

POETRY

ELEGY FOR THE KING OF THE GIPSIES
CHARLES LEE,

Who died in a tent near Lewes, August 16
1832, aged 74. He was buried in Saint
Ann's Churchyard, in presence of a thousand spectators.

HURRAH!—hurrah!—pile up the mould;
The Sun will gild its sod:—
The Sun,—for threescore years and ten
The Gipsy's idol God!—
O'er field and fen,—by waste and wild,
He watch'd its glories rise,
To worship at that gorgeous shrine
The spirit of the skies.

No brick built building cag'd him in;
No lordly roof of stone:—
High o'er his couch the vault of Heaven
In star-bright splendour shone!
The rustling leaves still murmur'd there:
The rambling woodbine flower
Its twilight breath, exhal'd to cheer
The outcast's desert bower!

To him the forest's pathless depths
Their moistest caves reveal'd;
To him, fair nature's hand bequeath'd
Her fruits of food and field:—
The flower,—the root,—the beast,—the bird
All living things design'd
To feed the craving or delight
The gaze of human kind!

The pencil'd wood flower, fair and frail,—
The squirrel's cunning nest,—
The granite throne, with lichen's wild,
In brodered vesture drest:—
Sweet violets bedded in their leaves,
The first soft pledge of Spring:—
Such were the gifts by Heaven's own hand
Shed on the Gipsy King!—

The snow drop glistening in the wood,
The crowfoot on the lee,
Their gold and silver coin poured forth
To store his treasury;
The springing moss by fairies spread,
His velvet footcloth made;
His canopy shot up amid
The lime tree's emerald shade.

Buck,—phessant,—hare,—some lordly park
Still yielded to his foast;
And firing for his winter warmth,
And forage for his beast.
Happier than herald blazoned kings,
The monarch of the moor:—
He levied taxes from the rich,—
They wring them from the poor!

With glow-worm lamp, and incense cull'd
Fresh from the bean fields breath;
And matin lark,—and vesper thrush,
And honey-boarded heath:—
A throne beneath the forest boughs,
Fann'd by the wild bird's wing;
Of all the potentates on earth,
Hail to the GIPSY KING!

THOU WERT THE RAINBOW OF MY DREAMS

Thou wert the rainbow of my dreams,
To whom the eyes of hope might turn,
And bid her sacred flame arise
Like incense from the festal urn;
But as the thunder clouds conspire
To wreck the lovely summer sky,
So Death destroyed the liquid fire
Which shone so brightly in thine eye!

The cypress weeps upon thy tomb:
But when the stars unfold their leaves
Amid their bow'rs of purple gloom,
More fervently my spirit grieves;
And as the rainbow sheds its light
In fairy hues upon the sea,
So this cold world appears more bright
When pensive Memory thinks of thee!

A TALE OF TERROR.

The following facts occurred in the dominions of the Emperor Maximilian of Austria:—

A gentleman, possessed of a very lovely wife, was seized with a violent attachment for the Cordeliers, who had a convent in the neighbourhood of his house. He shared their vigils, fasts and prayers, in all which he was encouraged by one of the Order, whom he had chosen as Father Confessor to himself and his wife. This reverend personage enjoyed a renown for wisdom and piety, which was nowise confirmed by his personal appearance, his figure being voluptuous, and his sparkling eyes hypocritically sanctimonious before men, were bold and eloquent to the female children of that holy mother, "the Church."

One morning the gentleman set forth on a journey, to visit one of his estates at some distance, leaving his wife at home with two female servants. Suddenly the Confessor appeared, with his arms devoutly crossed,

and his eyes gleaming with unhallowed fire. "Your husband," said he to the fair member of his flock, "will soon return?"—"Truly not," answered the lady, "I know not indeed when he will return, as the place to which he is gone is half a day's journey hence." "Good," rejoined the monk, and abruptly departed. He descended into the court, whither the chambermaid followed him, and said, "Father, the lady, my mistress, sends me to ask what it is that displeases you?" "Daughter," answered his reverence, "come and see some beautifully illuminated pictures and a portrait of our holy patron!" The maid, accustomed to these monkish curiosities, followed him into a nook, where he without a word, drew a poinard from his sleeve, and laid her dead at his feet. Scarcely had he accomplished this, when a farmer arrived, bearing the rent due to the master of the family. "Brother," said the monk to him, "my lord is busy in the stable, shall I conduct you to him?" The farmer whistling a tune, followed the reverend father into the stable, and there received two poinard thrusts in the body. In the meantime the lady displeas'd at not having received an answer to her message, sent the second maid to enquire why the other lay'd. The assassin perceived her approach, assumed a joyous air, and killed the unsuspecting girl. These three murders left the course open to his infamous project. He accordingly repaired to the lady's chamber, who trembled on seeing his distorted visage and blood besprinkled robe. To her question, "Father, what is that?" The monster answered, "Make no noise, particularly as there are none to hear you. Behold! and lest you be treated in like manner perform my bidding." Saying which, he led her to the window, and showed her the bleeding bodies of her victims! "By my holy patroness I pray thee kill me not," exclaimed the lady, clasping her hands in supplication. "Assuredly not, my pretty one," was the reply. "I reserve for you a better fate—for to possess you, I have done all that you see, and would have done worse. You must now dress in the habit of our Order, and proceed to the monastery, in consideration of which my fair friend, I will secure the absolution of all your sins past, present, and to come. Here is the cord, robe, cowl, and sandals—nothing is wanting." The unhappy lady obeyed, saying—"Wretch! God is my witness that I yield only to the most iniquitous force." She spoke no more, but weeping, complied with the commands of the friar, who cut off her curls with the edge of his poinard; and having arrayed her in the outward signs of his Order, set out with her for the convent. They had proceeded only a few steps, when they saw the gentleman returning towards them. "My love," said the Cordelier, "is not that your husband who approaches?—look not upon him, neither speak a word, if you wish not to join your maidens, and your farmer." "How now father, are you returning from the collection at this hour?"—"No," replied the monk, "but I have just been confessing your lady, who will communicate to-morrow." "Tis well," said the gentleman, and went on his way. His valet however, not recognizing the young Cordelier, as the acolyte whom he had before seen in attendance on the monk, and remarking the delicate feminine figure and imploring looks of the disguised lady, rode after his master and said, "Sir, I know not if it be truth, or a temptation of the devil, but the little Cordelier, is the lady my mistress." "Fool," said the gentleman, "but go and see." The valet hastened his horse towards the monk, who suspecting his object, stopped, as wishing to speak to him; but on his approach, struck him from his horse and cut his throat. The gentleman seeing his servant fall, thought it accident, and hastened to his assistance, and was also unhorsed by the Cordelier. But being a powerful man he grappled with the monk, and well nigh strangled him. The lady, seeing her persecutor disarmed, held him by the cowl, while her husband menaced him with the dagger. The monster prayed for mercy and confessed his crimes; but the peasantry having been alarmed by his cries, assembled and bore him off in chains, and proceedings were instituted against him. Whether in penitence or in malice does not appear, but the cowed villian declared himself to be equalled in guilt by his brethren, and that numbers of victims of abduction were to be found at his convent. Messengers were accordingly dispatched, the unfortunate ladies liberated, and the monks burnt with their convent, in perpetual memory of so horrid a crime.

(From the Novascotian.)

EMIGRATION.

[BY THE ETTRICK SHEPARD.]

I know of nothing in the world so distressing, as the last sight of a fine industrious independent peasantry, taking the last look of their native country, never to behold it more. I have witnessed several of these scenes now, and I wish I may never witness another; for each of them has made

tears burst every now and then for days and nights, and all the while in that mood of mind that I could think of nothing else. I saw the children all in high spirits, playing together, and amusing themselves with trifles, and I wondered if those dear innocents in after life, would remember anything at all of their nativity. They felt no regret, for they knew they had no home but where their parents were; no staff or stay but on them. They were beside them, and attended to all their little wants, and they were happy. How different the looks of their parents! They looked backward toward their native mountains and glades with the most rueful expression of countenance.—These looks can never be cancelled from my heart; and I noted always that the older the men were, their looks were the more regretful and desolate. They thought without doubt, of the tombs of their parents and friends whose heads they had laid in an honoured grave, and that after a few years of the toil and weariness, collateral with old age, they were going to lay their bones in a new world, a far distant clime, never to mix their ashes with those that were dearest to them. Every day the desire to emigrate increases both in amount and intensity; in some parts of the country the movement is taking place to an immense extent. My own brothers, sisters, nephews, and neices are all going away, and if I were not the very individual that I am, I should be the first to depart. But my name is now so much identified with Scotland and Ettrick Forest that though I must die as I lived, I cannot leave them.

But the little affecting story I set out with the purpose of telling is not yet begun. I went the other year to see some particular friends on board the gallant ship Helen Douglas, for the British Settlements of America. Among the rest was Adam Haliday, a small farmer, who had lost his farm, and whom I had known intimately in my young days. He had a wife, and I think nine sons and daughters; but his funds being short, he was obliged to leave his two eldest sons behind, until they themselves could procure the means of following him. An old pedlar, whom I think they named Simon Anslie, was there distributing some little religious tracts among the emigrants gratis, and perhaps trying to sell some of his cheap wares. The captain and he, and Mr Nicholson, the owner of the vessel, myself and some others, were standing around the father and sons, when the following interesting dialogue took place:

"Now Aidee my man, ye're to behave yourself, and not be like a woman and greet. I canna bide to see the tears comin' paplin' ower thae manly cheeks; for though you an' Jamie would hae been my riches, my strength and shield in America, in helpin' me to clear my farm, it is out o' my power to take ye wi' me just now. Therefore be good lads, and mind the thing that's good. Read your bibles, tell aye the truth, an' be obedient to your masters; an' the next year or the next again, you will be able to join your mother and the bairns an' me, and we'll a' work thegither to ane anither's hands."

"I dinna want to gang father," said Adam "until I can bring something wi' me to help you. I ken well how you are circumstanced, an' how ye hae been screwed at hame.—But if there's siller to be made in Scotland, in an honest way, Jamie and me will join you in a year or twa wi' something that will do ye good."

By this time poor little James's heart was like to burst with crying. He was a fine boy about fourteen. His father went to comfort him, but he only made matters the worse. "Hout Jamie, dinna greet that gait man, for a thing that canna be helpit," said he. "Ye ken how weel I wad hae likit to hae had ye wi' me, for the leavin' ye is takin' the pith out o' my heart. But it's out o' my power to tak' ye just now; for as it is, afore I win to the settlement, I'll no hae a siller sixpence. Cut ye're young an' healthy, an' stout, and gin ye be a good lad, wi' the blessing o' God, ye'll soon be able to join your auld father an' mother, an' help them."

"But since frien's are partit, an' o' the half the globe between them, there's but a small chance that they ever meet again," said poor James, with the most disconsolate look. "I wad hae likit to hae gaen wi' ye, an' helpit ye, an' wrought wi' ye, and leev'd an' deev'd wi' ye. It's an awfu' thing to be left in a country where ane has nae hame to gang to whatever befa' him."

The old man burst into tears. He saw the prospect of helpless desolation that preyed on his boy's heart, in the event of his being laid on a bed of sickness; but he had no resource. The boat came to the quay, in which they were about to step; but word came with her that the vessel could not sail before high tide the next day; so the family got one other night to spend together, at which they seemed excessively happy, though lodged in a hay loft.

Having resolved to sail with the Helen Douglas, as far as the point of Cumberland, I attended the next day on the quay, where a great number of persons were assembled to take a last farewell of their friends.—There were four boats lying ready to take

the emigrants on board. The two brothers embraced their parents and sisters, and were just parting rather decently, when the captain, stepping out of a handsome boat, said to Haliday, "Sir, your two sons are entered as passengers with me, so you need not be in such a hurry in taking your farewell of them."

"Entered as passengers!" said Haliday, "why the poor fellows hae na left themselves a boddle in helpin' to fit out their mother an' me; how can they enter themselves as passengers?"

"They are entered however," said the captain, "and both their fare and board paid for to Montreal, from which place you can easily reach your destination, but if any more is required, I am authorized to pay that likewise."

"An wha is the generous friend that has done this?" cried Haliday in raptures, the tears streaming from his eyes. "He has strengthened my arms and encouraged my heart and rendered me an independent man—at once, tell me wha is the kind good man—was it Mr. Hogg?"

The captain shook his head. "I am debarred from telling you, Mr. Haliday," said he; "let it suffice that the young men are franked to Montreal. Here are both their tickets, and there are their names registered as paid."

"I winna set my fit aff o' Scotland sir," said Haliday, "until I ken who has done this generous deed. If he should never be paid mair, he can be nae the waur o' an auld man's prayers night and mornin'; no, I winna leave the shores till I ken who my benefactor is. Can I gan away without kenning wha the friend is that has rendered me the greatest service ever conferred on me sin' I was born? Na na! I canna, captain; sae ye may just as well tell me at ance."

"Then since I must tell you, I must," said the captain; "it was no other than that old packman with the ragged coat."

"God bless him! God bless him! fell, I think, from every tongue that was present.—The mother of the young men was first at the pedlar, and clapping her hands about his neck, she kissed him again and again, even maugre some resistance. Old Haliday ran and took the pedlar by both hands, and in an ecstasy mixed with tears and convulsive laughter, said, "Now honest man, tell me your direction, for the first money that I can either win or beg, or borrow, shall be sent to reimburse you for this.—There never was sic a benefit conferred on a poor father an' mother sin' the world stood up. An' ye shall hae your money good auld Christian—ye shall hae your siller," exclaimed both the lads.

"Na na, Aidee Haladay say nae mair about the payment just now," said the pedlar, "d'ye ken man, I had sundry vera strong reasons for this: in the first place I saw that you could not do without the lads: an' mair than that, I am coming up among my countrymen about New Dumfries an' Loch Eiry to vend my wares for a year or twa, an' I wantit to hae ae house at ony rate where I wad be sure o' a night's quarters—I'll call ca' for my siller Aidee, an' I'm sure to get it, or value for't; an' if I dinna ca' for't be sure never to send it. It wad be lost by the way, for there's never any reaches this frae America."

I never envied any man's feelings more than I did the pedlar's that day, when all the grateful family were hanging around him, and every turned on him with admiration.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Near a dew-drop there fell a tear upon a tomb, whither a beautiful female repaired every morning to weep for her lover. As the sun's golden disc rose higher and higher in heaven, his rays fell on the tear and the dew-drop, but glanced with double brilliancy on the pearl shook from the tresses of Aurora. The liquid jewel, proud of its lustre, thus addressed its neighbour—"How darest thou appear thus solitary and lustreless? The modest tear made no answer; but the zephyr that was just then wantoning near them, paused in its flight, brushed down with its wing the glittering dew-drop, and folding the humble tear of affection in its embrace, carried it up to heaven."

A nobleman observing a large stone lying near his gate, ordered his servant with an oath, to send it to purgatory. "If," said the servant, "I were to send it to heaven, it would be more out of your way."

Two travellers having been robbed in a wood, and tied to trees at some distance from each other, one of them in despair exclaimed "Oh, I am undone!" "Are you said the other, then I wish you would come and undo me."

If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of hating somebody.

Why is a dog biting his tail like a good economist?—Because he makes both ends meet.

A wag speaking of the embarkation of troops, said, "notwithstanding many of them leave blooming wives behind they go away in transports."