

## SACRED POETRY.

## "REMEMBER ME."

Creator of the worlds of light !  
Thou Sovereign, high, and holy One !  
Mid cherubim and seraphs bright,  
Thou sittest on thy sapphire throne.  
Low from the dust my voice I raise,  
And lift my trembling heart to thee ;  
Thou searcher of man's silent ways !  
Thou Lord of life ! "Remember me."

Remember me, when sorrows fell  
With tumult through my troubled breast,  
When darkening cares o'erwhelm the soul,  
And earth can give nor peace nor rest ;  
And when the storm is in the sky,  
Thy bow of promise let me see ;  
Then hear in heaven the suppliant cry,  
My Father, still "Remember me."

When false allurements meet my eye,  
And hidden snares my steps surround,  
O be thy presence ever nigh !  
At my right hand be ever found.  
Guide me secure from every foe,  
Help me from every sin to flee ;  
In conflict, sorrow, weal, or woe,  
Through life's short hour, "Remember me."

When death shall come, with noiseless tread,  
And bid my spirit wing her flight,  
Sustain my heart, thy comforts shed  
And make thy promises more bright.  
And when thy kingdom comes with power  
And skies before thy presence flee,  
In nature's dread dissolving hour,  
Then, O my God, "Remember me."

## NAPOLEON AND AN OLD SOLDIER.

"If he is anxious for popularity," said the Duke de Frioul, "he has reason to be satisfied. Our stroll this morning was through the Faubourg Saint Antoine. I did not myself think that he was so much in favour as he is. You cannot form an idea, Junot, of the enthusiasm of the people. He stopped before some houses that are being built in the Rue Charonne. His hat was slouched over his forehead, as usual, but in spite of that, it is so easy to recognise him, that I am always apprehensive of something unpleasant occurring in these expeditions, in which I play the Giasfar. This morning we were surrounded by two hundred workmen, who were all labouring with their pickaxes and shovels. The emperor was as calm as if he had been surrounded by his old guard. While he was observing the men at work, he fixed his eyes particularly on one, who moved his arm with difficulty, and appeared to be less active than his comrades."

"It is singular," said the emperor, "but I think I know that man's face."

The workman observing that the little man looked at him so steadfastly, looked very hard at him in his turn. The scrutiny was not long, and the workman who was an old soldier, recognised his general. His pickaxe fell from his hand, and his limbs seemed to tremble under him.

"General!" exclaimed the man, in a voice faltering with emotion.

"Well, well, my brave fellow!" said the emperor, "so you know me, do you? *Pardieu!* and I recollect you. I said to Duroc, as soon as I saw you, 'That is a face I know. Now I recollect you perfectly; you were a corporal in the thirty-second, and you were wounded at the bridge of Arcola: *pardieu!*'"

To every word uttered by the emperor, the man replied by bowing his head, and saying, "Yes, general."

"But why have you betaken yourself to this work?" inquired the emperor, "if you can lift a spade, you can shoulder a musket."

"No," replied the man, with an oath expressive of his vexation; "no, I cannot carry a musket." And he showed us the difficulty he had in raising his arm.

"But you were in the guards at Austerlitz," continued the emperor. "Your name is Bernard, if I mistake not."

"It is, general."

"And why are you not in the Invalids?"

"I am entitled to be there, general, but—"

"Oh, yes; I remember now what you allude to;" and a cloud gathered on his brow. "Marshal Serrurier did not give me a good report of you. How happens this? If you entertain opinions unfavourable to the government, you may leave France, and go and build houses in America."

"But, general, in that case, I must not only leave my country, but you, whom I love even more than my country."

"Me?" said the emperor, laughing. "*Pardieu!* this is strange enough. How do you reconcile your attachment to me with your hatred of the empire?"

"Because, general, it is to you personally,—to you alone."

"I am certain," pursued the Duke de Frioul, "that the man had no idea of the force of meaning conveyed in those simple words, 'to you alone,' though they evidently came sincerely from his heart. The emperor felt them, and understood at once

the noble mind of the man who uttered them. Even the title of 'general,' with which he constantly addressed the emperor, had its bright side in this little story; for it was not dictated by any feeling of insolence, but was merely the effect of habit in the old soldier. The emperor looked at him with some little expression of dissatisfaction; but more of kindness. The old soldier stood there before him, hat in hand, and with as respectful an air as if he had been under arms on a parade day at the Tuileries."

"Ah, ca!" exclaimed the emperor; "have you not the cross?"

Bernard half opened his jacket, and showed the cross on his bosom. "You see, general, it is in its right place. You gave it me at the battle of Wagram, for a ball which the Austrians fired at me. You were passing at the moment when they were raising me up, and seeing me wounded, like a brave man, you gave me the cross; it has been a healing plaster to my wound. I never take it from my breast; I sleep with it, and when I come to work I put it within my jacket."

"Why so?" said the emperor. "Do you think that your work would disgrace the cross? Your labour is honourable, and you should not blush to perform it. What would your comrades think of you? Those comrades to whom you preach republicanism. They must laugh at you, my poor Bernard; for surely this is nothing but pride."

Bernard knew not what reply to make. He recollected that some of his comrades had laughed at him, and others had been offended with him. He cast down his eyes.

"Have you not the pension attached to your cross?" resumed the emperor after a short pause. "I am sorry that the marshal did not ask me what was to be done before he turned you out of the old soldier's retreat. Was there not some other reason besides that which I have just alluded to? Come, tell the truth."

"To be candid, general, there was another reason. The truth is, I was a little unsteady on the *decadis*: that is to say, I mean, the Sunday. I was punished several times, and then came that affair, when being tipsy one day I called out '*Vive la Republique!*' Well, thought I, since they have turned me out, I must try and get my bread elsewhere, and so I tried my hand at the spade and pickaxe. But still I am sorry at being out of the Invalids; and if you can, general, I wish you would get me sent back again."

He raised his head to look at the emperor, and his expressive countenance was at that moment irresistibly persuasive; for the big tears which overflowed his eyes ran down a furrow, formed by a deep scar in his left cheek. The emperor made no reply, but stood looking at him for some moments; then, turning to me, he asked me for my purse, and taking out three Napoleons, he presented them to Bernard.

"There is something for you and your comrades to drink my health. Now go to breakfast; but do not get tipsy, for then I shall be obliged to pay your master for the loss of your day's work. Adieu!"

The workmen all threw down their spades, shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and thronged round Napoleon to kiss his hands. Bernard alone was silent, and he kept back from the rest; but there was more real affection expressed in his silence than in the shouts of his companions, which were raised for a gift of money. The emperor, stepping up to him, said:—

"Bernard, you must call on General Sougis, or Marshal Bessieres; or, if you prefer it, come to the castle and ask for this young man;" (striking me on the shoulder, said Duroc;) "he will have a message for you from me."

So saying, he took off his hat, and bade adieu to the workmen, who continued crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" long after he was out of sight.—*Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes.*

For the Pearl.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF PROPHECY.

RUINS OF BABYLON.

No. 3.

Robert Mignan Esq, Captain in the East India Company's service, travelled in Chaldea, including a journey from Bassorah to Bagdad, Hillah, and Babylon, (performed on foot in 1827.) In his preface he alludes to the travels of Keppel, and to the researches of Rich the British Envoy many years at Bagdad, who published two memoirs on Babylon. Captain Mignan bears testimony to the excellent character of Mr. Rich, chap. V. page 89. The English Traveller arriving at Bagdad will not fail to meet the greatest attention from all classes of people, or account of the high veneration and respect they bear to the lamented memory of the late Mr. Rich,—who upheld the honor of the nation he represented, and at the same time gained the greatest reputation for himself, during an administration of fourteen years. The Turks and Christians fondly cherish the recollection of his many amiable qualities, and his name is imprinted in their hearts too deeply, ever to be forgotten. I have endeavoured to extend the researches of Rich and Keppel, and to verify their conclusions; and I trust that my labours will tend to throw light on the descriptions of the ancients—as well as confirm the hypothesis adopted by Buckingham, whose observations on the ruins appear to me more

critical, correct and comprehensive, and more to accord with the earliest accounts, than those of any other modern traveller. To that eminent and accurate Geographer Major Rennell I am generally indebted: this gentleman has been pleased to express his approbation of my labours, and I feel peculiar satisfaction in thus publicly acknowledging the many acts of kindness received from him. My aim has been rather to delineate the various objects of interest that presented themselves to my view, than to enter deeply into useless theory and vain speculation—in short to furnish an accurate account of the existing remains of ancient grandeur; to describe their present desolation,—and to trace something like a correct outline of the renowned metropolis of Chaldea. Captain Mignan thus concludes his fifth chapter. "Half an hour before sunset I entered the suburbs of Hillah; and crossed a bridge of boats constructed of pontoons like that at Bagdad; but in worse repair: I ascertained the breadth of the Euphrates here to be 150 yards, from the last stage the road was covered on every side with irregular hillocks and mounds,—formed in masses, presenting at every step memorials of the past—in fact our path lay through the great masses of ruined heaps on the site of 'Shrunk Babylon' and I am perfectly incapable of conveying an adequate idea of the dreary, lonely nakedness that appeared around me, on entering the gates of the once mighty metropolis of Chaldea where 'the Queen of nations' sat enthroned, nor can I pourtray the overpowering sensation of reverential awe that possessed my mind, while contemplating the extent and magnitude of 'ruin and devastation' on every side. Two miles distant there is a massive embankment, seeming to enclose the ruins at each extremity;—its surface exhibits fragments of decayed bricks, stones, pottery and tiles, to the South; at a quarter of a mile to the right of the road, is a vast mountain of ruins (the *Muzillibah*) towering above a series of intervening mounds in 'inexpressible grandeur.' Although no very distinct traces of a ditch can be found, nor can any decided mark of the exterior walls of 'the venerable city' be discovered, yet from its present appearance and situation I cannot entertain the shadow of a doubt of its being a remnant of these ruined masses; and could the antiquary prosecute an uninterrupted, comprehensive, and close examination, he would in all probability discover the line of these long sought walls: but the country is in the hands of barbarians. In the middle of the city, Queen Semiramis built a Temple to Jupiter, whom the Babylonians call Belus or Bele, of which, since writers differ, and the work is now wholly decayed, there is nothing that can with certainty be related of it:—yet it was apparently of 'exceeding great height'—and thence the Chaldea astrologers exactly observed the rising and setting of the stars. The entire was built of brick, cemented with bitumen, with great art and cost. Upon the top were placed three statues of beaten gold, of Jupiter, Juno, and Rhea; with other splendid vessels, tables and ornaments of gold and precious stones, weighing altogether about six thousand talents: but all these the Persian Kings sacrilegiously carried away; and length of time has consumed or much defaced the palaces and the other structures,—so that at this day a small part of Babylon is inhabited, and the greater part which lay within the wall is turned into pasture and tillage. Diodorus Liber II. Chap. 3.—This historian wrote about fifty years before Christ, and observes that the city was in ruins long before that time, and that then the ruins were an object of interest and enquiry. After Ninevah was destroyed, Babylon became the Queen of the East,—Semiramis is generally supposed to have greatly enlarged the walls, and improved the city—though Nimrod was the original founder. Petro Bella Valle, a Roman traveller, visited Babylon in 1616;—He says when speaking of this superb ruin the *Muzillibah* 'its situation and form correspond with that pyramid which Strabo calls the Tower of Belus.' It is built of large and thick bricks, as I carefully observed, having caused excavations to be made in several places for that purpose. They do not appear to have been burned, but dried in the sun, which is here extremely hot: these sun dried bricks in which were mixed bruised reeds and straw, and which are laid in clay mortar compose the great mass of the buildings, but other bricks are also perceived at certain intervals, especially where the strongest buttresses stood, of the same size, but burned in a kiln, and set in lime and bitumen. Vol. II, Letter 17—Travels. The base of the tower is greatly injured by time and the weather—more so to the South East, where it is cloven into a deep furrow, from the top to the bottom. The sides of the ruin exhibit hollows worn partly by the weather; but more generally formed by the Arabs who are continually digging for bricks, and for antiquities—several of these excavations I entered, and have no reason to suppose that they are inhabited by such ferocious animals as the generality of travellers assert—there certainly was an offensive smell and the caverns were strewn with bones of sheep and goats, devoured most probably by the Jackals: that resort thither in great numbers—and thousands of bats and owls have filled many of these caverns confirming the Prophecy 'that owls should dwell therein' and it shall be no more inhabited for ever." The natives are very reluctant in following travellers into these dens, and dislike visiting the ruins after sunset, rather from the fear of Demons, than the fear of wild beasts. It appears that the greatest risk in entering these caves, is the liability of being stung by enormous reptiles, which