

"Is it possible that you can allude to me?" exclaimed Caddy Cuddle. "Is my veracity impeached? Am I to be a martyr to our poor relation's freaks?—Or, possibly, you will tell me that I ought to doubt the existence of my own senses."

"I never presume," was the reply, "to dictate to a gentleman on so delicate a point. Perhaps you will allow one of my servants to wait on you during the remainder of the night."

"I'll do no such thing," said Caddy Cuddle: "let the horse besaddled directly. I'll go home at once, and endeavour to make my peace with Mrs. Watermark, from whom I expect and deserve a very severe lecture, for so cruelly cutting up her feelings as to stay out a whole night nearly. Cousin Caddy, good b'ye; ladies and gentlemen, your servant."

Caddy Cuddle immediately departed, vowing *per Jovem*, as he went, never, after that morning, to bestride Anthony Mutch's horse—to dine at Caddy Castle, or any where else out of his own house—or to put on a strange pair of spectacles again.

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

THERE'S a magical tie to the land of my home,
Which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps
may roam.

Be the land where it may, at the line or the pole,
It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.
'Tis loved by the freeman, 'tis loved by the slave,—
'Tis dear to the coward—more dear to the brave!
Ask of any the spot they love best on the earth,
And they'll answer with pride, 'Tis the land of my birth!

Oh! England! thy white cliffs are dearer to me,
Than all the fam'd coasts of a far foreign sea;
What em'rald can peer, or what sapphire can vie
With the grass of thy fields, or thy summer-day sky?
They tell me of regions, where flowers are found,
Whose perfume and tint spread a paradise round;
But flowers more bright cannot garland the earth,
Than those that spring forth in the land of my birth!

Did I breathe in a clime where the bulbul is heard,
Where the citron-tree nestles the soft humming-bird,
Oh! I'd covet the notes of the nightingale still,
And remember the robin that feeds at my sill.
Did my soul find a feast in the gay "land of song,"
In the gondolier's chaunt, or the carnival's throng,
Could I ever forget, 'mid their music and mirth,
The national strains of the land of my birth?

My country, I love thee! though freely I rove
Through the western savanna, or sweet orange grove;
Yet warmly my bosom would welcome the gale
That bore me away with homeward bound sail,
My country, I love thee!—and oh! may'st thou have
The last throb of my heart, ere 'tis cold in the grave;
May'st thou yield me that grave, in thine own daisied
earth,

And my ashes repose in the land of my birth!

THE SHIP AT SEA.

A WHITE sail gleaming on the flood,
And the bright-orb'd sun on high,
Are all that break the solitude,
Of the circling sea and sky;—
Nor cloud, nor cape is imaged there;
Nor isle of ocean, nor of air.

Led by the magnet o'er the tides,
That bark her path explores,—
Sure as unerring instinct guides
The bird to unseen shores:
With wings that o'er the waves expand,
She wanders to a viewless land.

Yet not alone;—on ocean's breast,
Though no green islet glows,
No sweet refreshing spot of rest,
Where fancy may repose;
Nor rock, nor hill, nor tow'r, nor tree,
Breaks the blank solitude of sea;—

No! not alone;—her beauteous shade
Attends her noiseless way;
As some sweet memory, undecayed,
Clings to the heart for aye,
And haunts it—wheresoe'er we go,
Through every scene of joy and woe.

And not alone;—for day and night
Escort her o'er the deep;
And round her solitary flight
The stars their vigils keep.
Above, below, are circling skies;
And heaven around her pathway lies.

And not alone;—for hopes and fears
Go with her wandering sail;
And bright eyes watch, through gathering tears,
Its distant cloud to hail;
And prayers for her at midnight lone
Ascend, unheard by all, save One.

And not alone;—with her, bright dreams
Are on the pathless main:
And o'er its moan, earth's woods and streams
Pour forth their choral strain;
When sweetly are her slumbers blest
With visions of the land of rest.

And not alone;—for round her glow
The vital light and air!
And something that in whispers low
Tells to man's spirit there,
Upon her waste and weary road,
A present, all-pervading God!