

his head, bent himself slowly on the neck of his faithful steed, and clasping his arms about it, exclaimed, "Amigo di mi alma! We die as we have lived—together."

The report of a pistol was followed by a loud cry from the animal, which sprung up into the air and fell dead to the earth—his lifeless master still clinging to his neck.

One grave contains Abreyo and his horse.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE BATTLE OF THE TWELFTH OF APRIL.—Rodney thus describes the glorious battle of the 12th of April, 1782, to his lady:—The letters to my dear girls will inform you of my course to endeavour to intercept the French convoy; and though they have escaped me, I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that they have now paid for all the insults France has offered England. On the 8th inst, Monsieur Comte de Grasse, with the French fleet, put to sea. I instantly followed, and overtook him at daylight next morning, under the island of Dominique. The calms and baffling winds under that island, had nearly proved fatal to England: the French fleet of thirty-three sail of the line had the breeze first, my van division some little time after, and, what was provoking, but myself with half my division could follow Sir Samuel Hood. The action instantly began and continued with intervals the greater part of the day, when, to their mortification, sixteen ships of my rear were becalmed under Dominique, and were only spectators of the battle. Had the French fleet come down as they ought, in all probability, half my fleet would have suffered extremely; but they, as usual kept at an awful distance, and only made a cannonade, in which, however, they did us considerable damage in our masts and rigging, and I lost my best lieutenant, and fifteen men killed and wounded, and one of my brave captains killed—Capt. Bayne, of the Alfred. The enemy, after this affair, kept to windward, at a great distance, and several of their ships were pretty well handled, and had received no small damage. I ordered my fleet to lie to, not only to repair our damage, but likewise to deceive the enemy, and make them think that I was unwilling: or in no condition to attack them again. This had its effect and they proved not so attentive as they ought; and upon my making the signal for the whole British fleet to chase to windward for the whole day; in the afternoon we perceived two of their crippled ships far from the rest, and I thought they might be cut off. With this view, I ordered the whole fleet to give chase again, and several of my ships were near the enemy in the evening, who made signals of distress to their friends, who were so far to windward, it was impossible for me to attack them. The distress of their friends brought the Comte de Grasse down to their assistance. This obliged me to recal my ships who were in danger of being overpowered by numbers. This, however, brought the French fleet near to me; and, by making a signal after it was dark, that it was my intention to make a press of sail all night, and stand to the southwards which was from the French, and tacking at two in the morning, at daylight on the 12th instant, I had the happiness to perceive that my manœuvre had succeeded, and that we had gained the wind of the enemy, and instantly made the signal to attack them. The battle began at seven in the morning, and continued till sunset, nearly eleven hours; and, by persons appointed to observe, there never was seven minutes' respite during the engagement, which, I believe, was the severest that ever was fought at sea, and the most glorious for England. We have taken five, and sunk another. Among the prizes the Villa de Paris, and the French Admiral, grace our victory. Comte de Grasse who is at this moment, sitting in my stern gallery, tells me, that he thought his fleet superior to mine, and does so still, though I had two more in number; and I was of his opinion, as his was composed all of large ships, and ten of mine only sixty-fours. I am of opinion that the French will not face us again this war, for the ships which have escaped are so shattered, and their loss of men so great, that I am sure they will not be able to repair or replace either in the West-Indies. Had it not been for this fortunate event, Jamaica had been gone: I shall instantly go, or send succour there. I hope this joyful news will raise the spirits at home, and I do not doubt but you will meet with a gracious reception at St. James's: do not forget to go. Adieu! I have had no sleep these four nights, and am at this moment looking out for their shattered fleet, though mine has suffered not a little. It is odd, but within two little years I have

taken two Spanish, one French, and one Admiral. Providence does it all, or how should I escape the shot of thirty-three sail of the line, every one of which I believe, attacked me? But the FORMIDABLE proved herself worthy of her name. John was not with me, he had sprung his bowsprit, and was at Barbados; I am extremely sorry for it, for if he lives a hundred years, he never will have such another opportunity. My best love to my dear girls, and believe, &c.—Life and Correspondence of Admiral Lord Rodney: just published.

DESULTARY STANZAS.

On the seeing for the first time, the venerable Author of the Life of Lorenzo de Medici, and by him being shown a volume of Burns's Original MSS.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON, LECTURER ON POETRY.

On such a scene might an angel gaze,
Though ever through poetry swimming;
And sing his feelings in holy lays,
With a flood of enraptured hymning.
I, too, will sweep o'er the half-strung lyre,
Though my heart be untuned for song,
For there have feelings each touched with fire
Sprung around care's withering throng.
A crowd of thoughts man cannot read,—
Thoughts struggling to be free,
Like those that on my own loved Tweed
First taught me poetry,—
O'er my spirit stealing come
With a deep impassioned glow,
Like an exile's thought of home,
Breathing Burns and Roscoe!

While the world was fair, and with rapture high
O'er Lorenzo in boyhood dreaming,
I thought not to gaze on the author's eye,
In age still with genius beaming.
In childhood oft I had heard his name,
As of one that lived long ago,—
While o'er the ear and the soul it came,
Like a household work we know.
To-day I have heard his accents mild
From lips where music hung,—
Have seen him gentle as a child,
Who like a seraph sung.
Upon his brow
Are the furrows now
Where age and care have met,
But the light of day,
From his eye of gray,
Speaks the sun of song anset.

It is a feast for the soul and eye,
Midst the swell of emotions proud and high,
To list his voice as his finger turns
The leaves where swept the hand of Burns,—
Leaves that will ring on the mountain wide,
And be sung in the valley deep,
Till the last green blade on the mountain side
Be nipt by the last lone sheep;
And the last dumb reaper is left alone,
His sickle the last in the strath,
To cut the last harvest, then drop with a groan,
Leaving all to be gathered by death;
For his songs are a spirit that dwell in the heart,
They enter with feeling, but never depart.

Revered as strains by a prophet writ,
And stamped by the breath of Heaven,
Are these where the soul, and the burst of wit,
Have passed like a flash of levin.
On them I've gazed, and feelings nursed
I tremble to avow—
Thoughts! high as his who claimed them first!—
As His who claims them now!

BREAKING UP OF A TARTAR ENCAMPMENT.—The march of the Tartar horde, after the breaking up of its encampment, from one part of the steppes to another, is described by Mr. Zwick, as highly animated and picturesque. "The Lama, with his priests, headed the march, after which, every one followed according to his will and convenience. The prince and his family remained by the side of their tents and goods, (which were packed upon camels,) until the whole camp had broken up; he then followed rapidly, and took his place in the van. We mingled with the crowd, and permitted our tent, which had been packed upon a camel by the prince's order, to go on before us; the camel driver had taken his

place on the beast, and the unevenness of the steppes prevented us from keeping up with those long-legged animals. The main body of this moving multitude extended more than a verst in breadth, and consisted of single columns of camels, bearing tents, household goods, and children, who were stowed in baskets; next followed troops of horses, cattle and sheep, with a few drivers on horseback. Nobody performs a migration on foot; indeed the Calmucs are seldom induced to walk any great distance—men, women, and elder children all ride; we even saw mother's on horseback, with infants who were barely out of the cradle, and babes at the breast. Elder boys and girls ride sometimes at full gallop, run races with one another, and practice hunting with dogs and fencing. Sometimes a company of girls purposely wait till the whole train has left them behind by several versts, and then run races to join them. These marches are a kind of general show and rejoicing to the Calmucs, in which every one has an opportunity of displaying his wealth and splendour. The men ride forward in groups, dressed in their state clothes, and armed with muskets; when they have considerably outstripped the main body, they encamp on the steppes till it overtakes them. The matrons ride in their best clothes, on the finest horses in front of the troop, and held in their hand the bridle of the first camel, to which all the others are fastened. Large Persian or Russian carpets are spread over the pack-ages on the camels, and hang down almost to the ground on both sides; the animals themselves are frequently ornamented with red ribbons. Poor families, who possess no camels, load their cattle with children and goods, and ride upon them themselves. Some few employ Tartar cars (or arbas) to convey their moveables."—Zwick's Travels in Calmuc Tartary.

EARLY ENGLISH CHURCHES.—An Augustine Monk affirms, that the church of Glastonbury was not built by human skill, but prepared by God for the salvation of man: but then from a soberer authority we learn that this divine edifice, sixty feet long, and twenty-six feet wide, was made of rods, interwoven, much like the palace of Howel, prince of Wales. Such a structure could belong to no order, nor are we much better informed as to the character of those wooden edifices which the early Saxon churchmen raised, and which are mentioned in our histories. They were as rude, no question, as the people who reared them; the wooden church which Bishop Finan built in Holy Isle was composed of Oak Planks and thatched with reeds; and King Edgar in his charter to the monks of Malmesbury in 974, complained that the churches of his kingdom were so many structures of worm-eaten wood, and decayed even to the exposure of the beams! The Saxons, in fact, had no word for BUILDING, but to TIMBER; and the cathedral of Winchester, when Wykeham undertook its embellishment, still exhibited marks of the chisel and the axe of the fierce and unpolished generation:

NECESSITY OF ATTENDING TO THE LAWS OF NATURE.—After the invention of the diving-bell, and its success in subaqueous processes, it was considered highly desirable to devise some means of remaining for any length of time under water, and rising at pleasure without assistance, so as either to examine, at leisure, the bottom, or perform, at ease, any work that might be required. Some years ago an ingenious individual proposed a project by which this end was to be accomplished. It consisted in sinking the hull of a ship made quite water tight, with the decks and sides strongly supported by shores, and the only entry secured by a stout trap door in such a manner that, by disengaging, from within, the weights employed to sink it, it might rise of itself to the surface. To render the trial more satisfactory, and the result more striking, the projector himself made the first essay. It was agreed that he should sink in twenty fathoms water, and rise again, without assistance, at the expiration of twenty-four hours. Accordingly, making all secure, fastening down his trap-door, and provided with all necessaries, as well as with the means of making signals to indicate his situation, this unhappy victim of his own ingenuity entered and was sunk. No signal was made, and the time appointed elapsed. An immense concourse of people had assembled to witness his rising, but in vain; for the vessel was never seen more. The pressure of the water at so great a depth had no doubt, been completely under-estimated; and, the sides of the vessel being once crushed in, the unfortunate projector perished before he could make the signal concerted to indicate his distress.