

POETRY.

THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

Come down, come down from the tall ship's side!
 What a marvelous sight is here!
 Look—purple rocks and crimson trees,
 Down in the deep so clear.
 See! where those shoals of Dolphins go,
 A glad and glorious band,
 Sporting among the day-bright woods
 Of a coral fairy-land.
 See! on the violet sands beneath,
 How the gorgeous shells do glide!
 O Sea! old Sea, who yet know half
 Of thy wonders and thy pride?
 Look how the sea-plants trembling float
 All like a Mermaid's locks,
 Waving in thread of ruby red,
 Over those nether rocks.
 Heaving and sinking, soft and fair,
 Here hyacinth—there green—
 With many a stem of golden growth,
 And starry flowers between.
 But away! away! to upper day—
 For monstrous shapes are here,
 Monsters of dark and wallowing bulk,
 And horny eyeballs drear.
 The tusk'd mouth and the spiny lip,
 Speckled and warted back,
 The glittering swift, and the flabby slow,
 Ramp through this deep sea track.
 Away! away! to upper day,
 To glance o'er the bezy brine,
 And see the Nautilus gladly sail,
 The flying fish leap and shine.
 But what is that? 'Tis land!—'tis land!
 'Tis land! 'tis land! the sailors cry.
 Nay!—'tis a long and narrow cloud,
 Betwixt the sea and sky.
 'Tis land! 'tis land! they cry once more—
 And now comes breathing on
 An odour of the living earth,
 Such as the sea hath none.

TO THE MOON.

I thank thee, bright and beautiful moon,
 For thine undiminished ray,
 Which cheered the night, as a beacon light,
 For the mariner on his way.
 And kind wert thou, in thy midnight course,
 On the waters dark to play,
 In carrying there to heed my prayer
 For the mariner on his way.
 Again I thank thee, majestic orb!
 And devoutly hear me say,
 For the light God gave, that tinged the wave,
 Lest the midnight storms betray.
 I had watched the till the morning broke
 In the golden streaks of day,
 Thou heavenly guide, o'er the ocean wide,
 To the mariner on his way.
 I bless thy light in careering high,
 And the Power that bade thee stay,
 Though the tempest raved, he spared and saved
 The mariner on his way.
 Then gratefully I look up to thee,
 No longer his bark doth stray
 On the ocean's foam; safe moored at home;
 Thou cheered the mariner's way.
 With glorious rays, protecting beam,
 While in thanksgiving I pray,
 O, ever shine with the light divine
 That hath blessed the mariner's way.

HISTORY OF FRA DIAVOLO,

THE FAMOUS BANDIT.

(From the Memoirs of the Duchesse D'Arantes)

The Prince of Essling told me the history of Fra Diavolo, who has been the subject of so many romances and melodramas. Fra Diavolo's real name was Michele Pezza, and he was already famous for his robberies and massacres at Itri, during the campaign of Naples, commanded by Championnet. At the time he harassed the rear of the French army, organized masses of insurgents in Upper and Lower Calabria, and directed a formidable conspiracy against the French. He was a native of Itri, (Terra de Lavoro), and in his youth was a goatherd. He afterwards entered a convent, turned monk, and strange enough took the name of Fra Angelo. However his bad conduct speedily caused him to be expelled from the convent, and he then fled to the mountains, and pursued the life of a bandit. He lived by plunder, and every day was marked by a murder. He headed a party of smugglers and spread desolation throughout the country. The government of King Ferdinand—condemned him to be hanged, and a price was set upon his head.

But Queen Caroline, Ferdinand's wife, was a woman who knew how to turn everything, however bad, to some useful account. An amnesty was granted to Michele Pezza, and he was appointed commander of a corps of freed galley slaves, who were to attack the rear of the French army from Fondi to Garigliano.

When the French took Gaeta and Capoua Fra Diavolo fixed his quarters in Itri, his native country where he committed every imaginable horror. The inhabitants of the town were plundered of all they possessed, and Itri was soon occupied only by the followers of Fra Diavolo. Travellers journeying from Naples to Rome, who entered Itri for a night's lodging, slept never to wake again. The most artful devices were employed to allure the victims into the houses of Itri, from which they never came out alive.

General Oliver had at that time the command of Gaeta. Being informed that a troop of banditti was in possession of Itri, he despatched a Polish regiment, commanded by a young officer, who with extraordinary courage entered eagerly on the dangerous expedition. He expelled Fra Diavolo from Itri, and drove him into the woods; but the brigand, undaunted, returned, was attacked by the Polish troops and frightful carnage ensued. The engagement took place in the town of Itri, and most of the houses were destroyed. Fra Diavolo was a second time driven into the mountains, and the country round Itri was scourged of banditti; a benefit which was due to the energetic measures of General Oliver.

The Polish regiment had no sooner withdrawn from Itri, and commenced their march to Molo-di-Gaeta, than two thousand insurgents and banditti again showed themselves. General Oliver despatched two squadrons and a Polish battalion to meet them, and afterwards remained in possession of Itri. Fra Diavolo no longer offered any resistance. He abandoned Terra-de-Lavora and retired with his followers to infest the Calabrias which became the scene of his depredations and atrocities.

Will future generations ever believe that a man like Fra Diavolo should have enjoyed the favour of the King and Queen of Sicily? Yet incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless the fact. Queen Caroline sent him a bracelet ornamented with her portrait; and the English government gave him a commission in the British army. To crown all his life was spared, that life of which the hangman had been defiled, and on which a price had so lately been set.

Massena assured me, that the power of Fra Diavolo was inconceivable, during the first and second occupation of Naples, by the French troops, for the inhabitants of the mountains, who were as lawless and as desperate as himself, joyfully followed a chief who led them to plunder. One day he ventured to make a descent upon Itri, from which the military force had been a short interval withdrawn. He entered in the middle of the night, barbarously massacred all who resisted him, and made the rest of the inhabitants prisoners.

On the second occupation of Naples by our troops, Fra Diavolo, being driven from Terra Firma, took refuge in Capri. He was at length arrested at Salerno, conveyed to Naples, and condemned without even the form of a trial; "For," as Salicetti observed, "it was only necessary to the sentence already passed upon him, by those just and wise sovereigns, Caroline and Ferdinand." The English, whose ships were cruising before the Bay of Naples, sent a flag of truce to solicit the liberation of the British Major Michele Pezza, as a prisoner of war, and threatening, if the request should not be granted, to use reprisals towards all the Neapolitan prisoners who might fall into their hands. Salicetti's answer was that he knew of no Major in the English service who had been taken prisoner by the troops of his Majesty King Joseph; but that if the individual referred to were Fra Diavolo, a man holding no commission, and without character, either military or political, he had been hung the night before, in conformity with an old sentence passed by the tribunals of King Ferdinand, by which he had been condemned as a murderer, a robber, an incendiary, and a smuggler!

Such is the true history of Fra Diavolo.

RUNNING DOWN A PRIVATEER.

The Grampus was now kept off two or three points, and a foretopmast studding-sail was about being set; but in the hurry of the moment, by some mishap the tack got unrove. A couple of hands were ordered aloft to rig in the boom and reef in the tack anew. In an instant little Isaac, who had heard the order, put the end of the rope between his teeth, ran up the fore stumps, crept out at the top of the fore-yard like a monkey, and ran out upon the bare boom. But before he had accomplished his task, the Frenchmen brought their long-tom, charged with small shot, to bear upon the yard, and let drive at Isaac: thinking probably that his labour might be the means of enabling the Grampus to escape. The little fellow was not misconceived by this terrible salute, although the balls whistled like hail

round him. He fearlessly and deliberately went on with his work.

"They are again charging the gun!" shouted English Bill. "Come down my boy! Creep in, creep in, Seize one of the halliards, and let yourself down with a run."

"Ay, ay," cried Isaac, as he finished reeving the tack. He then quickly gathered a few fathoms in his hand, threw the coil down upon the fore-castle, and the sail was immediately hoisted. The long-tom was again elevated, and the gunner was in the act of applying the match; but Isaac stopped not for the additional peppering.

"The cords ran swiftly through his glowing hands, And quick as lightning on the deck he stands!"

"Hah my little youker—my eyes, but you're a brave un; you'll be an admiral yet, I've see!" exclaimed English Bill, as he joyfully hugged the stripling in his brawny arms.

The prediction of Bill rang in the ears of Isaac for many a year afterwards. It was like the prophetic sound of the bells to the hearing of Wittington—

Turn again Wittington,
 Lord Mayor of great London.

The hasty strides of Seth were again arrested by another shot, which passed through the sail over his head. He pulled his arms, looked up at the rent sail, and drew up his form, as some new purpose had taken possession of his despairing mind.

"By heaven," said he, "I will not part with so fine a ship and cargo, without a deadly struggle."

"Swear not," said Jethro; it will not help us in our strait. We may better yield quietly to the necessity. Put down the helm, Seth, and bring the ship to!"

"Yield quietly, dost thou say? And did I understand thee aright, when thou bid me bring the ship to? The eyes of Seth glared wildly upon Jethro, and his nostrils distended like those of an infuriated wild bull at bay. Put down the helm indeed! Pray neighbour Jethro, who is the commander of the Grampus—thou or I?" demanded Seth in high dudgeon. But he evidently availed himself of the first pretext to let off his anger, for he was waxing exceedingly wrath.

Jethro answered calmly, "Thou surely art her captain, and I yield all to thy discretion. Save the ship if thou canst; but thou canst not. We have no means of defence; and if we had, it would not be justifiable to oppose with arms."

Jethro my resolution is taken; I will save this ship or sink her! What! yield to that little gadfly—that gallinipper—that is scarcely larger than our long-bow!

Another shot, better directed than the other, splintered a piece from the mainmast and wounded one of the crew. There Jethro! there are some of the tender mercies of the French pirate, and an earnest of what we may expect if taken.—Yield thee Seth, yield thee! the longer thou dost delay, so much the more thou hazardest the lives of the people.

"Thou hadst better go below, Jethro; I must command thee. Yield indeed! the ship shall sink first!" muttered Seth, as Jethro began to descend.

"Stand by there men," shouted the Captain, in a voice that made every sailor start. It was evident to all that Seth had put off the Quaker, and that prompt obedience was necessary.

"Get the long boat ready to be launched at a moment's warning; clear away the quarter boats; and see all clear to lower them in an instant. Mate, take in all the small sails quickly!"

The manner of Seth was somewhat wild but resolute and determined; and the men and officers having done his behest, stood wondering what command would next be issued, and whereunto those would tend that had already been executed. The Frenchman was also at fault, for mistaking the manoeuvring of Seth for an intention to give up the ship, the schooner was hoisted, and seemed to wait the lowering of the boat from the quarter of the Grampus—even as the conqueror awaits the approach of an enemy subdued, who comes to yield up his sword. In rounding to, the schooner had given the advantage of the wind to the ship; and while the French crew stood agape at the management of the larger vessel, which they already looked upon as a prize, Seth seized upon the helm with his brawny hand. The men scarcely needed the cautioning word, anticipated his intention as he put the helm hard up, and gave his impressive shout in a suppressed but a peculiar tone which was heard distinctly from stem to stern. Let go all the braces and bowlines—slack off sheets and tacks—and square the yards quickly! This was all done in the twinkling of an eye, and Seth shaped his course as though he would bring his ship under the lee quarter of the privateer.

After making this demonstration, which was intended to deceive the enemy, her direction was suddenly changed; and her head was brought to bear directly upon the hull of the Frenchman. The crew of the schooner now discovered, but too late, the design

of the Grampus; and confusion and dire amazement agitated the people upon their crowded deck. In their haste to remedy their oversight, the Frenchman failed altogether to aver the threatened disaster.

"If thou dost intend to run her down," said Jethro to Seth, hurriedly projecting his head for a moment from the cabin gangway—if—nay, hear me, Seth, for the sake of humanity—if thou art determined to run her down, ease the helm a little, and give them a chance for their lives."

"Stand by to lower the boats," vociferated Seth, stamping furiously upon the deck. A suppressed groan of horror escaped the crew as they now more plainly perceived the design of the Captain.

"The boldest held his breath for a time."

The little schooner still lay to in the trough of the deep sea, her people running backwards and forwards in frightened confusion, while the huge hulk of the Grampus mounted the last high wave that separated the two vessels.

"MISERICORDIE!" exclaimed a hundred voices. A wild scream of despair—heard far above the noise of the element, and the dashing of the ship—burst from the poor doomed Frenchmen.

Down came the Grampus, thundering upon the privateer, and striking her with her plunging bow directly amidship.

The frail schooner was cut directly in two by the shock; and her heavy armament, together with the irresistible force of the severing blow, bore both parts of her hull, with her ill-fated crew of a hundred souls, beneath the wave.

"Down with the boats from the quarter; launch the long boat," shouted Seth. But the command, though it could not have been uttered nor executed sooner, with safety, came too late. The aim of Seth had been too fatally sure. The boats reached the spot, and narrowly escaped being sucked into the vortex where the schooner had gone down. The French crew were all sent to their long account; and the next wave left no trace of the wreck, nor a solitary human being to be saved from a watery death.

THE LAST RUM-SELLER.

Moderate your joy, gentle reader; that being is not found yet—we hope though he is born, and that the time will soon come when we shall see him—but we were thinking how such a man would stand out in bold relief on the page of history. THE LAST RUM-SELLER—how it sounds now—how it will sound at the time when the heavens shall have passed away with a great noise, and inquisition is made for blood. The last Drunkard! the last RUM-SELLER!—what a pair!! Their memory will never be lost.—They will gain to themselves an imperishable name, embalmed in infamy. But let us analyse. Who is a RUM-SELLER? He is one, who for the mere sake of gain, for beside this, no other motive can influence him, unless it be the love of doing evil; for the mere sake of gain, we say, keeps in his shop and deals out to his fellow-men, that which is exactly calculated, and admirably fitted, as well as invariably and certainly tends to weaken their intellect, debase their moral sensibilities, squander their property, undermine their health, beggar their families, destroy social affection and happiness, induce the commission of crime and render them more despicable than brutes, and as mischievous and reckless as fiends. Now in sober earnest, we ask where is the man who wishes to stand proclaimed to the world, as the last man who held out against light, and love, and truth; as the last RUM-SELLER, dragged by force of public execration from his unhalloved employment, or sinking to the grave unwept and unmourned?—Such a man one would think, would wish to crawl away to the farthest corner of the earth of creation, and there remain in perfect solitude and darkness to all eternity.—*Am. Temp. Attanack.*

ANECDOTE OF DON MIGUEL.—Some time after Miguel's return from Brazil he paid a visit to the College of Surgeons at Lisbon. After viewing the various anatomical subjects it contained, he at length asked if it were possible to kill a person without leaving any traces of violence upon the body.—He was told that by introducing the point of sharp instrument into the brain through the mouth it could be done. On receiving this information, he was observed to muse for some minutes in the recess of a window. The feelings of the medical men present on the occasion may be well imagined when, some time after this conversation took place the unfortunate Marquess de Loule was found murdered in the identical manner described.

MERCERS AND DRAPERS.—Among the trading companies into which the middling ranks were distributed on the continent, in the twelfth century, those concerned in silk and woollens were most numerous and honourable. None were admitted to the rank of burghesses in the towns of Aragon who used any manual trade, with the exception of dealers in fine cloths.