

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.*

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, when pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

WORDSWORTH.

NO. III.

"NORMAN'S BRIDGE; OR, THE MODERN MIDAS."

BY T. D. P.

WANT of space compelled us, much against our inclination, to break off in the midst of a most interesting extract from "Norman's Bridge," which we now resume. We left the unhappy Michael in extreme peril—we now take up the narrative, and carry it through to the close of the thrilling scene:—

Maturin, in one of his novels, has given the most dreadful description that ever fell from human pen of a man massacred by a mob.

It is too painful for me even to dwell upon this present most degrading, yet most dreadful of all situations. Michael was a brave spirit, and had his good qualities, in spite of his many faults; and you shall not see him dragged about, and pummelled, and beaten, his garments torn to tatters, staggering and dizzy, pushed to and fro, shuffled and knocked up and down, by the rude and savage crowd which pressed upon him on all sides. A crowd, even the most inoffensive crowd, is, when closely jammed and forcing itself onward against any obstacle, a very fearful thing. What is it, then, when enraged and furious!

The High-street led direct to the bridge. It was narrow; but the crowd streamed down it, forced Michael upon the bridge—upon the battlements! A loud, wild huzza!—"Drown him!—drown him! Throw him into the river to search for his musty corn! Fling him in, as ye would fling a dog!" He is raised high in the air by the arms of two or three herculean, half-drunken draymen. Another loud shout, and they hurl him in.

At that moment a shriek, shrill and piercing, rang down the street. The very mob was struck by it. There was a moment's pause—a moment of compunctious silence. The loud shriek of the agonized wife, as she witnessed the spectacle from the top of the High-street, had found a way to every heart.

"He's gone, however," said one or two, as they hung over the battlements of the bridge, and looked down into the water.

They were all too much engaged to observe what next approached. Suddenly there was another cry—"The soldiers!—the soldiers are upon us!"

Through the bushes and osiers which clothed the opposite banks the bright scarlet uniforms and glowing brass of the plumed helmets of a detachment of the county Fencibles were seen galloping down. They were headed by Lord Strathnaer, mounted upon a magnificent black horse. They approached the bridge.

There was a loud, shrill cry of defiance from the crowd, and a shower of stones greeted Lord Strathnaer as he came on; but the men, their sabres drawn and carbines loaded, advanced steadily with all the courage—and proudly we may add, with all the humanity and forbearance which distinguish the English soldier upon those trying occasions—occasions when, surrounded by a rude hostile, abusive crowd of human beings, choking up the ways, impeding his movements, saluting him with every provoking epithet which can be invented or applied, he remains perfectly passive; and, with the generous forbearance of the armed toward the unarmed man, remains, as so many have seen, calm, composed, and master of himself, only intent upon performing his duty with the least possible violence, and the least possible injury, to the misguided multitude with which he is surrounded.

The mob, though insolent at first, showed, as usual, the white feather when opposed to a regular, well-disciplined force—as the soldiers, in close order, making their fine horses curvet and prance in what seemed a very formidable, though a very harmless manner, and waving their sabres over their heads, rapidly bore down upon the bridge.

Curses and abuse were now exchanged for screams and shrieks of women and cries of men. There was a general rush toward the town; and the cavalry had only to gallop among the crowd with their manured horses, striking about with the flat of their sabres, and the populace, like a flock of sheep, fled in one mass to the opposite end of the bridge and thence to the bank above. Here they turned, and confronted their adversaries.

But not all the force of the crowd, pouring down in an opposite direction, could arrest the progress of the wife in the vehemence of her despairing agony, as, followed by her friend and her son, she rushed madly forward, all her usual