

down which criminals were thrown, and whose remains had probably first induced the bird to select that spot as a place of sojourn. The traveller, in expectation of another visit, immediately loaded his rifle, and it was not long before the gigantic bird re-appeared :—

As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearning kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies towards the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams ;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where the Chinese drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light ;

so landed the lammergeyer within ten yards of the savoury mess, but also within an equal distance of Bruce's practised rifle. He instantly sent his ball through his body, and the ponderous bird sank down upon the grass with scarcely a flutter of its out-spread wings.

SERPENTS.

There are not many serpents in Upper Abyssinia, and few remarkable animals of that class even in the lower countries, if we except a species of boa, commonly so called, which attains the length of twenty feet. It feeds upon antelopes and the deer kind, which it swallows entire. Its favourite places of resort are by the sides of grassy pools of stagnant rivers, where it lies in ambush, ready to encircle in its horrid folds whatever quadruped approaches.

A remarkable and noted serpent of these parts is the cerastes, or horned viper. It hides itself all day in holes in the sand, where it lives in little chambers similar and contiguous to those of the jerboa. Bruce kept a pair of them in a glass jar for two years, without any food ; they did not appear to sleep even in winter, and cast their skins during the last days of April. This poisonous reptile is very fond of heat ; for however warm the weather might be during the day, whenever Bruce made a fire at night, it seldom happened that fewer than half a dozen were found burnt to death by approaching too close to the embers.

CROCODILES.

It seems there are crocodiles also in Abyssinia, of a greenish colour and enormous size. The natives are so exceedingly afraid of them, that in the hottest weather they dare not bathe where they are seen, and will not even wash their hands at the water's edge, without a companion with them, to throw stones at the crocodiles.

THE SUMMER MIDNIGHT.

The breeze of night has sunk to rest,
Upon the river's tranquil breast,
And every bird has sought her nest,
Where silent is her minstrelsy ;
The queen of heaven is sailing high,
A pale bark on the azure sky,
Where not a breath is heard to sigh—
So deep the soft tranquility.

Forgotten now the heat of day
That on the burning waters lay,
The noon of night her mantle grey,
Spreads, from the sun's high blazonry ;
But glittering in that gentle night
There gleams a line of silvery light,
As tremulous on the shores of white
It hovers sweet and playfully.

At peace the distant shallop rides ;
Not as when dashing o'er her sides
The roaring lay's unruly tides
Were beating round her gloriously ;
But every sail is furl'd and still,
Silent the seaman's whistle shrill,
While dreamy slumbers seem to thrill
With parted hours of ecstasy.

Stars of the many spangled heaven !
Faintly this night your beams are given,
Tho' proudly where your hosts are driven
Ye rear your dazzling galaxy :
Since far and wide a softer hue
Is spread across the plains of blue,
Where in bright chorus ever true
For ever swells your harmony.

O ! for some sadly dying note
Upon this silent hour to float,
Where, from the bustling world remote,
The lyre might wake its melody ;
One feeble strain is all can swell
From mine almost deserted shell,
In mournful accents yet to tell
That slumbers not its minstrelsy.

There is an hour of deep repose
That yet upon my heart shall close,
When all that nature dreads and knows
Shall burst upon me wondrously ;
O may I then awake for ever
My harp to raptures high endeavour,
And as from earth's vain scene I sever,
Be lost in immortality !

POOR RELATIONS.

A poor relation is—the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondency—an odious approximation—a haunting conscience—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity—an unwelcome remembrancer—a perpetually recurring mortification—a drain in your purse—a more intolerable dnm upon your pride—a drawback upon success—a rebuke to your rising—a stain in your blood—a blot on your scutcheon—a rent in your garment—a death's head at your banquet—A gathcoles' pot—a Mordecai in your gate—a Lazarus at your door—a lion in your path—a frog in your chamber—a fly in your ointment—a mote in your eye—a triumph to your enemy—an apology to your friends—the one thing not needful—the hail in harvest—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet—the hore *par excellence*.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, "That is Mr. ——" A rap, between familiarity and respect—that demands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleteth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says, with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice, against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remaining glass of claret—if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful