

be out of sight ; for you know, child, 'tis away I can't run as fast now as I could thirty years ago, and I'll wait for you on Parliament bridge." The soldier obeyed, and quickly joined Mrs. O'Brien on the bridge, being but fifty yards distant. With what emotions he waited the effects of his knocking I need not say, for the door was soon opened by a female, who started at seeing the basket ; but how much more was she astonished when, in prying into its contents, a fine child was the result of the inspection. Mr. N. was immediately called, and he came to the door, bringing a candle in his hand, and after him came other members of the family, and soon a crowd gathered round the door, amongst which the soldier and Mrs. O'Brien were not the least incurious. They were not long spectators, when they heard Mr. N. giving the child to a healthy-looking woman, who acted as nurse on such occasions, with strict injunctions to let him see it at least once a month. " Didn't I tell you," says Peggy, " 'twould be provided for." " If I thought so," replied the soldier, " I should be happy." " You may be quite *sertain* of it," says Mrs. O'Brien, " as *sertain* as that you and I are here together at this present time." So, after wishing his child every success, and shaking him heartily by the hand, they parted.

The next day found the soldier at his poor Mary's funeral, where Mrs. O'Brien was very busy, and on the following morning, ere sun-rise, he was on the wave. Month after month, year after year, passed away, and still fate kept poor Thompson in distant climes, and oh ! how often did his native land occur to him ; his destitute child ever occupied the fore-

ground of his thoughts ; and even amidst the battle's thundering shock did he not forget him. At length, after an absence of seventeen years, careworn and wounded, he was thrown once more on his own dear shore. Parental feelings, too powerful to be resisted, urged him to visit Cork, and, disabled as he was, he hastened to Mr. N.'s to inquire the fate of his long-lost child. He arrived about noon at the house, and was accosted, on entering the office, by a genteel-looking lad, who inquired whether he could do any thing for him. The soldier answered, " I'm afraid not." He then told him he came from abroad, and was looking for his only child, his son, whom he was obliged, through misfortune, to leave behind, on his going to America. " His name ?" eagerly asked the lad. " James Thompson," replied the soldier with tearful eyes and a shake of his head ; hope and fear took alternate possession of him as he waited for a reply to his inquiries ; but no word escaped from the soldier's boy, for such indeed he was, as he sunk insensibly into his long-lost father's arms. The scene which followed cannot be described. Suffice to say, that Mrs. O'Brien did not wait the soldier's return, having died at a good round age, a few years before. But Mr. N. still lived to witness the beneficial effects which his extraordinary humanity produced ; and after a life spent in doing all the good that man could possibly do, and covered with thousands upon thousands of blessings, he went down to the peaceful tomb ; and to this day the aged citizens of Cork remember him with feelings of the most unlimited esteem.

### VARIETIES.

#### GOSSAMER CLOTHS.

WE took notice some time ago, of the ingenious labours of M. Habenstreet, of Munich, who has succeeded in making caterpillars weave

cloths, finer than the finest that have ever yet been fabricated by the hand of man. Among the articles since manufactured by these mute labourers, are a balloon, four feet high, by two

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