when death freed the poor soldier that he loosed his hold. De la Fond then, in spite of the number of people who covered the floating spar, managed to get hold of a yard, and afterwards a spritsail. He next got on to the mainmast, which, having been burnt below, fell overboard, killing some, but giving a temporary shelter to others. Eighty persons were now crowded together on the mainmast, amongst whom was the chaplain, who was even then doing his utmost to persuade the poor creatures to be resigned, when suddenly he fell into the sea. De la Fond seeing the poor man fall, immediately rescued him, although requested by the chaplain to let him go, as he was nearly half-drowned then. "No, my friend," the lieutenant nobly replied, "when my strength is exhausted we will perish together." The fire still continued raging until it reached the powder magazine, when the most fearful explosion ensued, and for a while nothing was visible but pieces of flaming timber aloft in the air, threatening to crush numbers of human beings, even then in the agonies of death. De la Fond then, with the pilot and master, managed to escape to the yawl, and as night came on they providentially found a cask of brandy, some pork, a piece of scarlet cloth, some linen, and a small piece of cordage. The scarlet cloth they used as a sail, an oar was used as a mast, and a plank for a rudder. All this was done in the darkness of night, and then came another serious difficulty: they were at least two hundred leagues from land, and had no chart, compass, or anything to show them where to steer. Eight days and nights passed without sight of land, and all this time the three saved men were suffering from the extremities of hunger and thirst, and exposed to the burning heat of the sun by day, and the intense cold by night; but happily, on the 3rd of August, they discovered the distant land. The sight of it alone seemed to give them renewed strength for renewed exertion. At last they reached the coast of Brazil, and entered Tresson Bay. On reaching the shore the poor fellows gave way to the most frantic excessions of joy. The appearance they presented may be better imagined than described. Scarcely anything human remained about them. The Portuguese seemed at a loss how to receive them, but after a little reflection they came forward and welcomed them in the kindest and most hospitable manner. The Governor of the place where they landed then came forward and conducted lieutenant de la Fond and his companions to his house, were he provided them with clothes and a plenteous meal. Though rest was quite as much needed as food, yet the sufferers would not sleep until they had in church (which was half a league distant) returned thanks for their wonderful preservation.

Nearly three hundred persons perished in this fearful catastrophe, and their sufferings must have been a terrible illustration of the words of a writer who, describing such a calamity in verse, says that

"*Both burnt and drowned, they met a double fate.*"

LORD THURLOW'S COACH.

(18.)—It is related of the eccentric Lord Thurlow that he was very kind to his brothers; and, notwithstanding his frequent bursts of passion, which they were a little afraid of, he continued to live upon terms of great familiarity with them. Shortly after he had been made Lord Chancellor, he addressed a note to one of his brothers (whom he had made a bishop) in the following terms:—

"*Tom, there is to be a drawing-room on Thursday, when I am obliged to attend; and as I have purchased Lord Bathurst's coach, I beg him his liveries to give orders about the necessary alterations, so you see and get all ready for me.*"

The Bishop did so, but forgot to get the arms altered, and Lord Bathurst's arms remained thereon, with an earl's coronet instead of a baron's. Feeling a storm from his passionate brother, the Bishop ordered the footmen, as soon as the carriage stopped to take up his lordship, to open the carriage, and keep it open until the Lord Chancellor was seated. This was done; when looking round, Thurlow stretched forth his hand, and in the kindest tones, said—"Brother, I thank you, everything is as I could wish!" The same expedient was again resorted to as Thurlow left St. James's Palace; and before his lordship required the carriage again, the arms were altered according to the rules of heraldry.

A POET HANGED!

(21.)—Robert Southwell was born in the year 1560, at St. Faith's, Norfolk, his parents being Roman Catholics: and it was his peculiar misfortune to live in an era when neither talents, truths, nor even innocence were sufficient protection against political and religious fury, and he fell a melancholy victim to the persecuting laws of the period. The following sketch briefly narrates his career:—

When quite a child he was sent to the English College at Douay, in Flanders. From there he went to Rome, and when but sixteen years of age joined the society of Jesuits. He returned to England in 1584 as a missionary, notwithstanding a law which threatened all members of his profession with death if discovered. He appears to have worked secretly for eight years amongst Roman Catholics without having been apprehended, when, in 1592, he was taken at a gentleman's house in Uxenden, in Middlesex, and imprisoned in the Tower of London for three years, during which time he suffered the greatest privations, being confined in a dungeon so noisome and loathsome, that when he was brought out for examination, his clothes were covered with vermin. His father, who was a man of good family, presented a petition to Queen Elizabeth, begging her that if his son had done anything to deserve death, that he might suffer death; but if not, as he was a gentleman, he entreated her Majesty to order him to be treated as a gentleman. After this, Southwell was better lodged, but being kept in prison for three years, combined with ten inflictions of the rack, these cruelties tried and wore out his patience so much that he entreated and begged to be tried. In reply to this, Lord Burleigh, Secretary of State, is said to have made the unfeeling and cruel remark that "if he was in such a hurry to be hanged he should soon have his wish!" Shortly afterwards, Southwell was tried, found guilty on his own confession of being a Romish Priest, condemned, and executed at Tyburn, in the year 1595, with all the dreadful details associated with the old treason-laws of England.

Southwell's life, though short, was one of sadness; his poetry therefore is full of the patient but melancholy resignation with which he wrote, and possesses great richness of imagination, with a felicity of versification. It was in prison he wrote his two longest productions—"*St. Peter's Complaint*," and "*Mary Magdalene's Tears*;" and one striking feature of these works is, that although suffering such cruel persecution, he never let any trace of angry feeling be visible in his writings. Although his works were much appreciated at one time (as many as eleven editions having been printed between 1595 and 1600), yet they fell into neglect afterwards.

Southwell was also the author of several prose works, which possessed equal merit with his poems.

COLERIDGE AS A PREACHER.

(24.)—It was at Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills—a rural retreat which Coleridge has commemorated in verse—that he wrote some of his most beautiful poems, including the first part of the "wild and wondrous tale" of "*Christabel*;" and the two or three years spent at Stowey seem to have been the most felicitous of Coleridge's literary life. During his residence there Coleridge officiated as Unitarian preacher at Taunton, and afterwards at Shrewsbury. Mr. Hazlitt has thus described his walking ten miles on a winter's day to hear Coleridge preach:—

"When I got there the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text, '*He departed again into a mountain himself alone.*' As he gave out this text his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes, and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey. The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war—upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore! He made a poetical and pastoral excursion—and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd-boy driving his team a-field or sitting under the hawthorn piping to his flock, as though he should never be old, and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long one at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood.

'*Such were the notes our once fond poets sung.*'

And, for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres."

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.