

nearly hurried them. You have broken the articles of war, having, in direct opposition to orders, removed a lighted candle from the lantern in which it was placed for safety, and fastening it to a beam, left it burning in that situation when you went to supper. In consequence of this act of disobedience and neglect on your part, the fire broke out in the boatswain's store room. Is this the case, Sir, or is it not?

"It is, Sir!"

"I therefore consider it my duty to punish you, as an example to the rest of the crew; and much do I regret that one who is in every respect so deserving a man, should have incurred so severe a penalty.—Strip, Sir!"

Without a syllable in his own defence, or a single plea for mercy, he took off his coat and shirt, and his brawny wrists were tied to the gratings. One only appeal he made, but not in words; it was merely an expressive glance of his eye, by which he seemed to request the intercession of his officers and comrades. The benevolent officer marked that glance, and it was reflected back from his own countenance, as if he wished to second the appeal. But in vain; no one spoke, for all knew that the offence was too heinous to be forgiven.

The boatswain had taken off his coat, preparatory to giving the first dozen—the cat was already in his hand—the stiff figure of the master at arms stood by prepared to record the stripes, and the Captain paced to and fro upon the deck, chucking into the air a small bunch of keys—his common practice when agitated. After making several turns of the quarter deck, he at length stopped, and every one expected that he was about to give the signal to commence. For a moment he stood gazing on the culprit; it was an interval of the most anxious suspense, and all eyes were eagerly fixed on him. At last, turning towards the boatswain, he raised his hand gently upwards, and gave the unexpected order—"Cast him off!" In an instant the bonds fell from the poor fellow's arms, and he stood, unshackled and undisgraced among his comrades.

"Elkins!" said the captain, "I cannot flog you; it is not twenty-four hours since God forgave us all; it is meet that I should now forgive you. Pipe down Mr Parsons!"

Three rounds of such hearty cheers, as made the timbers of the *Old Hesperus* ring again, succeeded this short, but truly eloquent address; and I believe I was not the only one on board who envied our noble-minded Commander the grateful applause of the seer within his own breast—an applause, which certainly, he must have that day experienced.

#### THE CHILD AND THE DROP OF WATER.

The child rose and went to the gurgling brook. It gushed and rolled so merrily, and tumbled so wildly along as it hurried to throw itself head-over-heels into the river, just as if the great massy rock out of which it sprang were close behind it, and could only be escaped by a break-neck leap. Then the child began to talk to the little waves, and asked them whence they came. They would not stay to give him an answer, but danced away, one over another, till, at last, that the sweet child might not be grieved, a drop of water stopped behind a piece of rock. From her the child heard strange histories; but he could not understand them all, for she told him about her former life, and about the depths of the mountain. "A long while ago," said the drop of water, "I lived with my countless sisters in the great ocean in peace and unity. We had all sorts of pastimes: sometimes we mounted up high into the air, and peeped at the stars; then we sunk down deep below, and looked how the coral builders work till they are tired, that they may reach the light of day at last. But I was conceited, and thought myself much better than my sisters. And so, one day when the sun rose out of the sea, I clung fast to one of his hot beams, and thought that now I should reach the stars, and become one of them; but I had not ascended far, when the sunbeam shook me off, and, in spite of all I could say or do, let me fall into a dark cloud. And soon a flash of fire darted through the cloud; and now I thought I must surely die; but the whole cloud laid itself down softly upon the top of a mountain, and so I escaped with my fright and a black eye. Now I thought I should remain hidden, when, all of a sudden I slipped over a round pebble, fell from one stone to another, down into the depths of the mountain, till, at last, it was pitch dark, and I could neither see nor hear anything. Then I found, indeed, that pride goeth before a fall, resigned myself to my fate, and, as I had already laid aside all my unhappy pride in the cloud, my portion was now the salt of humility; and after undergoing many purifications from the hidden virtues of metals and minerals, I was at length permitted to come up once more into the fearful air; and now will I run back to my sisters, and there wait patiently till I am called to something better." But hardly had she done when the root of a forget-me-not caught the drop of water by her hair, and sucked her in, that she might become a floweret, and twinkle brightly as a blue star on the green firmament of earth.—*The Story without an End.*

#### A MESS DINNER.

The dinner was very good, and we were all very merry; but after the desert had been brought in, I slipped away, says Peter, with a young ensign, who took me all over the galleries and explained every thing

to me, which was a much better way of employing my time than doing as others did, which the reader will acknowledge. I was at the sally-port before gun-fire—the boat was there, but no officers made their appearance. The gun fired, the drawbridge was hauled up, and I was afraid that I should be blamed; but the boat was not ordered to shove off, as it was waiting for commissioned officers. About an hour afterwards, when it was quite dark, the sentry pointed his arms and challenged a person advancing with "Who come there?" "Naval officer, drunk, on a wheelbarrow," was the reply, in a loud sinking voice. Upon which, the sentry recovered his arms, singing in return, "Pass, naval officer, drunk, on a wheelbarrow—and all's well?" and then appeared a soldier in his fatigue dress, wheeling down the third lieutenant in a wheelbarrow, so tipsey that he could not stand or speak. Then the sentry challenged again, and the answer was, "Another naval officer, drunk, on a wheelbarrow;" upon which the sentry replied as before, "Pass, another naval officer, drunk, on a wheelbarrow—and all's well." This was my friend O'Brien, almost as bad as the third lieutenant; and so they continued for ten minutes, challenging and passing, until they wheeled down the remainder of the party, with the exception of the second lieutenant, who walked arm in arm with the officer who brought down the order for lowering the drawbridge. I was much shocked, for I considered it very disgraceful; but I afterwards was told, which certainly admitted of some excuse, that the mess were notorious for never permitting any of their guests to leave the table sober.—*Peter Simple.*

#### FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. SONGS OF SPAIN.

##### THE RIO VERDE SONG.

Flow, Rio Verde!	Pass like the whisper
In melancholy flow;	Of love that is gone.—
Win her that weepeth	Flow, Rio Verde,
To slumber from wo!	Softly flow on!
Bid thy wave's music	
Roll through her dreams;	Dark glassy waters,
Grief ever loveth	So crimsoned of yore,
The kind voice of streams.	Love, Death, and Sorrow
	Know thy green shore.
Bear her lone spirit	Thou should'st have Echoes
As far on the sound,	For Grief's deepest tone.
Back to her childhood,	Flow, Rio Verde!
Her life's fairy ground:	Softly flow on.

##### SPANISH EVENING HYMN.

Ave! now let prayer and music  
Meet in love on shore and sea!  
Now, sweet mother! may the weary  
Turn from this cold world to thee.  
From the dark and restless waters  
Hear the sailor's hymn arise!  
From his watch-fire, 'midst the mountains,  
Lo! to thee the shepherd cries.  
Yet, where thus fall hearts find voices,  
If o'erburdened souls there be,  
Dark and silent in their anguish—  
Aid those captives—set them free.  
Touch them, every fount unsealing,  
Where the frozen tears lie deep;  
Thou, the Mother of all sorrows,  
Aid, oh! aid to pray and weep.

##### OLD SPANISH BATTLE SONG.

FLING forth the proud banners of Leon again;  
Let the high word—*Castile*—go resounding through Spain!  
And thou, free Asturias, encamped in the height,  
Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage of fight.  
Wake! wake! the old soil where our warriors repose  
Ring hollow and deep to the trampling of foes.  
The voices are mighty that swell from the past,  
With Aragon's cry on the shrill mountain-blast;  
The ancient Sierras give strength to our tread,  
Their pines murmur song where bright blood hath been shed.  
Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again,  
And shout ye, *Castile!* to the rescue for Spain!

MRS. HEMANS.

##### PROFANATION OF THE SABBATH IN SWITZERLAND.

An Englishman cannot fail to be struck with the imperfect observance of the Sabbath in the towns by the people, and too frequently by the pastor: we have heard it lamented even by themselves. The mechanic does not hesitate to follow his work, or the merchant his affairs, on the day set apart as sacred. The surprise of one of our friends was very great, when invited by a Swiss pastor to spend the Sunday evening at his house. Being a clergyman himself, he expected a calm domestic evening, or the society, perhaps, of a few kindred friends. The host introduced him to the company, who filled two large apartments, and were busily engaged at cards. Having a letter to a wealthy tanner, who bore the character of a very religious man, he had gone on the morning of the same day to his dwelling, and was directed to the tanyard, where he found him busily employed with his workmen. Not a Sunday passed, during our residence in the country,

that we did not hear from hour to hour the sharp crack of the rifles, followed by the shouts of the peasantry, assembled to fire at a mark; favourite diversion, as well as a trial of skill. Where is the consistency of the sumptuary laws at Geneva, which enforce, though feebly now, plainness and simplicity of dress, and the absence of costly ornaments—while at the same time the theatre is open on the Sunday evening, and this portion of time is often passed in other towns at the card-table? In a Catholic country these things are overlooked and may be palliated from long habit and a belief of their innocence; but, in a Protestant land of high profession, it is strange and inconsistent: Yet there are many, very many families, who shrink with pain from these things; whose creed, as well as practice, will not allow of such license.—*Carne's Letters from Switzerland and Italy.*

##### SWISS COURTSHIP.

The manner in which the courtships of the Bernese peasantry is conducted is very amusing; every Saturday night the lover, apparelled in his best attire, hires to the abode of his mistress. So far it is in keeping with 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' of Burns; but farther the comparison holds not with that beautiful pastoral. It is after the whole of the family are retired to rest, and the paysanne has the house all to herself, that she appears at the window to look out for the approaching steps of her lover. Perhaps the chalet is beside a glacier or cataract, or looks over the dark face of the rock: soon the swain stands beneath the wooden walls that hold his treasure, and, without parley or waste of words, he climbs up at once, and enters the apartment of his mistress through the window that has been left expressly open. Here he remains, treated with cakes of different kinds, and the fiery spirit called *eau de cerises*, and passes the witching-hour of night, till morning often surprises him still in the chamber of reception. Since the love of Ajut and Aningait, and these of the boors of Esthonia, who chanted their amorous ditties over the threshold, when the cattle were foddered and the moon was up, was ever anything so un sentimental or selfish? That parents sanction, and daughters cherish, the custom, the legislators of Berne have cause to rue, in the numerous and increasing burdens entailed on the finances, and benevolence of the canton.—*Carne's Letters from Switzerland and Italy.*

##### RICHELIEU.

Louis XIII. had no objection to his minister governing his kingdom, but was, nevertheless, particularly jealous of every breach of etiquette. This the cardinal well knew, and took particular care to guard against it. One day a ball was given at court. The king was tired, and wished to retire; it happened that Richelieu was about to do the same. The courtiers, who had their eyes more attentively upon the motions of the cardinal than the king, made way for him in every side; but the king, who was following, was compelled to force his way through. The cardinal, at last, perceiving one of the king's pages hastening before, discovered the king's presence, and sprang quickly on one side to allow him to pass. "Now, sir cardinal," said Louis in bitter tone, "why do you not proceed? Are not you master here?" The prudent Richelieu felt the sarcasm conveyed in these words, but showed not the least embarrassment. He bowed deeply, took, without uttering a word, the torch from the hand of the page, and lighted himself the king to his carriage.

##### THE DREAMS OF CHILDREN.

Children dream almost from their birth; and if we may judge from what, on many occasions, they endure sleep, we must suppose that the visions which haunt their young minds are often of a very frightful kind. Children, from many causes, are more apt to have dreams of terror than adults. In the first place, they are peculiarly subject to various diseases, such as teething, convulsions, and bowel complaints, those fertile sources of mental terror in sleep; and, in the second place, their minds are exceedingly susceptible of dread in all its forms, and prone to be acted upon by it, whatever shape it assumes. Many of the dreams experienced at this early period leave an indelible impression upon the mind. They are remembered in after years with feelings of pain; and, blending with the more delightful reminiscences of childhood, demonstrate that this era, which we are apt to consider one unvaried scene of sunshine and happiness, had, as well as future life, its shadows of melancholy, and was not untinged with hues of sorrow and care. The sleep of infancy, therefore, is far from being the ideal state of felicity which is commonly supposed. It is haunted with its own terrors, even more than that of adults; and, if many of the visions which people it are equally delightful, there can be little doubt that it is also tortured by dreams of a more painful character than often fall to the share of after-life.—*Mackintosh's Philosophy of Sleep.*