

and puzzled wonder, which appeared to say : what's all this about? Then, the audience. The old man, whose son was, perhaps, next day for trial, and the stalwart peasant from the fields, waiting to be a witness for his brother or his neighbour. The elder matron to leave the town, it may be, childless, and be dragged down with her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. The young maiden—a few weeks since, blooming as summer's freshest rose, now pale in apprehension for her brother or her betrothed. These, surrounded by a mass of faces, stamped with want, with suffering, or with vice—all intent, fixed, eager—formed a spectacle as wild and gaunt as the gloomy and sublime Salvator ever fancied or ever painted. An hour passes away—eyes wander from the accused to the door that conceals the weighers of his destiny. It stirs—the heart leaps—it opens, and they come forth in solemn order. This dense silent crowd have all now but one soul, that soul but one thought—and that thought an awful suspense. The question is put : Guilty or not guilty? The answer is : Guilty! Had the prisoner changed colour, had he shed tears, had he evinced any intelligent heroism, I would have been relieved!—But no! the poor, forlorn, mindless, victim, did not seem to think that these matters had any relation to him. The judge placed the black cap on his head, addressed him in gentle and moving tones, and then pronounced the sentence, that made every heart quake and every knee tremble. Exhortation and sentence were alike in vain; they found no response of either compunction or dread—they did not enkindle or moisten the leaden eye which still stared unheeding. Seldom is the terrible doom of the law pronounced in an Irish court, without the echo of breaking hearts, to whom the victim of the law is dear. But about this unfriended and outcast man there seemed no shelter of kindred affections. Had I heard the sobs of a father, the shrieks of a mother, the mad lamentations of a wife, my pity would have been softened by a touch of comfort—but this uncheered, unbroken desolation upon the lot of a brother, in my humanity, did not so much move me as oppress me. Miserable, unimpressed, dogged, he retired with the officials to his prison, and in a few days that miserable creature was hanged; the life was taken which he had been never taught to use; and the gallows became the sovereign remedy for the ills of an unprotected infancy, a neglected youth, and a guilty manhood.

Thus I have given you the incidents and im-

pressions of a day, which forms somewhat a rambling medley, but if the record affords you the least pleasure, it will not have been made in vain.



YTHANSIDE.

I had ae night, and only aye,
On flow'ry Ythanside,
An' kith or kindred I hae nane
That dwell by Ythanside;
Yet midnight dream and morning vow
At hame they winna bide,
But pu', and pu' my willing heart
Awa' to Ythanside.

What gars ilk restless, wand'ring wish
Seek aye to Ythanside,
An' hover round yon fairy bush
That spreads o'er Ythanside?
I think I see its pawkie boughs,
Whaur lovers wae might hide;
An' O! what heart could safely sit
Yon night at Ythanside?

Could I return and own the skaith
I thole frae Ythanside,
Would her mild e'e bend lythe on me
Ance mair on Ythanside?—
Or, would she crush my lowly love
Beneath a brow o' pride?
I daurna claim, and maunna blame,
Her heart on Ythanside.

I'll rue yon high and heathy seat *
That hangs o'er Ythanside;
I'll rue the mill whaur burnies meet;
I'll rue ye, Ythanside.
An' you, ye Moon, wi' luckless light,
Pour'd a' yer gowden tide
O'er sic a brow!—sic een, yon night!—
Oh, weary Ythanside!

* In the woods of Eslemont, there is a most romantic looking pinnacle overhanging the Ythan. Nature has scooped in it a beautiful little gallery; there the late amiable lady, Mrs Gordon, was seen regularly, each day, surrounded by the children of the neighbouring peasantry, teaching them all things needful to their situation in life, and their duty to God and to the world.



The mind has a certain vegetative power which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not let out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of wild growth.—*Spectator.*