

THE KING OF MERRY ENGLAND,
(Tune, "Le Petit Tambour.")

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

"O the King of merry England—
What King so loved as he?
A gallant hand may he command
In all his kingdoms three;
And there the smile of beauty
S'll fall upon the free;
O the King of merry England,
What King so loved as he?
Chorus—"O the King, &c.

"O the King of merry England—
The Rose upon its stem
Shall twine with Erin's Shamrock
Around his diadem.
While the Thistle of Old Scotland
Shall ne'er forgotten be:
O the King of merry England,
What King so loved as he?
O the King, &c.

"O the King of merry England—
When wine-cups sparkle brim,
The first, the foremost pledge is given
In bumper health to him!
Hurra! hurra! the toast is
"The Father of the Free."
O the King of merry England,
What King so loved as he?
O the King, &c.

"O the King of merry England—
When wine-cups sparkle brim,
The first, the foremost pledge is given
In bumper health to him!
Hurra! hurra! the toast is
"The Father of the Free."
O the King of merry England,
What King so loved as he?
O the King, &c.

THE FIRST LAND.

How we come from the dizzy mast,
The watchful seaman's stand—
Sounds o'er the billow and the blast
The joyful cry of "Land!"
Which veiled within a misty shroud,
Lifts o'er the wave its peak of cloud.

Ah! who but he whose weary eye
Hath long been doomed to dwell
Upon the wastes of sea and sky,
The raptur'd throbs can tell,
The poundless burst of joy that fills
The heart that thrills earth's distant hills.

At once upon the gaze they come
With mingling sighs and tears—
With beauteous visions of our home,
And days of other years—
Reflected from the past that throw
Around their heads a sunset glow.

And far away in fancy's dream,
Beyond the waste of floods,
The wave-worn spout bath a gleam
Of sunny vales and woods;
A gentle whisper of the trees—
A murmur of the forest breeze!

A dying echo of the grove,
That to the heart doth bring
Sweet memories of the walks of love,
In life's unclouded spring:
And dear the woodland anthem be,
Far warbled o'er the moaning sea.

And soon upon the lonely shore
Our bosom friends we strain;
They welcome us from ocean's roar
To native shores again—
To woman's love and smiling home
From which our lot has been to roam.

SPANISH CUSTOMS.

The late Baron de B (a Portuguese) was travelling some years since, in Spain, and passed some days under the roof of a lady of high rank, whose husband was one of the most distinguished persons in the government. The bed-rooms there are frequently without doors, a slight curtain only covering the entrance to each. The baron was a favourite of the fair bestest. One morning, as she was in her apartment, she heard his footsteps passing along the gallery, and called out to him to come and sit down.—The gentleman hesitated a good deal, (for the Portuguese are far more reserved than the Spaniards in every outward appearance,) and perceiving her maid standing at the entrance he asked if her lady was dressed and would admit him? "Dressed!" repeated the laughing damsel, "what difference can that make? come in—come in." He accordingly complied, and found her in bed, with one foot exposed to the inspection of the family surgeon, who was preparing a penknife to cut her excellency's corns! A French belle receives male visitors at her toilette, but she has too much coquetry to exhibit a disagreeable spectacle to the eyes of her flatterers; now impudic the sang-froid of the other was, I need not waste time in expressing.—The same lady had a large party of distinguished nobility at dinner. She intended to go to the theatre at night and a few minutes before the proper hour her maid entered the apartment, with a box of jewels, from which she coolly selected what she thought most splendid, and putting them upon her mistress chattered the whole time to the noble visi-

tants without appearing in the least restrained or impressed by their superior rank. As soon as her excellency was adorned, she called for coffee, and placing her feet upon a pan of hot charcoal, (used during the winter in Spain,) she carelessly turned one beautiful leg over the other, so as to display not only their own symmetry, but a pair of very rich garters, which hung down in golden tassels, and leg n'to smoke.

The Portuguese ambassador had at that time just arrived in Spain. She enquired what would be expected of her from the Hidalgos, among whom she was come to reside and was told that it might be proper to begin by giving a ball and supper. Accordingly the tickets of invitation were issued, and a magnificent entertainment prepared. The stated night arrived, and the Portuguese covered with jewels, prepared to receive her guests; but to her great surprise scarcely any one appeared! Hour after hour elapsed, and still the musicians played to the walls and lances! The supper was equally neglected, and in short the whole entertainment thrown away. A few days afterwards, she received from the French Ambassador a solution of the mystery. "How did your excellency word the tickets of invitation?" "I scarcely understand your question." "I mean, who did you mention in each card?" "The heads, and the principal members of each family of course." "No one else?" "Certainly not: who should there have been in addition?" At these words the French woman yielded to an inexpressible burst of laughter. "Forgive me madam!" said she, "but your simplicity is so infinitely amusing! you should never have asked husband and wife together; had you invited every lady and her *cicisbeo*, your rooms would have overflowed!" The Portuguese in order to prove the truth of this hint, gave another ball, wording her invitations in a proper manner, and the consequence was, that her entertainment was the most brilliant and numerous attended that it is possible to conceive.

First Love.—There is no love like the first love; and let the world say what it will of the nonsens and romance of the passion if it were not for those warm and disinterested feelings, which spring up in the heart, like meteors in a frosty sky, the better qualities of mankind would be choked with thorough selfishness. The stoic does everything by rule—he has no feelings to give him pleasure or pain—or, if he has any they are kept so entirely under control that they are never allowed to operate to either his happiness or misery. Love is the foundation, the root the master-piece of all the fine emotions of the heart; and pity, friendship, esteem and veneration, are but the branches of the same prolific tree; or to speak more metaphorically they are as little rivulets diverging from the ocean bed, animating, softening and beautifying those tracts of wild nature through which their silvery channels circulate.

But true love is as distinct from passion, as bravery is from desperation; affection like courage must flow on in one smooth, regular and continued stream—neither overflowing its banks nor shrinking within its boundaries—removing every obstacle, and overpowering every difficulty without making any display of its own prowess. It is not love, nor valour that breaks out with whizzing violence, at unexpected and often unseasonable periods, and like a jack-o'-lantern on a dark night, leads a man across bog, moor, and mountain, until he has lost his way in a slough, or broken his neck over a precipice; this is not love this is madness, yet how oft will early affection assume its guise.

When the heart is just opening to a comprehension of its own feelings, before the sordid concerns of the world have fascinated the attention—when every object wears the garb of innocence, and as the bright qualities of mind and soul are putting forth the branch of promise then indeed does love appear to be the business of life—then it partakes of all the fervour of enthusiasm, all the purity of devotion; not a thought can be associated with the image of the beloved object that is not strictly compatible with honour, truth and virtue; the fancy weaves round it a web of holiness, through which nothing impure can penetrate; and it is enthroned within the *sanctum sanctorum* of the heart, "unmixed with baser matter." Yet early love like the bravery of a young and intrepid arm, is apt sometimes to run into irregular movements, and fling the gauntlet at a shadow; it blazes forth in fits and starts, commits extravagancies, and though never deficient in intrinsic value, will very often wear the mask of folly; but it is a flame, with all its eccentricities, that has never yet glowed in a selfish bosom, and that cannot be kindled on any soil which is not perfectly honourable, warm and disinterested.

It cannot be embodied in more forcible and beautiful language than the following lines of a noble poet of the present day, whose genius and experience no one has yet dared to doubt:—

"Yes love indeed is light from heaven—"

A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared,—by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.

Devotion wafts the wind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love—
A feeling from the godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought—
A ray of him who formed the whole—
A glory circling round the soul."

The love of after years generally partakes more of the colour of worldly prudence, and less of the glow of enthusiasm; in early attachments the individual object is the sole consideration: in maturity there are the considerations of birth, fortune, and connexions to be weighed—the consent of friends the approval of the world, &c. If indeed the sincerity the steadiness the prudence of a mature affection, could be united with the bright glow the celestial purity of early love it would form that sentiment which is so often described in fiction—so seldom to be met with in real life.

"— But ah! how seldom it is seen,
For base and selfish passions intervene,
To blight the buds of love, and rend apart
Each warm pulsation of the bleeding heart."

STOP A MOMENT!—I have lived long in the world— I have enjoyed opportunities for observation and reflection. I have by turns adopted various systems, but long experience has reduced all my philosophy to the simple precept, *Stop a Moment!*

If we knew when to stop, we should be rendered happy by sentiment, instead of being tormented by passion. Through not knowing when to stop, courage changes to tenacity, severity to tyranny, economy to avarice, generosity to profusion, love to jealousy, piety to fanaticism, liberty to licentiousness, royalty to despotism, submission to baseness, and eulogium to flattery. Empires fall like men, because they wish to advance too far and too rapidly; nobody either wishes or knows how to stop.

The kings of Persia would not be stopped by the sea, and the boundaries of their vast dominions; they dashed against the little cities of Greece, the warlike inhabitants of which overthrew their throne.

How many eastern monarchs, unable to endure the thought of having their will stopped by a law have been enslaved and assassinated by their slaves, whilst their fate has excited no sympathy beyond the walls of their palaces.

Alexander, whom no conquest could satisfy, yielded at Babylon, and perished in the flower of his age, because reason could not stop him in his career of dissipation.

The Greeks not knowing where to stop either in their passion for liberty, or their vain desire for dominion, became divided against each other, made foreigners interfere in their disputes, and degenerated into servitude.

In vain did Cato exclaim to the Romans, Stop! They ran in quest of wordly riches, which undermined their power, corrupted their manners, destroyed their liberty, and first delivered them to the mercy of tyrants and then to barbarians.

In modern times what follies and crimes have been committed for want of knowing when to stop! What piles have been rekindled because piety has been unable to repress fanaticism! What massacres have ensued because the nobility refused to respect either the royal prerogative or the rights of the people!

What misfortunes might not Charles XII have avoided had he known how to check himself; he would not have fled at Pultowa had he stopped at Narva.

There is no good quality which does not become a fault when carried too far; all good when exaggerated is converted into evil; the fairest cause, that of Heaven itself dishonours its supporters, when unable to curb their zeal, they burn instead of instructing the incredulous.

Believe me, there is no virtue more profitable, no wisdom more useful than moderation. To ameliorate mankind the best lesson that can be given to them is, *Stop a Moment!*

Instead of paying masters to teach young people dancing, riding, and walking, to teach how to stop would contribute much more to their happiness.

But those who love glory must not suppose I am giving them timid counsel; the most powerful man and most celebrated hero of fable, far from dashing inconsiderately on an unknown and stormy Ocean, knew how to check himself, and engraved on his column the words, *Ne plus ultra.*—From the French.

THE ESCAPE OF HAMILTON ROWAN FROM PRISON.—Archibald Hamilton Rowan, an enthusiastic Irishman, was upwards of thirty years ago tried for a political offence, convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate, in Dublin, where he made his escape in a singular manner; in saying singular we do not allude to his getting from the prison, but to his escapes afterwards.

The circumstance of Hamilton Rowan's escape from imprisonment, as I once heard them minutely detailed, possessed all the interest of a romantic narrative. The follow-

ing are such of the leading particulars as I can recollect to my recollection:—Having discovered (on the 28th of April 1794,) the extent of the danger in which he was involved, he arranged a plan of flight, to be put into execution on the night of the 1st of May.—He had the address to prevail on the gaoler of Newgate, who knew nothing farther of his prisoner than that he was under sentence of confinement for a political libel, to accompany him at night to Mr. Rowan's own house. They were received by Mrs. R., who had a supper prepared in the front room of the second floor. The supper over, the prisoner requested the gaoler's permission to say a word or two in private to his wife in the adjoining room. The latter consented, on the condition of the door between the two rooms remaining open. He had so little suspicion of what was meditated, that instead of examining the state of this other room, he contented himself with shifting his chair at the supper table so as to give him a view of the open door-way. In a few seconds his prisoner was beyond his reach, having descended by a single rope, which had been slung from the window of the back chamber. In his stable he found a horse ready saddled, and a peasant's outside coat to disguise him. With these he posted to the house of his attorney, Matthew Dowling, who was in the secret of his design, and had promised to contribute to its success by his counsel and assistance. Dowling was at home, but unfortunately his house was full of company. He came out to the street to meet Rowan, who personated the character of a country client, and hastily pointed out the great risk to be incurred from any attempt to give him refuge in his own house, directed him to proceed to the Rotunda (a public building in Sackville-street, with an open space in front,) and remain there till Dowling could despatch his guests, and come to him. Irish guests were in those days rather slow to separate from the bottle. For one hour and a half the fugitive had to wait, leading his horse up and down before the Rotunda, and tortured between fear and hope at the appearance of every person that approached. He has often represented this as the most trying moment of his life. Dowling at length arrived, and after a short and anxious conference, advised him to mount his horse, and make for the country-house of their friend Mr. Sweetman, which was situated about four miles off, on the northern side of the bay of Dublin. This place he reached in safety, and found there the refuge and aid which he sought. After a delay of two or three days, Mr. Sweetman engaged three boatmen of the neighbourhood to man his own pleasure boat, and convey Hamilton Rowan to the coast of France. They put to sea at night; but a gale of wind coming on, they were compelled to put back, and take shelter under the lee of the Hill of Howth. While at anchor there on the following morning a small revenue-cruiser sailing by threw into the boat copies of the proclamations that had been issued, offering £2000 for the apprehension of Hamilton Rowan. The weather having moderated, the boat pushed out to sea again. They had reached the mid channel, when a situation occurred almost equalling in dramatic interest the celebrated "Casarem vehis" of antiquity; it would certainly make a fine subject for a picture. As the boat careered along before a favourable wind, the exiled Irishman perceived the boatmen grouped apart, perusing one of the proclamations, and by their significant looks and gestures, discovering that they had recognised the identity of their passenger, with the printed description. "Your conjectures are right, my lads," said Rowan, "my life is in your hands—but you are Irishmen." They flung the proclamation overboard, and the boat continued her course. On the third morning, a little after the break of day, they arrived within view of St. Paul de Leon, a fortified town, on the coast of Bretagne. As the sun rose, it dispersed a dense fog that had prevailed overnight, and discovered a couple of mile behind them, moving along under easy sail, the British Channel fleet, through the thick of which their little boat had just shot unperceived.

The party, having landed, were arrested as spies, and cast into prison, but in a few days an order from the French government procured their liberation. Hamilton Rowan proceeded to Paris, from which, in a political convulsion that shortly ensued, it was his fate once more to seek for safety in flight. He escaped, this time unaccompanied, in a wherry, which he rowed himself down the Seine. The banks were lined with military; but he answered their challenges with so much address, that he was allowed to pass unmolested. Having reached a French port, he embarked for the United States of America, where at length he found a secure asylum.

On Wednesday morning three commercial gentlemen breakfasted together at the Bull Hotel, in this town, whose united ages amounted to 200 years; and the three worthies had been altogether one hundred and twenty years on the road, during which space they had travelled some tens of thousands of miles.—Preston Pilot.