

property. They did not seem disposed to give the slightest aid to extinguish it. The Seraskier and the Galata Effendi, as official persons, were riding tranquilly about. They went into several Frank houses in Pera Street, where they sat smoking and drinking coffee till the fire drove them out, and no entreaty of the owners could induce them to direct the Trombadgis to exercise their engines.

It is impossible to see any thing more dismal and dreary than the aspect that once gay Pera now presents. The Turks are already beginning to run up their wooden houses, which they are projecting farther, and making the streets narrower than ever ; but all the stone edifices remain, and will remain, in ruins. It is very doubtful if any of the natives can, or will, incur the expence of rebuilding their palaces ; and merchants will hardly hazard their property again on such expensive edifices as they formerly occupied. Pera, therefore, is likely to consist, in future, of wooden houses, among stone rubbish.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

---

## THE OULD MAN AT THE ALTAR.\*

*By John Banim.*

An ould man he knelt at the altar,  
 His enemy's hand to take—  
 And at first his faint voice did falter,  
 And his feeble hands did shake :  
 For his only brave boy—his glory—  
 Had been stretched at the ould man's feet,  
 A corpse, all so pale and gory,  
 By the hand that he now must greet.

The ould man he soon stopt speaking,  
 And rage that had not gone by  
 From under his brows came breaking  
 Up into his enemy's eye :  
 And now his hands were not shaking,  
 But clenched o'er his heart were crossed,  
 And he looked a fierce look, to be taking  
 Revenge for the boy he had lost.

But the ould man he looked around him,  
 And thought of the place he was in—  
 And thought of the vow that bound him,—  
 And thought that revenge was a sin :  
 And then—crying tears like a woman—  
 “Your hand !” he said—“aye, that hand !—  
 And I do forgive you, soeman,  
 For the sake of our bleeding land !”

\*Some time ago it was proposed to put an end to the petty disputes between rival factions in Ireland, by getting the leaders of them to meet and embrace in their chapels, and promise to forgive and forget ; the occurrence that suggested the foregoing lines took place at the altar of a little mountain chapel in Clare.