

And on one breast she's leaning,
 A mother's arms embrace:
 She reads a tender meaning
 In that forgiving face—
 'Twas gone—the maiden started—
 The arch, cold arch of stone—
 The picture had departed,
 Alone—again alone!

Alone—and she was dying,
 Her cheek was white and cold;
 To God she now was sighing,
 To Him her sins were told;
 Her little feet were chilling,
 Her eyes slow lost their ray,
 With life's last tears now filling,
 She knelt and strove to pray.
 "God pardon!" slowly drooping,
 The wronged, the lost one sighed,
 And then, her forehead stooping,
 She hid her face, and died.

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THE FAIRIES OF THE FALAISE*

WILLIAM JONES.

[Author of "The Monks of Old," &c.]

'Twas the eve of the bridal of Claude Deloraine,
 The boldest of fishers that travers'd the main:
 With a heart and a brow that had won him the hand
 Of a maiden, the sweetest and best in the land.

* A tradition is current at Dieppe that at certain periods of the year the fairies hold a bazaar on the Falaise, in which are displayed goods of unequalled rarity and beauty. The traveller, chancing to pass this spot in the evening, is accosted by these strange beings, who employ all their powers of fascination to attract his attention to their wares, and his ear is saluted at the same time with sounds of the most delicious harmony. If, forewarned, he has sufficient firmness to avert his eyes from the gorgeous spectacle, he passes uninjured. On the contrary, he who listens to the tempting impulse, loses all self-control, and madly pursuing the phantom, which gradually recedes before him, he is drawn to the edge of the precipice, and from thence hurled into the fearful depths beneath.

Still was the hour—the stars shone above
 As Claude bounded homeward, his thoughts full of love:
 With a song on his lips, and a step light and free,
 As the waves that had rock'd him that day on the sea.

On—onward he went, but it seem'd to his gaze
 The Falaise grew longer, perchance 'twas the haze:
 When sudden there gleam'd on his pathway a light,
 That eclips'd the full moon in the glory of night!

And there rose in the midst with a speed like the wind,
 A mart of rich splendour, unmatched of its kind:
 All the marvels of Stamboul in vain could compare
 With the treasures of art that lay clustering there.

And bright though the jewels, how lovelier far,
 Were the eyes of the elves, each the ray of a star;
 As graceful and winning, the gay creatures came
 To the side of poor Claude, and low whisper'd his name.

"Come haste thee, young fisher, and buy from our store,
 We have pearls from the ocean, and earth's deepest ore;
 Thy bride is awaiting a gift from thee now,
 Take a wreath of these gems to encircle her brow."

Soft fell the voice on the calm summer's even,
 The herald of strains that seem'd wafted from Heaven,
 So thrilling, the heart of the fisher gave way,
 And he look'd with charm'd eyes on the fairies' array.

"Ho! ho!" cried the elves, as the bridegroom drew near,
 The willow looks greener when wet with a tear:
 There's a boat on the waves, but no helmsman to guide;
 There's an arm on the cold beach, but where is its pride?

As the lights mov'd before him, Claude hasten'd along,
 He mark'd not his footsteps, he heard but the song:
 One movement—it ceas'd—'midst the silence of death,
 The fisher was hurl'd in the breakers beneath!

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A LITTLE.

J. E. CARPENTER.

A RIVER'S source is oft a tiny spring;
 A mighty isle an ocean waif of yore;
 The weakest to the strong must ever cling,
 A little help will bridge thought's current o'er;

A little acorn may become a tree,
 A little bud may bloom a beautiful flower;
 Nothing is little in its own degree;
 An age may be made famous in an hour.
 A little seed, when placed in earth or brain,
 Expands with time and quickens in the soul,
 So knowledge stagnant never can remain,
 'Tis little atoms make the wondrous whole:
 A little learning never then despise,
 There must be little ere there can be more,—
 The lightest things are those that highest rise,
 We can but reap where others sowed before.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERKENBALD.

THE virtues of the Belgians were, in the year 1020, of a much more austere character than they are at this time, and, as a natural consequence, the punishments awarded to crime were severe, and administered with inflexible justice.

At the period referred to, lived Herkenbald, supreme judge of the city of Brussels, a man whose perfect integrity is cited as an example even to this day. He was then about seventy years of age, a widower; his family consisting of a nephew, whom he had reared in his own house, and a daughter named Blanche, whose goodness and affection he valued above everything in the world. Brought up together from childhood, mutual attachment had ripened into professions of love between the nephew and daughter, sanctioned by the old judge, who, thus deeply interested in the nephew, desired that the young man should replace him in the administration of justice, when either age or death should remove him from the judgment-seat. With much anxiety then he saw this young man give himself up to loose companionship and vicious dissipation; he saw, however, that his daughter loved the prodigal in spite of all, and he hoped that time would work the needed reformation.

One day, as the worthy judge sat dispensing equal justice to all who sought it—to peasant as to lord—a poor old man, with terror in his looks and tears coursing down his furrowed cheeks, came and threw himself upon his knees before him.

"Rise, good man," said Herkenbald; "no one should kneel for justice—it is the right of all who ask it. Speak; what would you?"

"Justice! justice, which I know you will not refuse me. My lord—" his tears fell faster—"I want but justice,—would to God I had not needed to ask for it. You have a child—a daughter, my Lord Judge; I too—I am a father. My child, my daughter was

everything in the world to me—family, riches, hope, pride. She was chaste and pure. There was not under the sun a father happier in his child than I. Now, all is lost to me; my child—justice, lord!—my child is but as the shadow of what she was. A young man—a beast, debauched and vile!—forgive me, my Lord Judge—has forced his way into my wretched home and—in spite of her shrieks—in spite of everything—the monstrous villain has dishonoured my child."

Herkenbald's cheeks grew pale as he heard the old man's accusation, and he devoutly crossed himself. He took up a book of Laws and with trembling hands turned over its pages. While the judge read, a profound silence was in the place, broken only by the sobs of the unhappy father.

After he had read for a few moments the judge's hand was observed to close upon the book with a tightened grasp; he then appeared to re-read a portion of the page with increased attention. At length he closed the volume and, after a moment's pause, turned and said: "You shall be avenged; the laws give you the blood of the criminal."

"Oh! my lord," cried the miserable father, "I do not seek his life."

The inflexible judge heard him not. "Where is this guilty wretch?" he demanded, rising from his seat.

"He—he is yet in my house."

"We will go thither;" and, making a sign to his officers to follow him, the judge went forth.

On the way, the old man, who was troubled at the severity with which the judge seemed disposed to do him justice, would have spoken a few words in extenuation of the criminal; but Herkenbald, pale and abstracted, pressed sternly forward, seemingly unconscious of everything that was passing around him.

At length they reached the house where the crime had been committed, and demanded admittance. After a while some one opened the door from within;—it was the nephew of Herkenbald!

The old judge's heart stood still. For a minute he was silent. "Know you the infamous wretch who has done this crime?" he asked at length; "is he of your friends?"

Fainting with terror, and utterly confounded, the young man at once threw himself at his uncle's feet, and confessed himself the criminal.

Herkenbald's face became deathly pale. "My Blanche! my poor child!" he murmured to himself. Tears sprang to his eyes, and for a while he spoke not. When he did speak his voice was low, but unflinching. "You must die," he said.

"Oh Heaven!" shrieked the terrified wretch; "forgive me, uncle; I was out of my senses—drunk with wine."

"You have done that for which the penalty is death, and—you die."

The criminal abandoned hope. A confessor went to his side, and when he retired, the judge made a sign.—The guilty nephew was decapitated on the spot.

Herkenbald returned home weeping. Not long could the horrible story be kept from his child; the facts were related to her as carefully as might be, but the shock was greater than she could bear; her heart was broken, and in less than a year she died. The old judge did not long survive his lost darling; for the love and blessings of the people, dear as they were to him, could not sustain him under so great an affliction.

The street in which the crime was committed and its terrible punishment consummated has ever since been called the "rue de Fer."

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

To be—or not to be?—that is the question.—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them?—to die—to sleep—
 No more—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
 To sleep?—perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub!
 For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause.—There's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life.
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of Time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes—
 When he himself might his quietus make,
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death—
 That undiscover'd country from whose bourne
 No traveller returns!—puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of!
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action!

THE FEMALE CONVICT-SHIP.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

[A writer of elegant verses for music, many of which obtained great popularity; also of "Lord Tom Noddy," "Perfection," and many other successful burlettas produced on the London stage. Born 1797; died 1839.]

THE tide is in, the breeze is fair,
 The vessel under weigh;
 The gallant prow glides swiftly on,
 And throws aside the spray.
 The tranquil ocean, mirror-like,
 Reflects the deep blue skies;
 And, pointing to the destin'd course,
 The stragglen'd pennon flies.

Oh! none of those heart-cradled prayers
 That never reach the lip,
 No benedictions wait upon
 That fast-receding ship.
 No tearful eyes are strain'd to watch
 Its progress from the land;
 And there are none to wave the scarf,
 And none to kiss the hand.

Yet women throng that vessel's deck,
 The haggard and the fair,
 The young in guilt, and the depraved
 Are intermingled there!
 The girl who from her mother's arms
 Was early lured away;
 The harden'd hag, whose trade hath been
 To lead the pure astray.

A young and sickly mother kneels
 Apart from all the rest;
 And with a song of home she lulls
 The babe upon her breast.

She falters—for her tears must flow,
 She cannot end the verse;
 And nought is heard among the crowd
 But laughter, shout, or curse!

'Tis sunset. Hark! the signal gun;—
 All from the deck are sent,
 The young, the old, the best, the worst,
 In one dark dungeon pent!
 Their wailings, and their horrid mirth
 Alike are hush'd in sleep;
 And now the female convict-ship
 In silence ploughs the deep.

But long the lurid tempest-cloud
 Hath brooded o'er the waves;
 And suddenly the winds are roused,
 And leave their secret caves,
 And up aloft the ship is borne,
 And down again as fast,
 And every mighty billow seems
 More dreadful than the last.

Oh! who that loves the pleasure-barque
 By summer breezes fann'd,
 Shall dare to paint the ocean-storm,
 Terrifically grand?
 When helplessly the vessel drifts,
 Each torn sail closely furl'd,
 When not a man of all the crew
 Knows whither she is hurl'd!

And who shall tell the agony
 Of those confined beneath,
 Who in the darkness dread to die—
 How unprepared for death!
 Who, loathing, to each other cling,
 When every hope hath ceased,
 And beat against their prison door,
 And shriek to be released!

Three times the ship hath struck. Again
 She never more will float.
 Oh! wait not for the rising tide;
 Be steady—man the boat!
 And see, assembled on the shore
 The merciful, the brave—
 Quick, set the female convicts free,
 There still is time to save!

The Sleeping Child.

It is vain! what demon blinds
 The captain and the crew?
 The rapid rising of the tide
 With mad delight they view.
 They hope the coming waves will wait
 The convict ship away!
 The foaming monster hurries on,
 Impatient for his prey!

And he is come! the rushing flood
 In thunder sweeps the deck;
 The groaning timbers fly apart,
 The vessel is a wreck!
 One moment, from the female crowd
 There comes a fearful cry;
 The next, they're hurled into the deep,
 To struggle, and to die!

Their corpses strew a foreign shore,
 Left by the ebbing tide;
 And sixty in a ghastly row
 Lie numbered, side by side!
 The lifeless mother's bleeding form
 Comes floating from the wreck;
 And lifeless is the babe she bound
 So fondly round her neck!

'Tis morn; the anxious eye can trace
 No vessel on the deep;
 But gather'd timber on the shore
 Lies in a gloomy heap.
 In winter time those brands will blaze,
 Our tranquil homes to warm,
 Though torn from that poor convict ship
 That perish'd in the storm!

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
 Whose happy home is on our earth?
 Does human blood with life imbue
 Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
 That stray along thy forehead fair,
 Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?

Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

A human shape I feel thou art;
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence!
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love,
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude:
But, lovely child! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown;
Glad would they be their child to own!
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home would'st live!
Though in thy face no family line
Might sweetly say, "this babe is mine!"
In time thou would'st become the same
As their own child,—all but the name!

How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee!
Whose hearts no greater pleasures seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs beguiled
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirr'd
When thy first broken words were heard,
Words, that inspired by Heaven, express'd;
The transports dancing in thy breast!
And for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even while I gaze, are kindling now.

I called thee duteous; am I wrong?
No! truth, I feel, is in my song:

Duteous thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to Nature, and to Love;
To God!—for thou a harmless child
Has kept his temple undefiled:
To Nature!—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries:
To Love!—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee!
What wonder then though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams!

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
To Heaven, and Heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the Seraphim?

COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER AN' ME.

EDWIN WAUGH.

[A Lancashire poet, resident at Manchester; living.]

Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob;
Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon;
There's some nice bacon-collops o' th' hob,
An' a quart o' ale posset i'th' oon;
Aw've brought thi top-cwot, does ta know,
For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree;
An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow;—
Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,
Hoo cried, 'cose her feyther weren't theer
So, aw kissed th' little thing, an' aw said
'Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro th' fair;
An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,
An' a nice little white cotton bo';
An' aw kissed her again; but hoo said
At hoo wanted to kiss thee an' o'.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
Afore aw could get him upstairs;
Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,
He said, when he're sayin' his prayers;
Then he looked i' my face, an' he said,
"Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad?"
An' he cried till his e'en were quite red;
He likes thee some weel, does yon lad!

At th' lung-length, aw geet em' laid still;
An' aw hearken't folk's feet at went by;
So aw iron't o' my clooas reet weel,
An' aw hanged 'em o' th' maiden to dry;
When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,
Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
An' aw rayley did feel rayther hurt,—
Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw artn't thee!

"Aw've a drum an' a trumpet for Dick;
Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal;
Aw've a book full o' babs; an' a stick,
An' some 'bacco an' pipes for mysel;
Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay,—
Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see*;
An' aw bought thee a new cap to-day,—
But, aw olez bring summat for thee!"

"God bless tho, my lass; aw'll go whoam,
An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd
Thae knows, that wheerever aw roam,
Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd.
Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass;
Aw can do wi' a bit ov a spree;
But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
Except wi' yon childer an' thee!"

AW NIVIR CAN CALL HUR MY WIFE.

BENJAMIN PRESTON.

[A Yorkshire poet, resident at Bradford; *living*.]

AW'M a weyver ya knaw, and awf deead,
So aw du all at iver aw can
Ta put away aat o' my heead
The thowts an the aims of a man!

Aw nivir can call Hur my Wife.

Eight shillin a wick's whot aw arn,
When aw've varry gooid wark an full time,
An aw think it a sorry consarn
Fur a hearty young chap in his prime!

But ar maister says things is as well
As they hae been, ur ivir can be;
An aw happen sud think soa mysel,
If he nobud swop places wi me;
But he's welcome ta all he can get,
Aw begrudge him o' noan o' his brass,
An aw'm nowt bud a madlin ta fret,
Ur ta dream o' yond bewtiful lass!

Aw nivir can call hur my wife,
My love aw sal nivir mak knawn,
Yit the sorra that darkens hur life
Thraws a shadda across o' my awn;
An aw'm suar when hur heart is at eas.
Thear is sunshine an singin i' mine,
An misfortunes may come as they pleecas,
Bud they niver can mak ma repine.

That Chartist wur nowt bud a sloap,
Aw wur foil'd be his speeches an rhymes,
His promises wattered my hoap,
An aw leng'd fur his sunshiny times;
But aw feel 'at my dearest desire
Is withrin within ma away,
Like an ivy-stem trailin' it mire,
An deein' fur t' want of a stay!

When aw laid i' my bed day an neet,
And wur geen up by t' doctur for deead—
God bless hur—shoo'd come wi' a leet
An a basin o' grewil an breead;
An aw once thowt aw'd aht wi' it all,
But sa kindly shoo chattud and smiled
Aw wur fain tu turn ovvur ta t'wall,
An ta bluther an sob like a child!

An aw said as aw thowt of her een,
Each breeter fur't tear at wur in't;
It's a sin ta be niver furgeen
Ta yoke hur ta famine an stint;
So aw'l e'en travel forrud thru life,
Like a man thru a desert unknawn,
Aw mun ne'er hev a hoam an a wife,
B' ny sorras will all be my awn!

Soa aw' trudge on aloan as aw owt,
 An whatever my troubles may be,
 They'll be sweetened, my lass, wi' the thowt
 That aw've niver browt trouble to thee;
 Yit a burd hes its young uns ta guard,
 A wild beast, a mate in his den;
 An aw cannot but think that its hard—
 Nay, deng it, aw'm roarin agen!

MAUD MÜLLER.

J. G. WHITTIER.

[An American poet; he has written "Songs of Labour, and other Poems," Boston, U.S. 1851; "Home Ballads, and other Poems," Boston, U.S. 1860; "Poems," 8vo, Boston, 1850; and several other works.]

MAUD MÜLLER, on a summer's day,
 Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and a merry glee
 The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
 White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
 And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
 For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
 Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
 Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
 Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
 And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
 On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
 From a fairer hand was never quaff'd."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
 Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
 The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
 And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
 Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
 Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
 That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
 And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broad-cloth coat:
 My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
 And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
 And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
 And saw Maud Müller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
 Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
 Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to day,
 Like her a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
 And weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
 And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead:

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein:

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas! for Maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad works of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes:

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[Author of "The Traveller," "Vicar of Wakefield," &c. Born 1728; died 1774.]

As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain. There is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven! it is not so bad with me yet.

I was born in Shropshire. My father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were unable to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so

they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought, in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet: and here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away. But what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door; and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none; when, happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the Evil One put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't?—I killed the hare and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me. He called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of myself. But, though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London, to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

People may say this and that of being in gaol, but for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air, and those that remained were sickly enough, you may be sure. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar (for I did not know my letters), I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

When my time had expired, I worked my passage home; and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more; so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a pressgang. I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter, and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

When the peace came, I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East-India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion; for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war; and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money. But the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow. He swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I wanted to be idle. But I knew nothing of sea-business; and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

Our crew was carried into Brest; and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a gaol, but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to lie well), I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. "Jack," says he to me, "will you knock out the French sentry's brains?" "I don't care," says I, striving to keep myself awake, "if I lend a hand." "Then follow me," says he; "and I hope we shall do business." So up I got, and tied my blanket (which was all the clothes I had) about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen.

Though we had no arms, we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the *Dorset* privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the *Pompadour* privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. Th-

fight lasted for three hours; and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

I was once more in the power of the French; and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest: but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the *Viper*. I had almost forgot to tell you that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life. But that was not my chance; one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, Property, and Old England for ever, huzza!

THE DYING SAILOR.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Yes! there are real mourners.—I have seen
A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention (through the day) her duties claim'd,
And to be useful as resign'd she aim'd:
Neatly she drest, nor vainly seem'd to expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But, when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep:
Then to her mind was all the past display'd,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid:
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth;
In ev'ry place she wander'd, where they'd been,
And sadly-sacred held the parting scene,
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say,
Each time he sail'd,—“This once, and then the day.”
Yet prudence tarried; but, when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.

Happy he sail'd, and great the care she took,
That he should softly sleep, and smartly look;
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the dock;

And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was her's to buy, to make, and to bestow:
For he to Greenland sail'd, and much she told,
How he should guard against the climate's cold,
Yet saw not danger; dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:
His messmates smil'd at flushings on his cheek,
And he too smil'd, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain;
Hope was awaken'd, as for home he sail'd,
But quickly sank, and never more prevail'd.

He call'd his friend, and prefac'd with a sigh
A lover's message—“Thomas, I must die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing, —if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake;
Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer.”

He had his wish, had more; I will not paint
The lovers' meeting; she beheld him faint—
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
“Yes! I must die;” and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts, meantime
Were interchang'd, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
Sooth'd the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart, she sigh'd; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think.
Yet said not so—“perhaps he will not sink:”
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the book of prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;

Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
 The friendly many, and the favourite few;
 Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
 But she has treasur'd, and she loves them all;
 When in her way she meets them they appear
 Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
 He nam'd his friend, but then his hand she prest,
 And fondly whisper'd "Thou must go to rest;"
 "I go," he said; but, as he spoke, she found
 His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
 Then gaz'd affrighten'd; but she caught a last,
 A dying look of love, and all was past:

She plac'd a decent stone his grave above,
 Neatly engrav'd—an offering of her love;
 For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
 Awake alike to duty and the dead;
 She would have griev'd, had friends presum'd to spare
 The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
 Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
 But, if observer pass, will take her round,
 And careless seem, for she would not be found;
 Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
 While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

Forbear, sweet maid; nor be by fancy led,
 To hold mysterious converse with the dead;
 For sure at length thy thoughts, thy spirit's pain,
 In this sad conflict, will disturb thy brain;
 All have their tasks and trials; thine are hard,
 But short the time, and glorious the reward.
 Thy patient spirit to thy duties give,
 Regard the dead but to the living live.

BERNARDO AND ALFONSO.

J. G. LOCKHART.

[Son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott: editor of the *Quarterly*; author of the "Spanish Ballads." Born 1793; died 1854.]

WITH some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appear'd
 Before them all in the palace hall, the lying king to beard;
 With cap in hand, and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
 But ever and anon he frown'd, and flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the king, "who com'st unbid to me;
 But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitors like to thee?
 His sire, Lords, had a traitor's heart: perchance our champion
 brave
 May thank it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale—the king hath rashness to repeat,"
 Cries Bernard, "Here my gage I fling before THE LIAR'S feet!
 No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—
 Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny?"

"The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
 By secret traitors hired and led, to makes us slaves of France;—
 The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval,—
 Your words, Lord King, are recompense abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down—your hope was flown—I saw the falchion
 shine,
 That soon had drank your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;
 But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
 And ye've thank'd the son, for life and crown, by the father's bloody
 fate.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho free,
 But, shame upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did see;
 He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
 And visage blind, and stiffen'd limb, were all they gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word hath stain'd his purple
 black,
 No Spanish Lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back:
 But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—
 The King hath injur'd Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe."

"Seize—seize him!"—loud the King doth scream—"There are a
 thousand here—
 Let his foul blood this instant stream—What, caitiffs, do you fear?
 Seize—seize the traitor!"—But not one to move a finger dareth,—
 Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,
 And all the hall was still as death: cries Bernard, "Here am I,
 And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting Heaven and me;
 Fain would I know who dares his point—King, Candé, or Grandee!"

Then to his mouth the horn he drew—(it hung below his cloak)—
 His ten true men the signal knew—and through the ring they
 broke,
 With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,
 And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king to quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this warlike guise
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize."
But Bernard turn'd upon his heel, and smiling pass'd away—
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

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SPEECH OF DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS.

ATHENIANS!—Had this assembly been called together on an unusual occasion, I should have heard the opinions of others before I had offered my own; and if what they proposed had seemed to me judicious, I should have been silent; if otherwise, I should have given my reasons for differing from those who had spoken before me. But, as the subject of our present deliberations has been often treated by others, I hope I shall be excused, though I rise up first to offer my opinion. Had the schemes formerly proposed been successful, there would have been no occasion for the present consultation.

First, then, my countrymen, let me entreat you, not to look upon the state of our affairs as desperate, though it be unpromising; for as, on one hand, to compare the present with times past, matters have indeed a very gloomy aspect; so, on the other, if we extend our views to future times, I have good hopes that the distresses we are now under will prove of greater advantage to us than if we had never fallen into them. If it be asked, what probability there is of this? I answer, I hope it will appear that it is our egregious misbehaviour alone that has brought us into these disadvantageous circumstances; from which follows the necessity of altering our conduct, and the prospect of bettering our circumstances by doing so.

If we had nothing to accuse ourselves of, and yet found our affairs in their present disorderly condition, we should not have room left even for the hope of recovering ourselves. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how gloriously the Lacedæmonian war was sustained; in which we engaged, in defence of our own rights, against an enemy powerful and formidable; in the whole conduct of which war nothing happened unworthy the dignity of the Athenian state; and this within these few years past. My intention in recalling to your memory this part of our history, is to show you, that you have no reason to fear any enemy, if your operations be wisely planned and vigorously executed.

The enemy has, indeed, gained considerable advantages by treaty as well as by conquest; for it is to be expected that princes and states will court the alliance of those who seem powerful enough to protect both themselves and their confederates. But, my countrymen, though you have of late been too supinely negligent of what concerns you so nearly, if you will, even now, resolve to

exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances,—the rich by contributing liberally towards the expense of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short, you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves—it is not yet too late, with the help of heaven, to recover what you have lost, and to inflict just vengeance on your insolent enemy.

But when will you, my countrymen, when will you rouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster. When irresistible necessity drives you.—What think you of the disgraces which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity? or do you wait for somewhat yet to come more forcible and urgent?—How long will you amuse yourselves with inquiring of one another after news, as you ramble idly about the streets? What news so strange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian should subdue this state, and lord it over Greece? Again, you ask one another, "What! is Philip dead?" "No," it is answered: "but he is very ill." How foolish this curiosity. What is it to you whether Philip is sick or well? Suppose he were dead, your inactivity would soon raise up against yourselves another Philip in his stead: for it is not his strength that has made him what he is, but your indolence; which has of late been such that you seem neither in a condition to take any advantage of the enemy, nor to keep it, if it were gained by others for you.

Wisdom directs that the conductors of a war always anticipate the operations of the enemy, instead of waiting to see what steps he shall take; whereas, you Athenians, though you be masters of all that is necessary for war, as shipping, cavalry, infantry, and funds, have not the spirit to make the proper use of your advantages, but suffer the enemy to dictate to you every motion you are to make. If you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you order troops to be sent thither; if at Pylæ, forces are to be detached to secure that post.—Wherever he makes an attack, there you stand upon your defence. You attend him in all his motions, as soldiers do their general. But you never think of striking out of yourselves any bold and effectual scheme for bringing him to reason, by being before-hand with him. A pitiful manner of carrying on war at any time; but in the critical circumstances you are now in, utterly ruinous.

Oh! shame to the Athenian name! We undertook this war against Philip, in order to obtain redress of grievances, and to force him to indemnify us for the injuries he had done us; and we have conducted it so successfully, that we shall by and by think ourselves happy if we escape being defeated and ruined! For who can think that a prince of his restless and ambitious temper will not improve the opportunities and advantages which our indolence and

timidity present him? Will he give over his designs against us, without being obliged to it? And who will oblige him? Who will restrain his fury? Shall we wait for assistance from some unknown country? In the name of all that is sacred, and all that is dear to us, let us make an attempt with what forces we can raise, if we should not be able to raise as many as we could wish. Let us do somewhat to curb this tyrant. Let us remember this, that he is our enemy; that he has spoiled us of our dominions; that we have long been subject to his insolence; that whatever we expected to be done for us by others, hath proved against us; and that all the resource left is in ourselves: then we shall come to a proper determination; then we shall give due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Wizard. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands 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.

Lochiel. 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 phantoms of fright!

Wizard. 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 roars

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 eyry, 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.

Lochiel. 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,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wizard. 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 deplor'd;
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 lies bleeding and torn!
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell 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 swells;
Accurs'd 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—
Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale.
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
 Tho' my perishing ranks should be strewed in their goa,
 Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling 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.

THE POOR MAN AND THE FIEND.

REV. MR. MACLELLAN.

A FIEND ONCE met a humble man
 At night, in the cold dark street,
 And led him into a palace fair,
 Where music circled sweet;
 And light and warmth cheered the wanderer's heart,
 From frost and darkness screened,
 Till his brain grew mad beneath the joy,
 And he worshipped before the Fiend.

Ah! well if he ne'er had knelt to that Fiend,
 For a task-master grim was he;
 And he said, "One half of thy life on earth,
 I enjoin thee to yield to me;
 And when, from rising till set of sun,
 Thou hast toiled in the heat or snow,
 Let thy gains on mine altar an offering be;"
 And the poor man ne'er said "No!"

The poor man had health, more dear than gold;
 Stout bone and muscle strong,
 That neither faint nor weary grew,
 To toil the June day long;
 And the Fiend, his god, cried hoarse and loud,
 "Thy strength thou must forego,
 Or thou art worshipper art of mine;"
 And the poor man e'er said "No!"

Three children blest the poor man's home—
 Stray angels dropped on earth—
 The Fiend beheld their sweet blue eyes,
 And he laughed in fearful mirth:
 "Bring forth thy little ones," quoth he,
 "My godhead wills it so!
 I want an evening sacrifice;"
 And the poor man ne'er said "No!"

A young wife sat by the poor man's fire,
 Who, since she blushed a bride,
 Had gilded his sorrow, and brightened his joys,
 His guardian, friend, and guide.
 Foul fall the Fiend! he gave command,
 "Come, mix the cup of woe,
 Bid thy young wife drain it to the dregs;"
 And the poor man ne'er said "No!"

Oh! misery now for this poor man!
 Oh! deepest of misery!
 Next the Fiend his godlike Reason took,
 And amongst the beasts fed he;
 And when the sentinel Mind was gone,
 He pilfered his Soul also;
 And—marvel of marvels!—he murmured not:
 The poor man ne'er said "No!"

Now, men and matrons in your prime,
 Children and grandsires old,
 Come listen, with soul as well as ear,
 This saying whilst I unfold;
 Oh, listen! till your brain whirls round,
 And your heart is sick to think,
 That in England's isle all this befel,
 And the name of the Fiend was—**DRINK!**

THE DEATH OF BAWTIE.

A BORDER BALLAD.

As Bawtie fled frae Langton Tower
 Wi' his troop along the way;
 By the Corney ford an ould man stood,
 And to him did Bawtie say: