

But hark ! methinks my kettle cries in monitory chorus,
While we sit singing here, old boy, the punch grows cold before us ;
'Tis well ! I take your hint, and toast aloud with brisk hurray, sir,
God bless us all and this here Gin !—so ends my roundelay, sir.

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN FROM PALESTINE.

When the soft dews gathered
On the scented clover-bed,
And the pomp of sunset died
Sadly o'er the river tide,
And the dusky twilight threw
Brown shades o'er the mountain blue ;
Then an aged pilgrim stood
Sternly by the autumn wood,
With a fiery eye—whose glare
Shone beneath its cloud of hair,
And an haughty lip—that made
Music in the forest shade.
O'er the dark blue waves of a stormy main
Have I sought thy shores proud land
again—
For the beauty that steals from thy purple
sky,
When afar from thee—hath haunted mine
eye ;
And the whispering tones of thy silver
streams,
Were borne along in my restless dreams—
And the gladness that reigns on the vil-
lage lea,
And the mirth of the cottage—were sweet
to me.
In the hurrying hour of ghastly fight,
When the fiery host swept on in might,
When spears were shivered, and scimitars
broke,
And the infidel slain by the sabre-stroke,
And the mighty were bowed—as the yel-
low grain
Beneath the rush of the autumn rain—

Even then would gleams of my distant
home,
Burst across the boundless salt sea foam.

I lingered—till hushed was the battle's
tread
On the plain where England's best lay
dead ;
The Norman—the Briton—the brave and
free,
Are mouldering to dust o'er the restless
sea ;
And axe-men—and slinger—the knight—the
slave,
And the Saracen chief—have a common
grave.

The splendid noon of an autumn day
Shone down on the pomp of our long array,
And the crimson woods rang far and loud,
With the bursting shout of the jewelled
crowd—
As the nobles came forth from the feudal
hall,
To marshal the host by the castle wall.

A glory still lingers on wall and tower,
And a pennon streams out—at this sha-
dowly hour,
A warder looks forth from the battlement
height,
And a sentinel's corslet glimmers bright—
But the men that stood there—in Pales-
tine sleep,
And Syrian earth of their blood hath drank
deep.

MEG DODS'S COOKERY.*

Most reviews of Cookery books that
have fallen under our observation,
have been so extremely witty, that
it was not possible for us, who love
facetiae, to attend to the instruction
conveyed along with the amusement ;
and, consequently, we are at this

hour ignorant of the leading princi-
ples of several Systems, which it is the
duty of every head of a house to un-
derstand. Now, in our opinion, cook-
ery is by much too serious a subject
for joking ; and, therefore, in this our
short critique, we shall cautiously re-

* The Cook and Housewife's Manual ; containing the most Approved Modern Re-
ceipts for making Soups, Gravies, Sauces, Ragouts, and Made-Dishes ; and for Pies,
Puddings, Pastry, Pickles and Preserves : also for Baking, Brewing, making home-
made Wines, Cordials, &c. ; the whole illustrated by numerous Notes, and Practical
Observations, on all the various branches of Domestic Economy. By Mrs. Margaret
Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's.
Vol. I.