

search of a runaway couple, and that his dog was first struck, were little more than laughed at; and the sarcastic remarks of privileged libellers fell on his old and independent heart like drops of molten lead. The Judge remarked on his offence, on his hoary hairs, and passed sentence of transportation with all that cold blooded monotony, which is gained by long acquaintance with scenes of sin and misery. Cursing the whole mockery in his heart, and looking to an higher tribunal for redress, Hartrey was hurried off; and placed among a number of other convicts, to be sent in a day or two on board the transports which lay at Cove.

To be concluded in our next number.

THE SHEPHERD'S WORSHIP.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Hrsn'd were the busy tones of gaudy day,
 Sad, but sublime, the mourner Midnight lay
 All blank and voiceless in its shaded lair,
 And beamless as the lonely hearts despair:
 Except, where far amid the starry way,
 The silver Orion, or Arcturus' ray
 Smil'd weakly down, on mead, and mossy dell,
 On babbling stream, and ocean's answering swell;
 Dispelling, from the watcher's path, the gloom—
 As oft religion's better stars illumine,
 The broken heart—where many shades may lie
 Commix'd with streams of light from upper sky.

But bow the haughty head, proud mortal, bow;
 We pass in awe a Prince's threshold now.
 Within these walls a royal group reside,
 Then leave behind, for other scenes, thy pride.
 Prostrate thy stubborn heart, the meek are here;
 And worldly grandeur finds no fitting sphere
 Amid the humble great—its gilded glare
 Is then, but taper in the sunny air.
 Bow thy proud head, for see the portal's low;
 Prostrate thy heart, for here's no courtly show;
 And yet the tinsel pomp of earthly state
 Could never boast a chamber half so great.

Prostrate thy heart, or thy long hoarded pride—
 All vulgar—may this humble room deride.
 Thou knowest velvet roof, and silken wall,
 In court of Kings round royal infants fall;
 And here doth rest an infant King of kings,
 Yet luxury keeps afar her perfum'd wings!—
 Lowly indeed! behold this manger shed—
 See 'neath the babe, the rugged straw-strown bed,
 Dimly the little taper cheers the gloom—
 And lowing oxen share the humble room—
 Lowly indeed! and yet no earthly state,
 Could ever boast a chamber half so great!