted and at liberty. They usually approach the huts at night and at a full gallop, with their usual shriek, striking their mouths with their hands—and this war-whoop, which is to intimidate their enemies, is continued through the whole of the dreadful operation.

Their first act is to set fire to the roof of the hut, and it is almost too dreadful to fancy what the feelings of a family must be, when, after having been

alarmed by the barking of the dogs, which the Gauchos always keep in great numbers, they first hear the wild cry which announces their doom, and in an instant afterwards find that the roof is burning over their heads.

While I was sitting upon the side seat of the carriage, reflecting on the cruelties which had been exercised in a country which, in spite of its history, was really wild and beautiful, and which possessed an air of unrestrained freedom which is always exhilarating, I remarked that the carriage was only at a walk, an occurrence which in South America had never before happened to me, and in an instant it stopped. "Vea Senor," said Pizarro, with a firm countenance, as he turned back to speak to me, "que tanta gente!" He pointed with his right hand before him, and I saw that the smoke which I had before observed, was dust, and in it I indistinctly saw a crowd of men on horseback in a sort of wild military array; and on both flanks, at a great distance off, individual horsemen, who were evidently on the look out to prevent a surprise. Our horses were completely tired; the whole body were coming rapidly towards us, and to mend the matter, Pizarro told me that he was afraid they were los Indios. "Senor," said he, with great coolness, and yet with a look of despair, "Tienne armas a fuego?" I told him I had none to spare, for I had only a short double-barrelled gun and two brace of pistols. "Aqui un sable, Pizarro!" said I,

pushing the handle of a sabre towards him from the window of the carriage. "Que sable!" said he, almost angrily; and raising his right arm perpendicularly over his head, in a sort of despair, he added, "contra tanta gente!" but while his arm was in the position described, "Vamos!" said he, in a tone of determined courage, and giving his hand half a turn, he spurred his jaded horse, and advanced instantly at a walk. Poor Cruz, the other peon, seemed to view the subject altogether in a different light; he said not a word, but as I cast a glance at him, I perceived that his horse, far from pulling the carriage, was now and then hanging back a little—a just picture of his rider's feelings. I could not help for a moment admiring Pizarro's figure, as I saw him occasionally digging his spurs into the side of his horse, which had not only to draw the carriage and me, but Cruz and his horse also; however, I now began to think of my own situation.

I earnestly wished that I had never come into the country, and thought how unsatisfactory it was to be tortured and killed by mistake in other people's quarrels—however, this would not do. I looked towards the cloud of dust, and it was evidently much nearer. In despair, I got my gun and pistols, which were all loaded, and when I had disposed of them, I opened a small canvas bag which contained my ammunition gimcracks, for my gun and pistols had all fulminating locks. I ranged them on the seat before

me—the small powder-flask, the buck-shot, the bullets, the copper caps, and the punched cards; but the motion of the carriage danced them all together, and once or twice I felt inclined, in despair, to knock them all off the seat, for against so many people resistance was vain: however, on the other hand, mercy was hopeless, so I, at last, was driven to make the best of a very bad bargain.

The carriage, which had a window at each of the four sides, had wooden blinds, which moved horizontally. I therefore shut them all, leaving an embrasure of about two inches, and then for some seconds I sat looking at the crowd which was coming towards us.

As they came close to us, for until then I could scarcely see them for dust, I perceived that they had no spears, and next that they wore clothes; but as they had no uniforms, I conceived that they were a crowd of Montoneros, who are quite as cruel as the Indians; however, as soon as they came to us, and when some of them had passed us, Pizarro pulled up and talked to them. They were a body of seven hundred wild Gauchos, collected and sent by the governors of Cordova and some other provinces, to proceed to Buenos Aires to join the army against the Brazilians; and on their flank they had scouts, to prevent a surprise by the Indians, who had invaded the country only a few weeks before.

It was really a reprieve; every thing I saw for

the rest of the day pleased me—and for many days afterwards, I felt that I was enjoying a new lease of my life.

Passage across the Great Cordillera.

On the opposite side of the water, was one of the most singular geological formations which we had witnessed. At the head of a ravine was an enormous perpendicular mountain of porphyry, broken into battlements and turrets, which gave it exactly the appearance of an old castle, on a scale, however, altogether the subject of a romance. The broken front represented, in a most curious manner, old-fashioned windows and gates, and one of the Cornish miners declared "he could see an old woman coming across a draw-bridge."

As I was looking up at the region of snow, and as my mule was scrambling along the steep side of the rock, the capataz overtook me, and asked me if I chose to come on, as he was going to look at the "Ladera de las Vacas," to see if it was passable, before the mules came to it.* He accordingly trot-

* When first, from the melting of the snow, the Cordillera is "open," this Ladera is always impassable; but it becomes broader towards the end of summer,

ted on, and in half an hour arrived at the spot. It is the worst pass in the Cordillera. The mountain above appears almost perpendicular, and in one continued slope down to the rapid torrent which is raging underneath. The surface is covered with loose earth and stones, which have been brought down by the water. The path goes across this slope, and it is very bad for about seventy yards, being only a few inches broad; but the point of danger is a spot where the water which comes down from the top of the mountain, either washes the path away or covers it with loose stones. We rode over it, and it certainly was very narrow and bad. In some places the rock almost touches one's shoulder, while the precipice is immediately under the opposite foot, and high above the head are a number of large loose stones, which appear as if the slightest touch would send them rolling into the torrent beneath, which is foaming and rushing with great violence. However, the danger to the rider is only imaginary, for the mules are so careful, and seem so well aware of their situation, that there is no chance of their making a false step. As soon as we had crossed the pass, which is only seventy yards long, the capataz told me that it was a very bad place for baggage mules; that four hundred had been lost there, and that we should also very probably lose one; he said, that he would get down to the water at a place about a hundred yards off, and wait there with his lasso to

catch any mule that might fall into the torrent, and he requested me to lead on his mule. However, I was resolved to see the tumble, if there was to be one, so the capataz took away my mule and his own, and then scrambled down on foot, till he at last got to the level of the water, while I stood on a projecting rock, with the two English captains of the mines, the three Cornish miners, the assayer and the surveyor, who were all anxious to witness the passage of the baggage.

The drove of mules now came in sight, one following another; a few were carrying no burdens, but the rest were either mounted or heavily laden; and as they wound along the crooked path, the difference of colour in the animals, the different colour and shapes of the baggage they were carrying, with the picturesque dress of the peons, who were vociferating the wild song by which they drive on the mules, and the sight of the dangerous path they had to cross,—formed altogether a very interesting scene.

As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the pass, he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed, and of course all the rest stopped also.

He was the finest mule we had, and on that account had twice as much to carry as any of the others; his load had never been relieved, and it consisted of four portmanteaus, two of which belonged to me, and which contained not only a very heavy

bag of dollars, but also papers which were of such consequence that I could hardly have continued my journey without them. The peons now redoubled their cries, and leaning over the sides of their mules, and picking up stones, they threw them at the leading mule, who now commenced his journey over the path. With his nose to the ground, literally smelling his way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the pass, where he again stopped, and I then certainly began to look with great anxiety at my portmanteaus: but the peons again threw stones at him, and he continued his path, and reached me in safety; several others followed. At last a young mule carrying a portmanteau, with two large sacks of provisions and many other things, in passing the bad point, struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind-legs over the precipice, and the loose stones immediately began to roll away from under them: however his forelegs were still upon the narrow path; he had no room to put his head there, but he placed his nose upon the path on his left, which gave him the appearance of holding on by his mouth: his perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule who came, and in walking along the Ladera, knocked his comrade's nose off the path, destroyed his balance, and, head over heels, the poor creature instantly commenced a fall which was really quite terrific.

With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope, until he came to the part which was perpendicular, and then he seemed to bound off, and turning round in the air, fell into the deep torrent on his back, and upon his baggage, and instantly disappeared. I thought, of course, that he was killed; but up he rose, looking wild and scared, and immediately endeavoured to stem the torrent which was foaming about him. It was a noble effort; and for a moment he seemed to succeed, but the eddy suddenly caught the great load which was upon his back, and turned him completely over; down went his head with all the baggage, and as he was carried down the stream, all I saw were his hind-quarters, and his long, thin, wet tail lashing the water. As suddenly, however, up his head came again; but he was now weak, and went down the stream, turning round and round by the eddy, until, passing the corner of the rock, I lost sight of him. I saw, however, the peons, with their lassos in their hands, run down the side of the torrent for some little distance; but they soon stopped, and after looking towards the poor mule for some seconds, their earnest attitude gradually relaxed, and when they walked towards me, I concluded that all was over. I walked up to the peons, and was just going to speak to them, when I saw at a distance a solitary mule walking towards us!

We instantly perceived that he was the Phæton

whose fall we had just witnessed, and in a few moments he came up to us to join his comrades. He was, of course, dripping wet; his eye looked dull, and his whole countenance was dejected: however, none of his bones were broken, he was very little cut, and the bulletin of his health was altogether incredible.

With that surprising anxiety which the mules all have to join the troop, or rather the leading madrina which carries the bell, he continued his course, and actually walked over the pass without compulsion, although certainly with great caution.

We then continued our course for two hours, until we came to the "Rio de las Vacas," which is the most dangerous torrent of any of those which are to be crossed. We got through it with safety, but it was very deep, and so excessively rapid, that large stones were rolled down it with the force of the water. The mules are accustomed to these torrents, but they are, notwithstanding, much frightened, and it is only long spurs that can force them into them.

While we were crossing, the peons stood down the stream, with their lassos hurling round their heads, in order to catch any person who might have been carried away; but as the boxes which I had seen washed from the mules were dashed to pieces before they had got twenty yards, the peon's lasso would have come a little too late; and besides this, as the mule is their own property, I used sometimes

to think that, in the hurry and indecision of the moment, they would probably catch him instead of the rider.

When a large party cross this river, and when it is deep, it is truly amusing, after one has got across, to observe the sudden change of countenance of one's friends as *they* ride through it; sometimes perched up on the top of a fragment of rock barely covered, expecting the next step to be their last; and sometimes scrambling out of a hole, with uplifted eyebrows, open mouth, and an earnest expression of uneasiness and apprehension—and these are really situations into which the traveller in the Andes is often thrown, though they disconcert the gravity and solemnity of his "Personal Narrative."

CAPTAIN HEAD.

Coelebs.

THE three days previous to my leaving London were passed with Sir John and Lady Belfield. Knowing I was on the wing for Hampshire, they promised to make their long intended visit to Stanley-Grove during my stay there.

On the first of these days, we were agreeably surprised at the appearance of Dr. Barlow, an old friend

of Sir John, and the excellent rector of Mr. Stanley's parish. Being obliged to come to town on urgent business for a couple of days, he was charged to assure me of the cordial welcome which awaited me at the Grove. I was glad to make this early acquaintance with this highly respectable divine. I made a thousand enquiries about his neighbours, and expressed my impatience to know more of a family, in whose characters I already felt a more than common interest.

"Sir," said he, "if you set me talking of Mr. Stanley, you must abide by the consequences of your indiscretion, and bear with the loquacity, of which that subject never fails to make me guilty. He is a greater blessing to me as a friend, and to my parish as an example and a benefactor, than I can describe." I assured him that he could not be too minute in speaking of a man, whom I had been early taught to admire, by that exact judge of merit, my late father.

"Mr. Stanley," said the worthy doctor, "is about six and forty, his admirable wife is about six or seven years younger. He passed the early part of his life in London, in the best society. His commerce with the world was, to a mind like his, all pure gain; for he brought away from it all the good it had to give, without exchanging for it one particle of his own integrity. He acquired the air, manners, and sentiments of a gentleman without any sacrifice of his sincerity. Indeed he may be said to have turned

his knowledge of the world to a religious account, for it has enabled him to recommend religion to those, who did not like it well enough, to forgive, for its sake, the least awkwardness of gesture, or inelegance of manner.

"When I became acquainted with the family," continued he, "I told Mrs. Stanley that I was afraid her husband hurt religion in one sense as much as he recommended it in another; for that some men who would forgive him his piety for the sake of his agreeableness, would be led to dislike religion more than ever in other men, in whom the jewel was not so well set. 'We should like your religious men well enough,' will they say, 'if they all resembled Stanley.' Whereas the truth is, they do not so much *like* Mr. Stanley's religion, as *bear* with it for the pleasure which his other qualities afford them. She assured me, that this was not altogether the case, for that his other qualities having pioneered his way, and hewed down the prejudices which the reputation of piety naturally raises, his endeavours to be useful to them were much facilitated, and he not only kept the ground he had gained, but was often able to turn this influence over his friends to a better account than they had intended. He converted their admiration of him into arms against their own errors.

"He possesses in perfection," continued Dr. Barlow, "that sure criterion of abilities, a great power over the minds of his acquaintance, and has in a

high degree that rare talent, the art of conciliation without the aid of flattery. I have seen more men brought over to his opinion by a management derived from his knowledge of mankind, and by a principle which forbad his ever using this knowledge but for good purposes, than I ever observed in any other instance; and this without the slightest deviation from his scrupulous probity.

"He is master of one great advantage in conversation, that of not only knowing *what* to say that may be useful, but exactly *when* to say it; in knowing when to press a point and when to forbear; in his sparing the self-love of a vain man, whom he wishes to reclaim, by contriving to make him feel himself wrong without making him appear ridiculous. The former he knows is easily pardoned, the latter never. He has studied the human heart long enough to know that to wound pride is not the way to cure, but to inflame it; and that exasperating self-conceit will never subdue it. He seldom, I believe, goes into company without an earnest desire to be useful to some one in it; but if circumstances are adverse; if the *mollia tempora fandi* does not present itself; he knows he should lose more than they would gain, by trying to make the occasion when he does not find it. And I have often heard him say, that when he cannot benefit others, or be benefited by them, he endeavours to benefit himself by the disappointment, which does his own mind as much good by humbling

him with the sense of his own uselessness, as the subject he wished to have introduced, might have done them.

" The death of his only son, about six years ago, who had just entered his eighth year, is the only interruption his family has had to a felicity so unbroken, that I told Mr. Stanley some such calamity was necessary to convince him that he was not to be put off with so poor a portion as this world has to give. I added, that I should have been tempted to doubt his being in the favour of God, if he had totally escaped chastisement. A circumstance which to many parents would have greatly aggravated the blow, rather lightened it to him. The boy, had he lived to be of age, was to have had a large independent fortune from a distant relation, which will now go to a remote branch, unless there should be another son. ' This wealth,' said he to me, ' might have proved the boy's snare, and this independence his destruction. He who does all things well has afflicted the parents, but he has saved the child.' The loss of an only son, however, sat heavy on his heart, but it was the means of enabling him to glorify God by his submission, I should rather say, by his acquiescence. Submission is only yielding to what we cannot help. Acquiescence is a more sublime kind of resignation. It is a conviction that the divine will is holy, just, and good. He once said to me, ' we were too fond of the mercy, but not sufficiently grateful for it. We

loved him so passionately, that we might have forgotten who bestowed him. To preserve us from this temptation, God in great mercy withdrew him. Let us turn our eyes from the one blessing we have lost, to the countless mercies which are continued to us, and especially to the hand which confers them ; to the hand which, if we continue to murmur, may strip us of our remaining blessings."

"I cannot," continued Dr. Barlow, "make a higher eulogium of Mrs. Stanley than to say, that she is every way worthy of the husband whose happiness she makes. They have a large family of lovely daughters of all ages. Lucilla, the eldest, is near nineteen ; you would think me too poetical were I to say she adorns every virtue with every grace ; and yet I should only speak the simple truth. Phœbe, who is just turned fifteen, has not less vivacity and sweetness than her sister, but, from her extreme naivete and warm-heartedness, she has somewhat less descretion ; and her father says, that her education has afforded him, not less pleasure, but more trouble, for the branches shot so fast as to call for more pruning."

Before I had time to thank the good doctor for his interesting little narrative, a loud rap announced company. It was Lady Bab Lawless. With her usual versatility she plunged at once into every subject with every body. She talked to Lady Belfield of the news and her nursery, of poetry with Sir

John, of politics with me, and religion with Dr. Barlow. She talked well upon most of these points, and not ill upon any of them. For she had the talent of embellishing subjects of which she knew but little, and a kind of conjectural sagacity and rash dexterity, which prevented her from appearing ignorant, even when she knew nothing. She thought that a full confidence in her own powers was the sure way to raise them in the estimation of others, and it generally succeeded.

Turning suddenly to Lady Belfield, she said, "Pray, my dear, look at my flowers." "They are beautiful roses, indeed," said Lady Belfield, "and as exquisitely exact as if they were artificial."— "Which in truth they are," replied Lady Bab. "Your mistake is a high compliment to them, but not higher than they deserve. Look especially at these roses in my cap. You positively shall go and get some at the same place." "Indeed," said Lady Belfield, "I am thinking of laying aside flowers, though my children are hardly old enough to take them." "What affectation!" replied Lady Bab, "why you are not above two or three and thirty; I am almost as old again, and yet I don't think of giving up flowers to my children, or my grandchildren, who will be soon wanting them. Indeed, I only now wear *white* roses." I discovered by this, that white roses made the same approximation to sobriety in dress, that three tables made to it in

cards. "Seriously though," continued Lady Bab, "you must and shall go and buy some of Fanny's flowers. I need only tell you, it will be the greatest charity you ever did, and then I know you wont rest till you have been. A beautiful girl maintains her dying mother by making and selling flowers. Here is her direction," throwing a card on the table. "Oh no, this is not it. I have forgot the name, but it is within two doors of your hair-dresser, in what d'ye call the lane, just out of Oxford-street. It is a poor miserable hole, but her roses are as bright as if they grew in the gardens of Armida." She now rung the bell violently, saying she had overstaid her time, though she had not been in the house ten minutes.

Next morning I attended Lady Belfield to the exhibition. In driving home through one of the narrow passages near Oxford-street, I observed that we were in the street where the poor flower maker lived. Lady Belford directed her footman to enquire for the house. We went into it, and in a small but clean room, up three pair of stairs, we found a very pretty and very genteel young girl at work on her gay manufacture. The young woman presented her elegant performances with an air of uncommon grace and modesty.

She was the more interesting, because the delicacy of her appearance seemed to proceed from ill health, and a tear stood in her eye while she exhibited

her works. "You do not seem well, my dear," said Lady Belfield, with a kindness which was natural to her. "I never care about my own health, madam," replied she, "but I fear my dear mother is dying." She stopped, and the tears which she had endeavoured to restrain, now flowed plentifully down her cheeks. "Where is your mother, child?" said Lady Belfield. "In the next room, madam." "Let us see her," said her Ladyship, "if it wont too much disturb her." So saying, she led the way, and I followed her.

We found the sick woman lying on a little poor, but clean bed, pale and emaciated, but she did not seem so near her end as Fanny's affection had made her apprehend. After some kind expressions of concern, Lady Belfield enquired into their circumstances, which she found were deplorable. "But for that dear girl, madam, I should have perished with want," said the good woman; "since our misfortunes I have had nothing to support me but what she earns by making these flowers. She has ruined her own health, by sitting up the greatest part of the night to procure me necessaries, while she herself lives on a crust."

I was so affected with this scene, that I drew Lady Belfield into the next room: "If we cannot preserve the mother, at least let us save the daughter from destruction," said I; "you may command my purse." "I was thinking of the same thing," she

replied. "Pray, my good girl, what sort of education have you had?" "O, madam," said she, "one much too high for my situation. But my parents, intending to qualify me for a governess, as the safest way of providing for me, have had me taught every thing necessary for that employment. I have had the best masters, and I hope I have not misemployed my time." "How comes it then," said I, "that you were not placed out in some family?" "What, sir! and leave my dear mother helpless and forlorn? I had rather live on my tea and dry bread, which indeed I have done for many months, and supply her little wants, than enjoy all the luxuries in the world at a distance from her."

"What were your misfortunes occasioned by?" said I, while Lady Belfield was talking with the mother. "One trouble followed another, sir," said she, "but what most completely ruined us, and sent my father to prison, and brought a paralytic stroke on my mother, was his being arrested for a debt of seven hundred pounds. This sum, which he had promised to pay, was long due to him for laces, and to my mother for millinery and fancy dresses, from a lady who has not paid it to this moment, and my father is dead, and my mother dying! this sum would have saved them both!"

She was turning away to conceal the excess of her grief, when a venerable clergyman entered the room. It was the rector of the parish, who came

frequently to administer spiritual consolation to the poor woman. Lady Belfield knew him slightly, and highly respected his character. She took him aside, and questioned him as to the disposition and conduct of these people, especially the young woman. His testimony was highly satisfactory. The girl, he said, had not only had an excellent education, but her understanding and principles were equally good. He added, that he reckoned her beauty among her misfortunes. It made good people afraid to take her into the house, and exposed her to danger from those of the opposite description.

I put my purse into Lady Belfield's hands, declining to make any present myself, lest, after the remark he had just made, I should incur the suspicions of the worthy clergyman.

We promised to call again the next day, and took our leave, but not till we had possessed ourselves of as many flowers as she could spare. I begged that we might stop and send some medical assistance to the sick woman, for though it was evident that all relief was hopeless, yet it would be a comfort to the affectionate girl's heart to know that nothing was omitted which might restore her mother.

In the evening we talked over our little adventure with Sir John, who entered warmly into the distresses of Fanny, and was inclined to adopt our opinion, that if her character and attainments stood the test of a strict inquiry, she might hereafter probably be

transplanted into their family as governess. We were interrupted in the formation of this plan by a visit from Lady Melbury, the acknowledged queen of beauty and of ton. I had long been acquainted with her character, for her charms and her accomplishments were the theme of every man of fashion, and the envy of every modish woman.

She is one of those admired but pitiable characters, who, sent by Providence as an example to their sex, degrade themselves into a warning. Warm-hearted, feeling, liberal on the one hand; on the other vain, sentimental, romantic, extravagantly addicted to dissipation and expence, and with that union of contrarieties which distinguishes her, equally devoted to poetry and gaming, to liberality and injustice. She is too handsome to be envious, and too generous to have any relish for detraction, but she gives to excess into the opposite fault. As Lady Denham can detect blemishes in the most perfect, Lady Melbury finds perfections in the most depraved. From a judgment which cannot discriminate, a temper which will not censure, and a hunger for popularity, which can feed on the coarsest applause, she flatters egregiously and universally, on the principle of being paid back usuriously in the same coin. Prodigal of her beauty, she exists but on the homage paid to it from the drawing room of St. James's, to the mob at an election. Candour in her is as mischievous as calumny in others, for it buoys up characters which

ought to sink. Not content with being blind to the bad qualities of her favourites, she invents good ones for them, and you would suppose her corrupt "little senate" was a choir of seraphims.

A recent circumstance related by Sir John was quite characteristical. Her favourite maid was dangerously ill, and earnestly begged to see her lady, who always had loaded her with favours. To all company she talked of the virtues of the poor Toinette, for whom she not only expressed, but felt real compassion. Instead of one apothecary, who would have sufficed, two physicians were sent for; and she herself resolved to go up and visit her, as soon as she had finished setting to music an elegy on the death of her Java Sparrow. Just as she had completed it, she received a fresh entreaty to see her maid, and was actually got to the door in order to go up stairs, when the milliner came in with such a distracting variety of beautiful new things, that there was no possibility of letting them go till she had tried every thing on, one after the other. This took up no little time. To determine which she should keep and which return, where all was so attractive, took up still more. After numberless vicissitudes and fluctuations of racking thought, it was at length decided she should take the whole. The milliner withdrew; the lady went up—Toinette had just expired.

I found her manners no less fascinating than her person. With all her modish graces, there was a

tincture of romance, and an appearance of softness and sensibility which gave her the variety of two characters. She was the enchanting woman of fashion, and the elegiac muse.

Lady Belfield had taken care to cover her work table with Fanny's flowers, with a view to attract any chance visitor. Lady Melbury admired them excessively. "You must do more than admire them," said Lady Belfield, "you must buy and recommend." She then told her the affecting scene we had witnessed, and described the amiable girl who supported the dying mother by making these flowers. "It is quite enchanting," continued she, resolving to attack Lady Melbury in her own sentimental way, "to see this sweet girl twisting rosebuds, and forming hyacinths into bouquets." "Dear, how charming!" exclaimed Lady Melbury, "it is really quite touching. I will make a subscription for her, and write at the head of the list a melting description of her case. She shall bring me all her flowers, and as many more as she can make. But no, we will make a party, and go and see her. You shall carry me. How interesting to see a beautiful creature making roses and hyacinths! her delicate hands and fair complexion must be amazingly set off by the contrast of the bright flowers. If it were a coarse looking girl spinning hemp, to be sure one should pity her, but it would not be half so moving. It will be delightful. I will call on you to-morrow,

exactly at two, and carry you all. Perhaps," whispered she to Lady Belfield, "I may work up the circumstances into a sonnet. Do think of a striking title for it. On second thoughts, the sonnet shall be sent about with the subscription, and I'll get a pretty vignette to suit it."

"That fine creature," said Sir John, in an accent of compassion, as she went out, "was made for nobler purposes. How grievously does she fall short of the high expectations her early youth had raised! Oh! what a sad return does she make to Providence for his rich and varied bounties! Vain of her beauty, lavish of her money, careless of her reputation; associating with the worst company, yet formed for the best; living on the adulation of parasites, whose understanding she despises! I grieve to compare what she is with what she might have been, had she married a man of spirit, who would prudently have guided and tenderly have restrained her. He has ruined her and himself by his indifference and easiness of temper. Satisfied with knowing how much she is admired and he envied, he never thought of reproving or restricting her. He is proud of her, but has no particular delight in her company, and trusting to her honour, lets her follow her own devices, while he follows his. She is a striking instance of the eccentricity of that bounty which springs from mere sympathy and feeling. Her charity requires stage effect; objects that have novelty, and circum-

stances which, as Mr. Bayes says, "elevate and surprise." She lost, when an infant, her mother, a woman of sense and piety; who, had she lived, would have formed the ductile mind of the daughter, turned her various talents into other channels, and raised her character to the elevation it was meant to reach."

"How melancholy a consideration is it," said I, "that so superior a woman should live so much below her high destination! She is doubtless utterly destitute of any thought of religion."

"You are much mistaken," replied Sir John, "I will not indeed venture to pronounce that she entertains much *thought* about it; but she by no means denies its truth, nor neglects occasionally to exhibit its outward and visible signs. She has not yet completely forgotten

All that the nurse and all the priest have taught.

I do not think that, like Lady Denham, she considers it as a commutation, but she preserves in it as a habit. A religious exercise, however, never interferes with a worldly one. They are taken up in succession, but with this distinction, the worldly business is to be done, the religious one is not altogether to be left undone. She has a moral chemistry which excels in the amalgamation of contradictory ingredients. On a Sunday at Melbury castle, if by any strange acci-

dent she and her lord happen to be there together, she first reads him a sermon, and plays at cribbage with him the rest of the evening. In town one Sunday, when she had a cold, she wrote a tract on the sacrament, for her maids, and then sat up all night at deep play. She declared that if she had been successful she would have given her winnings to charity; but as she lost some hundreds, she said, she could now with a safe conscience borrow that sum from her charity purse, which she had hoped to add to it, to pay her debt of honour."

Next day, within two hours of her appointed time, she came, and was complimented by Sir John on her punctuality. "Indeed," said she, "I *am* rather late, but I met with such a fascinating German novel, that it positively chained me to my bed till past three. I assure you, I never lose time by not rising. In the course of a few winters I have exhausted half Hookham's catalogue, before some of my acquaintance are awake, or I myself out of bed."

We soon stopped at the humble door of which we were in search. Sir John conducted Lady Melbury up the little winding stairs. I assisted Lady Belfield. We reached the room, where Fanny was just finishing a beautiful bunch of Jonquils. "How picturesque," whispered Lady Melbury to me!—"Do lend me your pencil; I must take a sketch of that sweet girl with the jonquils in her hand.—My dear creature," continued she, "you must not only let me

have these, but you must make me twelve dozen more flowers as fast as possible, and be sure let me have a great many sprigs of jessamine and myrtle." Then snatching up a wreath of various coloured geraniums, "I must try this on my head by the glass." So saying, she ran into an adjoining room, the door of which was open; Lady Belfield having before stolen into it to speak to the poor invalid.

As soon as Lady Melbury got into the room, she uttered a loud shriek. Sir John and I ran in, and were shocked to find her near fainting. "Oh, Belfield," said she, "this is a trick, and a most cruel one! Why did you not tell me where you were bringing me? Why did you not tell me the people's name?"—"I have never heard it myself," said Sir John, "on my honour I do not understand you."—"You know as much of the woman as I know," said Lady Belfield. "Alas, much more," cried she, as fast as her tears would give her leave to speak. She retired to the window for air, wringing her hands, and called for a glass of water to keep her from fainting. I turned to the sick woman for an explanation; I saw her countenance much changed.

"This sir," said she, "is the lady, whose debt of seven hundred pounds ruined me, and was the death of my husband." I was thunderstruck, but went to assist Lady Melbury, who implored Sir John to go home with her instantly, saying, her coach should come back for us. "But, dear Lady Belfield, do

lend me twenty guineas, I have not a shilling about me."—"Then, my dear Lady Melbury," said Lady Belfield, "how *could* you order twelve dozen expensive flowers?"—"Oh," said she, "I did not mean to have paid for them till next year."—"And how," replied Lady Belfield, "could the debt which was not to have been paid for a twelvemonth have relieved the pressing wants of a creature, who must pay ready money for her materials? However, as you are so distressed, we will contrive to do without your money."—"I would pawn my diamond necklace directly," returned she, but speaking lower, "to own the truth, it is already in the jeweller's hands, and I wear a paste necklace of the same form."

Sir John knowing I had been at my banker's that morning, gave me such a significant look as restrained my hand, which was already on my pocket-book. In great seeming anguish, she gave Sir John her hand, who conducted her to her coach. As he was leading her down stairs, she solemnly declared she would never again run in debt, never order more things than she wanted, and above all, would never play while she lived. She was miserable, because she durst not ask Lord Melbury to pay this woman, he having already given her money three times for the purpose, which she had lost at Faro. Then retracting, she protested, if ever she *did* touch a card again, it should be for the sole purpose of getting something to discharge this debt. Sir John earnestly conjured

her not to lay "that flattering unction to her soul," but to convert the present vexation into an occasion of felicity, by making it the memorable and happy æra of abandoning a practice, which injured her fortune, her fame, her principles, and her peace. "Poor thing," said Sir John, when he repeated this to us,

> Ease will recant
> Vows made in pain, as violent as void.

"In an interval of weeping, she told me," added he, "that she was to be at the opera to-night. To the opera Faro will succeed, and to-morrow probably the diamond ear-rings will go to Grey's in pursuit of the necklace."

Lady Belfield enquired of Fanny how it happened that Lady Melbury, who talked with her, without surprise or emotion, discovered so much of both at the bare sight of her mother. The girl explained this by saying, that she had never been in the way while they lived in Bond-street when her ladyship used to come, having been always employed in an upper room, or attending her masters.

Before we parted, effectual measures were taken for the comfortable subsistence of the sick mother, and for alleviating the sorrows, and lightening the labours of the daughter, and next morning I set out on my journey to Stanley Grove, Sir John and Lady Belfield promising to follow me in a few weeks.

HANNAH MORE.

Processions in China.

The processions in China most worthy of remark are either designed for religious, hymeneal, or funeral occasions. Were it not for a few characteristic objects in one part of the train, it would be impossible for a stranger to determine whether it was designed to honour the gods, to feast the living, or to gratify the dead. The appearance of the attendants, the style of the music, the ornaments, and the eatables, are generally the same.

Some of their burials exhibit a great show of mourning; but as this is known to be the custom in China, and to be connected with other established usages, such as preserving the body of the deceased until the ordinary fountain of grief is staunched, and calling to their assistance "such as are skilful of lamentation," it fails to excite the sympathy due to genuine sorrow. The greatest ceremony is made at the funeral of a parent, when the nearest male relative walks immediately behind the body, and is obliged to be supported in the frensy of his professed grief. The death of a wife is considered a matter of much less importance. The husband, on that occa-

sion, walks in an erect posture, and with an air of comparative indifference.

The mourning habit is something of a light brown, with a napkin of the same colour tied round the head. Sackcloth is often worn. The mourner, if not too poor, keeps himself in deep retirement for a hundred days; and the beard and hair are allowed to grow, and other acts of cleanliness and comfort are dispensed with: all this being designed to show the absorption of his grief, and, consequently, his estimate of the loss he has sustained. Among the Chinese, the death of a father or mother disqualifies a son for office for three years. The Tartars mourn a hundred days.

The bridal palanquin and paraphernalia designate the marriage procession. The former is exceedingly gaudy, and, I believe, employed only on this occasion. The latter is said to be the only dower of the females. It consists of furniture, apparel, wines, eatables, and, at times, boxes of money. Of course the profusion and splendour vary according to the capacity of the father's purse and heart. The palanquin is generally attended by a few females, the "handmaids" of the enclosed; but so closely is it shut on every side, that it is impossible, by any contrivance, to catch a glimpse of the contents. The same ignorance is the misery of the bridegroom, when he beholds the vehicle approaching, and re-

flects that it contains the unknown companion of his future life.

The largest procession I have yet seen was religious, and was used in commemoration of the birthday of one of the gods, probably a deified hero. To describe it, would be difficult; to imagine it the product of a rational mind, for any rational purpose, still more so; but to believe it the effort of an immortal spirit, to secure the favour of one who has the disposal of its eternal happiness, almost impossible.

Among the objects which principally attracted our attention were small temples, fantastically decorated, and furnished with gilded images; pageants resembling open palanquins, and filled with roasted pigs, ornamented fruits, cakes, and flowers; boys and girls, gaudily arrayed, on horseback, — the first, children of wealthy parents, who represent official attendants upon the gods; the second, holding the sacred vessels of their altars, and acting as Priestesses;—groups of lads on foot, occupying different places in the procession, and each company wearing a distinct uniform; bands of musicians, both aged and young, with gongs, drums, tambourines, cymbals, stringed and wind instruments; besides a large number of coolies, in almost every colour and style of dress, each furnished with a religious tablet, or ornament of some kind. If the Chinese had been enraged at their deity, and intended this as a public

expression of their contempt, it would have been more in character. Such is the phrensy of the human mind, without the restraining and renewing power of the Holy Spirit.

ABEEL.

Stanzas,

Composed on reading T. W. MALKIN's "Lines on Spring."

["In me delight is spread, to mark th' approach
Of SPRING, when roses and all other flowers
Scatter with beauty the new-moistened ground
Of the then bright'ning year; to mark their show
Delightful to the eyes of infancy!" &c. &c.

The preceding Lines were written by T. W. MALKIN, when not much more than six years of age. They are to be found in an interesting work, entitled "A Father's Memoirs of his Child, by B. H. MALKIN, ESQ. M.A., F.A.S." This extraordinary Boy died before the age of seven years.]

ONCE more, delightful Spring,
Thy glory lights the earth!
The hills exult, the vallies sing,
Triumphant in their mirth;
And mighty winds and waves unite
In solemn anthems of delight.

There is a sweeter voice
  Arising unto thee ;
Ten thousand human hearts rejoice,
  In softer harmony ;
Enraptur'd with thy smiling glance,
The careless, happy infants dance.

Alas ! the wondrous child,
  Who sang thy beauty fair,
A captive, from thy light exil'd,
  Breathes not the perfum'd air ;
Nor can thy shining light illume
His small, dim chamber in the tomb

Ah ! wherefore waken up
  The violet from death,
And lift the harebell's sapphire cup
  From the low ground beneath ?—
His radiant eyes, of richer blue,
Thou openest not, thy charms to view !

Beneath the marble stone,
  His cradle's canopy,
In darkness and in death—alone—
  No father, mother, nigh—
He sleeps, while o'er his little bed
Blithe bands of children lightly tread.

—No ! in a higher land,
  Where infants never die,

Behold his sainted spirit stand
In angel-majesty !
Long robes of lustre round him flow;
Unfading rose-buds wreathe his brow.

Across a golden lyre
His gentle fingers stray;
And when the rushing, mighty choir
Of hallelujahs die away,
Softly responds his echoing hymn
Among the infant cherubim.

There, thron'd as in the sun,
This world seems dark and dull !
And now to THEE, whose arm hath won
That palace beautiful,
His fond and grateful songs arise,
Through the long SPRING OF PARADISE.

O.

A Lesson for an Infant School.

SUN, moon, and stars, by day and night,
At God's commandment give us light;
And when we wake, and while we sleep,
Their watch, like guardian angels, keep.

The bright blue sky above our head,
The soft green earth on which we tread,
The ocean rolling round the land,
Were made by God's almighty hand.

Sweet flowers that hill and dale adorn,
Fair fruit-trees, fields of grass and corn,
The clouds that rise, the showers that fall,
The wind that blows,—God sends them all.

The beasts that graze with downward eye,
The birds that perch, and sing, and fly,
The fishes swimming in the sea,
God's creatures are as well as we.

But us He form'd for better things,
As servants of the King of Kings,
With lifted hands and open face,
And thankful hearts, to seek his grace.

Thus God loved man ; and more than thus,
—He sent his Son to die for us;
And now invites us, when *we* die,
To come and live with Him on high.

But we must live to Him below,
For none but such to heaven will go :
—Lord Jesus ! hear our humble prayer,
And lead us little children there.

J. MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Lines by Mr. Montgomery, of Sheffield,

On a Monument placed in the Chancel of the Parish Church, Preston.

In Memory of
HENRY WILLIAM HULTON, aged twenty-one Years;
NICHOLAS CHARLES GRIMSHAW, aged twenty Years;
GEORGE HENRY GRIMSHAW, aged seventeen Years
And JOSEPH KAY, aged twenty Years;
Who,
In a moment of youthful enjoyment,
Were drowned in the River Ribble,
By the oversetting of a boat,
On the 24th of April, A.D. 1822.
Several of their friends and companions
Have united to erect this Monument,
In testimony of their deep concern,
And with a desire to perpetuate the salutary impression
Of this truly awful dispensation.

They sail'd in hope, but they return'd no more;
Youth, health, and pleasure, cheer'd them on the way;
Brief was the voyage; yet they reach'd a shore
Beyond the seaman's track, ere close of day.
Low in the grave their ashes slumber now:
Reader, thy days are number'd—where art thou?

Though on the stream of time thy vessel glide,
And pure as heaven the waters seem to roll,
Ere long, in calm or tempest, shall the tide
Cast on a land unknown thy naked soul:
Ah! then, when life and death no more shall be,
Where, Reader, wilt thou spend eternity?

The Sky-Lark.

By a Young Lady.

How sweet is the song of the Lark, as she springs
To welcome the morning with joy on her wings!
The higher she rises, the sweeter she sings;
And *she* sings, while *we* hear her no more;
When storms and dark clouds veil the sun from our sight,
She has mounted above them, she shines in his light
There, far from the scenes that disturb and affright,
She loves her gay music to pour.

It is thus with the Christian:—he sees from afar,
The day-spring appearing, the bright morning-star;
He quits this dark valley of sorrow and care,
For the land whence the day-spring is given;

He sings in his way from this cloud-covered spot;
The swifter his progress, the sweeter his note;
When we hear it no longer, the song ceases not,—
It blends with the chorus in heaven!

The Harvest Moon.

All hail! thou lovely queen of night,
Bright empress of the starry sky
The meekness of thy silvery light
Beams gladness on the gazer's eye,
While from thy peerless throne on high
Thou shinest bright as cloudless noon,
And bid'st the shades of darkness fly
Before thy glory—Harvest Moon!

In the deep stillness of the night,
When weary Labour is at rest,
How lovely is the scene!—how bright
The wood—the lawn—the mountain's breast,
When thou, fair Moon of Harvest! hast
Thy radiant glory all unfurled,
And sweetly smilest in the west,
Far down upon the silent world.

Dispel the clouds, majestic orb !
That round the dim horizon brood,
And hush the winds that would disturb
The deep, the awful solitude,
That rests upon the slumbering flood,
The dewy fields, and silent grove,
When midnight hath thy zenith viewed,
And felt the kindness of thy love.

Lo ! scattered wide beneath thy throne,
The hope of millions richly spread,
That seems to court thy radiance down
To rest upon its dewy bed :
O ! let thy cloudless glory shed
Its welcome brilliance from on high,
Till hope be realized—and fled
The omens of a frowning sky.

Shine on, fair orb of light ! and smile
Till autumn months have passed away,
And Labour hath forgot the toil
He bore in summer's sultry ray ;
And when the reapers end the day,
Tired with the burning heat of noon,
They'll come with spirits light and gay,
And bless thee—lovely Harvest Moon !

W. MILLER.

Interesting Account

Of the Hon. Colonel Ponsonby, who was wounded at the Battle of Waterloo, extracted from a letter addressed to the mother of that gallant officer.

DEAR LADY B——, You have often wished for some written account of the adventures and sufferings of your son, Colonel Ponsonby, in the field of Waterloo; the modesty of his nature is, however, no small obstacle in the way. Will the following imperfect sketch supply its place until it comes? His answers to many of the questions which were put to him are here thrown together, as nearly as I could remember, in the following words:

The weather cleared up at noon, and the sun shone out a little just as the battle began. The armies were within eight hundred yards of each other, the videttes, before they were withdrawn, being so near as to be able to converse. At one moment I imagined I saw Buonaparte, a considerable staff moving rapidly along the front of our line. I was stationed with my regiment (about 300 strong) at the extreme of the left wing, and directed to act discretionally; each of the armies were stationed on a gentle declivity, a small village lying between them.

At one o'clock, observing, as I thought, unsteadiness in a column of French infantry (50 by 20—1000, or thereabouts), which were advancing with an irregular fire, I resolved to charge them. As we were descending in a gallop, we received from our own troops a fire much more destructive than theirs, they having begun long before it could take effect, and slackening as we drew nearer; when we were within fifty paces of them, they turned, and much execution was done among them, as we were followed by some Belgians who had remarked our success. But we had no sooner passed through them than we were attacked in our turn, before we could form, by about three hundred Polish lancers, who had come down to their relief; the French artillery pouring in among us a heavy fire of grape-shot, which, however, for one of our men killed three of their own; in the melee, I was disabled almost instantly in both my arms, and followed by a few of my men, who were instantly cut down (no quarter being asked or given), I was carried on by my horse, till receiving a blow on my head from a sabre, I was thrown senseless on my face to the ground. Recovering, I raised myself a little to look round (being, I believe, at that time in a condition to run away), when a lancer passing by, exclaimed, "Tu n'est pas mort, coquin," (What, you're not dead yet, you scoundrel!) and struck his lance through my back; my head dropped,

the blood gushed into my mouth, and I thought all was over.

Not long afterwards (it was then impossible to measure time, but I must have fallen in ten minutes after the charge), a tirailleur came up to plunder me, threatening to take my life; I told him that he might search me, directing him to a small side-pocket, in which he found three dollars, being all I had; he unloosed my stock and tore open my waistcoat, and then left me in a very uneasy posture; he was no sooner gone than another came up for the same purpose, but I assured him I had been plundered already, and he left me; when an officer bringing on some troops (to whom probably the tirailleurs belonged), and halting where I lay, stooped down and addressed me, saying, he feared I was badly wounded; I replied that I was, and expressed a wish to be removed into the rear. He said it was against the order to remove even their own men, but that if they gained the day, as they probably would (for he understood the Duke of Wellington was killed, and that six of our battalions had surrendered), every attention in his power should be shown me. I complained of thirst, and he held his brandy-bottle to my lips, directing one of his men to lay me straight on my side, and place a knapsack under my head; he then passed on into the action, and I shall never know to whose generosity I was indebted, as I conceive, for my life: of what rank he was I cannot

say; he wore a blue great-coat. By and bye, another tirailleur came and knelt and fired over me, loading and firing many times, and conversing with great gaiety all the while; at last he ran off, saying, "You will be glad to hear we are about to retire; good day, my friend."

While the battle continued in that part, several of the wounded men and dead bodies near me were hit with the balls, which came very thick in that place. Towards evening, when the Prussians came, the continued roar of the cannon along theirs and the British line, growing louder and louder as they drew near, was the finest thing I ever heard. It was dusk, when two squadrons of Prussian cavalry, both of them two deep, passed over me in full trot, lifting me from the ground, and tumbling me about cruelly; the clatter of their approach, and the apprehensions it excited, may be easily conceived; had a gun come that way it would have done for me. The battle was then nearly over, or removed to a distance. The cries and groans of the wounded all around me became every instant more audible, succeeding to the shouts, imprecations, and outcries of "Vive l'Empereur!" the discharges of musquetry and cannon, and now and then intervals of silence, which were worse than the noise,—I thought the night would never end. Much about this time I found a soldier of the Royals across my legs, who had probably crawled thither in his agony; his weight, convulsive motions,

his noises, and the air issuing through a wound in his side, distressed me greatly; the latter circumstance most of all, as the case was my own. It was not a dark night, and the Prussians were wandering about to plunder (and the scene in Ferdinand Count Fathom came into my mind, though no women, I believe, were there); several of them came and looked at me, and passed on; at length one stopped to examine me. I told as well as I could (for I could say but little in German), that I was a British officer, and had been plundered already; he did not desist, however, but pulled me about roughly before he left me. About an hour before midnight, I saw a soldier in an English uniform coming towards me; he was, I suppose, on the same errand. He came and looked on my face; I spoke instantly, telling him who I was, and assuring him of a reward if he would remain by me. He said he belonged to the 40th regiment, but had missed it. He released me from the dying man: being unarmed, he took up a sword from the ground, and stood over me, pacing backwards and forwards. At eight o'clock in the morning, some English were seen at a distance; he ran to them, and a messenger was sent off to Hervey. A cart came for me; I was placed in it, and carried to a farm-house about a mile and a half distant, and laid on the bed from which poor Gordon, as I understood afterwards, had been just carried out. The jolting of the cart, and the difficulty of breathing,

were very painful. I had received seven wounds; a surgeon slept in my room, and I was saved by continual bleeding—one hundred and twenty ounces in two days, besides the great loss of blood on the field.

The lances, from their length and weight, would have struck down my sword long before I lost it, if it had not been bound to my hand. What became of my horse I know not; it was the best I ever had.

The man from the Royals was still breathing when I was removed in the morning, and was soon after taken to the hospital.

Sir Denis Pack said, the greatest risk he ran the the whole day was in stopping his men, who were firing on me and my men when we began to charge. The French make a great clamour in the action, the English only shout.

Much confusion arose, and many mistakes, from similarity of dress. The Belgians, in particular, suffered greatly from their resemblance to the French, being still in the very same clothes they had served in under Buonaparte.

Burning of Moscow.*

On the fifteenth of September, 1812, our corps left the village where it had encamped at an early hour, and marched to Moscow. As we approached the city, we saw that it had no walls, and that a simple parapet of earth was the only work which constituted the outer enclosure. Nothing indicated that the town was inhabited; and the road by which we arrived was so deserted, that we saw neither Russian nor French soldiers. No cry, no noise was heard in the midst of this awful solitude. We pursued our march, a prey to the utmost anxiety, and that anxiety was redoubled when we perceived a thick smoke, which arose in the form of a column from the centre of the town. It was at first believed that the Russians had, as usual, set fire to some

* It had been clearly ascertained that the destruction of Moscow was the work of the Russians and not of the French. It was a dreadful act of patriotism, dictated by the profoundest policy. The unexpected destruction of the vast magazines which the city contained, rendered the stay of the French during the winter absolutely impossible, and compelled them to retreat at a time when cold and famine would thin their ranks more rapidly than the sword of the enemy. It is said that Buonaparte has acknowledged that all his plans were disconcerted by this unlooked-for evil, and that it was impossible for him to be prepared for it, as it is without a parallel in either ancient or modern times.

magazines in their retreat; but when we recollected the recital of the inhabitant of Moscow, we feared that his prediction was about to be fulfilled. Eager to know the cause of this conflagration, we in vain endeavoured to find some one who might satisfy our irrepressible curiosity, and the impossibility of satisfying it increased our impatience, and augmented our alarm.

Although Moscow had been entered by some of our troops the preceding day, so extensive and so deserted was the town, that no soldier had yet penetrated into the quarter which we were to occupy. The most intrepid minds were affected by this loneliness. The streets were so long, that our cavalry could not recognise each other from the opposite extremities. The different parties advanced with caution, and then suddenly fled from each other, though they were all enlisted under the same banners. In proportion as a new quarter was occupied, reconnoitring parties were sent forward to examine the palaces and the churches. In the former were found only old men and children, or Russian officers who had been wounded in the preceding engagements; in the latter, the altars were decorated as if for a festival; a thousand lighted tapers, burning in honour of the patron saint of the country, attested that the pious Moscovites had not ceased to invoke him till the moment of their departure. This solemn and religious spectacle rendered the people whom we had

conquered powerful and respectable in our estimation, and filled us with that consternation which is the offspring of injustice. We advanced with fearful steps through this awful solitude, often stopping and looking, trembling, behind us; then, struck with sudden terror, we eagerly listened to every sound; for the imagination, frightened at the very magnitude of our conquest, made us apprehensive of treachery in every place. At the least noise we fancied that we heard the clashing of arms and the cries of the wounded.

On the following morning, the most heart-rending scene which my imagination had ever conceived, far surpassing the saddest story in ancient or modern history, now presented itself to my eyes. A great part of the population of Moscow, terrified at our arrival, had concealed themselves in cellars or secret recesses of their houses. As the fire spread around we saw them rushing in despair from their various asylumns. They uttered no imprecation, they breathed no complaint; fear had rendered them dumb: and hastily snatching up their precious effects, they fled before the flames. Others of greater sensibility, and actuated by the genuine feelings of nature, saved only their parents, or their infants, who were closely clasped in their arms. They were followed by their other children, running as fast as their little strength would permit, and with all the wildness of childish terror, vociferating the beloved name of mother. The

old people, borne down by grief more than by age, had not sufficient power to follow their families, and expired near the houses in which they were born. The streets, the public places, and particularly the churches, were filled with these unhappy people, who lying on the remains of their property, suffered even without a murmur. No cry, no complaint was heard. Both the conqueror and the conquered were equally hardened ; the one by excess of fortune, the other by excess of misery.

The fire, whose ravages could not be restrained, soon reached the finest parts of the city. Those palaces which we had admired for the beauty of their architecture, and the elegance of their furniture, were enveloped in the flames. Their magnificent fronts, ornamented with bas-reliefs and statues, fell with a dreadful crash on the fragments of the pillars which had supported them. The churches, though covered with iron and lead, were likewise destroyed, and with them those beautiful steeples, which we had seen the night before, resplendent with gold and silver. The hospitals too, which contained more than twelve thousand wounded, soon began to burn. This offered a dreadful and harrowing spectacle. Almost all these poor wretches perished. A few, who still lingered, were seen crawling half burnt amongst the smoking ruins; and others, groaning under heaps of dead bodies, endeavoured in vain to extricate themselves from the horrible destruction which surrounded them.

Towards evening, when Napoleon no longer thought himself safe in a city, the ruin of which seemed inevitable, he left the Kremlin, and established himself with his suite in the castle of Peterskoe. When I saw him pass by, I could not behold without abhorrence the chief of a barbarous expedition, who evidently endeavoured to escape the decided testimony of public indignation, by seeking the darkest road. He sought it, however, in vain. On every side the flames seemed to pursue him, and their horrible and mournful glare, flashing on his guilty head, reminded me of the torches of Eumenides pursuing the destined victims of the Furies !

Retreat from Moscow.

Those who did not witness the departure of the French army from Moscow, can form but a faint idea of what the Greek and Roman armies were, when they abandoned the ruins of Troy or of Carthage. But they who observed the appearance of our army at this moment, acknowledged the accuracy of those interesting scenes which are so admirably described in the writings of Virgil and Livy. The long files of carriages, in three or four ranks, extended for several

leagues, loaded with the immense booty which the soldiers had snatched from the flames; and the Muscovite peasants, who were now become our servants, resembled the slaves which the ancients dragged in their train. Others carrying with them their wives and children, represented the warriors amongst whom the captives had been divided.

Afterwards came numerous waggons filled with trophies, among which were Turkish or Persian standards torn from the vaulted roofs of the palaces of the Czars, and, last of all, the celebrated cross of Saint Iwan gloriously closed the rear of an army which, but for the imprudence of its chief, would have been enabled to boast that it had extended its conquests to the very limits of Europe, and astonished the people of Asia with the sound of the same cannon with which the pillars of Hercules had re-echoed.

The cavalry was now (November 19), totally dismounted, and Napoleon wanting an escort, all the officers who had been able to preserve a horse, were formed into four companies of 150 men each. Generals Defrance, Saint-German, Sebastiani, &c. acted as captains, and the colonels constituted the sub-officers. This squadron, to which the name of *sacred* was given, was commanded by General Grouchy, under the orders of the King of Naples. Their duty was never to loose sight of the Emperor. But these horses, which had hitherto resisted the rigour of the

climate, having been better taken care of than those of the soldiers, perished as soon as they were made to bear their share of fatigue and privations; and at the end of a few days the sacred squadron was no more.

The enemy continued to follow us at the distance of two or three musket shots, while the poor remains of the army, having no longer the means of defence, continued their march in the extremest disorder. The men were incessantly harrassed by the cossacks, who at every defile fell upon the rear of our column, plundered our baggage, and compelled us to abandon our artillery, which the horses could no longer draw. Napoleon had hitherto travelled in a chariot almost hermetically closed, and filled with furs. He wore a pelisse and a bonnet of sable furs, which prevented him from feeling the severest cold; but after we quitted Krasnoe, he often proceeded on foot, followed by his staff, and saw, without emotion, the miserable wrecks of an army, once so powerful, file before him. Yet his presence never excited a single murmur; on the contrary, it reanimated the most timid, who forgot all their sufferings and all their fears at the sight of the Emperor.

We quickly entered into Doubrowna. The town was in a better state of preservation than any through which we had passed in our journey from Moscow. It had a Polonese sub-prefect, and a commandant of the town. The inhabitants were principally Jews,

who procured us a little flour, brandy, and metheglin. They also exchanged the paper-money of the soldiers for cash. In fine, astonished at the confidence of these Israelites, and the honesty of our soldiers, who paid for everything they took, we thought plenty was about to revisit us, and that our misfortunes were near their close. Yet we were struggling under accumulated evils. "Bread! bread!" was the incessant cry of the feeble remains of our once powerful army. The followers of the camp of every kind suffered greatly, particularly the commissaries and storekeepers, who had been little accustomed to privations.—But none were more to be pitied than the physicians, and especially the surgeons, who, without hope of advancement, exposed themselves like the common soldiers, by dressing the wounded on the field of battle. While we were at Doubrowna, I saw a young surgeon near a house which the soldiers surrounded in crowds, because it was reported that provisions were to be procured there. He was plunged in the profoundest grief, and with an eager and an anxious countenance, was violently endeavouring to force his way into the place. But when he was again and again driven back by the crowd, he exhibited the wildest despair. I ventured to inquire the cause.—"Ah, captain!" said he, "I am a lost man. For two days I have had no food, and ascertaining that they sold bread in this house, I gave the sentinel six francs to suffer me to enter. But

while the bread was yet in the oven, the Jew would not promise to supply me, unless I gave him a louis in advance. I consented, but when I came back the sentinel was changed, and I was cruelly repulsed from the door. Ah sir," continued he, "I am indeed, unfortunate; I have lost all the money that I had in the world, and am unable to procure a morsel of bread, though I have not tasted any for more than a month."

Passage of the Beresina.

Arrived on the banks of the Beresina, what a frightful picture did this multitude of men present, overwhelmed with misfortunes of every kind, and hemmed in by a morass; that very multitude which, two months before, had exultingly spread itself over half the surface of a vast empire! Our soldiers pale, emaciated, dying with hunger and cold, having nothing to defend them from the inclemency of the season but tattered pelisses and sheep-skins half burnt, and uttering the most mournful lamentations, crowded the banks of this unfortunate river. Germans, Polanders, Italians, Spaniards, Croats, Por-

tuguese, and French, were all mingled together, disputing and quarrelling with each other in their different languages:—finally, the officers and even the generals, wrapped in pelisses covered with dirt and filth, mingling with the soldiers, and abusing those who pressed upon them, or braved their authority, formed a scene of strange confusion of which no painter could trace the faintest resemblance.

They, whom fatigue or ignorance of the impending danger rendered less eager to cross the river, were endeavouring to kindle a fire and repose their wearied limbs. We had too frequently occasion to observe, in these encampments, to what a degree of brutality excess of misery would debase human nature. In one place we saw several of the soldiers fighting for a morsel of bread. If a stranger, pierced with the cold, endeavoured to approach a fire, those to whom it belonged inhumanly drove him away; or if tormented with raging thirst, any one asked for a single drop of water from another who carried a full supply, the refusal was accompanied by the vilest abuse. We often heard those who had once been friends, and whose education had been liberal, bitterly disputing with each other for a little straw, or a piece of horse flesh, which they were attempting to divide. This campaign was therefore the more terrible, as it brutalized the character, and stained us with vices to which we had before been strangers.—Even those who once were honest, humane, and

generous, became selfish, avaricious, dishonest, and cruel.

Although there were two bridges, one for the carriages and the other for the foot-soldiers, yet the crowd was so great, and the approaches so dangerous, that the way was completely obstructed near the Beresina, and it was absolutely impossible to move. About eight o'clock in the morning the bridge for the carriages and the cavalry broke down; the baggage and artillery then advanced towards the other bridge, and attempted to force a passage. Now began a dreadful contention between the foot soldiers and the horsemen. Many perished by the hands of their comrades, a great number were suffocated at the head of the bridge; and the dead bodies of men and horses so choked every avenue, that it was necessary to climb over mountains of carcasses to arrive at the river. Some, who were buried in these horrible heaps, still breathed, and struggling with the agonies of death, caught hold of those who mounted over them; but these inhumanly kicked them with violence to disengage themselves, and remorselessly trod them under foot. During this contention, the multitude which followed, like a furious wave, swept away, while it increased the number of victims.

The Duke of Belluno (Victor), remaining on the left bank, took a position on the heights of Weselewo, with the two divisions of Girard and Daendels, to cover the passage, and, amidst the frightful confusion

which prevailed, to defend it against the corps of Wittgenstein, whose advanced troops had appeared n the evening. In the meantime, General Parthonneaux, after having repulsed the attacks of Platow and Tschikagow, left Borisscov at three o'clock in the afternoon, with the third brigade to oppose the Russians, who advanced in columns.

In the heat of the engagement many balls flew over the miserable crowd which was yet pressing across the bridge of the Beresina. Some shells burst in the midst of them. Terror and despair then took possession of every heart. The women and children, who had escaped so many disasters, seemed to have been preserved only to suffer here a death still more deplorable. We saw them rushing from the baggage-waggons, and falling in agonies and tears at the feet of the first soldier they met, imploring his assistance to enable them to reach the other side. The sick and the wounded, sitting on the trunks of trees, or supported by their crutches, anxiously looking around for some friend to help them. But their cries were lost in the air. No one had leisure to attend to his dearest friend. His own preservation absorbed every thought.

Monsieur de Labarrie, the muster-master of the fourth corps, was a man of respectable character and engaging manners. His advanced age, and more especially his feeble constitution, had long rendered him unable to march, and he was now lying with

many others on an open sledge. He accidentally perceived an officer of his acquaintance, and although he was scarcely able to stand, he ran to him, threw himself into his arms, and implored his protection. The officer was severely wounded, but, too generous to refuse his feeble help, he promised that he would not leave him. These two friends, closely embracing each other, slowly proceeded towards the bridge, animated by the consoling thought, that at least they would be permitted to die together. They entered the crowd; but feeble and helpless, they were unable to sustain the intolerable pressure, and were seen no more.

A woman was likewise marching with the equipage of Napoleon, whom her husband had left a little way behind, while he went forward to endeavour to find a place where they might safely pass. During that time a shell burst near the unfortunate female. The crowd that was around her immediately took to flight. She alone remained. But the enemy soon advancing, caused the troops to retreat suddenly towards the bridge; and in their confused march, they hurried the poor woman with them, who strove in vain to return to the place where her husband had left her. Buffeted by the tumultuous waves, she saw herself driven from the spot without the possibility of return. We heard her from afar, loudly calling to her husband, but her piercing voice was unattended to, amidst the noise of arms, and the cries of the com-

batants. At length pale and speechless, she beat her breast in agony, and fell lifeless at the feet of the soldiers, who, attentive to their own escape, neither saw nor heard her.

At length the Russians, continually reinforced by fresh troops, advanced in a mass, and drove before them the Polonese corps of General Girard, which till then had held them in check. At the sight of the enemy, those who had not already passed mingled with the Polanders, and rushed precipitately towards the bridge. The artillery, the baggage-waggons, the cavalry, and the foot-soldiers, all pressed on, contending which should pass the first. The strongest threw into the river those who were weaker, and unfortunately hindered their passage, or unfeelingly trampled under foot all the sick whom they found in their way. Many hundreds were crushed to death by the wheels of the cannon. Others, hoping to save themselves by swimming, were frozen in the middle of the river, or perished by placing themselves on pieces of ice, which sunk to the bottom. Thousands and thousands of victims, driven to despair, threw themselves headlong into the Beresina, and were lost in the waves. One female was seen hemmed in by the ice in the middle of the river. Being able neither to proceed nor to retreat, she held her infant above the water, into which she was gradually sinking, and uttered the most piercing cries for assistance.

The division of Girard forcibly made its way

through all the obstacles that retarded its march; and climbing over the mountain of dead bodies which obstructed the way, gained the other side. Thither the Russians would soon have followed them, if they had not hastened to burn the bridge.

Then the unhappy beings who remained on the other side of the Beresina abandoned themselves to absolute despair. Some of them attempted to pass the bridge, enveloped as it was in flames; but, arrested in the midst of their progress, they were compelled to throw themselves into the river, to escape a death yet more horrible. At length the Russians were masters of the field of battle, our troops retired, the uproar ceased, and a mournful silence succeeded.

As we marched towards Zembin, we re-ascended the right bank of the Beresina, whence we could distinctly see all that passed on the other side. The cold was excessive: and the wind blew in loud and hollow gusts. The obscurity of the night was dissipated only by the numerous fires of the enemy who occupied the heights. At the foot of these hills were our unfortunate companions. Their destruction was now inevitable, and amidst all their former disasters, never were they exposed to, nor can imagination conceive, horrors equal to those which encompassed them during that frightful night. The elements let loose seemed to conspire to afflict universal nature, and to chastise the ambition and the crimes of man.

The conquerors and the conquered were alike overwhelmed with sufferings. Round the encampment of the Russians, however, we saw enormous masses of burning wood, but on the spot which held our devoted companions, there was neither light nor shelter. Lamentable cries and groans alone marked the place which contained these miserable victims.

More than twenty thousand sick and wounded fell into the power of the enemy. Two hundred pieces of cannon were abandoned. All the baggage of the two corps which had joined us was equally the prey of the conquerors; yet when we contemplated the deplorable fate of the wretched beings who were left on the other side of the Beresina, the consciousness of our safety rendered us insensible to the loss of our riches. They were for ever deprived of the hope of revisiting the land that gave them birth; and were doomed to pass the sad remnant of their days amidst the snows of Siberia, where they would water with their tears the black bread which would be the only wages of the most humiliating servitude.

November 29th,—Setting out on the morrow for Zembin, and endeavouring to rejoin what remained of the fourth corps, we again commiserated the fate of the numerous friends who were no longer with us. We eagerly embraced those who had returned, whom we feared we should never again have beheld, and congratulated each other on surviving a day more terrible than the bloodiest battle. We mutually re-

counted the dangers we had run, and the difficulties with which we had struggled to escape with life. "I have lost every thing," said one, "servants, horses, baggage; but I think not of it; I rather esteem myself most fortunate, that I have preserved my life, that I have escaped from the inclemency of the weather, the horrors of famine, and the arms of the enemy." "I have nothing but what I carry about me," said a second, "and of all that I had, I only wish for some shoes to defend my feet, and some bread to eat: these are the truest riches." "I have lost all," exclaimed a third, "but I do not regret it, since the sacrifice of my baggage has enabled me to save my wounded brother." Such was the language which we heard, during several successive days; and those who were silent, deeply mused on the dangers which they had passed, and rendered their secret but fervent thanks to Providence for a preservation almost miraculous.

LABAUME'S CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA.

POETRY FOR RECITATION.

The Officer's Funeral.

HARK, hark, 'mid the busy stir of life,
And the crowded city's hum,
I hear the thrilling tones of the fife,
And the roll of the muffled drum!

But their alter'd tones chime sad and slow
To the mourners' silent tread;
And they breathe the hallow'd dirge of woe,—
The solemn march of the dead!

And looks of manliest grief are there,
And stern eyes drop a tear;
And soldiers falter as they bear
Their youthful leader's bier!

And see! as that bier draws nigh, it brings
Bright arms—a useless show;
He hath no need of these gaudy things
Who sleeps in death below!

For the voice that gave the stern command
Hath sigh'd its latest breath;
And an infant now may snatch the brand
From his dull cold grasp of death!

And the breast so true and the brow so proud
Are cold and senseless all;
He hath changed for the martial vest the shroud,
For the soldier's cloak the pall!

He would have hailed the dart that sped
His soul to a warrior's doom;
But a slow and sickly couch was spread
To waste him to the tomb!

They have borne him to the sacred porch,
They have borne him to the grave;
And the last sad rites of Holy Church
Are paid to the young and brave!

They have breath'd the funeral prayer and hymn,
They have fired the soldier's knell;
But it reach'd not, alas! the ear of him
Who sleeps in the narrow cell!

They have lower'd the coffin dark and deep,
In the lone grave's hollow womb;
And the lady he loved may come to weep
This eve o'er her soldier's tomb!

Earth and Heaven.

[Suggested by the Death of a young Female.]

EARTH.

THERE is grief! there is grief! there is clasping of hands,
And weeping and calling for aid;
For Sorrow hath summon'd her group and it stands
Round the couch where the suff'rer is laid.
And cheeks are all pallid, and hearts are all cold,
And tears from the heart-springs are shed;
And who that looks on the sweet saint to behold,
But would gladly lie down in her stead!

There is grief! there is grief! there is anguish and strife,
And the suff'rer is striving for breath;
For the spirit will cling, oh! how fondly to life,
And stern is the struggle with death!
And the terrible conflict grows deadlier still,
Till the last fatal symptoms have birth;
And the eyeball is glazed and the heart's blood is chill,
And this is the portion of Earth!

HEAVEN.

There is bliss! there is bliss! in the regions above,
They have opened the gates of the sky;
A spirit hath soared to the mansions of love,
And seeks for admission on high.
And friends long divided are hasting to greet,
To a land where no sorrow may come;
And the seraphs are eager a sister to meet,
And to welcome the child to its home!

There is bliss! there is bliss! at the foot of the throne,
See the spirit all purified bend;
And look up in delight since it gazes alone
On the face of a father—a friend!
Then it joins in the anthems for ever that rise,
And its frailty or folly forgiven;
It is dead to the earth and new born to the skies,
And this is the portion of Heaven!

Queen Elizabeth and the Countess of Nottingham.

The following anecdote of Queen Elizabeth and the Countess of Nottingham, which is related by Hume and contradicted by other authorities may possibly be allowed to form the subject of a ballad.

A lady lies upon her bed, the lonely bed of death,
Her aged life is parting fast and fleeting is her breath;

But yet she cannot life resign, nor hope for peace or rest
Until she hath the secret told that weighs upon her breast.

And fearful are her thoughts by day, and wild her midnight dreams,
She utters moanings loud and deep, and wild terrific screams;
She weeps, she tears her hair, she sheds of briny tears a flood,
And shaking wild her withered hand, she cries "'tis stained with blood."

"And haste," she shriek'd, "in pity haste, and seek our Lady Queen,
"I may not rest till I, once more, that injured one have seen;
"And say I beg for grace from her, and hope to be forgiven,
"As she herself would mercy ask and pray for peace from Heaven!"

They sought the Queen, she quickly flew besides that dying bed,
And whisper'd mild the sufferer lone, and cheer'd her drooping head;
But strong convulsions seized her straight, and shook her aged frame,
While mid the pauses of her grief she breath'd Lord Essex' name.

"O name him not," the Queen exclaim'd, "the false, the recreant slave,
"But be his memory buried deep within the silent grave;
"And as he lived a traitor's life, and met a catiff's doom,
"O let his faults lie hidden far within the traitor's tomb.

"For none on earth doth truly know my secret pain and strife,
"And how I prayed that Heaven would grant excuse to save his life;
"And had he only ask'd for grace, nor all my love withstood,
"My woman's heart had pardon'd him, though Justice claim'd his blood."

Then deep convulsive pangs once more the dying Countess shook,
She cast upon her injured Queen a meek, imploring look;
"And oh," she cried, "sweet mistress mine, for Jesu's sake forgive,
"As thou with all his saints in bliss would'st henceforth hope to live.

"Lord Essex was most penitent, but not from craven fear,
"His love and duty prompted him to shed the bitter tear;

"He bade me seek thy face and strive to turn thy wrath away,
"And 'Essex dies a penitent' was all he bade me say.

"And 'take,' he cried, 'this signet ring that our sweet lady gave,
"And said, if sent to her, that pledge, her richest boon might crave;'
"But a rival's hatred prompted me to do a deadly thing,
"I spoke Lord Essex fair, but false, and kept from you the ring."

"Then horror seized that injured Queen, 'twas long before she spoke,
At length, in tones by fury lent her maddened feelings broke;
She shook the dying Countess hard till life was nigh to flee,
And "ask for grace from Heaven," she cried, "but ask for none from me!"

The suff'rer falls upon her couch, to pain and grief a prey,
And her maids have crowded round the Queen, and borne her far away;
And soon the Countess sank beneath her mind and body's pain,
And the Queen hath sought her palace halls and never smiled again.

The Pebble and the Acorn.

"I am a Pebble, and yield to none,"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
"Nor change nor season can alter me;
I am abiding while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me long in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or to touch my heart, but it was not felt.

None can tell of the Pebble's birth;
For I am as old as the solid earth.
The children of men arise and pass
Out of the world like blades of grass,
And many a foot on me has trod
That's gone from sight and under the sod!
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the reckless bough?"
The Acorn was shock'd at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abash'd and mute:
She never before had been so near
This gravely ball, the mundane sphere;
And felt for a while perplex'd to know
How to answer a thing so low.

But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said in a gentle tone,—
"Since it has happen'd that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time nor season, nor storm nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding wheel,
Has ever subdued or made to feel."
And soon in the earth she sank away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the piercing head of an infant oak;
And, as it rose and its branches spread,
The Pebble look'd up, and wondering, said,
"A modest acorn! never to tell
What was enclosed in her simple shell,—
That the pride of the forest was then shut up
Within the space of her little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
To prove that nothing could hide her worth.
And, O! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire that beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!

Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year;
But never from this shall a vaunting word
From the humble Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me, or within,
Can show the purpose for which I have been!"

The Pebble could not its vow forget,
And it lies there wrapp'd in silence yet.

H. F. GOULD.

The Traveller's Evening Hymn.

FATHER, guide me! day declines,
Hollow winds are in the pines;
Darkly waves each giant bough
O'er the sky's last crimson glow;
Hush'd is now the convent's bell,
Which erewhile with breezy swell
From the purple mountains bore
Greeting to the sun-set shore.
Now the sailor's vesper hymn
Dies away.
Father! in the forest dim
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
Of the leaves that late hung still;
In the dull and muffled tone
Of the sea-wave's distant moan;
In the deep tints of the sky,
There are signs of tempest nigh.
Ominous, with sullen sound,
Falls the closing dusk around.
Father! through the storm and shade,
O'er the wild,
O! be thou the lone one's aid,—
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
Homewards, through the boding gloom,
O'er my way hath flitted fast,
Since the farewell sunbeam passed
From the chesnut's ruddy bark;
And the pool's now low and dark,
Where the wakening night-winds sigh
Through the long reeds mournfully.
Homeward, homeward, all things haste,—
God of might!
Shield the homeless midst the waste,
Be his light!

In his distant cradle-nest,
Now my babe is laid to rest;
Beautiful his slumber seems,
With a glow of heavenly dreams;

Beautiful o'er that bright sleep
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
Where his mother bends to pray,
For the loved and far away.
Father ! guard that household bower,
Hear that prayer !
Back, through thine all-guiding power
Lead me there !

Darker, wilder, grows the night,—
Not a star sends quivering light
Through the massy arch of shade,
By the stern old forest made.
Thou ! to whose unslumbering eyes
All my pathway open lies,—
By thy Son, who knew distress
In the lonely wilderness,
Where no roof to that blest head
Shelter gave,—
Father ! through the time of dread,
Save, O, save !

MRS. HEMANS

St. Philip Neri and the Youth.

ST. Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's street one day ;

And, being very courteously inclin'd,
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

St. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?

Y. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

St. And, when you are one, what do you intend?

Y. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

St. Suppose it so—what have you next in view?

Y. That I may get to be a canon too.

St. Well; and how then?

Y. Why then, for aught I know,
I may be made a bishop.

St. Be it so—
What then?

Y. Why, cardinal's a high degree—
And yet my lot it possibly may be.

St. Suppose it was—what then?

Y. Why, who can say
But I've a chance of being pope one day?

St. Well, having worn the mitre, and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?

Y. Nay, there is nothing farther to be sure,
Upon this earth, that wishing can procure:
When I've enjoy'd a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then—I must die.

St. What! must you die? fond youth! and at the best

But *wish*, and *hope*, and *may be* all the rest ?
Take my advice——whatever may betide,
For that which must be, first of all provide ;
Then think of that which may be ; and indeed,
When well prepar'd, who knows what may succeed ?
But you may be, as you are pleas'd to hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope.

BYROM.

Lochinvar.

O, young Lochinvar is come from the West,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
"Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
"Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
"And now I am come with this lost love of mine,
"To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
"There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
"That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace.
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
"To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
"They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode, and they ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Convict Ship.

Morn on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flashing of light;

O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope in the gale ;
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along ;
See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds :
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters,—away, and away !
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart !
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below !

Night on the waves !—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light !
Look to the waters !—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain !
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,

That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The deathbed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurl'd;
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:—
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd and o'er.

HERVEY.

To the Rainbow.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,

I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art:

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
A form to please me so,
As when I dream'd of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabled dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey father's forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth, deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshen'd fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page;
Heaven still rebuilds its span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

The Better Land.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?—
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle-boughs?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?—
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—

Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?"
—" Not there, not there, my child !"

" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child !"

MRS. HEMANS.

The Wounded Eagle.

EAGLE ! this is not thy sphere !
Warrior-bird, what seek'st thou here ?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinion sink ?
Wherefore on the violets' bed
Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head ?
Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn !

Eagle ! wilt thou not arise ?
Look upon thine own bright skies !
Lift thy glance !—the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won,
And the mounting lark is there,
And sweet sound hath fill'd the air.
Hast thou left that realm on high ?
—Oh, it can be but to die !

Eagle, Eagle ! thou hast bow'd
From thine empire o'er the cloud !
Thou that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stoop'd too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of death have bound thee !
—Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race ?

Wert thou weary of thy throne ?
Was the sky's dominion lone ?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free !
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast.
—Woe for gifted souls and high !
Is not such *their* destiny ?

MRS. HEMANS.

The Highlander.

MANY years ago, a poor Highland soldier, on his return to his native hills, fatigued, as it was supposed, by the length of the march, and the heat of the weather, sat down under the shade of a birch tree, on the solitary road of Lowran, that winds along the margin of Loch Ken in Galloway. Here he was found dead, and this incident forms the subject of the following verses.

FROM the climes of the sun, all war-worn and weary,
The Highlander sped to his youthful abode;
Fair visions of home cheered the desert so dreary,
Though fierce was the noon-beam, and steep was the road.

Till spent with the march that still lengthen'd before him,
He stopped by the way in a sylvan retreat;
The light shady boughs of the birch tree hung o'er him,
And the stream of the mountain fell soft at his feet.

He sunk to repose where the red-heaths are blended,
One dream of his childhood his fancy pass'd o'er;
But his battles are fought, and his march it is ended,
The sound of the bagpipe shall wake him no more.

No arm in the day of the conflict could wound him,
Though war launched her thunder in fury to kill;
Now the angel of death in the desert has found him,
Now stretched him in peace by the stream of the hill.

Pale autumn spreads o'er him the leaves of the forest,
The fays of the wild chaunt the dirge of his rest;
And thou, little brook, still the sleeper deplorest,
And moistenest the heath-bell that weeps on his breast.

The Negro's Prayer.

O Spirit, that rid'st in the whirlwind and storm,
Whose voice in the thunder is feared,
If ever from man, the poor indigent worm
The prayer of affliction was heard,
If black man, as white, is the work of thy hand,
And who could create him but thee?
Ah give thy command,
Let it spread through thy land,
That Afric's sad sons may be free!

If 'erst, when the man-stealers' treacherous guile,
Entrap'd me all thoughtless of wrong,

From my Nicon's dear love, from the infantile smile
Of my Aboo, to drag me along;
If then, the wild anguish that pierced through my heart
Was seen in its terrors by thee,
O ease my sad smart,
And thy sanction impart,
That Afric at last may be free!

If while in the slave-ship with many a groan,
I weep o'er my suff'rings in vain;
While hundreds around me, replied to my moan
With the clanking of many a chain;
If then, thou but deign'st with a pitying eye,
Thy poor shackl'd creature to see,
O thy mercy apply
Afric's sorrows to dry,
And bid the poor Negro be free!

If here as I faint in the vertical sun,
And the scourge goads me on to my toil;
No hope faintly soothing, when labour is done,
Of one joy my lone heart to beguile.
If thou view'st me, Great Spirit! as one thou hast made,
And my fate as dependant on thee;
Oh impart thou thy aid,
That the scourge may be stay'd,
And the black man at last may be free!

The Ocean Queen.

In Sherwood's ancient forest, a thousand oak trees died,
Ere by the shore, the Ocean Queen, was towering in her pride.
Majestically slow, the ship descended to the main,
And there was in that motion, the right unto her reign.

High up into the clear blue sky, she flung her cloud-like sails,
All brightening in the sunshine, and floating in the gales.
And, as deep down within the sea, her mighty shadow lay,
Did not the peaceful pageant give glory to the day?

Although the Ocean Queen at rest, be beautiful and bright,
It is through storm and darkness, she walketh in delight;
And when the moon and stars, are swept from out the howling heaven,
In her dread joy along the deep, the Ocean Queen is driven.

But most the noble vessel, exulted in her glee,
Her own victorious thunders, to hear upon the sea ;
When all her hundred voices, were blended into one,
And, like a star, her standard, above the battle shone.

The landed foes of freedom quak'd, when she was on the deep,
And fear built up her battlements in vain upon the steep.
In her untarnished triumph she sail'd back from the war,
When Villeneuve and Gravina struck their flags at Trafalgar.

And now she lies at anchor in regal-like repose,
While her unconquered crew lament the fall of all her foes ;
And as they tread the steadfast decks, bethink them of the blasts
That in the winter midnights went roaring through the masts.

What tho' her standard in the calm hath lost its gorgeous glow,
The guardian form be faded that threatens on her prow ;
And storm-stain'd be her canvass that shone so bright of yore,
It is the gloom of danger the gallant vessel bore.

In battle and in tempest for her we had no fears,
But peace her decks hath crowded with coward mutineers,
And they would cut her cables as she at anchor lay,
And send the Ocean Queen adrift, and burning through the bay.

But brook'd not her own Admiral, that perjured hands should dare
To touch her storm-proof tackling, or unfurl her sails so fair,
So he bade, 'mid his victorious crew, the signal-gun to roar,
And a hundred flashing forts returned the thunders from the shore.

Then were the men of England, for sake of England seen
In armed barges rowing all around the Ocean Queen;
And chain'd were those pale mutineers (as if in sport 'twere done,)
While the ship with all her canvass set kept sailing in the sun.

When back into the moorings the Ocean Queen returned,
While far off in her troubled wake the billows flashed and burned,
Till slowly her sheet-anchor sunk to its rock again,
And England's royal standard is flying at her main.

The Ark.

He spoke; but they regarded not,
It seem'd an idle tale,
That o'er the fair and verdant earth,
The waters should prevail.
They heeded not, tho' he proclaimed,
The hour of vengeance nigh;
Alike they scorn God's messenger,
And His own power defy.

Year rolled on year—the pond'rous ark
Was not as yet complete,
And morn and eve, the patriarch's voice,
Was heard in accents sweet.
"Where is your God?" with taunting air
They raise the insulting cry;
"What sign that over this bright earth,
The watery waste should lie?"

At length 'twas done; and tho' no cloud
Darkened the sky so fair,
Obedient, Noah entered in
And hallowed it with prayer.
The door was closed by unseen hand;
Safely secured within,

Were they,—the faithful of the earth,
For God had shut them in!

And now the rain from heaven descends,
But not as heretofore,
In gentle showers to fertilize
The glowing verdant shore;
But in rough storms;—see lightning now,
And now the thunder hurled,
Proclaims that vengeance is prepared,
Against a drowning world.

In vain to steeps the wretch ascends,
Higher the waters rise;
Beneath come up the madd'ning waves,
Above are stormy skies.
But still the ark securely floats,
Upon the swelling tide;
Safe from the storm, and ev'ry ill
Are those whom God doth hide.

That little speck on the broad deep,
A family contained,
Enclosed within a little space,
All who on earth remained.
And tho' the flood be passed away,
The shelter doth abide,
The ark of refuge may be found,
In Jesu's bleeding side!

MISS PARKER.

The Storm King.

At length the crimsoned west
Received the God of day,
And the gulf-stream tide, did softly glide,
As it floated down the bay.

And the dolphins burnished tail,
Like a rudder of gold was seen,
Flying round the mermaid, as she twined her braid,
And plaited her locks of green.

And the lamp of heaven arose,
With a halo round her rim,
And she called a gleam, from her brightest beam,
To fling upon ocean's brim.

She bathed the rocks with light,
And the reefs with her silvery glow,
But her shadow she gave, to the dark green wave,
For many a fathom below.

She clothed the madrepores,
With silvery coated stems,
Till the sea did shine, like an emerald mine,
All studded with diamond gems.

And all around grew calm,
As the thoughts in an angel's breast
And it was beautiful there as the sepulchre
Where the virtuous lie at rest.

For ocean needed repose,
And when soothed by the eve of spring,
Not a ripple did pass o'er her bosom of glass,
Save a dip of the sea-fowl's wing.

For the cold north wind was fast
With spring's sunny spell wove round him,
But the Storm King crept, while ocean slept,
To loosen the tie that bound him.

He flooded the coral reef,
He shifted the bank of sand,
And he strode o'er the shoal in the pride of his soul
With a thunderbolt in his hand.

He'd a bow of thick ribbed ice
And a cloud for his courser black,
With a zig-zag rein of light'ning's flame,
And a quiver of hail at his back.

With a lance in his saddle bow
To shiver the forest trees,
While clouds of sleet, like spurs at his feet,
Gave motion to the breeze.

When the north winds' chilling blast,
Swept mournfully o'er the strand,
And it changed the scene like a fairy dream,
Or the touch of a wizard's wand.

The shark in the deep water plunged,
Like a hunter in quest of his prey,
And he dyed the flood with jaws of blood,
In the track of his foaming way.

And the dark plumed albatross
Flew screeching along the shore,
And on each wave roll the flying fish shoal,
Did bound from the albicore.

But the Storm King flew to the east,
Where blood-red clouds did lie,
To prepare a flood of thick black scud,
To darken all the sky.

When all around around
Was such pitchy darkness spread,
Like the chaos that hung, ere the first earth sprung
To life from its oozy bed.

But at length the Storm King came,
And nature shrunk aghast,
Fore he bore the wolf's growl on his nightly prowl,
In the front of his fitful blast.

He scattered the forest leaf,
He bared the budding grain,
And he clothed the rock with his thunder shock,
And hurl'd it o'er the main.

And the hollow, hollow wind,
Was mixed with the thunders' roar,
And the sea-gull's scream, by the light'ning's gleam,
Was rung along the shore.

But the beacon's turret pane
Did send forth a cheering ray,
And I marked its leap from the headland's steep,
Thro' a shower of mist and spray.

It reached the breaker's edge,
It gambol'd along the line,
And it mounted the froth of the Storm King's wrath,
That topped the mountain's brim.

It flashed on the coral reef,
It shone on the triton there,
And it danced on the shell, that rung the knell,
For the shipwreck'd mariner.

But the breath of the stormy King,
Soon quenched the flick'ring light,
And the helpless crew of the bark in his view,
Were food for the fish that night.

The Ivy.

[By Bernard Barton, one of the Society of Friends.]

Dost thou not love in the season of spring,
To twine thee a flowery wreath,
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling
Its shade on the grass beneath;
Its glossy leaf, and its silvery stem,
Oh! dost thou not love to think on them?

And dost thou not love when leaves are greenest,
And summer has just begun,
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest,
Where glistening waters run,
To see, by that gentle and peaceful beam,
The willow bend down to the sparkling stream?

And oh! in a lonely autumnal day,
When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not nature's charms as they slowly decay
Spread their own wide influence o'er thee?
And hast thou not felt as thou stood'st to gaze
The touching lesson such scene displays?

It should be thus, at an age like thine ;
And it had been thus with me ;
When the freshness of feeling and heart were mine
As they never more can be.
Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,
Perhaps I see beauty, where thou dost not !

Hast thou seen in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead but sinking in slow decay
Beneath time's resistless stroke ;
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown
And wreath'd it with verdure no longer its own.

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then
As I, at thy years might do
Pass carelessly by, nor turn'd again
That scathed wreck to view.
But now I can draw from that mouldering tree
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not ! nor think it a worthless thing
If it be with instruction fraught,
That which will closest and longest cling
Is alone worth a serious thought.
Should aught be lovely which thus can shed
Grace on the dying and leaves not the dead ?

Now in thy youth, beseech of HIM
Who giveth upbraideth not,

That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot;
And thy God, in the darkest of days will be
Greenness and beauty and strength to thee!

The Seasons.

I've seen the beauteous flowers of Spring
Bud, blossom, and decay;
I've heard the sweetest warblers sing,
And watch'd them flit away.
I've seen enchanting Summer rise,
Fresh from her rosy bed,
And scatter, through the humid skies,
Rich fragrance as she fled:—
But, ah! she too, so fair, so gay,
In smiles and blushes pass'd away.

I've seen, when yellow Autumn, too,
Pour'd from his plenteous horn
Fruits of each varied form and hue,
And floods of ripen'd corn.
While over Nature's changing face,
A thousand varying dies

Have breath'd inimitable grace,
And mimick'd western skies :—
But, ah ! I've seen his fruits decay,
And Autumn, too, has pass'd away.

And now dread Winter (stormy sire !)
Begins his cheerless reign,
And the rude heralds of his ire
Wild bluster o'er the plain :
Lock'd in his cold and chilling arms
Creation seems to die ;
And wither'd are her blooming charms,
When gaz'd on by his eye !
Yet Winter shall not always stay,
Stern Winter too, shall pass away.

Nor shall life's dark and wintry storm
Eternally endure :
Death shall dissolve this mortal form,
And lead to scenes more pure,
Where changing seasons are not known,
Where storms can never come :—
That place the Christian calls his own,
His *best inheritance*, his *home*,
Most priz'd because 'twill ne'er decay :
His Spring shall never pass away.

PAULINA.

The Storm Calmed.

"BUT the men marvelled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"—*Matt.* viii. 27.

'Tis darkness all!—No star appears
Upon the dusky brow of night;
No moon the anxious watcher cheers,
Nor charms him with her gentle light:
While one small ship, its sails all riven,
Abides the furious blasts of heaven.

Loud, and more loud, the billows roar,
And dash their white foam o'er the deck;
The storm is fiercer than before;
And soon that ship must be a wreck!
But who is this that lies asleep,
While all beside in anguish weep?

The stranger wakes from his repose,
And eyes the storm with look serene;
He speaks,—the listening water flows
Calm as in Eden's peaceful scene!
The winds his high commands obey,
And in soft whispers die away.

Who is it? He whose hand hath made
The Heavens, too bright for mortal eye,
And given to Earth the cooling shade,
And flowers of every varied dye!
He made the sun's bright axle glow,
And bade the' obedient waters flow.

Who is it? He who meekly laid
His pomp of heavenly glory by,
And, in the form of man was made
To atone for sins of deepest dye.
His power, his love, are still the same
And JESUS is the stranger's name!

PAULINA.

Lines

[Suggested by the little Almanac in Mr. Hodgshon's collection of curiosities, which was constructed by the converted Africans, to mark the Sabbath.]

What means this simple implement;
Of workmanship so rude—
When curious and magnificent,
With eager eyes are viewed;
What claim has this to praise or blame?
What is its use? and what its name?

Ages had past, yet o'er that land
No sabbath sun had shone,
Until the missionary band,
There worshipped God alone ;
And kept their sabbath as they could,
In desert bare, or sheltering wood—

Ah no ! poor Africa ! for thee
There was no day of rest !
Whether thy sons were slaves or free,
Were wanderers or opprest—
Their labours never knew a close,
No hallowed day of sweet repose.

Far in the regions of the west
Thy stolen children toil ;
And tears of multitudes distress'd,
Have steeped that fertile soil—
Oh Christians, is it true that they
Are not allowed a Sabbath day ?

And in their own bright sunny climes,
By British foot untrod,
No name, no sign, no word had they,
To mark the day of God—
But day succeeded night, and so
Time pass'd in one unbroken flow.

But hark ! the word of God hath been,
In those wide deserts spoken—

The spell of many thousand years,
At once is spoiled, and broken—
And Africans, for Jesu's sake,
This small memorial learn to make !

Oh yes, the word of God will bring,
A Sabbath where it comes ;
And Christian Caffres now can sing,
Around their happy homes ;
While soft and sweet the sabbath bell,
Sounds thro' the deep sequester'd dell.

PAULINA

The Fall of Jerusalem.

MIRIAM.

Alas ! we listen to our fond hopes,
Even till they seem no more our fancy's children.
We put them on a prophet's robes, endow them
With prophets' voices, and then Heaven speaks in them,
And that which we would have be, surely shall be.

SALONE.

What, mock'st thou still ? still enviously doubtest
The mark'd and favour'd of the Everlasting ?

MIRIAM.

Oh gracious Lord! thou know'st she has not eaten
For two long days, and now her troubled brain
Is full of strangeness.

SALONE.

Ha! still unbelieving!
Then, 'tis true, what I have doubted long.
False traitress to our city, to the race,
The chosen race of Abraham! loose apostate
From Israel's faith! Believer in the Crucified!
I know thee, I abjure thee. Thou'rt no child
Of Simon's house, no sister of Salone:
I blot thee from my heart, I wipe away
All memory of our youthful pleasant hours,
Our blended sports and tasks, and joys and sorrows;
Yea, I'll proclaim thee.

MIRIAM.

Sister! dearest sister!
Thou seest that I cannot speak for tears.

SALONE.

Away! thou wilt not speak, thou dar'st not—Hark!
My father's armed footstep! at whose tread
Sion rejoices, and the pavement stones
Of Salem shout with proud and boastful echoes.
The Gentiles' scourge, the Christians'—tremble, false one!

MIRIAM, SALONE, SIMON.

SALONE.

Father !

MIRIAM.

Dear father !

SIMON.

Daughters, I have been
With Eleazar, and with John of Galilee,
The son of Sadoc. We have search'd the city,
If any rebel to our ordinance
Do traitorously withhold his private hoard
Of stolen provision from the public store.

SALONE.

And found ye any guilty of a fraud
So base on Judah's warriors ?

SIMON.

Yes, my children !
There sate a woman in a lowly house,
And she had moulded meal into a cake ;
And she sate weeping even in wild delight
Over her sleeping infants, at the thought
Of how their eyes would glisten to behold
The unaccustom'd food. She had not tasted
Herself the strange repast : but she had raised
The covering under which the children lay
Crouching and clinging fondly to each other,
As though the warmth that breath'd from out their bodies
Had some refreshment for their wither'd lips.
We bared our swords to slay : but subtle John

Snatch'd the food from her, trod it on the ground,
And mock'd her.

MIRIAM.

But *thou* didst not smite her, father ?

SIMON.

No ! we were wiser than to bless with death
A wretch like her.

Fountain of Siloa—Night—An approaching Storm.

MIRIAM.

Javan, while I tread
The path of duty I am following him,
And loving whom I ought to love, love him.

JAVAN.

If thou couldst save or succour—if this night
Were not the last—

MIRIAM.

Oh, dearest, think awhile !
It matters little at what hour o' the day
The righteous fall asleep, death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die :
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven,
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.
But every moment to the man of guilt
And bloodshed, one like——ah me ! like my father,
Each instant rescued from the grasp of death,
May be a blessed chosen opportunity

For the everlasting mercy—Think what 'tis
For time's minutest period to delay
An infidel's death, a murderer's—

JAVAN.

Go ! go, dearest !
If I were dying, I would have thee go—
Oh ! thou inspher'd, unearthly loveliness !
Danger may gather round thee, like the clouds
Round one of heaven's pure stars, thou'lt hold within
Thy course unsullied.

TITUS, PLACIDUS, TERENTIUS, SOLDIERS, SIMON.

TITUS.

Save, save the Temple ! Placidus, Terentius,
Haste, bid the legions cease to slay; and quench
Yon ruining fire.
Who's this, that stands unmoved
Mid slaughter, flame, and wreck, nor deigns to bow
Before the Conqueror of Jerusalem ?
What art thou ?

SIMON.

Titus, dost thou think that Rome
Shall quench the fire that burns within yon Temple ?
Ay, when your countless and victorious cohorts,
Ay, when your Cæsar's throne, your Capitol
Have fallen before it.

TITUS.

Madman, Speak! what art thou?

SIMON.

The uncircumcis'd have known me heretofore,
And thou mayst know hereafter.

PLACIDUS.

It is he—
The bloody Captain of the Rebels, Simon,
The Chief Assassin. Seize him, round his limbs
Bind straight your heaviest chains. An unhop'd pageant
For Cæsar's high ovation. We'll not slay him,
Till we have made a show to the wives of Rome
Of the great Hebrew Chieftain.

SIMON.

Knit them close,
See that ye rivet well their galling links.
(*Holding up the chains.*)
And ye've no finer flax to gyve me with?

TERENTIUS.

Burst these, and we will forge thee stronger then.

SIMON.

Fool, 'tis not yet the hour.

TITUS.

Hark! hark! the shrieks
Of those that perish in the flames. Too late
I came to spare, it wraps the fabric round.
Fate, Fate, I feel thou'rt mightier than Cæsar,

He cannot save what thou hast doom'd! Back,
Romans,
Withdraw your angry cohorts, and give place
To the inevitable ruin. Destiny,
It is thine own, and Cæsar yields it to thee.
Lead off the prisoner.

MIRIAM.

There are men around us!

JAVAN.

They are friends,
Bound here to meet me, and behold the last
Ot our devoted city. Look, oh Christians!
Still the Lord's house survives man's fallen dwellings,
And wears its ruins with a majesty
Peculiar and divine. Still, still it stands,
All one wide fire, and yet no stone hath fallen.
Hark—hark!
The feeble cry of an expiring nation.
Hark—hark!
The awe-struck shout of the unboasting conqueror
Hark—hark!
It breaks—it severs—it is on the earth.
The smother'd fires are quench'd in their own ruins:
Like a huge dome, the vast and cloudy smoke
Hath cover'd all.

And it is now no more,
Nor ever shall be to the end of time,
The Temple of Jerusalem!—Fall down,
My brethren, on the dust, and worship here
The mysteries of God's wrath.
Even so shall perish,
In its own ashes, a more glorious Temple,
Yes, God's own architecture, this vast world,
This fated universe—the same destroyer,
The same destruction —— Earth, Earth, Earth, behold,
And in that judgment look upon thine own!

MILMAN.

The Climbing Boy.

One summers day, near Sutton's Park,
As gazing from a hill,
I saw a thing minute and dark
Drink at the cooling rill.

And, wondering much, pursued my way,
When lo! a harmless wight
That scares poor children all the day,
And wicked men by night.

A Chimney sweeper's climbing boy
Soon caught my anxious eye,
In shape and hue much like a toy,
Dipt in the blackest dye.

But, nearer drawn, I could descry
What thousands cannot show,
A cheerful face, an artless eye,
And teeth as white as snow.

A ragged leathern cap he wore,
His face was deeply stained;
His feet and legs no covering bore,
Save soot and filth engrained.

A brush and scraper filled his hands;
But though his feet were bare,
To tread the sharp and hottest sands
Appeared his earnest care.

Why dost thou, little boy, I said,
Walk on the hottest ground?
Whilst here, where I am glad to tread,
The cooling sod is found.

"Because I have no shoes," he cried,
"And this is nicely warm;"
'Twill cut your feet I then replied,
And do still greater harm.

" No, sir," he cried, " they're hard as wood,
" And when there's ice and snow,
" I like to run along the road
" Until it make them glow.

" But I've a pair of shoes, they say
" I must for Sundays keep;
" 'Cause then my master drinks all day,
" And I dont go to sweep."

O wretch, I cried, he's black within,
Is this his vile employ?
But thou hast but a tarnished skin,
How old art thou my boy?

" I'm five a half, the neighbours say,
" I know not what they meant;
" At *Christmas* father ran away,
" And mother died at *Lent*."

'Twas undisguised truth I heard
Drop from an orphan's lips;
As spotless as yon downy bird
That plucks the ripening hips.

The story filled my heart with woe,
Which he could cheerly tell;
I sighed adieu! poor hapless Joe!
Then looked—and sighed farewell!

T. E. ABBO

Verses

'ten in the Church-yard of Richmond, Yorkshire.

METHINKS it is good to be here,
If thou wilt let us build—but for whom ?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition ? Ah ! no :
ffrighted he shrinketh away ;
For see ! they would pin him below
) a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
) the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty ? Ah ! no ; she forgets
ıe charms that she wielded before :
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
e skin which, but yesterday, fools could adore
r the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the palace of Pride,
e trappings which dizen the proud ?
Alas ! they are all laid aside,

And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches ? Alas ! 'tis in vain,
Which hid in their turns have been hid ;
The treasures are squander'd again ;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?
Ah ! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love ?
Ah ! no ; they have wither'd and died,
Or fled with the spirit above—
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow ? the dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob, nor a sigh, meets mine ear
Which compassion itself could relieve ;
Ah ! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear ;
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow ?
Ah ! no ; for his empire is known,

And here there are trophies enow ;
eneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
re the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
id look for the sleepers around us to rise ;
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled ;
id the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
'ho bequeath'd us them both when he rose to the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

The Passing Bell.

'HY solemn music loads the gale,
Mournful, deep funereal bell !
Soon as night her ebon throne
Resigns ; thou mak'st thy plaintive moan.

Is it a *parent's* dirge I hear ?
Or o'er a *child's* lamented bier
Pour'st thou thy sadly solemn knell,
Mournful, deep, funereal bell !

Dost thou a *brother's* fate declare,
Or for a *sister* call the tear ?
Or for a *friend* departed, tell
Thy solemn truths, funereal bell !

Ah ! I have *felt* thy freezing power,
In silent sorrow's darkest hour ;
The slowly pacing, nodding hearse,
Has been the comment on my verse.

In *each* department have I found
(When oft I heard thy solemn sound)
The heart's true pang—and felt thy knell,
Thou mournful deep funereal bell !

Ah ! what dost thou to mortals cry ?
" Ye thoughtless race, prepare to die !
" And bid each earthly joy farewell,
" Warn'd by the frequent passing bell."

And oft as with the dawning day
I hear thy melancholy lay,
Upon the rising breezes swell
I'll hail thee, warning passing bell !

For sure thou tell'st my life's short date
Must sink beneath the hand of fate ;
And soon thou'lt toll *my* lingering knell,
Thou *moral*, *pealing*, passing bell.

Stanzas

On revisiting my Native Town, in August, 1837.

SOME years have I wander'd o'er uplands and valleys,
Where nature looks barren, or fertile and chaste;
Where Neptune indulges his maritime sallies—
Rebounds on the mountain or howls in the waste:
But no ocean, no harbour, no villa on earth,
Seems so lovely as Dereham, the place of my birth!

Enraptured, I saw Sol rise from yon billow,*
Or view'd from the Cader† his bright dawning ray;
Then saw him recline on his blue western pillow,‡
And silently leave the last shadows of day:
But no mountain or valley, no prospect on earth
Was so pleasing as Dereham, the town of my birth:

Tho' the beauties of Cambria, awful and charming,
Plinlimmon and Snowdon with grandeur delight!
Tho' the cataract bellows in accents alarming!
As objects sublime strike the fugitive's sight!

* The German Ocean. † Cader Idris, in Merionethshire.
‡ The Irish Sea.

o torrent, no vista, no garden on earth
rrests me like Dereham, sweet vale of my birth.

ıe pleasures of home, ever new and delighting,
Embosom each passion and cherish the man;
nd the volatile world with its scenes so inviting,
Charms not like the grot where our reason began;
Io voyage or tour for science or truth,
)an chase from life's vision the rambles of youth.

But why so enchanting ye meadows and flowers,
Where Friendship and Love in simplicity smiled;
Here's the Green and the Sandhill where fled my
first hours;
Still as beauteous as ever, as rural and wild—
Iow sacred's yon cot! and yon sepulchre'd earth,
Tis the dust of my fathers—the land of my birth.

Iy fathers! ye records of life's revelation!
Of patriarchs, prophets, and christians renown'd,
Reveal to my faith by your sacred narration,
The Jordan they've past, and the Canaan they've
found,
'or there shall my soul disembodied arise,
.nd my fathers rejoin in their own native skies.

T. E. ABBOTT.

Withered Leaves.

"We all do fade as a leaf."—ISAIAH.
"So flourishes and fades, majestic man."—BEATTIE.

Oh tell me not that Beauty's power
Shall live in undecaying bloom;
'Tis but the triumph of an hour,
For time, or sickness, to the tomb
Consign it—and no traces last
To tell us where the meteor past.

Oh say not when the breathing Spring
Has ceas'd to waft her balms around;
Or Summer's lovely flowers to fling
Their fragrant beauties on the ground,
That nature's charms no longer shine
In splendour only not divine.

For when her brilliant train are flown,
And in their sweet successions past;
When Autumn's nect'rous hand has thrown,
Of all her treasur'd stores, the last—
Her fading trees incessant pour
Their wither'd leaves—a bounteous shower!

The splendid tints there seem display'd
Ambitious of the Rainbow's dye ;
Their mingling hues, shade after shade
What human pencil can supply ?
No !—tho' they're wither'd leaves, they stand
As proofs of an almighty hand.

Altho' no more their mazy veins
Unseen the vital streams convey ;
Enough of beauty yet remains,
In form and tint, to mark the day
When in their loftiest pride displayed,
They form'd a cool umbrageous shade.

Emblems of feeble man !—like you
All beautiful and bright in youth—
In manhood flourishing to view,
Till age unlovely tells the truth
That man's a fading flower, and must
Descend, and mingle with the dust !

Your day is set to rise no more !
But man, immortal man shall rise,
And in *this* world display the power
Of him who fills both earth and skies—
Yes ! ev'n this faded form shall live again,
"Bright thro' th' eternal year of love's triumphant reign."

MRS. R. MILLER.

Emmaus.

"Abide with us, for it is towards evening."—LUKE xxiv. 29.

Abide with us—the evening shades
Begin already to prevail;
And as the ling'ring twilight fades,
Dark clouds along the horizon sail.

Abide with us—the night is chill,
And damp and cheerless is the air;
Be our companion, Stranger still,
And thy repose shall be our care.

Abide with us—thy converse sweet,
Has well beguiled the tedious way;
With such a friend we joy to meet;
We supplicate thy longer stay.

Abide with us—for well we know,
Thy skill to cheer the gloomy hour,
Like balm thy honied accents flow,
Our wounded spirits feel their powe

Abide with us—and still unfold
Thy sacred, thy prophetic lore;
What wondrous things of Jesus told!
Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.

Abide with us—and still converse
Of him who late on Calvary died
Of him our prophecies rehearse,
He was our friend they crucified.

Abide with us—our hearts are cold,
We thought that Israel he'd restore;
But sweet the truths thy lips have told,
And, Stranger, we complain no more.

Abide with us—we feel the charm
That binds us to an unknown friend:
Here pass the night secure from harm,
Here, Stranger, let thy wanderings end.

Abide with us—to their request,
The Stranger bows, with smiles divine;
Then round the board the unknown guest,
And weary travellers recline.

Abide with us—amaz'd they cry,
As suddenly, whilst breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,
With radiant glory on his head.

Abide with us—thou heavenly friend,
Leave not thy followers thus alone:
The sweet communion here must end,—
The heavenly visitant is gone!

"Let me go for the Day breaketh."

CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest Mother, drown'd in woe,
Now thy kind caresses pain me—
Morn advances—let me go!

See yon orient streak appearing,
Harbinger of endless day:—
Hark! a voice the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away.

Lately launch'd a trembling stranger,
On the world's wide boist'rous flood,
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with dangers,
Gladly I return to God.

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart finds rest,
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.

Weep not o'er those eyes that languish,
Upward turning towards their home,
Raptur'd, they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come!

There, my Mother, pleasures centre,
Weeping, parting, pain or care,
Ne'er our Father's house can enter,
Morn advances—let me go!

As thro' this calm holy dawning,
Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning,
Gently close my eyes in death.

Blessings, endless, richest blessings
Pour their streams upon thy heart,
Though no language yet possessing,
Breathes my spirit e're we part.

Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
Though his voice again I hear,
Rise!—may every grace attend thee,
Rise!—and seek to meet me there.

CECIL.

The above lines were presented by the Rev. R. Cecil to his wife, upon the death of a child, which took place at day-break.

The Inchcape Bell.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea.
The ship was still as ship might be ;
Her sails from heaven receiv'd no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of the shock,
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

(The worthy abbot of Aberbrothock
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape rock ;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder it warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And bless'd the priest of Aberbrothock.)

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck, on the ocean green :
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And fix'd his eyes on the darker speck.

His eye was on the bell and float:
Quoth he, "My men put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go:
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles arose, and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to this rock,
Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspread the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high:
The wind had blown a gale all day,
At evening it had died away.

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
"Yonder, methinks, should be the shore:
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
"But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong,
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shiv'ring shock—
Oh, Heavens ! it is the Inchcape rock !

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair ;
But the waves rush in on every side,
And the vessel sinks beneath the tide.

SOUTHEY.

Conversation.

I CANNOT talk with civit in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume ;
The sight's enough—no need to smell a beau—
Who thrusts his nose into a rareeshow ?
His odoriferous attempts to please
Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees ;
But we that make no honey, though we sting,
Poets, are sometimes apt to maul the thing.
'Tis wrong to bring into a mix'd resort,
What makes some sick, and others *a-la-mort*,
An argument of cogence, we may say,
Why such a one should keep himself away.

A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he :
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop ; significant and budge,
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge ;
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home.
' Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
Some handsome present, as your hopes presage ;
'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity and love ;
But when unpack'd your disappointment groans
To find it stuff'd with brickbats, earth, and stones.

Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,
In making known how oft they have been sick,
And give us in recitals of disease,
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees ;
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or carthartic sped ;
Nothing is slightly touch'd much less forgot,
Nose, ears, and eyes, seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seem'd and now the doctor's skill ;
But now—alas for unforeseen mishaps !—
They put on a damp nightcap, and relapse ;

They thought they must have died, they were so
bad;
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain—
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse—the drone pipe of an humble bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole—that's just the sort he does not wish.
He takes what he at first profess'd to loath,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hopes to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work the wonder, if he can—
Alas! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is—to be displeased.

COWPER.

The Erl-King.

WHO is it that rides through the forest so fast,
While night frowns around him, while shrill roars the blast?
The father, who holds his young son in his arm,
And close in his mantle has wrapp'd him up warm.

Father.—"Why trembles my darling? why shrinks he with fear?"
Child.—"Oh, father! my father! the Erl-King is near!
"The Erl-King, with his crown and his beard long and white!"
F.—"Oh! your eyes are deceived by the vapours of night!"

Erl King.—"Come, baby, sweet baby, with me go away!
"Fine clothes you shall wear, we will play a fine play;
"Fine flowers are growing, white, scarlet, and blue,
"On the banks of yon river, and all are for you."

C.—"Oh! father! my father! and dost thou not hear
"What words the Erl-King whispers low in mine ear?"

F.—"Now hush thee my darling, thy terrors appease;
"Thou hear'st, mid the branches, where murmurs the breeze."

E. K.—"Oh! baby, sweet baby, with me go away!
"My daughter shall nurse you, so fair and so gay;
"My daughter, in purple and gold who is dress'd,
"Shall tend you, and kiss you, and sing you to rest!"

C.—"Oh! father! my father! and dost thou not see
"The Erl-King and his daughter are waiting for me?"
F.—"Oh! shame thee, my darling, 'tis fear makes thee blind:
"Thou see'st the dark willows which wave in the wind."

E. K.—"I love thee! I doat on thy face so divine!
"I must and will have thee, and force makes thee mine!"
C.—"My father! my father! oh! hold me now fast!
"He pulls me! he hurts, and will have me at last!"

The father he trembled, he doubled his speed;
O'er hills and through forests he spurr'd his black steed;
But when he arrived at his own castle door,
Life throbb'd in the sweet baby's bosom no more.

M. G. L.

To Miss Mac A.

Sweet maid of Erin ! from the tuneless string,
  Which long upon the willow bough has hung;
How can a feeble hand attempt to bring
  Such music, as in earlier days was flung
From the wild harp, in youth's bewitching prime,
  When Love and Hope wav'd their resplendent wings,
Nor had the sad realities of time
  With sorrow's rust marr'd their melodious strings.

Yet there are lovelier notes than these, to charm
  The withering power of nature—and to give
A power, even death, of terror to disarm—
  Which, when all earthly music dies—shall live,
And in its full, its blest accordance, rise
To swell the eternal anthems of the skies.

MRS. R. MILLER.

HUMOROUS PIECES.

The Three Black Crows.

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,
One took the other, briskly, by the hand;
Hark-ye, said he, 'tis a strange story this
About the crows!—I don't know what it is,
Replied his friend—No! I'm surpris'd at that;
Where I come from it is the common chat;
But you shall hear; an odd affair indeed!
And that it happen'd, they are all agreed.
A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the *alley* knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up *three black crows.*
Impossible!—Nay, but it's really true;
I have it from good hands, and so may you—
From whose, I pray?—So having nam'd the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
Sir, did you tell—relating the affair—
Yes, Sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,

Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me,
But, by the bye, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three.*
Resolv'd to trace so wondrous an event,
Quick to the third the virtuoso went.
Sir—and so forth—Why yes; the thing is fact,
Tho', in regard to number, not exact;
It was not *two* black crows, 'twas only *one,*
The truth of *that* you may depend upon;
The gentleman himself told me the case—
Where may I find him?—Why in such a place.
Away he goes and having found him out,
Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt—
Then to his last informant he referr'd,
And begg'd to know if *true,* what he had heard;
Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow?—*Not I*—
Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, *three, two,* and *one;*
And here I find all comes at last to *none;*
Did you say *nothing* of a crow at *all?*
Crow—Crow—perhaps I might; now I recall
The matter over—And, pray, Sir, what was't?—
Why I was *horrid* sick, and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
Something, that was—*as black,* Sir, as a crow.

BYROM.

The Razor Seller.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical cried razors up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen-pence;
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man would buy with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge who suffered by a broad black beard,
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
"Provided that the razors *shave;*
"It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown, with his good fortune went,
Smiling in heart and soul, content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub

Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor;—then the rest he tried—
All were impostors—"Ah," Hodge sigh'd!
"I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse,"

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and swore;
Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, formed of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:
Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengence, with clenched claws,
On the great cheat that sold the goods.
"Razors! a vile, confounded dog,
"Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun:
"Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
"That people flay themselves out of their lives:
"You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
"Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,
"With razors just like oyster knives.
"Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
"To cry up razors that can't *shave*."

"Friend," quoth the razor man, "I'm not a knave:
"As for the razors you have bought,
"Upon my soul I never thought
That they would *shave*."

"Not think they'd *shave!*" quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for then, you dog," he cries;
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile,—"to *sell*."

WALCOT.

Hodge and the Justice.

Hodge held a farm, and liv'd content,
While one year paid another's rent;
But if he ran the least behind,
Vexation stung his anxious mind:
For not an hour would landlord stay;
But seize the very quarter-day!
That cheap the market! scant the grain!
Tho' urg'd with truth, were urg'd in vain:
The same to him, if false, or true;

For rent must come, when rent was due.
Yet this same landlord's cows and steeds,
Broke Hodge's fence, and cropt his meads.
In hunting, the same landlord's hounds
Spread over Hodge's new-sown grounds,
Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoy'd
While half the rising crop's destroy'd !
Yet tamely was the loss sustain'd,
Save once, and then, when Hodge complain'd,
The 'Squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
And paid him only with a joke,
But luckless still, poor Hodge's fate !
His worship's bull forc'd o'er the gate,
And gor'd his cow, the last and best,
By sickness he had lost the rest.
Hodge felt at heart resentment strong !
The heart will feel that suffers long.
A thought, that instant, took his head,
And thus within himself he said :
" If Hodge, for once, don't fling the 'Squire,
The village post him for a liar !
He said—and 'cross his shoulder throws
The fork, and to his landlord goes.
" I come, thus early, to unfold
" What soon or late you must be told.
" My bull (a creature tame till now)
" My bull has gor'd your worship's cow.
" 'Tis known what shifts I make to live;
" Perhaps your honour may forgive !"

"Forgive!" the 'Squire replied, and swore!
"Pray of forgiveness cant no more!
"The law my damage shall decide,
"And know that I'll be satisfied."
"Think, sir, I'm poor, sir, as a rat!"
"Think! I'm a Justice! think of that!"
Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his head,
And recollecting, archly said,
"Sir, I'm so struck, while here before ye,
"I fear I've blunder'd in my story.
"However, I'll not blunder now,
"Your's was the bull, sir! mine the cow."
His worship found his rage subside,
And with calm accents, thus replied:
"I'll think upon your case to-night;
"But, I perceive, 'tis alter'd quite."
Hodge shrugg'd, and made another bow,
"I wonder where's the justice now?"

ANON.

The Prodigy.

ONCE on a time, as holy authors say,
A Roman Knight met Cato on the way,
"Kind sir," quoth he, "your speedy counsel lend;
"Strange potents are abroad, that fright your friend:

" A prodigy I've seen :—last night a rat
" Eat my old shoe :—what think you, Sir, of that ?
" My wife is sick :—and hence I surely spy
" She will recover, or myself shall die."
Thus spake the knight, and thus the seer began,
" Your idle fears dispel, and be a man,
" Rats will maraud ; and if I augur true,
" Nor death, nor disappointment thence ensue.
" If your old shoes, indeed, had eat the rat,
" I should have thought a prodigy in that,"

ANON.

A Secret.

Ye belles, who of your beaux so fine
Can boast, pray let me tell of mine.
He's young and handsome, brave and gay,
Most amiable, and *tout au fait ;*
He's very rich, in person nice,
Without a blemish or a vice ;
He's very wise, and very witty,
And very famed in court and city ;
To me he's very, very kind,
And very much he's to my mind.
Now, what a pity he's not real !
My beau is but a *beau ideal !*

POCKET BOOK.

A Steam Engine Exquisite,

Of the Year 1938.

Tell John to set the kettle on,
I mean to take a drive;
I only want to go to Rome,
And shall be back by five.

Tell cook to dress those humming birds,
I shot in Mexico,
They've now been killed at least two days,
They'll be *un peu trop haut.*

I'll try that wine too, *a la rose,*
Just brought from Ispahan;
How could those goths of other times
Endure that vile champagne?

The trip I took the other day,
To breakfast in the moon,
Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaire,
Has spoiled my new balloon.

For, steering through the milky way,
He ran against a star,

And turning round again too soon,
Came jolt against my car.

Such fellows ought to keep below;
And never venture there;
If he's so clumsy, he should go
By no way but the Bear.

My time is surely up by now—
Put the high pressure on;
Give the "breath bag" for the way—
All right—hey—whizz—I'm gone.

POCKET BOOK.

The Collegian and the Porter.

At Trin. Col. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling,
Trinity College, Cambridge,—there resided
One Harry Dashington—a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided
For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education:
That is—he understood computing
The odds at any race or match;
Was a dead hand at pigeon shooting;

Could kick up rows—knock down the watch—
Play truant and the rake at random—
Drink—tie cravats—drive a tandem.
Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
So far from working reformation,
Seem'd but to make his lapses greater,
Till he was warn'd that next offence
Would have this certain consequence—
Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer
To guess that with so great a wight,
The next offence occurr'd next night:
When our incurable came rolling
Home as the midnight chimes were tolling,
And rang the College bell—No answer.—

The second peal was vain—the third
Made the street echo next alarum;
When to his great delight he heard
The sordid Janitor, old Ben,
Rousing and growling in his den.
"Who's there?—I s'pose young Harum-scarum."
"Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry."
"Ay, so I thought—and there you'll tarry,
"'Tis past the hour—the gates are closed—
"You know my orders—I shall lose
"My place if I undo the door."—
"And I," (young Hopeful interposed,)

"Shall be expell'd if you refuse,
"So pr'ythee"—Ben began to snore.—
"I'm wet," cried Harry, to the skin,
"Hip! hallo! Ben—dont be a ninney;
"Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,
"So tumble out and let me in."

"Humph!" growl'd the greedy old Curmudgeon,
Half overjoy'd and half in dudgeon.
"Now you may pass, but make no fuss,
"On tiptoe walk and hold your prate."—
"Look on the stones, old Cerberus,"
Cried Harry as he pass'd the gate,
"I've dropp'd a shilling—take the light,
"You'll find it just outside—good night."

Behold the porter in his shirt,
Cursing the rain which never stopp'd,
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success, but that
Is hardly to be wonder'd at,
Because no shilling had been dropp'd,
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regain'd the door and found it fast;—
With sordid oaths and growls and groans,
He rang once—twice—and thrice, and then,
Mingled with gigglings heard the tones
Of Harry mimicing old Ben.—
"Who's there?—'Tis really a disgrace
"To ring so loud—I've lock'd the gate—

" I know my duty—'Tis too late—
" You wouldn't have me lose my place."

" Psha ! Mr. Dashington ; remember,
" This is the middle of November,
" I'm stripp'd ;—'tis raining cats and dogs,"
" Hush, hush !" quoth Hal, " I'm fast asleep ;"
And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs.
" But hark'ye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
" At the same rate I paid myself."
" Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
Replied the avaricious elf,
" No ; all or none—a full acquittance ;
" The terms I know are somewhat high ;
" But you have fix'd the price, not I—
" I won't take less ;—I can't afford it."
So finding all his haggling vain,
Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
Drew out the guinea and restored it.

" Surely you'll give me," growl'd th' outwitted
Porter, when again admitted,
" Something, now you've done your joking,
" For all this trouble, time, and soaking."
" Oh, surely—surely," Harry said ;
" Since as you urge, I broke your rest,
" And you're half drown'd and quite undress'd,
" I'll give you——leave to go to bed."

The Spectacles.

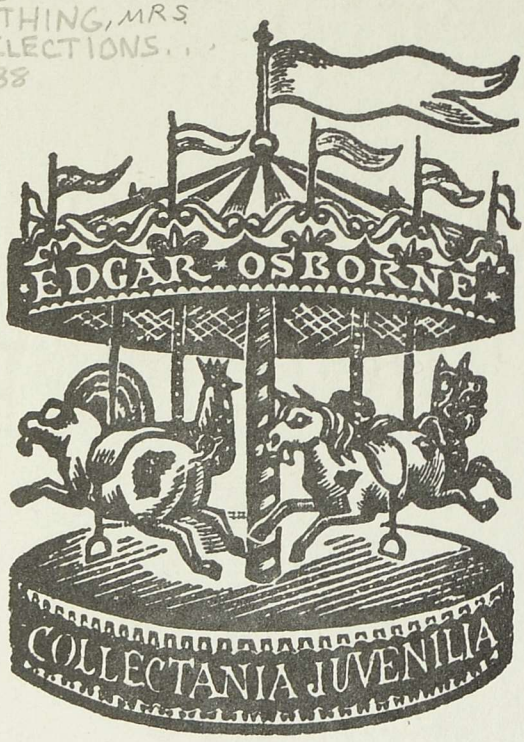
A CERTAIN artist, I forget his name,
Had got for making spectacles a fame,
Or *helps to read*—as when the first were sold
Was writ, upon his glaring sign, in gold;
And, for all uses to be had from glass,
His were allow'd, by readers, to surpass:
There came a man into his shop one day,
"Are you the spectacle-contriver, pray?"
"Yes, Sir, I am, and can in that affair
Contrive to please you, if you want a pair."
"Can you?—pray do Sir."—So at first he chose
To place a youngish pair upon his nose,
And book produced to see how they would fit;
Ask'd how he lik'd them—
"Like them! not a bit.—
Assiduous in his efforts still to please—
Another pair were offer'd—"pray try these"—
Still somewhat more they magnified the letter—
"How do *they* suit?"—"Why not a bit the better."
In short they tried a whole assortment through,
But all in vain, for none of them would do.
The operator much surprised to find
So odd a case, thought—sure the man is blind.

"What kind of eyes can you have got?" said he,
"Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see."
"Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball—
Pray let me ask you, Can you read at all?"
No, you great blockhead! If I could, what need
Of paying you for any 'helps to read?'"
And so he left the maker in a heat,
Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

FINIS.

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GETHING, MRS.
SELECTIONS...
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