

and pun, and allude to, in a dozen volumes of that droll *circumcubidibus* which he probably calls style.

Mrs. Inchbald lived to be nearly seventy years of age. She was a Roman Catholic, and did honour to that faith. She is buried in Kensington church-yard. The memoirs of her life, written by herself, were destroyed at her death; we cannot help lamenting that such should have been her will.

The "character" of the heroine, by Bowden, at the end of the work, is good; and that means, far better than any thing we ever saw of his, deeply as he has dealt with stage biography. He has now but one more life to write—that is his own; let him set about it. His heart is in the right place; but he seems to hold the pen at the end of a walking-stick, and, instead of words, makes strange signs in the air.

#### A FACTORY CHILD'S TALE.

"I work at Bradley-mills, near Huddersfield. A few days since I had three 'wretched ear-dings,' about two inches long. The slubber, Joseph Riley, saw them, showed them to me, and asked me if this was good work. I said 'No.' He then, in the billy gait, took a thick, round leathern thong, and wailed me over the head and face, for, I think, a quarter of an hour; and, for all my cheek and lips were bleeding, he wailed me on, then sent me to my work again, and I worked till a quarter past seven. I went to the mill at half-past five in the morning; he wailed me a bit 'rust one in the afternoon. I worked in my blood—as I worked, the blood dropped all in the piecing gait! My right cheek was torn open, swelled very much, and was black. My lips were very much torn, and each of them was as thick as three lips. He lashed me very hard over my back, too, in all directions; but the skin was not torn, because I had my clothes on. He has many a time strapped me before till I have been black; he has often struck me over the head, with the billy roller, and raised great lumps upon it. At one time, when I had thrice 'little flyings,' which I could not help, he took me out of the billy gait, lifted me into the window, tied a rope round my body, and hung me up to a long pole that was sticking out of the wall, and there he left me hanging about five feet from the floor. I cried very much, and so in about ten minutes he took me down."

#### THE FACTORY.

Voice of humanity! whose stirring cry,  
Searches our bosom's depths for a reply,  
Long hast thou echoed from the distant wave  
The faint heard moaning of the shackled slave;  
But England claims her turn,—afraid to roam,  
Our hearts turn sadly to the woes of home.  
Know ye the spot where sickly toil abides,  
And penury its load of sorrow hides?  
Go, watch within, and learn—oh! fond to blame—  
How much of slavery is in the name!  
There, starting from its pain'd and restless sleep,  
The orphan rises up to work and weep—  
Waits without hope the morning's tardy ray,  
And still with languid labour ends the day.  
There, the worn body dulls the glimmering sense,  
And childhood hath not childhood's innocence,  
And on the virgin brow of young sixteen  
Hard wrinkling lines and haggard woe are seen;  
Sullen and fearless, prematurely old,  
Dull, sallow, stupid, hardened, bad, and bold,  
With sunken cheek and eyes with watching dim,  
With saddened heart and nerveless feeble limb,  
They meet your gaze of sorrowful surprise  
With a pale stare, half misery, half vice.  
The day is done—the weary sun hath set—  
But there no slumber bids their hearts forget;

Still the quick wheel in whirling circles turns—  
Still the pale wretch his hard won penny earns—  
And choked with dust, and deafened with the noise,  
Scarcely heeds or feels what toil his hands employs!  
Pent in the confines of one narrow room,  
There the sick weaver plies the incessant loom;  
Crosses in silence the perplexing thread,  
And droops complainingly his cheerless head.  
Little they think who wear the rustling train,  
Or choose the shining satin—idly vain.  
Fair lovers of the sunshine and the breeze,  
Whose fluttering robes glide through the shadowy trees,  
What aching hearts, what dull and heavy eyes,  
Have watch'd the mingling of those hundred dyes,  
Nor by what nerveless, thin, and trembling hands,  
Those robes were wrought to luxury's commands;  
But the day cometh when the tired shall rest,  
And placid slumber sooth the orphan's breast—  
When childhood's laugh shall echo through the room,  
And sunshine tasted, cheer the long day's gloom;  
When the free limbs shall bear them glad along,  
And their young lips break forth in sudden song,  
When the long toil which weigh'd their hearts is o'er,  
And English slavery shall vex no more!

#### GRANNETS IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

*Interesting Extract from a letter written by Mr. J. J. Audubon to the Editors of the New York Gazette:—*

"On entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence, our course was bent towards the Magdalene Islands, at which we arrived the next day in the evening; anchored, and spent a day and a night amongst them. To persons who had lately left the fertile shores of our country, these isles appeared barren, if not desolate. No birds for us, no plants, and only a few fishermen to whom we could put questions, but who proved unable to answer them. We sailed towards the famous *Grannet Rocks*, which came in sight at an early hour. Many flocks of grannets were constantly passing us on the wing, moving to, or from, this, their breeding place; but as soon as near enough to distinguish the bold summit of this stupendous rock, we saw, through the glass, that it was covered with what we supposed was a deep bed of snow—nay, the atmosphere above the rock exhibited a heavy fall of snow. We sailed on, and approached it; imagine our astonishment when we found that, instead of snow covering the summit of the rock, the white bed consisted of grannets seated on their nests, in close parallel lines, fronting the southern aspect!—millions in number; and the grey haze above was produced by millions more hovering, alighting, arriving, or departing! The pure whiteness of their bodies, mingling as they passed, crossing each other on the wing, and mellowing the contrast observable in their rye black tipped pinions. The approach of our vessel did not alarm them, and we sailed as near the rock as prudence would allow; we wished to land there, and ascend the rugged sides of this huge Avia-ry; a boat was launched, and proceeded towards it; but all at once the wind freshened, the clouds thickened, the waves rose and rolled furiously; the base of the rock was now covered with foam. The boat, however, proceeded, under the lee; a few guns were fired, thousands of eggs were seen to roll into the sea, as the birds took wing, affrighted by the report, and still the rock and projecting shelf were quickly covered, and remained so. After vainly attempting to make a landing, the party was forced to return to the vessel; and well it was that our boat was one such as whalers use, or it would have proved a hard matter to row it in such a wind as now blew, and such waves as now heaved in fearful commotion. Ask me not to estimate the number of these birds, for it would be a difficult task; and yet how much more difficult to enumerate the quantity of fishes which this congregation of grannets destroy each day."