

MEMORY.

Stand on a funeral mound,
Far, far from all that love thee,
With a barren heath around,
And a cypress-bower above thee;
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes—
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets—
Of summer, and summer's roses.

Sleep where the thunders fly
Across the tossing billow;
Thy canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow;
And dream (while the chill sea-foam
In mockery dashes o'er thee)
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

Watch in the deepest cell
Of the foeman's dungeon-tower,
Till hope's most cherish'd spell
Has lost its cheering power;
And sing (while the galling chain
On every stiff limb freezes)
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain—
Of the breath of the mountain-breezes.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavour,
When the honied lips are mute,
And the strong arm crush'd for ever;
Look back to the summer sun,
From the mist of dark December,
Then say to the broken-hearted one,
" 'Tis pleasant to remember!"

JUDGE JEFFERIES.

On the 18th April, 1689, the infamous Judge Jefferies died in the Tower of London, whither he had been committed by the lords of the council, after he had been taken in the disguise of a common sailor, for the purpose of leaving England. He was born at Acton, near Wrexham, in Denbighshire, and being raised to the bench, polluted its sanctity by perversions of the law. His habits and language were vulgar and disgusting. John Evelyn says, "I went this day to a wedding of one Mrs. Castle, to whom I had some obligation; and it was to her fifth husband, a lieutenant-colonel of the city. She was the daughter of one Bruton, a broom-man, by his wife, who sold kitchen-stuff in Kent-street, whom God so blessed, that the father became very rich, and was a very honest man; and this daughter was a jolly, friendly woman. There were at the wedding the lord mayor, the sheriff, several aldermen, and persons of quality; above all, Sir George Jefferies, newly made lord chief justice of England, who, with Mr. Justice Withings, danced with the bride, and were exceeding merry! These great men spent the rest of the afternoon, till eleven at night, in drinking healths, smoking tobacco, and talking much beneath the gravity of judges that had but a day or two before condemned Mr. Algernon Sidney, who was executed the 7th of December, 1683, on Tower-hill, on the single witness of that monster of a man, Lord Howard of Eserick, and some sheets of paper taken in Mr. Sidney's study, pretended to be written by him, but not fully proved." James II. found Jefferies a fit instrument for his arbitrary purposes. After the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth in the west, he employed the most sanguinary miscreants, and Jefferies among the rest, to wreak his vengeance on the deluded people. Bishop Burnet says, that Jefferies' behaviour was brutally

disgusting, beyond any thing that was ever heard of in a civilized nation: "He was perpetually either drunk or in a rage, like a fury than the zeal of a judge." He required the prisoners to plead guilty, on pretence of showing them favour; but he afterwards showed them no mercy, hanging many immediately. He hanged, in several places, about six hundred persons. The king had a daily account of Jefferies' proceedings, which he took pleasure to relate in the drawing-room to foreign ministers, and at his table he called it Jefferies' campaign. Upon Jefferies' return, he created him a peer of England, by the title of Earl of Flint. During these "*bloody assizes*," the lady Lisle, a noble woman of exemplary character, whose husband had been murdered by the Stuart party, was tried for entertaining two gentlemen of the Duke of Monmouth's army; and though the jury twice brought her in not guilty, Jefferies sent them out again and again, until, upon his threatening to attain them of treason, they pronounced her guilty. Jefferies, before he tried this lady, got the king to promise that he would not pardon her; and the only favour she obtained was the change of her sentence from burning to beheading. Mrs. Gaunt, a widow, near Wapping, who was a Baptist, and spent her time in acts of charity, was tried on a charge of having hid one Burton, who, hearing that the king had said that he would sooner pardon rebels than those who harboured them, accused his benefactress of having saved his life. She was burned at the stake. The excellent William Penn, the Quaker, saw her die, and related the manner of her death to Burnet. She laid the straw about her for her burning speedily, and behaved herself so heroically, that all melted into tears. Six men were hanged at Tyburn, on the like charge, without trial. At length, the bloody and barbarous executions were so numerous, that they spread horror throughout the nation. England was an *aceldama*; the country, for sixty miles together, from Bristol to Exeter, had a new and terrible sort of sign-posts or gibbets, bearing the heads and limbs of its butchered inhabitants. Every soul was sunk in anguish and terror, sighing by day and by night for deliverance, but shut out of all hope, till the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Orange, on whom the two houses of parliament bestowed the crown. Jefferies had attained, under James II., to the high office of Lord Chancellor.

ON CONTENTEDNESS.

Suppose thyself in as great sadness as ever did load thy spirit—wouldst thou not bear it nobly and cheerfully, if thou wast sure that within a certain space some excellent fortune would relieve thee, and enrich thee, and recompense thee, so as to overflow all thy hopes, and desires, and capacities! Now, then, when a sadness lies heavy upon thee, *Remember that thou art a Christian, designed to the inheritance of Jesus.*

Or have they taken all from me! What now? let me look about me: they have left me the sun, and the moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they still have left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights, that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

* The widow of one of the Regicides, who sat in judgment on King Charles I.—E. S. M.