

THE DEAD MARINER.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

Sleep on—sleep on—above thy corse
The winds their sabbath keep,—
The wave is round thee—and thy breast,
Hovers with the living deep;
O'er thee, tall o'er her beauty flung,
And there the white gull lifts her wings;
And the young halibut loves to lave
Her plunage in the holy wave.

Sleep on—no willow o'er thee bends
With melancholy air,
No violet springs, nor dowy rose,
Its soul of love lays bare;
But there the sea-flower bright and young
Is sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung;
And, like a weeping mourner fair,
The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

Sleep on—sleep on—the glittering depths
Of ocean's coral waves
Are thy bright urn—thy requiem
The music of its waves;—
The purple gems forever burn,
In fadeless beauty round thy urn;
And, pure and deep as infant love,
The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on—sleep on—the fearful wreath
Of mingled cloud and deep,
May leave its wild and stormy track
Above thy place of sleep.
But when the wave has sunk to rest,
As now 'twill murmur o'er thy breast:
And the bright victims of the sea
Perchance will make their home with thee.

Sleep on—thy corse is far away,
But love bewails thee yet,—
For thee the heart-wrung sigh is breathed,
And lovely eyes are wet:—
And she thy young and beautiful bride,
Her thoughts are hovering by thy side;
As oft she turns to view with tears
The Eden of departed years.

THE WOOL-GATHERER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

The late laird of Earhall dying in the fiftieth year of his age, left behind him a widow, and two sons, both in their minority. The eldest was of a dashing impatient character—he had a kind and affectionate heart, but his actions were not always tempered with prudence. He entered at an early age into the army, and fell in the Peninsular war, when scarcely twenty-two years of age. The estate thus devolved wholly on the youngest, whose name for the present shall be Lindsey, that being his second Christian name, and the one by which his mother generally called him. He had been intended for the law, but on his brother's death gave up the study, as too laborious for his easy and careless disposition. He was attached to literature; and after his return home, his principal employment consisted in poring over his books, and managing a little flower-garden, in which he took great delight. He was studious, absent, and sensible, but paid little attention to his estate, or the extensive farm which he himself occupied.

The old lady, who was a stirring, talkative, industrious dame, entertained him constantly with long lectures on the ill effects of idleness. She called it the blight of youth, the grub of virtue, and the mildew of happiness; and sometimes, when roused into energy, she said it was the devil's langsettle, on which he plotted all his devices

against human weal. Lindsey bore all with patience, but still continued his easy and indolent life.

The summer advanced—the weather was unusually fine—labourers were busy in every part of the country; the shepherd's voice, and the bleating of the flocks, issued from the adjacent mountains by break of day. The lively and rousing scene gave a new edge to the old lady's remonstrances; they came upon poor Lindsey thicker and faster, like the continued dropping of a rainy day, until he was obliged in some degree to yield. He tried to reason the matter with her; but there, lawyer as he was, he had no chance. He was fairly overcome. Although he did not require to superintend his farmers, still he ought to employ himself, like other gentlemen, in hunting or fishing. There were as many hooks and lines in the house, continued the old lady, 'as will serve you for seven years to come; and it is well-kend for plenty the trout are in your ain water. I have seen the day when we never wanted plenty o' them at the table for the year.'

'Well, well,' said Lindsey, taking up a book, 'I shall go to please you, but I would rather be at home.'

She rang the bell, and ordered in old John the barn man, one well skilled in the art of angling. 'John,' said she, 'put your master's fishing-rod and tackle in order, he is going a-fishing at noon.' John shrugged up his shoulders when he heard of his master's intent, as much as to say, 'sic a fisher as he'll mak!' However, he went away in silence, and the order was obeyed.

Thus equipped, away trudged Lindsey to the fishing for the first time in his life; slowly and indifferently he went, and began at the first pool he came to. John offered to accompany him, to which he assented, but this the old lady resisted, and bade him go to his work; he, however, watched his master's motions slyly for some time, and, on joining his fellow labourers, remarked, that 'his master was a real soft hand at the fishing.'

An experienced angler certainly would have been highly amused at his procedure. He pulled out the line and threw it in again so fast, that he appeared more like one thrashing corn than angling; he, moreover, fixed always on the smoothest parts of the stream, where no trout in his right senses could possibly be inveigled. But the far greater part of his employment consisted in loosening the hook from different objects with which it chanced to come in contact. He went through all this without being in the least disconcerted or showing any impatience; and towards dinner-time, the trouts being abundant, and John having put on a fly that answered the weather, he caught some excellent fish, and might have caught many more had he been diligent; but every trout that he brought ashore took him a long time to contemplate. He surveyed his eye, his mouth, and the structure of his gills; with tedious curiosity; then again laid him down, and fixed his eyes on him in deep and serious meditation.

The next day he needed somewhat less persuasion from his mother to try the same amusement; still it was solely to please her that he went, for about the sport itself he was quite careless. Away he set the second day, and prudently determined to go farther up the water, as he supposed that part to be completely emptied of fish where he had been the day before. He sauntered on in his usual thoughtful and indifferent mood, sometimes throwing in his line without any manner of success. At length, on going over an abrupt ridge, he came to a clear pool where the farmers had lately been washing their flocks, and by the side of it a most interesting female, apparently not exceeding seventeen years of age, gathering the small flakes of wool in her apron that had fallen from the sheep in washing; while, at the same time, a beautiful well-

dressed child, about two years of age, was playing on the grass. Lindsey was close beside her before any of them were aware, and it is hard to say which of the two was the most surprised. She blushed like a scarlet, but pretended to gather on, as if wishing he would pass without taking any notice of them. But Lindsey was rivetted to the spot; he had never in his life seen any woman half so beautiful, and at the same time her array accorded with the business in which she was engaged. Her form was the finest symmetry; her dark hair was tucked up behind with a comb, and hung waving in ringlets over her cheeks and brow, 'like shadows on the mountain snow'; and there was an elegance in the model of her features, arms and hands, that the youth believed he had never before seen equalled in any lady, far less a country girl.

'What are you going to do with that wretched stuff, lassie?' said Lindsey; 'it has been trampled among the clay and sand, and is unfit for any human use.' 'It will easily clean again, sir,' said she, in a frank and cheerful voice, 'and then it will be as good as ever.' 'It looks very ill; I am positive it is for no manner of use.' 'It is certainly, as you say, not of great value, sir; but it is of any, I may as well lift it as let it lie and rot here.' 'Certainly, there can be no harm in it; only I am sorry to see such a girl at such an employment.' 'It is better to do this than nothing,' was the reply. The child now rolled himself over to get his face turned towards them; and, fixing his large blue eyes on Lindsey, looked at him with the utmost seriousness. The latter, observing a striking likeness between the girl and the child, had no doubt that she was his sister; and unwilling to drop the conversation, he added, abruptly enough, 'Has your mother sent you to gather that stuff?' 'I have neither father nor mother, sir.' 'But one who supplies both their places, I hope. You have a husband, have not you?' 'Not as yet, sir; but there is no time lost.'

She blushed; but Lindsey coloured ten times deeper when he cast his eyes on the child. His heart died within him at the thoughts that now obtruded themselves; it was likewise wrung for his imprudence and indelicacy. What was his business whether she was married or not, or how she was connected with the child? She seemed likewise to be put into some confusion at the turn the conversation was taking; and, anxious to bring it to a conclusion as soon as possible, she tucked up the wool in her apron below one arm, and was lifting up the child with the other to go away, when Lindsey stepped forward, saying, 'Will not you shake hands with me, my good little fellow, before you go?'

'Ay,' said the child, stretching out his little chubby hand; 'how d'ye doo, sil?' Lindsey smiled, shook his hand heartily, and put a crown piece into it. 'Ah, sir, don't give him that,' said she, blushing deeply. 'It is only a plaything that he must keep for my sake.' 'Thank you, sil,' said the child.

Lindsey felt deeply interested in the young wool-gatherer. As she departed with the child, he kept his eye on her motions, till he saw her enter a little neat white-washed cottage not far from the side of the stream; there were sundry other houses inhabited by cottagers in the hamlet, and the farm-house stood at the head of the cluster. The ground belonged to Lindsey, and the farmer was a quiet sober man, a widower with a large family. Lindsey now went up the water a-fishing every day; and though he often hovered a considerable time at the washing-pool, and about the crook opposite to the cot, pretending all the while to be extremely busy fishing, he could never get another sight of the lovely wool-gatherer, though he desired it above all present earthly things; for, some way or