

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By Robert Gillilan.

Minstrel sleeps!—the charm is o'er,  
The bowl beside the fount is broken,  
We shall hear the harp no more  
Whose tones to every land hath spoken!

Minstrel sleeps!—and common clay  
Claims only what is common now;  
Eye hath lost its kindling ray,  
And darkness sits upon his brow!

Minstrel sleeps!—the spell is past,  
His Spirit its last flight hath taken;  
Magic-wand is broken at last  
Whose touch all things to life could waken!

Minstrel sleeps!—the glory's fled,  
The soul's is returned back to the giver,  
All that e'er could die is dead  
To him whose name shall live for ever!

Minstrel sleeps!—and Genius mourns  
Tears of woe, and sighs of sorrow;  
Though each day his song returns,  
The Minstrel's voice, it knows no sorrow!

Minstrel sleeps! and Death, oh! thou  
Hast laid the mighty with the slain—  
His mantle fallen, is folded now,  
And who may it unfold again?

*The Horned Owl.*—It is during the placid serenity of a beautiful summer night, when the current of the water moves silently along, reflecting from the smooth surface the silver radiance of the moon, whence all else of animated nature seems sunk in repose, that the great horned owl, one of the Nimrods of the feathered tribes of our forest, may be sailing lightly and rapidly on, intent on the destruction of the objects designed to form its food. The lone steersman on the landing boat observes the nocturnal prowler gliding on extended pinions across the water, sailing over one hill and then another, or suddenly sweeping downwards, and again rising in the air like a dark shadow, now distinctly seen, and now mingling with the sombre shades of the surrounding woods, fading into obscurity. The bark has now floated to some distance, and is opposite the newly cleared patch of ground; the result of a first attempt at cultivation, in a place shaded by the trees of the forest. The moon shone brightly on his hut, the light fence, the newly planted orchard, the tree, which spared by the axe, was as a roosting place for the scanty

stock of poultry which the new comer has procured from some neighbor. Among them rests a turkey-hen, covering her offspring with extended wings. The great owl, with eyes as keen as those of a falcon, is now seen hovering above the place. He has already espied the quarry, and is sailing in wide circles meditating his plan of attack. The turkey-hen, which at another time might be sound asleep, is now, however so intent on the care of her young brood, that she rises, on her legs and purs so loudly, as she opens her wings and spreads her tail, that she rouses her neighbours, the hens, together with their protector.

The cacklings which they at first emit soon become a general clamour. The squatter hears the uproar, and on his feet in an instant, rifle in hand; the priming examined he gently pushes open his half closed door, and peeps out cautiously, to ascertain the cause by which his repose had been disturbed. He observes the murderous owl just alight on the dead branch of a tall tree, when, raising his never failing rifle, he takes aim, touches the trigger, and the next instant sees the foe falling dead to the ground. The bird is unworthy his farther attention, and is left a prey to some prowling opossum or other carnivorous quadruped. Again all around is tranquility. In this manner falls many a great owl on our frontiers, where the species abound.

*The Pole and Parisian.*—The following narrative is going the rounds of the French papers:—

“Ten years ago, M. Joseph Strasze-wich, a young Luthuanian enjoying a large fortune, made a visit of pleasure to Paris, and lodged at the hotel des Bains, in the rue St. Thomas du Louvre. One morning, as he was on the point of going out to keep an appointment, a young man of interesting appearance, in a state of great agitation, came into his apartment, and said—“You are a Pole: I have served with your brave countrymen under Napoleon: I know they never refused to render a service when it was in their power. With this confidence I came to tell you, that I am suffering from an unexpected loss. I have immediate need