

POETRY.

PARENTAL BREATHINGS.

How sweet when spring discloses
On her maternal breast,
Her earliest embryo roses
By every gale caress'd.

See them when morn appearing,
With dewy moisture wet,
Life infant princes wearing
Their pearly coronet.

To see them meekly bowing,
Beneath their leafy shade;
When noontide suns are glowing,
Or storms their beds invade.

When evening o'er creation
Breathes her expiring gale;
Swook into soft vibration
Their balmy sweets exhale.

Till from each crystal censer
The fragrant incense rises,
To God and Man dispenses
Of our frailty's sighs.

As welcome, cherub strangers,
Art thou to this low sphere;
Unconscious of the danger,
That waits the sojourn here.

As sweet when o'er his slumbers,
The light gasp vision streats;
Light as the myriad numbers,
That dance the solar beam.

To catch the faintest breathings,
That scarce the mirror soil;
And watch the sunny wrayings,
Of his first waking smile.

To mark the moonlight traces,
Of mental agency;
A thousand nameless graces,
Each moment multiply.

No other sound can ever,
Such powerful sweetness claim,
As his weak endeavour,
To lip a parent's name.

Not all the adoration
That angel worship pays,
In mighty congregation,
Of universal praise.

More grateful has ascended,
To God's indulgent ear,
Then when the knee is bended
By infancy in prayer.

When nature's loveliest roses
Shall strew th' autumnal sod,
And when this head reposes
Beneath the valley's clod.

Mayst thou, all good possessing,
In peace and honour live,
Enjoying every blessing,
That God himself can give.

Till grown in virtue hoary,
At length thou shalt lay dow,
That diadem of glory,
For an immortal crown.

HIGHLAND FIDELITY.

A TALE OF 1754.

Two friends visiting Loch Ness, were admiring the beauty of the surrounding scenery, when an aged Highlander made his appearance. On calling his attention to the objects of their admiration, they soon discovered, that in his view, a large heap of stones, which they had passed by with little notice, had for him far more powerful charms, from being connected with an event which many circumstances had combined to render interesting. The stones, it appears, covered the site of a house formerly inhabited by Donald Kennedy, in which Prince Charles found refuge immediately after the decisive battle of Culloden. Of this interview, and the incidents connected with it, the Highlander gives the following account:

On the night after the battle of Culloden, while Donald Kennedy was sitting at the fire with his two sons, grown up boys, beside him, and his wife was busy dressing a wound which he had received in the leg, in the heat of the engagement, a timid rap was heard at the door, "come in," cried Donald, "come in," said his wife and his two sons at once.

Donald's wife, snatched a piece of fir in her hand, which burned on the cheek of the chimney, hastened to the door, to shew the unexpected visitor to the fire. Before she got the length of the door, it was partially opened, and the pale countenance of a tall figure, muffled up in a coarse cloak, presented itself. It looked eagerly towards the fire side, as if afraid to venture, until it had got some idea of the character of the inmates.

"Come in, please your honour," said Donald's wife, as she approached the door.

The figure after having seemingly satisfied

itself there was no particular danger, advanced towards the hearth, and sat down on a roughly made chair, which Donald placed before the fire for the purpose.

Donald's two boys, who were at that time of life when the mind is most apt to give credence to the stories about apparitions, which were then so current in the Highlands, stood trembling beside their father, clearly under the impression that the figure was some supernatural visitant.

All this time the stranger had not uttered a word, but after being seated, cast repeated looks to all corners of the house, as if uneasy lest there should be other inmates than had yet been seen. Donald broke the temporary silence which prevailed, after the mysterious visitant had taken a seat.

"It is a dark night, and not very pleasant travelling in so hilly a country as this," said the Highlander host to his guest.

"Well do I know that, for I have been travelling till I am quite exhausted," said the stranger.

"You look very fatigued, indeed: Mary, lassie, get the worn out gentleman a little of the 'creature' to refresh him," said Donald, turning from the stranger to his wife.

The words were hardly uttered, when the whiskey bottle was brought. "Take a glass, sir, it will do you good," said Mary, as she held a glass of whiskey to the stranger.

The latter took the glass from her hand. "Your good health, my woman: yeurs sir, and your friends," said he, and he put the liquid to his mouth.

"Drink it out, sir, it will do you good," said Donald and his wife simultaneously.

The stranger emptied the glass, and thanked his host and wife. Both the latter drank to their guest's good health.

"Yesterday was a sad day on Culloden moor," said the stranger, moving his chair somewhat nearer the fire.

"It was that, your honour, for friend or foe," said Donald.

"You have been in the engagement, I presume, from the wound you have got," observed the stranger.

Donald, who had from the first inferred from his guest's manner, that he was a person belonging to the higher ranks of life, now began to surmise that he was one of the Duke of Cumberland's friends. He, consequently, judged it most prudent to return an evasive answer to the question.

"A price is set upon the Pretender; it will be a wonder if he be not apprehended," said the stranger. Donald on hearing the word Pretender, cast a sinister look at his guest.

"Have you heard of the thirty thousand pound offered for his head, dead or alive, that will be a chance for somebody," resumed the stranger.

"They have been speaking about it," answered the Highlander, drily.

There was now a coolness in Donald's manner, compared with what it was at first, which the stranger could not fail to remark.

"I know the place of Charles's concealment; if you will assist me in delivering him to his enemies, we shall share the princely reward between us."

Donald, wounded though he was, started that moment to his feet, and darting to a corner of the room for his sword, returned with the weapon in his hand.

"Sir," said he, his eye flashing with indignation as he spoke "Sir, thou art a dead man, rather than that thou shouldst be the means of the Prince losing his life." As he spoke he drew his weapon, and was about to thrust it at the stranger, when Mary rushed in between them.

"Hold!" said the stranger, "I am the Prince," and so saying, he embraced Donald, and burst into a flood of tears.

"My friend," said he, as soon as the fullness of his heart allowed him to speak; "my friend, I only spoke thus, to see whether I was in the cottage of a friend or foe; such proofs of attachment, such noble-mindedness, are rarely to be met with in this world."

Donald was confounded at the disclosure. For a time he could scarcely credit the presence, in his own house, of the Prince he so much loved and venerated. Charles threw aside his cloak, and entered into familiar conversation with Donald, soon satisfied him of his identity.

"Thy wound, then, my friend, has been got in my service," said the Prince.

"It was," said Donald. "Had I ten thousand lives, I would willingly have sacrificed them all for thee."

"Friend, if I recover my rightful crown and dominions thou shalt not be forgotten," said Charles.

"I seek no such reward," said the other.

Donald and his wife together with the Prince; then entered into a familiar conversation, as to the effectual means of concealing the latter from his enemies. It was agreed that the best way would be to keep one of Donald's sons constantly stationed in the day time on an eminence, whence could be seen at a great distance, any suspicious person coming in the direction of the Highlander's house; in which case the young lad was to give the alarm in time, for the Prince to conceal himself in his hiding place provided for the purpose.

Donald had fewer fears for the safety of his illustrious ward during the night as a large mastiff he kept would keep any intruders at bay after he was unchained, which he regularly was during the Prince's stay, immediately on its getting dark.—While thus solicitously careful about Charles's personal safety, Donald and his wife were not forgetful of his comfort, in so far as it was in their power to administer to it. They daily sent their youngest son to Inverness, a distance of fourteen miles to procure such conveniences for him, as were within the reach of their humble means. After remaining for fifteen days in Donald's humble habitation, by which time his enemies had relaxed the rigourousness of their search for him, the Prince parted with his tried friend, and by travelling in disguise, escaped to some of the western islands, whence, after waiting an opportunity, he escaped to France.

In four years afterwards news was received at Loch Ness side, one cold winter's day that a Highlandman belonging to that part of the country, was apprehended, and put into Inverness jail, charged with having lifted a cow belonging to a neighbouring laird. Who the person was, the Augustus footpost could not tell. Next day, however it was ascertained that the unfortunate Highlandman was Donald Kennedy.

The sensation which the announcement of this fact created throughout the country, was most intense; for all had by this time heard of his courage in battle, as well as the extraordinary fidelity he had shown to Charles.

As the day of Donald's trial advanced, public interest in his fate grew deeper and deeper. Never was the sympathy of the community in the case of any malefactor so deeply excited. All knew that the offence with which Donald was charged could be substantiated by the clearest evidence; and the only hope of his escaping the sanguinary clutches of the law, was the possibility of a flaw being detected in the indictment.—The day of Donald's trial arrived. Never before was Inverness so crowded on any similar occasion. Strangers poured in from all quarters. The court opened and Donald's trial proceeded.

During the whole time it lasted, the stillness of death pervaded all present. The evidence was so clear that the jury could not but convict, unless they chose to commit the most wilful perjury. The thing pained them beyond measure, a verdict of GUILTY was returned.

The council for the prisoner rose, and addressed the Bench in mitigation of punishment. He dwelt most feelingly on the extraordinary display of noble mindedness which the panel had given in protecting the life of the Pretender, when he knew that by delivering him up he would receive a reward of £30,000, and hoped that one who had displayed so much virtue and disinterestedness would not be severely punished for an offence unaccompanied with bloodshed or violence, and to which the unhappy man had been impelled by dire necessity.

The Judge proceeded to pass sentence.—The tear that glistened in his lordship's eye and the unusual solemnity of his appearance told, before the words were uttered, the sentence to be pronounced.

His lordship then said, that during his whole official career, he never met with a case of so affecting a nature; and had the prisoner stood convicted of any other offence murder excepted, he should have been as lenient as the law would permit; but as the crime of stealing cattle being unfortunately so prevalent, in that part of the country, examples were urgently called for, and as moreover every case of the kind had been visited with the extreme penalty, it was his duty, however agonizing to his feelings, to sentence the prisoner at the bar to be executed that day six weeks. The sentence was pronounced accordingly.

The passing of the sentence excited a thrill of the deepest sorrow among all present. There scarcely was a dry eye in the court.

The hour appointed for the execution arrived—Donald mounted the ladder with a firm step. He looked around on the assembled multitude, and after standing silent and motionless for a few minutes, as if his heart had been too full for utterance, he shortly addressed the spectators.

He told them he did not fear death in so far as he himself was concerned; but he felt reluctant to quit the world to leave his wife and two sons exposed to its scorn. He expressed his satisfaction that it was not for taking the life of a fellow creature, that he was to suffer a disgraceful death. He concluded, by making one request and none of those present were likely ever to forget the emphasis with which he accompanied the words. That request was, that nobody would ever 'cast up' to his wife or sons, the ignominious fate to which he had been doomed and which he was about to meet.—"If you do," he said, "you will shorten Mary's days, and drive the fatherless lads where no heather blooms."

He would evidently have proceeded, but the heaviness of his breast choked his utterance. He dropped the signal, and in a few seconds was in another world. A deep groan simultaneously bursting from the

crowd, told how deeply they felt for the unfortunate Donald.

Such is the substance of the story which the old man we met in the glen of Aultmore told us. It is nothing to read it, compared with hearing it drop from the lips of the old man. He had it all from his father, who witnessed the execution and who could never allude to his fate without shedding a tear. We felt deeply affected at the recital and many a hundred times have I since thought of the illustrious fidelity of Donald Kennedy, and denounced both the law and the judge which for so trivial an offence as Donald afterwards committed, could have doomed him to an ignominious end.

FASHIONABLE HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

(By Lady Isabella St. John.)

REQUISITES FOR A WIFE.

Lovely in her person and lively in her mind, her beauty, however transcendent, is never to excite particular, only general admiration, and her liveliness is never for an instant to be supposed to approach to levity. At the same time she must be no prude never object to sitting hours *tete-a-tete* with a man who evidently thinks her very handsome, and must take his arm at a ball, assembly or walk, if he offers it; and if her husband, or any one else, is inclined to cut jokes which may have a doubtful meaning, she must neither be amused nor offended.

She is to be very clean in her person, and very well dressed, but never too late at breakfast or dinner, or long at her toilette.

She must not spend much money, but be always in the fashion; if she does unfortunately get into debt, and is blamed by her husband, she must take care not to exceed her means again, but not be in the least less well attired—or she may justly draw down her husband's displeasure for being a dowdy.

She is to be very simple in her diet, and hardly aware of the difference between soup and fish—let her table be ever so sumptuous to excite the admiration of the most distinguished epicures of the day.

She is to be *au fait* of every passing event but not fond of gossip.

She is to know every body but not mix much in society.

She is to know every thing, but not be learned.

She is to have great resources in herself within doors, but her interest is never to interfere with her exercise without even in the worst weather.

She is to like a garden, without presuming to interfere with the gardener; and to have the greatest possible interest in her husband's country seat, without any power but that of picking a few violets in spring, and a few pinks in summer.

She is to be extremely bold on horseback, though perfectly feamuse; and ride remarkably well, either in the parks or the chase, though she does not get upon a horse ten times a-year.

She is never to be dull, though she must like retirement.

She is to be extremely agreeable in society, without caring for it.

If she is a mother, her children are to be highly accomplished, and dressed with infinite taste; but their governess's wages are to be low, and their clothes to cost next to nothing.

If ill and dejected, she is to be highly pleased, her husband takes that opportunity of going from home.

REQUISITES FOR A HUSBAND.

He is to be very fond of hunting and all many amusements, without ever making such topics the subjects of his discourse, or even thoughts.

He is to belong to all the clubs, but never frequent them.

He is to bet with spirit at Newmarket, or in private, but never lose his money.

He is to be very fond of assemblies and balls, but not to like talking or dancing.

He is to admire a beauty, but never look at any woman but his wife.

He must have a well-appointed equipage, but only consider it is own by sufferance.

He should be very domestic and attached to home, yet regard Paris as a heaven upon earth.

He should like reading aloud without caring for books.

"May I be married, Ma?" said a pretty brunette of sixteen to her mother. "What do you want to be married for?" returned her mother. "Why, Ma, you know that the children have never seen any body married, and I thought it might please 'em."

HINT TO TRAVELLERS.—Upon a black board, besprinkled with white tears, and hung up in a public house in England, is the following inscription:—"This monument is erected to the memory of *Trust*, who was some time ago cruelly put to death by *Credit*; a fellow who is proving about the country plotting the ruin of all publicans."