

came to strike at Valmore, who at that moment drew his sword, saying, 'The very garb he wore, forbade his receiving the indignity he had offered, and hid Fanne instantly defend himself.' The colonel drew, and in a moment Valmore's too furious arm directed his weapon's point to his antagonist's heart, who fell dead on the instant.

Valmore was quickly seized, torn from his Julia's arms, who begged to accompany him, and thrown into a dungeon. A Court martial was immediately called, and he was sentenced to be shot on the next day. He received his sentence with firmness. The hope he felt of having recalled his beloved Julia to the paths of virtue sat smiling at his heart. He marched to execution between two ranks of his former fellow soldiers with a manly step, and an elevated air. His eyes alone were dry

As he approached the fatal spot, he heard a tumultuous sound. He turned his head, and saw a woman pale and her hair dishevelled, rushing through the crowd; he heard his name pronounced by a soft dying voice, and that instant Julia caught him in her arms. Exhausted and convulsed, she exclaimed, 'Thank Heaven, I have reached this spot to die at the feet of a faithful husband! Valmore, forgive me! we shall meet again!' As her pale lip received the seal of pardon, the guilty Julia sunk—and expired. Valmore threw himself upon the ground beside her, and fell into strong convulsions. Insensibly succeeded these emotions; he was remanded back to prison, and ere the next day's dawn, his spirit was released from his poor suffering clay, and free to seek the kindred soul of Julia.

TWO FRAGMENTS of ANCIENT POETRY, collected in the HIGHLANDS of SCOTLAND.

[Translated from the Gallic or Erse Language.]

I.

AUTUMN is dark on the mountains; grey mist rests on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. A tree stands alone on the hill, and marks the grave of Connal. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and strew the grave of the dead. At times are seen here the ghosts of the deceased, when the musing hunter alone stalks slowly over the heath.

Who can reach the source of thy race, O Connal? and who recount thy fathers? Thy family grew like an oak on the mountain, which meeteth the wind with its lofty head. But now it is torn from the earth. Who will supply the place of Connal?

Here was the din of arms; and here the groans of the dying. Mournful are the wars of Fingal; O Connal! it was here thou didst fall. Thine arm was like a storm; thy sword, a beam of the sky; thy height, a rock on the plain; thine eyes, a furnace of fire. Louder than a storm was thy voice, when thou confoundedst the field. Warriors fell by thy sword, at the thistle by the staff of a boy.

Dargo the mighty came on like a cloud of thunder. His brows were contracted and dark; his eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright rose their swords on each side; dire was the clang of their steel.

The daughter of Rinval was near; Crimora, bright in the armour of man; her hair loose behind, her bow in her hand. She followed the youth to the war, Connal her much beloved. She drew the string on Dargo, but erring, pierced her Connal. He falls like an oak on the plain; like a rock from the shaggy hill. What shall she do, hapless maid! he bleeds; her Connal dies! All the night long she cries, and all the day, O Connal, my love, and my friend! With grief the sad mourner died.

Earth here enclosed the loveliest pair on the hill; the grass grows beneath the stones of their tomb. I sit in the mournful shade; the wind sighs through the grass; and their memory rushes on my mind. Undisturbed you now sleep together; in the tomb of the mountain you rest alone.

II.

RYNO, ALPIN.

Ryno.

THE wind and the rain are over; calm is the noon day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills the inconstant Sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill, sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear: It is the voice of Alpin, the son of the song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head