WALDIE'S
CIRCULATING LIBRARY
NOTICE.—For the sake of combining old and new series, and making the volume correspond both in date and [illegible] the subscriber has concluded to print [illegible] additional numbers to the second volume of the first or old series. These numbers will be furnished *gratuitously* to those who commenced with No. 1 and No. 6, and who have paid their subscription, or who shall have paid before the 20th No. of Volume 2 is issued. Those whose subscriptions remain unpaid at the publication of that No. will be struck from the list, and charged SIX DOLLARS, as [illegible] announced.
To those who have *really patronized* the "Library," by prompt payment of their subscription, very sincere acknowledgments are tendered, and a continuance of their patronage respectfully requested.
ADAM WALDIE.

IN CHANCERY,
17 February, 1834.
ORDERED, That the sale made and reported by Joseph J. Speed and Thomas S. Alexander, trustees for the sale of the real estate of Robert A. S. Shipley, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shewn on or before the 17th day of April next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper once in each week three successive weeks before the 17th day of March next. The report states the amount of sales was twenty dollars.
True copy,—Test,
RAMSAY WATERS,
Reg. Cur. Cancellaria.
Feb. 27. 3w.

WILLIAM BRYAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
TAKES this method of returning his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public in general, for the liberal patronage they have heretofore bestowed upon him, and begs leave to inform them, that he has been compelled from the heavy calamity which befel him on the 29th October, to remove his shop to the brick building owned by Washington G. Tayloe, Esq. one door below the Store of Messrs. Shaw & Franklin, and nearly opposite the residence of Dr. Dennis Claude, where he intends carrying on his business in his usual manner, and where he will be happy to accommodate his friends in the line of his profession. He hopes by the aid of his fellow-citizens, enabled, the morning of the above calamity, to save a portion of his Stock in hand, and hopes in a short time, to be enabled to reinstate his whole stock. He therefore confidently solicits a continuance of the former patronage of his friends, together with that of the public at large.
Nov. 7.

WAS COMMITTED to the Jail of Anne-Arundel county on the 8th January, a NEGRO MAN who calls himself Rick, he has no papers of any description, he was born and raised in Suffolk county, state of Virginia and that he was set free by a man Joseph Rick of said county; said fellow is about five feet two inches high, and about thirty-four years of age, complexion dark, no perceptible marks, has a large space between his upper fore teeth; his clothing, a yarn pantaloons, blue roundabout, old hat and stockings, and old cap. His owner, if any is requested to prove property, pay charges and take him away, he will otherwise be discharged according to law.
R. WELCH, of Ben.
Sheriff A. A. Co.
Jan. 23.

Anne-Arundel County, Sct.
ON application of Jethro Lynch Smith to the county aforesaid, by petition in writing, stating to me, the subscriber, Chief Judge of the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county that he is in custody of one of the constables of the county aforesaid for debt and praying for the benefit of the Insolvent laws of this state, a schedule of his property, a list of his creditors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition, and the said Jethro Lynch Smith having satisfied me by competent testimony that he has resided two years next preceeding the time of application within the state of Maryland, I having appointed Beale Gaither trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said Jethro Lynch Smith, and the said trustee having given bond, with security, approved by me, for the faithful performance of his said trust, and the said trustee being in possession of all the property of the said insolvent debtor, and the said Jethro Lynch Smith having also given bond with security approved by me, for his personal appearance before the Judges of Anne-Arundel county court on the third Monday in March next, to answer such interrogatories as may be propounded to him by any of his creditors, and also to answer such allegations as may be filed against him by any of his creditors, I do order the said Jethro Lynch Smith having taken the oath by me, as prescribed by the said Insolvent Laws for the delivery of his property, that he be and he is hereby discharged, and I do hereby order and direct the said trustee to give notice to the creditors of the said Jethro Lynch Smith, of his discharge, according to the rules and regulations of the said court. Given under my hand this 1st day of September, in the year of our Lord eight hundred and thirty-three.
GIDEON WHITE.

CASH IN MARKET.
THE subscriber wishes to purchase a number of Negroes, for which he will pay the Cash higher than any other purchaser in the market. Persons having such for disposal will do well to communicate with him at James Hunter's Tavern.
WILLIAM [illegible]
Annapolis Oct. 24—tf.

PRINTING
Neatly executed at this
OFFICE.

The Maryland Gazette.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Intelligencer.

POETIC CORRESPONDENCE.

Although the following lines are copied in a Lady's Album, let not the grave reader pass them over as 'trifles light as air.' The name of the gentleman will be sufficient to induce the reader to peruse his verses with interest. The name of lady we are not permitted to expose before the Gazette-reading world; but her lines will recommend themselves without a name. We think indeed they suffer nothing from comparison, in being placed alongside of those of the author of the "Star-spangled Banner."

TO MR. F. S. KEY.

Look, gentle fairy, now my Album take
And place it on his table e'er he wake,
Then whisper that a maiden, all unknown,
Sums from the poet's hand a trifling boon;
A line, perchance to him, but oh! not so
To her whose heart has thrilled long, long ago,
His inspiring lays came to her ear,
Making the stranger's name an interest dear.
Said girl may yet be bold t'admire
The Poet's fervour and the Patriot's fire:—
'Tis not these, though magical their power,
Can cannot brighten woman's sadden'd hour:
But she, the happiest, has sadden'd hours,
Then all life's pathways are hereft of flowers,
Her bow'd spirit feels as felt by thee,
Yet to live always on this earth would be
Her—for all—no happy destiny.
Patriot! Thou may'st write for fame,
By a tenderer and holier name
Than thine—Christian! write thou here one lay
Come to read and treasure when thou'rt away.
Tuscaloosa, 10th Dec. 1833.

TO MISS ——.

Is it so? a thousand miles apart,
Day of mine e'er touched a gifted heart?
Didn't the eye of beauty' won her smile?
No recompense for all the poet's toil!
That fa'ring smile, that brighten'd eye,
That tells the heart's warm ecstacy,
Have not seen I may not see—
Maiden kind! thy gift shall be
More esteemed and cherished prize
Than fairest smiles or brightest eyes.
This rich trophy of the poet's power,
Shine on mark'd lone and distant hour;
Me from the fair, howe'er bestow'd, we greet,
Words, and looks, outspeaking words, his sweet;
When it breathes in bright and polish'd lays,
Then, from a kindred heart, this, this is praise.
We are not strangers:—In our hearts we own
Feels that must ever beat in unison.
Same touch wakens them; in all we see,
Hear, or feel, we owe a sympathy.
Look where Nature's charms in beauty rise;
Of the same transport glistens in our eyes.
Joys of others cheer us, and we keep
Lady tear to weep with those that weep.
Is this, that in th' impassion'd hour,
Gives to the favour'd bard the power,
Sweetly flows the stream of song,
To bear the rapture'd soul along,
And make it, captive to his will,
With all his own emotions thrill.
Is a tie that binds us;—'tis the glow,
"Gushing warmth" of heart that Poets know.
We are not strangers:—Well thy lines impart
Patriot's feelings in the Poet's heart.
Even thy praise can make me vainly deem
'Twas the Poet's power and not his theme,
Woke thy heart's warm rapture, when from far,
Song of vict'ry caught thy fav'ring ear.
Vict'ry was thy country's, and his strain
Of that starry banner, that again,
Wav'd in triumph on the battle plain.
Though Columbia's land be wide,
Though Chesapeak's broad waters glide
Far distant from the forest shores
Where Alabama's current roars;
Yet over all this land so fair
Still waves the flag of stripe and star,
Still on the Warrior's bank is seen
Gold shines in Coosa's valley's green
By Alabama's maiden sung,
With patriot heart and tuneful tongue.
Yes, I have looked around me here
And felt I was no foreigner.
Each friendly hand's frank offer'd clasp,
Tells me it is a brother's grasp.
If own I deem those rushing floods,
Grows these wild and waving woods,
And (to a foot, O, how dear!)
Of own songs sweetly chanted here.
The joy with which these scenes I view,
Tells me this is my country too.
These sunny plains I freely roam;
Am no outcast from a home.
I wandered on a foreign strand—
This is my own, my native land.'
We are not strangers:—Still another tie
Binds us more closely, more endearingly.
Poet's heart, though time his verse may save,
Chill with age, and perish in the grave.
Patriot, too, must close his watchful eye
When the hand he loves, his latest sigh,
All he has left to give it, ere he die,
When the Christian faith in power hath spoke,
The lov'd heart, and the world's spell is broke,
Heart transform'd, a never dying flame
Arms with new energy, above the claim
Death to extinguish—oh! if we have felt
Its holy influence, and have humbly knelt
Penitence for pardon, sought and found
Grace for each trouble, balm for every wound;
If we feel this work of love hath done,
Within our hearts—they are one.
Hopes, fears, joys and sorrows all the same,
Of course, one object all our aim,
Each wander'd here, one home at last to win
Strangers on earth, but fellow heirs of heaven.
We will bear thy plaintive strain afar,
Will to chase me in life's thorny ways,
Will think of her whose fav'ring lays
Gave me joy in the heart's best hour,
Sign its warmest wishes, shall pour.
And may I ask, when this fair volume brings
Some thought of him who tried to wake the strings
Of his forgotten lyre, at thy command,
(Command which warm'd his heart and nerved his hand.)
Thou wouldest for one, who in the world's wild strife
Is doom'd to mingle 'mid the storms of life,
Give him the blessings of a Christian's care
And raise, in his defence, the shield of prayer.
Tuscaloosa, Dec. 12, 1833. F. S. KEY.

BEAUTIFUL QUOTATION.

The Rev. D. Griffin, in his speech before the American Education Society, appealed to 'the sex, who like ministering angels, love to hover about the chambers of sickness.'—who owe so much to christianity; and introduced this beautiful quotation—

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She when apostles shrunk, could danger brave,
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave.

ROME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The following well written letter is from the last number of Waldie's Select circulating Library, in which there is now in course of publication, a series of letters from Rome, written by Miss Waldie, during a residence of two years in the 'eternal city.' They evince great taste, a vast fund of accurate information—deep research, and playful fancy. A lady's pen alone could throw off such interesting, graphic and entertaining letters, as compose the work called 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century,' for which the public are first indebted to the ever varying, but ever fresh Circulating Library, published by Mr. Waldie, of this city, which has met the greatest possible encouragement, and is, we are pleased to learn, eminently popular, the present number of subscribers exceeding *five thousand!—Bicknell's Reporter.*

ASCENT TO THE TOP OF ST. PETER'S.

You will stare when I tell you that a broad paved road leads up to the top of St. Peter's church; not, perhaps, practicable for carriages from its winding nature, but so excellent a bridle road, that there is a continual passage of horses and mules upon it, which go up laden with stones and lime; and the ascent is so gentle, and the road so good, that any body might ride up and down with perfect safety. The way is very long, and as I have not yet quite recovered my strength; I longed for a donkey to carry me up But none was to be had, and I was compelled to walk; lamenting grievously that no other ass was to be found except myself; which wretched piece of wit I purposely repeat, that I may deprive you of the malicious pleasure of saying it.

Without the aid of the extra ass, then, I reached the roof at last, which seems like a city in itself. Small houses, and ranges of workshops for the labourers employed in the never-ending repairs of the church, are built here, and are lost upon this immense leaden plain, as well as the eighteen cupolas of the side chapels of the church, which are not distinguishable from below.

Though only comparatively small, how diminutive do they seem, compared to that stupendous dome, the triumph of modern architecture, in which is fulfilled the proud boast of Michael Angelo, that he would lift the vault of the pantheon, and hang it in the air! It is exactly of the same magnitude. Its beautiful proportions and finished grandeur, towering into heaven, can here be fully seen. From below they are lost, owing to being thrown back by the length of the Latin cross, and consequently sunk behind the mean elevation of the front, so that this noble dome is perhaps no where seen to so little advantage as from that point, in which it should appear to the most—advantage the piazza of St. Peter's.

We rambled about and rested ourselves on the marble seats which are commodiously placed upon the leads; and we might I make no doubt, have made many grand and sublime meditations; but a ridiculous idea, which unluckily entered some of our heads, that the great cupola, with all the little ones about it looked like a hen with a brood of chickens, completely put all such ideas to flight. 'What simpletons must they have been that they could find nothing better to think of on the top of St. Peter's!' Methinks I hear you say.

We commenced the ascent of the great dome by a succession of staircases, ingeniously contrived, and from which passages lead out both upon its internal and external galleries.

One of the former, like the whispering gallery of St. Paul's—as if to verify the proverb that walls have ears,—carries round a sound, inaudible to the nearest bystander, clear and distinct to a listener on the opposite side of its vast circumference.

We began to have some idea of the immense height we had already gained. The Mosaic figures of the saints and apostles emblazoned on the vaulted roof, were now so near as to stare upon us in all their gigantic proportions, and from the highest gallery we looked down into the fearful depth of the church below, upon the minute forms of the human beings, who like emmets, were creeping about in it.

How contemptible did they look from hence! And is that diminutive speck—that insignificant nothing—lost even in the mightiness of that fabric himself has raised—is that he who has called forth these wonderful creations of art, and made nature subservient to his will, to adorn it with beauty and with majesty? Is that the being whose ambition would embrace the universe—whose littleness and greatness at once call forth contempt and admiration? Strange compound of a divinity and a brute—allied equally to the worm and to the god—made 'but a little lower than the angels;' and yet, but a little raised above the beasts that perish; a creature of clay, endowed with a heavenly soul—a mortal, destined to immortality—Man is, indeed, 'the glory, jest and riddle of the world!' But if I begin to moralise about man, we shall never get to the top of St. Peter's.

In the course of our progress, we walked round the external cornice of the dome, which is so broad, that though there is no fence round its edge, three or four persons might walk abreast with perfect safety. We were informed that it is half a mile in circumference; but I would not guarantee the truth of this statement.

At last by flights of very narrow stairs, and long bending passages, sloping inwards to suit the inclination of the rapidly narrowing curve, we reached the summit of that astonishing dome, to which we had so often looked with admiration from below; and, perched at a height above the flight of the fowls of heaven, we enjoyed the far extended and interesting prospect over mountain, flood and plain.

The beautiful amphitheatre of hills, which encloses the Campagna, stretching round the blue horizon on three sides; the pointed summits of the loftier Appennines behind which alone were wreathed with snow—as if winter had enthroned himself there, looking sullenly down on the plains and verdant hills not subject to his sway;—the Tiber, in its long sinuous windings through the waste,—like a snake oiled up in the desert, betrayed by its listening surface, far beyond it, the delolate spot where Ostia once stood, and 'where the silver waters of the Mediterranean were now gleaming in the sunbeams; Rome at our feet—her churches, her palaces, her dark and distant ruins; the rich verdure and golden fruit of the orange gardens of her convents, far beneath us, contrasting with the deep shade of the mournful cypress:—such a scene as this, fanned with the pure fresh blowing breeze, as mild and soft as the breath of summer, that delighted every sense, and canopied by that clear blue sky of etherial brightness and beauty, that words can never point—Such a scene as this would surely awaken some admiration, even in the coldest heart!

We enjoyed it in perfect security, the top of the dome being surrounded by a railing, which is indiscernable from below. We were at the base of the ball, which surmounts the dome, and forms its upper ornament, and certainly had no wish to emulate the adventurous French lady, recorded by Eustace, who climbed to the top of it, but unfortunately for our peace, we had in our party a naval officer, who clambered up the aerial looking ladder that is fixed round it, with as much ease as he would have run up the shrouds of a man of war, and not satisfied with this exploit, contrived, by some extraordinary process, to hoist himself up the smooth polished sides of the metallic cross, and actually seated himself upon its horizontal bar!

For his safety we entertained no fears. He had been rocked on the giddy mast, and cradled in the storm; but we trembled to see his example followed by almost all the gentlemen who were with us; not that there was any thing to be gained, or seen by it, but that they would not on any account be outdone; and then there was the future dear delight of boasting that they had stood on the top of the ball of St. Peter's—cheaply purchased at the risk of breaking their necks. We were therefore doomed to see these silly men, one after another, go up this terrible place; about half of the way round the lower convexity of the ball, in a posture nearly horizontal, with their heads downwards, much as a fly creeps along a ceiling; we observed the secret fear and agitation painted on their countenances, and knew that a moment's giddiness, a single false step, must precipitate them down a height that it was agony to think of—but we durst not speak. More lucky than wise, however, they all descended in safety, and we, resolved to do something in our turn, went up into the inside of the ball—an enterprise by no means difficult or dangerous, but somewhat tedious; one person only being able to ascend at once; and as our party was rather numerous, by the time the last had got up, the first was nearly baked to death; for this great brazen globe was heated by the powerful rays of an Italian sun, to the temperature of an oven. In this delightful situation we began 'God save the king,' in full chorus, but long before it was concluded, the loyalty of most of us had melted away, and we were almost tumbling over each other's head down the narrow ladder—far more eager to get out than we had ever been to get in.

Although this ball looks from below no larger than an apple, it can contain in the inside about eighteen people, and we calulated that even more might be packed in it,—if they did not suffocate.

It is impossible to form any idea of the immensity of St. Peter's without going to the top.

The long winding paved road that ascends to the leads, as if to the summit of a mountain; the amazing extent of roof; the vast scale on which every thing is constructed; the endless height to which you afterwards climb by staircases and ascending passages to the top of the dome, from which, as if from heaven, you look down on the earth, scarcely able to discern the human beings upon its surface; all this, indeed, may give you some idea of its stupendous size, which from below you can never conceive, and which I am sure, my description will never make you understand.—So adieu!

(From the New England Farmer.)

ON CUTTING WOOD FOR VARIOUS USES.

There has been much diversity of opinion relative to the time of the year most proper for cutting wood for timber or fuel. Godsell's Farmer of the 26th ult. observes 'that where durability is the object, timber should be cut at that season when there is least sap in it, say in February; but where it is for the purpose of clearing land, and the timber to be cut is of a kind likely to sprout, then it is desirable to have it cut when there is most sap in it, as that not only prevents the stumps from sprouting, but they rot much sooner than when cut in February.'

The opinion of Mr. Godsell is corroborated by a writer from the New York Farmer, in a communication republished in the N. E. Farmer, vol. 10, pp. 237, 238. In this it is stated, 'we do not seem sufficiently aware of the range of expansion and contradiction of green and growing wood, or the extent of variation in bulk expanded or contracted by heat or cold. When occupying the least space the wood is of course most dense and compact, and it has then the least possible quantity of sap in it. More than fifty years ago my father had occasion for a barn floor, for use in winter, the British having been so managed that the farmers of the north could return to their farms, on doing which his was destitute of a barn floor. In the depth of winter, as the only alternative, he cut down—felled as the paper farmers say, large red oak trees, had them sawed into two and a half inch planks, and laid his floor, perfectly green, expecting to lay them over again when they got seasoned and shrunk as he supposed they would do. This was all done in the severe cold of a northern winter, and that floor has never yet been overhauled, nor have the planks opened a seam. The sap was all in its winter quarters in the roots under the blanket ing of the muck, and of course could not be in the tree, which was compacted into the smallest possible space. The troops of winter, in these days, were driven with tremendous force.

'From all these considerations, and facts, (I could site multitudes of similar facts,) I come to the conclusion that the proper time to cut wood for timber is when the sap is least in quantity in such wood, and when this is least likely to lead to a fermentation. The more saccharine matter it has in it, the more likely it is to lead to this process, as well as generally, the more sap. The sugar maple, which abounds in this quality, if cut immediately after the growth of wood of the year and stripped of its bark, becomes even very durable as fence posts, if not set till thoroughly seasoned. The same is also true of hemlock; and several other kinds of wood, but they must be well seasoned, before set into the ground, as all fence posts should be. When wood occupies its least possible space, it is a good time to cut it both for fuel and timber.'

The late Col. Pickering, in an essay on 'The Falling of Trees for Timber,' published in the New England Farmer, vol. 1, page 17, gave certain facts which led him to believe that 'the best time for felling timber trees, for durability, was when their sap was vigourously flowing.' Other writers, too numerous to be here quoted, have also recommended May and June, as the proper months for cutting down timber trees, where durability is the object. We will, however quote another passage from Col. Pickering's essay above referred to.

'Accident threw in my way the late Oliver Evan's book on the construction of mills,' to which was subjoined a treatise of a Mr. Elliot, a mill-wright, on the same subject.—Turning over some of the leaves of this treatise, I lighted on the passage in which the author directed hickory timber, intended for the cogs of wheels, to be cut when the sap was running, that they might not become powder post.'

Col. Pickering adverts to the case of 'a farmer, the well pole (or sweep) of whose well happened to break at a very busy time, and to supply its place he cut down the first small tree, which came to hand; and this was a white birch. The sap then running freely, he put up his pole, and it lasted seventeen years. Had he put it up with the bark on, it would, probably have rotted in a year; the closeness of the bark would have prevented the escape of sap. A close coat of paint laid on unseasoned wood operates like the close birch bark, by confining the sap, and hastening the decay.'

Dryness is favourable, and moisture unfavourable to the durability of timber. Green and growing timber has less moisture in winter than in spring or summer; but its pores being less open in cold than in warm weather, it cannot so well become dry before it becomes rotten. But in spring, summer, and perhaps the forepart of autumn, the pores of green wood are comparatively open, the moisture more easily exudes or escapes, provided said pores are not sealed by the bark. If one wishes to cut wood, and proposes to let it lie, without being deprived of its bark, winter is his time with reference to duribility. But if it is proposed to strip the bark from the tree, the time when the bark peels most easily, will, be believe, be the season in which other things being equal, the timber will endure longest.

If it is wished that when wood is cut, the tree may sprout, and reproduce another cutting of timber or fire wood, it is best to conform to the practice of General Newhall, of Lynfield, Massachusetts, who observed as follows:

'Having woodland, from which I have cut, annually, for several years past, from twenty to fifty cords of wood, it has been my practice to have it cut at the time and in the manner that would best insure a strong and vigorous growth of sprouts. To effect this purpose, I never allow a tree to be cut till after the autumnal frosts have caused the leaves to fall, and the sap to descend to the roots, nor later in the vernal season than in the month of April. The manner of cutting, is to leave the stumps nearly on a level with the surface of the ground, from which the suckers are much more strong and vigorous, and less liable to be injured by high winds, than a growth from stumps cut twelve or fifteen inches high, as is the practice of some.

'Pursuing this course, I have never been disappointed; and have now on land from which trees were cut in the midst of winter, a growth of sprouts, of the most vigorous and promising appearances.

'Respecting large trees, the growth of centuries, cut them at whatever season you please there is scarcely one stump in a thousand that will produce suckers.'

In the community where fuel is an expensive article, every proprietor of woodland should manage it in such a way, as not only to be profitable to himself, but, as shall preserve the growth for the generation to come.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY J. M. WILSON.

Seven or eight years ago, I was travelling between Berwick and Selkirk; and, having started at the crowing of the cock, I had left Melrose before four in the afternoon. On arriving at Abbotsford, I perceived a Highland soldier, apparently fatigued as myself, leaning upon a walking stick, and gazing intensely on the fairy palace of the magician, whose wand is since broken, but whose magic still remains. I am no particular disciple of Lavater, yet the man carried his soul upon his face, and we were friends at the first glance. He wore a plain Highland bonnet, and a coarse grey coat, buttoned to the throat. His dress bespoke him to belong only to the ranks; but there was a dignity in his manner, and a fire, a glowing language, in his eyes, worthy of a chieftain. His height might exceed five feet nine, and his age be about thirty. The traces of manly beauty were still upon his cheeks; but the sun of a western hemisphere had tinged them with a sallow hue, and imprinted untimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the scenery around us; and we had pleasantly journeyed together for two or three miles, when we arrived at a little sequestered burying ground by the way side, near which there was neither church nor dwelling. Its low wall was thinly covered with turf, and we sat down upon it to rest. My companion became silent and melancholy, and his eyes wandered anxiously among the graves.

'Here,' said he, 'sleep some of my father's children, who died in infancy.'

He picked up a small stone from the ground, and throwing it gently about ten yards, 'that,' added he, 'is the very spot. Thank God! no grave stone has been raised during my absence! It is a token I shall find my parents living—and,' continued he, with a sigh, 'may I also find their love! It is hard, sir, when the heart of a parent is turned against his own child.'

He dropped his head upon his breast for a few moments, and was silent; and, hastily raising his forefinger to his eyes, seemed to dash away a solitary tear. Then, turning to me, he continued, 'Your may think, sir, this is weakness in a soldier, but human hearts beat beneath a red coat. My father, whose name is Campbell, and who was brought from Argyleshire while young, is a wealthy farmer in this neighbourhood. Twelve years ago, I loved a being, gentle as the light of a summer moon. We were children together—and she grew in beauty on my sight, as the star of evening steals into glory through the twilight. But she was poor and portionless, the daughter of a mean shephard. Our attachment offended my father; he commanded me to leave her forever; I could not, and he turned me from his house; I wandered, I knew not, and I cared not whither. But I will not detain you with my history. In my utmost need I met a sergeant of the forty second, who was then upon the recruiting service; and in a few weeks I joined the regiment of proud hearts. I was at Brussels when the invitation to the wolf and the raven rang at midnight through the streets. It was the herald of a day of glory and of death. There were three Highland regiments of us—three joined in one—joined in rivalry, in love, and in purpose; and, thank Fate! I was present when the till then invincible legions of cuirassed

(See fourth page.)