

metics came in, and sauntered up and down the great hall waiting for the recovery of the now forlorn Master of the mansion. "Erin, Erin"—sighed the warm hearted peasant—"your children leave your pleasant fields with but little grief for parting; they forget the trees and the meadows of their innocent days, and gladly turn their backs on the homes where they were tenderly reared. Wrong and want drive some away from your green shores, and pride, and love, and madness make others willingly banish themselves to foreign lands. Many a burnin-hearted exile is now on the salt deep, glad to see their sails filled with the wind which blows over their forsaken country; some, some few may return once more; but the most of them will never again bless the Court or the Cottage where their young feet learned to walk, and their innocent prattle delighted their parent's hearts." The old gentleman being partially recovered, again sent for Martin. The servants retired with noiseless steps and with melancholy glances; and the once gay house was soon silent as a tomb; the voice which could best animate it was far away, amid the tumult of a "passenger ship" and the loud murmurs of the tossing ocean.

SCENE AT WARSAW.

[FOR THE H. M. H.]

[SCENE—The Fortifications, a great number of persons of every trade and profession working at the entrenchments.]

An Engineer.—Patience and perseverance my friends! our work prospers as did the building of Jerusalem; a few days more, and if the Tyrant pierces to our Capital, he must fight against disadvantages.

A Workman, (a stage player).—Yes, he must first surmount those bulwarks, and then these bodies, before he may pollute our hearth stones.

2d Workman, (a military invalid).—Eternal confusion on the soul hearted boar; I am unable to go out to meet him, but I long for his appearance before Warsaw, that I may have an opportunity to die while striking at him. My old sword has ere now tasted the rank blood of the Russ, and ever in the most righteous cause, in defence of the liberties of my unfortunate country. But talk not of hearth stones! he cannot pollute them! if Warsaw falls before the fiend, our wives and little ones will die at the