

WISHING.

BY JOHN W. SAXE.

Of all amusements of the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There is not one that you can find
So very cheap as "wishing!"
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but slightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish indeed—
My purse was somewhat fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter.
That I might make oppression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel.
As only gold can break it!

I wish—that sympathy and love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion:—
That scorn, and jealousy, and hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of ocean.

I wish—that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that persons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching,
I wish that practicing was not
So very different from preaching.

I wish—that modern worth might be
Apprised with truth and candour;
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander.
I wish that men their vows would mind,
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers.
I wish—that time—our joy and pain,
And every good ideal,
May come erewhile throughout the earth,
And be the glorious real.
Till God shall every creature bless,
With His supremest blessing;
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possessing.

Mutiny of Grant Highlanders.

In 1794, when I was 15 years of age, and prematurely manly, Sir James Grant was engaged in raising a new regiment—the 97th, or Grant Highlanders; and many lads from the district—a valley in Inverness shire—enlisted. I readily accepted the shilling which Lieut. Macdonald offered me.

Drill, drill, drill!—months of drill, and then we were pronounced fit for duty. In the summer of 1794, we, together with the Gordon and the Seaforth Highlanders, sailed from Port George for Southampton, England. We had scarcely got settled in our new quarters ere we got the rout for Guernsey.

Government having more need of us on sea than on land, rendered us available as sea soldiers, and we were lent to the marine service.

In our new character, we joined the Channel Fleet under Lord Bridport, and on 21st of June, 1795, a frigate brought us intelligence that the enemy's fleet was out.

The chase continued all that day and night. On the morning of the 23d a fine breeze sprung up to our whistling, and ere two hours had passed; the French were brought within range of our long toms. The Irresistible, the Orion, the Robert, and the Colossus—on board of which last vessel I was—being the headmost ships of the line, were the first to enter into action.

This was the first fight in which we Highland-marines had been engaged. We did feel strangely out of our element; there was a slight tremor of fear mixed with my courage; and the sight

of the mangled bodies and limbs of my man well-nigh sickened me. But the sur and bustle of the battle, the thunder and glare of the cannon, and the shouts of the combatants, mingled with the shrieks of the wounded, soon overcame my sentimentalism, and I cheered, Iode I and fired away, as if it had only been a review, instead of a mighty life struggle.

The breeze which carried the Irresistible and six others into action having failed before the heavy line ships could come up, the seven had to maintain the fight with fourteen of the enemy, but the tide of battle turned by the arrival of the others; and we were left in possession of the Formidable, 80, La Tigre, 99, and Alexander, 74.

On landing at Pottsmouth, we were quartered in Hilsca Barracks. We numbered 1200 men; the regiment was divided in two, one of which was sent on board the hulks to receive prisoners, while the other was left on shore to do barrack duty. The latter division received orders to be drafted for the marine service solely. To a man we refused to go—anyway that, having enlisted for the land service, we were determined not to be forced into any other.—Hearing of our refusal, General C—, the governor, threatened compulsion, unless we accumbed, but we only laughed. Letters were conveyed to those on board the hulks, requesting them to join us. They lost no time in doing so, that same night they secured the prisoners by fastening the latches, and before morning were all safe with us in Hilsca Barracks. Our officers left us. The Governor was early informed: a second visit from him was the result. The sergeant acting in our behalf, told him we were all willing to shed our best blood in defence of king and country, but that no power on earth could compel us to become murderers. To be bearded thus by Scotch ragamonds, as he politely termed us, was more than the old man could bear. He left us in high dudgeon, blustering as he went that before the week was a day older, we would gladly do that which government required. We guessed what he meant and prepared accordingly. The party who had been doing duty on the hulks retained ammunition, which was now divided equally among us.

Next morning came the governor, the 11th regt, two brigades of artillery, and two troops of dragoons. The call sounded for parade, which was obeyed, and when drawn up into the square we were asked to comply with the king's demands. Despite the vast array of compulsive power before us, we to a man adhered to our resolution. The 11th were now placed in our front, supported on either side by the dragoons and artillery. We were ordered to ground arms, which we did; to march into barracks, which we also did; but did not leave our muskets behind.

A thousand curses on you, you rebellious Highland crew! furiously shouted old C—.

Mad with rage, he commanded the 11th to load &c. We too, obeyed him, as if his orders had been addressed to us. We loaded, but not as the poor infantry loaded, they rammed home blank-cartridge—we, ha!! Neither the general nor the poor soldiers guessed this: we as little knew what they us'd. C—'s object was only to frighten us. Orders for the last time were now read, the terrible word "fire," was given, and ere the echo had passed away, shrieks and groans from the wounded and dying men rent the murky atmosphere. Comrade turned toward comrade, and asked how it fared with him, and then it was the fearful discovery was made that our opponents fire had been only sham! Great was their consternation poor fellows, when they witnessed the havoc which our ball-cartridge had made in their ranks. Long before the smoke had cleared away they retreated helter-skelter—the gallant old general taking the lead.

Here was a pretty fix! The murderer's doom was sure to be ours—every one felt so except the old sergeant.

"Plood men!" exclaimed he, in Highland English, "what pe ye fear'd o?" She (meaning the governor) pe her pannel to plaw, she cried "fire," and we fired—that was only obeying orders.

Despite this we felt uncomfortable. It was resolved that we should remain where we were

—long duty morning guard, &c., and as a cock on an adjacent wall was a vessel, we were a time, I, sir, I was in force brought against us, to act on the defensive, as we expected that it would come to kill, not to be killed.

Early on the morning of the fourth day, Sergeant Hilday, acting officer of the guard on duty, was escorted by a military looking gentleman who said:

"What is your order on duty?"
"We have no officer," was the sergeant's reply.

"Who commands the guard, then?" was the next query.

"I do," answered Hilday, drawing himself up to his full height as if he were "somebody."

"Beat to arms, and turn all out, imperiously commanded the unknown.

"By whose orders?"

"By the orders of General Abercromby."

In a twinkling the call sounded "to arms!" and each barrack room was as quickly alive with commotion. Being very early, very few of us were out of bed when the alarm broke upon our ears, and hurry and confusion prevailed. Here might be seen a multitude hurrying to the yard with their kites, coats and other articles of dress in their hands—there a band with their coats, &c. in a kiln. Particular to one thing, however—*to arms!* None forgot his Brown "best," although kilt and hose were wanting, for we imagined the enemy were close at hand. When Sir Ralph saw the hurry and confusion in which we were, he laughingly ordered us back to our rooms to dress, which order we cheerfully obeyed after understanding who he was. Being now fully arrayed and drawn up in the square, we welcomed him with three Highland cheers. He then called the sergeant to tend him, and told them to inform us that he was commissioned by government to get our affairs settled, and requested to know what our grievances were, pledging his word of honor if it we should receive justice.

Through our sergeant as we told Sir Ralph that we were willing to serve our king and country in the service for which we enlisted, and decidedly objected to be changed into marines. He replied that he hoped that many of us would join the expedition of which he was on the eve of taking command. Under the impression that we were to accompany him immediately, we expressed our willingness by making old Hilsca barrack-yard echo with our cheering. But he now told us that our regiment was disbanded that we were no longer soldiers—that each was left to follow the bent of his own mind. He trusted, however, that none of us would leave the service. To those who wished to join the marines a bounty of 25 would be allowed; and to those who entered the 42nd, or any other Highland Regiment, 21 of a bounty would be given. Five hundred chose the 42nd; many joined other regiments, a few left the service; and three hundred joined the marines.

This was the serious mutiny unobscuredly quelled by the address of a sensible man. It teaches a lesson to those who have the command of troops. Government had obviously placed themselves in a false position, from which they could not be honorably extricated, but by the expedient of Sir Ralph Abercromby. The particulars have never before been given to the public.

A FEMALE BRIGAND.—A few weeks since the Greek troops on the frontier of Thessaly, wounded and captured a young robber of remarkable feminine appearance. On being taken to the hospital, the robber proved to be a Christian girl, who, two years ago, had been carried away by the Turks. She was armed with pistols, gun and yataghan; and had, during the two years of her captivity, been obliged to share in all the professional enterprises of the robbers.

RATHER AMBIGUOUS.—An Indian paper announcing the death of a gentleman out West, says that "the deceased, though a bank director, is generally believed to have died a Christian, and was much respected while living."

A RULE WITHOUT A FACET.—There never yet lived that young lady who did not like to be told she was pretty.