

ever, for they know what advantage I have over them should they attempt to descend. This pool, at our feet should receive the whole three, were they to approach me."

Agnes was convinced of their danger; but from having got in unmolested, she was opinion that to get out in the same way was equally possible, and she therefore urged her lover to the undertaking. "I look upon my own danger as of no consequence," was Robert's reply to this entreaty; "indeed, until you appeared, I regarded the whole affair as a matter of amusement. But now, with my dear Agnes under my protection, the case is altered. I cannot think of placing you in danger, where the odds is so much against me."

"They will not harm a woman," returned she; and neither shall they you, if prayers and tears have any avail, should we happen to be caught."

"Before you attempt prayers or shed tears for me," said Robert proudly, "I shall be past the power of hearing them. Come! for you are in so faint and agitated a state, that there is much danger in remaining here, as in facing the mean fellows who have shown so much enmity towards me."

With his arms round her waist to support her, he now left his hiding place, and with some difficulty reached the brow of the linn. "Ho, watch there!" cried the spy from the opposite side, "I see him; he's beside you." A moment's time was not to be lost. Robert placed the fainting Agnes on the ground, and springing forward upon the two fellows as they started from their lair, he with one push precipitated them both over the precipice into the deep pool below.

A loud angry exclamation was heard from their companion across the linn, while the loud plunge of the happiest wights half drowned his voice; "you have killed them! Their blood be on your head!"

"I have only ducked them well, as you should also be," replied Robert, in a half-merry and half-angry tone. Then snatching up his Agnes, who was not yet so far recovered as to know what had passed, he made for the top of the hill with all speed. When there, a cry or two brought the whole of Mr. Hawthorn's distressed family around him, to whom, as they proceeded towards the house, he related the whole of the adventure, and frankly avowed his love for the fond and faithful Agnes. The parent were unable to reprove the romantic pair, while rejoicing at the recovery of their daughter; and though Mrs. Hawthorn once or twice endeavoured to knit her brows, and utter something to each of a "serious and weighty nature," she was obliged to content herself with remarking, "Weel, weel, bairns, young folk maun hae their daffin' out; an' if ye like aen anither as ye say, dinna keep your meeting ony larger secret, to be rinnin' ye'rsel' into piskies o' this sort again." Her advice was gratefully received and faithfully followed; and in a few months more, Robert had only to remain by his own fire-side when he wished to enjoy the company and conversation of his Agnes.

MUSIC.

The following Prize Poem, written by the Rev. J. H. CLINCH, we extract from the *Boston Pearl and Galaxy*:-

I.
In the beginning, God sent forth His word,
And vast creation to its centre rose;
Suns rolled resplendent to their stations
—stirred
To life and motion as from death's repose:
And in the floods of glory they disclosed,
Came countless worlds to bask;—
whilst from on high
Burst Hallelujahs from the harps of those
Who wake in heaven undying melody;
Suns, stars and worlds newborn shouting
a glad reply.

II.
And guided thither by the Almighty hand,
Earth found her place amid that mighty throng;
She paused a moment on her airy stand,
Then rushed in gladness on her course
along,
And joined her voice to that triumphant song
Which never since has pause or failure known,
And though in angel's hearing deep and strong,
Man's grosser sense perceiveth not its tone;—
Tis music of the mind, it can be felt alone.

III.
Such was thy birth, sweet music,
and albeit
By man unheard, thy noble notes remain,
—

Yet with faint echoes of thy breathings sweet,
He thrills delighted if his soul re'ain
One chord to vibrate with thy witching strain;—
For earth is full of thy inferior tones,—
All nature's voice is music, and a lane
Is built for thee where'er a billow moans,
Where'er a plain extends or mountain rears its cones.

IV.
'Tis morn.—O'er earth with dewy spangles bright
Comes beauty's voiceless music to the eye:
Nor is the ear less ravished than the sight;
For, from a thousand founts of melody
Deep gushing tones arise—and faint—and die—
Whilst others spring to occupy their place
In soft and sweet succession, like the sky
Changing its hues at sunset, or the race
Of fires which dance in Heaven, and veil
with light its face.

V.
'Tis Summer noon;—but in the forest glades
Sleeps twilight in the coolness round her cast,
And music floats above her, as the heads
Of pine and poplar bend beneath the blast,
And the oak waves his many branches vast
In cadence to the measure.—Who could bring
Attention to that anthem rolling past,
Nor own how stirring are the tones which spring
When meet the forest's boughs, and the free breeze's wing?

VI.
Eye sits in Summer glory on the earth;
The wind is still, but fitful whispers play
Along the waving verdure;—notes of mirth
By distance softened faintly float away
From fields where rustics hold their holiday,
And, mingling with near hum of insect wing,
The feathered songster's evening roundelay,
The bubbling stream, and faint bell's solemn swing,
Form an harmonious song—soft, sweet and ravishing.

VII.
Music upon the mountains.—Hark! the dash
Where foaming cataracts sublimely speak
In deep, though rich accordance with the crash
Of thunder's echoes, tossed from peak to peak,
Broken and lost in distance; until weak
And faint its last low murmur meets the ear,
And mingles with the crackling, rending creak
Of some tall tree by lightning blasted near,
Waking a glorious song to nature's lover dear.

VIII.
And the dark fissures of the mountains own
A voice of music, when their echoes swell
In deep responses to the willing tone
Poured by the tempest through the dreary dell;
And cliff, and chasm, and pass, and rocky cell,
Roused by the torrent's bawling, or the force
Of loosened rock or avalanche, may tell
That nature's wildest haunts have been the source
Of music grand, though stern and eloquent, but hoarse.

IX.
And is the desert voiceless?—Hath indeed
The sand no tones to bid the spirit leap?—
List to the footfall of the Arab's steed—
The chirp of locust—and, from ruined heap
Where cities in their desolation sleep,
The jackall's cry—the lone bat's whizzing flight—
The tiger's growl—the lion's muttering deep—
And the loud rushing of untimely night,
When 'neath the dark simoon the sandy columns fight.

X.
Music upon the waters! still and pale
Sleep earth and sea:—the full orb'd moon on high,
Showering her silver shafts o'er hill and vale,
Walks like a queen along the shaded sky.—

Far off upon the waveless ocean lie
Ships dimly seen, and light skiff's flapping sail,
Then faintly sounds the sailor's cheering cry—
The boatman's dripping oar—the pilot's hail—
And far along the sand the ripples whispered tale.

XI.
Music upon the ocean!—Hath he not
A voice to thrill—to quell—to elevate
The spirit, and to elevate the thought?
Let them reply who o'er the desolate
And wide expanse—the very sport of fate,
Have urged a trackless journey, and have felt
The heavings of his billows—and the weight
Of his awakened anger—and have knelt
When breakers clasped their barque in one unbroken belt.

XII.
Yes! Ocean sends to Heaven a ceaseless hymn,
Gentle at times as childhood's whispered word,
And soft and gushing as when evening dim
Awakes the warbling of her own sweet bird:—
But when by storms and Wintry tempests stirred,
He shakes with rage, and tosses in his pride
His foamy mane, like steed to madness spurred:
The rush and tumult of his billows wide
Lift up a song as deep, as mighty as his tide.

XIII.
There is not in all nature's ample bound
A spot without its voice—nor voice nor tone
Without its music—nor that music's sound;
Even in its simplest breathings faintly thrown,
Which, to a heart less callous than the stone,
Speaks not in sweetness, deeply, thrillingly,
Waking fresh founts of feeling.—Hast thou known
Reader, of this wild lay, its witchery?
Then is a treasure thine which gold can never buy.

On the evening of the 4th instant his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge left Hanover for Wisbaden, before his departure he ordered the following address to be published:—

"At the moment of separation, I cannot leave this country without addressing to its beloved inhabitant's a word of adieu. In my early youth I often resided in this native land of my forefathers, and many delightful recollections are connected with that long by-gone period. I have now lived near 20 years amongst you; and, placed by the honored confidence of the King, my deceased brother, at the head of the government of this kingdom, I reflect with gratitude on the able assistance which the Royal ministry and all the authorities have offered me, and the zeal with which they have sustained and promoted my wishes and efforts for the welfare of his Majesty's subjects. From the inhabitants of this country and this city I have received numerous proofs of the most cordial confidence and the sincerest love and attachment. The grateful recollection of those proofs will be always dear to me, and no time, no distance, can ever obliterate them from my heart. Painful to me is the separation from this city, where my children first beheld the light of heaven, where I have spent so many happy hours, and where I have maintained friendly relations with so many whom I love and esteem. But, however far I may be removed, I shall ever feel a lively interest in the happiness of this country. May the Almighty give to the government of his present Majesty, my illustrious and beloved brother, and blessed reign.—May the country advance in prosperity; may the protecting hand of Providence guard it from all misfortunes; and may complete domestic happiness and household prosperity be enjoyed by all its inhabitants. In this, the inmost wish of my heart, my consort and my children most earnestly participate. They, too, love this country and this city; they, too, separate from them with feelings of the deepest emotion; and never will they forget the numerous proofs of love and attachment which they have obtained.—And now, dearly beloved people of this kingdom, I bid you all an affectionate adieu, and leave you in the hope that you also will hereafter think with affection of me.

ADOLPHUS
"Hanover, July 4, 1837."

(From the Liverpool Mail, August 1.)

Ireland, we believe, will do its duty in the present crisis. The elections, in that disorganised part of the empire were to have commenced yesterday, and the intelligence relative to them is eminently cheering. The Protestants of Ireland are "up and stirring," and they are aided by many, very many Roman Catholics, who have the good sense to prefer toleration under a protestant monarchy, to revolution under an infidel republic. We augur, from all we can learn, that the O'Connell "tail" will lose some of its joints within the next fortnight. The odious and detestable miscreant feels that such will be the case, for he has found it necessary to make an electioneering tour into the South. The mendicant is himself one of the candidates for Dublin, (in company with an absentee Socinian named Hutton,) and, so certain is he of defeat in the metropolis of Ireland, that he is also a candidate for Kilkenny, where, as priestly and mob-intimidation are in the ascendant—he will probably be unopposed.

In the north of Ireland there is the strongest resolve not to allow any popish candidate a triumph. It was this part of the empire which, in the revolution of 1688, most steadily held out against the utmost force which James the Second employed against them.—At that time the watchword of the gallant 'prentice boys of Derry was, "NO SURRENDER," and in 1837 the protestants of the north will not tamely submit to the popish dictation of the Derryname beggar. A king could not force them to prove traitors to the constitution and the church, and a mendicant certainly shall not. In the north of Ireland, then, we expect that the protestants will do their duty. In the provinces the battle may be with less of hope, but not with less of ardour. We calculate that the present election will give the Conservtives a gain of TEN members in Ireland.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WHIGS.

Who declared that the reign of Patronage was at an end by the reform bill, and afterwards increased and abused patronage more than all their predecessors? The whigs.

Who gave five millions of British money to the despot of Russia to enable him to oppress the unfortunate Poles? The whigs.

Who voted away twenty millions of our money to the slave-owners of the West Indies for doing that which reason, religion, and humanity, alike rendered it imperative on them to do? The whigs.

Who pledged themselves to retrenchment and economy, and afterwards deluged the country with travelling commissions to starving whig lawyers, at a cost to the nation of two hundred thousand pounds a-year? The whigs.

Who banished the poor Dorchester labourers to Botnay Bay? The whigs.

Who introduced the inhuman poor-law bill into England, whereby the measure of sustenance is reduced to the starving point—husbands separated from their wives, and parents from their children, all for the crime of poverty? The whigs.

Who promised to govern Ireland with mercy, and afterwards brought forward the cruel coercion bill? The whigs.

Who renounced O'Connell, in

the King's speech and cringed to him in servile manner the whigs.

Who promised to the people of Scotland the ministers, and after instance, set their face? The whigs.

Who increased the my in the time of men beyond what Wellington had the whigs.

Who allowed the be trampled upon of the Black Sea, wanted courage to explanation or the whigs.

Who refused to relieve the ice- The whigs.

Who wished to nishment of death should rot dispers at the riot act the whigs.

Who have been dy, unscrupulous and most determined, of themselves an in place and power the whigs.

Who have profited, but performed bungled legislative utter ignorance of for, carrying on ness? The whigs.

Since popular held in England say, since their first recorded, assures thereby of public opinion that no s been maintained nifest so extensive a condemn ing government respectable class that which is Times.

Live Sandon ... 478 Creswell ... 463

Naples, July that the Viceroy dered at Palermo rous bands of of the city. and 18th, many were sent from mo. The king embark with back by the t his ministers. that landed with resistance ensued.

Is it no trial throughout the the elections Conservative they have been ed above one any preceding Reform Bill- es the declared exceeded 2 of all they will upon petition Is there no on here, we as on of that Co which will be registration? tan boroughs Atwood for C may add there don.

From the Saturday mor A Com Of Five again Radicals h