

stood near the flag; but when the decisive word was given, the deepest silence reigned through the vast and varied multitude, and not a sound was heard but the heavy tread of the advancing battalions. The column was headed by the Irish guards, fourteen hundred strong, a regiment that had excited Ginkle's warmest admiration. They marched past the flag, and seven men only arranged themselves on the side of England. The next two regiments were the Ulster Irish, and they all filed to the left. Their example, however, was not generally followed; the greater part of the remainder declared in favor of France. A similar scene took place at the cavalry-camp; and out of the whole, Ginkle only obtained about one thousand horse, and fifteen hundred foot. So little pleased was he with this result, that he was inclined to pick a quarrel with the Irish leaders; and the treaty would have been broken almost as soon as signed but for the presence of the French fleet, which forced the English authorities to suppress their resentment.

On the 12th of October, the Irish cavalry that had chosen the service of France, passed through Limerick, on their way to Cork, from Clare. This gallant body had been the darling and the pride of the Irish during this eventful war, and their departure was viewed with deep and bitter regret. The citizens assembled to bid them a final farewell; but their hearts died within them; a few faint cheers, as faintly answered, spoke the sadness as well as the depth of their mutual affection. Tears and blessings accompanied them to the Water-gate; and when the last file had passed out, a deep groan burst from the citizens of Limerick, who felt that their national hope was now destroyed. The infantry followed in a few days; but their numbers were greatly thinned by desertion before they reached the place of embarkation. There are no persons so strongly attached to their native soil as the Irish peasants. Those who have witnessed the administration of justice at the assizes well know, that transportation is more dreaded than hanging by the criminals who stand at an Irish bar. It is not wonderful, therefore, that many, after the momentary excitement was over, should repent of their determination, and

resolve to stay in the land of their affections. The reluctance to embark was greatly increased by the accounts which were received from France of the reception given to the first divisions. Louis was enraged at the termination of a war which employed so large a portion of the forces of his great enemy; and though his own niggardliness in sending supplies, and the long delay of reinforcements, was the chief cause of the evil, he unjustly vented his resentment on those who had voluntarily chosen his service. No quarters were assigned to the troops; the regiments were broken up, the officers reduced to inferior ranks, and the generals excluded from the court. This disgraceful treatment was not, however, long continued. In a few years the Irish brigades were deservedly esteemed the most valuable part of the French army.

The Dillage Watchman's Song.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Hark! 'tis ten o'clock!—attend
To the counsels of a friend:—
First, kneel in prayer, and then to rest,
With conscience, clear and tranquil breast,
Sleep sound!—above yon starlit blue
There is an eye will wake for you!

'Tis eleven!—now attend
To the counsel of a friend:—
To him who is o'er his work delaying,
To him who still at cards is playing,
I say, leave off!—to bed repair,
And sleep beneath your Father's care!

Twelve o'clock has struck!—attend
To the counsel of a friend:—
O! if there be a wretch still waking,
With heart and brow through sorrow aching,
May Heaven one hour of sleep bestow,
To lull the heart and cool the brow!

One o'clock has struck!—attend
To the counsel of a friend:—
O! if, deceived by Satan's guile,
There's one abroad on purpose vile—
I do not think that such can be—
Go home!—thy Judge in Heaven must see!

It is three o'clock!—attend
To the counsel of a friend:—
Lo! Heaven is streaked with lines of gray—
Let him who hopes a peaceful day,
Breathe forth his prayer of gratitude,
For mind refreshed and strength renewed.

Surprise and Astonishment.—Professor Wilson was one day engaged in vehement discussion as to the generalship of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. "You will allow, at all events," urged his antagonist, "that Napoleon surprised the Duke at Waterloo?" "Aye," exclaimed the Professor, "but didn't the Duke astonish him?"