

"There is an isle—a bonny isle,—  
Starts proudly from the sea;  
And dearer far than all the world  
Is that sweet isle to me.  
It is not that its meads are green;  
It is not that its hills are fair;  
But because it is my native land,  
And my home, my home, is there."

Yes, thought I, my home is there; all that I ever loved on earth is there; but do not exist—cannot now exist, for me. I hid my emotion from the others awhile, but at last was forced to cover my face with my hands, and weep in silence, during the singing of the last verse.

The feelings of the soldiers were also raised, and, when the last note died away, they could not contain their expressions of approbation.

The person who had been appointed to give the signal, had not, as yet, seen a proper opportunity; and another of our party, a Scotchman, entertained us with another song, the air of which, if I am rightly informed, did more harm to some of the Scotch regiments on the continent, than the bullets of their enemies. It was "Lochaber no more." His voice wanted the rich sweetness of the first singer, but he evinced a better and richer conception of the meaning and sentiments contained in the song; the consequence was, that when he finished, each of the company wore a desponding aspect. Our signal-man—a man of strong nerve and mind—immediately burst forth with "Britons never shall be slaves." Being thus called to a sense of duty, —the last word of this song being the signal for capturing the soldiers—we resumed our former mechanical attitude; and, so much were our minds bent upon the object we had in view, that every line repeated rendered us more on the alert. Each heart, judging by my own, beat high with fond expectation; and when the last line was begun, each eye was bent on the singer. At last we were in an attitude to spring upon our guards, the signal was given, and, in a body, we rushed upon them before they were aware of our intention. Few moments sufficed to take their fire-arms from them, and secure them firmly with ropes.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

#### ENGLISH TREATMENT OF LITERARY MEN.

WHEN one reflects that the chiefest glory of a country is its literature, surprize, largely mixed with mortification, must be the accompaniment of the reflection, to a Briton.

England—glorious England!—England, the mistress of the seas,—whose Empire circles the vast globe;—England, great in arms—greater far in science and literature—still immeasurably more famous as the Ark in which Freedom found refuge, when the waters of the Northern deluge covered the area of Roman civilization;—as the beacon of light which glowed through the long night of the middle ages—the hope of the oppressed, and the dread of the oppressor; and whose powerful rays have finally chased away the shadows of evil and wrong, until the "rights of man"

are visible to all mankind;—that England, our country, has treated, and still continues to treat her literary men, with the most unnatural coldness, the most disgraceful neglect;—strange, though it be, yet is it a most glaring fact, and, of a verity, a burning shame.

We have said that the chiefest glory of a country is its literature, and can it be questioned? At this present day, what are the Greek and Roman names that invest Italy and the Morca with an interest so intense, as to draw the scholar and the traveller from the remotest regions? If we look to the kingdoms of modern Europe, what are the names of which they most do boast? Why, the names of their great historians, of their poets, shine with the superior lustre of the planets; and the national escutcheons, without their brilliancy, would be sombre to the eye—would fail to awaken the soul, and incite to patriotism!

Let the Briton cast his eye over the array of centuries since the light of History first dawned on the "fast-anchored isle;" which be the names that dazzle his sight? Assuredly, not those of the conqueror, the monarch, the mail'd baron, the powerful noble, or the famous for wealth: no, such fame as these did win, scarce glimmers 'mid the night of time—their names are barely known and rarely mentioned,—but clear, distinct, bright, brilliant, effulgent, are those of the men of Mind—the Poet and the Philosopher!

One would naturally suppose, a magnanimous people, so heavily indebted to its literary men, so boastful of their dead, would prize their living *literati*; but, if one may be permitted to judge of the value set upon them by the treatment they experience, it would be a very low figure indeed. One is almost tempted to repeat the words once contemptuously applied to the British people by Buonaparte, in an equal tone of contempt, "a nation of shop-keepers,"—so indignant are the feelings aroused by the disgusting fact.

A recent number of "Blackwood," thus comments on the same subject:—

"A tenth part of the sums employed in raising obelisks to Burns, would have rescued one half his life from poverty, and the other half from despair. The single sum which raised the monument to Sir Walter Scott, in Edinburgh, would have saved him from the final pressure which broke his heart, elastic as it was, and dimmed his intellect, capable as he still was, of throwing a splendor over his native soil.

"This neglect is known and suffered in no other province of public service. The soldier, the sailor, the architect, the painter, are all within sight of the most lavish prizes of public liberality. Parliament has just given titles and superb pensions to the conquerors of the Sikhs. The India Company has followed its example. We applaud this munificent liberality in both instances. Two General Officers have thus obtained the Peerage, with £7000, and £5000 a year. They deserved these rewards. But the whole literary encouragement of the British Empire, with a revenue of fifty-two millions sterling, is £1200, little more than the tenth part of the pensions allotted to these two gallant men. £1200 for the whole literary encouragement of England! There can be no greater scandal to the intellectual honor of the country. The pettiest German principality scarcely limits its literary encouragement to this sum. We doubt whether Weimar, between literary offices and pensions, did not give