

eyes, dispelling the shades of what was in the brightness of what should be, and he would throw himself once more into the van of humanity, and battle with injustice. In his humble lodging he ate the mouldy crust; but the magic of his power could bring heaven near to the earth, and his spirit fed on the manna of sweetest poetry. In his love of liberty there was an enthusiasm, a devotion which dungeons and chains could not subdue. The fire of his genius burst out at last like sunlight from a dark cloud, and it brightened the spirits of all who felt its influence. He spoke in the might of his spirit to those who sat in the council of the nation and neglected the poor, and they immured his body within the dark damp walls of a prison. But his soul was free—he was a poet whose aspirations and whose dreams were chainless, and he passed through each tribulation a wiser and a better man.

There was a hum of voices, a rustling of silks, and waving of feathers, the patter of busy feet, whispers, bright glances, and radiant smiles, as men and women hurried into the hall. The chandeliers sparkled with the lustre of ten thousand miniature rainbows, and the bright gas-light glanced upon the banners and evergreens that decorated the pillars and hung upon the walls.

Seated on each side of long benches, which were covered with fruits and flowers, were the elite of Sheffield, one of the most famous of industrious England's manufacturing cities. The merchant with his keen intelligent features, sat beside his rosy buxom wife, while the swarthy manly artisan, in his holiday attire, ranged proudly up with the scholar and his thoughtful partner. Eager inquiries and gaspings of the hand circulated round the friendly assembly and then the multitude settled down into profound silence, for the idea that had drawn them together now reigned supreme in the thoughts of each, and a unity of purpose and expectation pervaded them all.

There was a movement in the long corridor at last, as of some ten or twenty men, and then a gentleman passed through a side door, and ascended a rostrum. A slight cheer greeted him; and his name passed rapidly round. It was Lord Milton, honor to his name! Another and another followed him, almost without notice, until at last a man, undistinguished by any of the extraordinary ornaments either of nature or of art, walked slowly up amidst the throng. His head was bent forward as if he were in deep thought, but when he raised it and looked around, the tea was seen glistening in his soft blue eyes. Hurrah! Peal upon peal bursts forth now of free, unchecked cheers. The men spring to their feet, and set to it with a will—waving their hats and clapping their hands—while the white handkerchiefs of the ladies flutter like banners of love beside the sable head covering of their vociferating spouses. The patriot poet stands before his countrymen at last, revealed and acknowledged. The little Scottish Moravian is James Montgomery the Christian poet. The modern Cowper. The dungeon door and the chain have long been opened before the might of truth and the light of justice, and one of the proudest of England's aristocracy, feels his heart swell as he places the laurel upon the brow of this thoughtful, noble man. The ordeal has been passed—trial, and sorrow, and contumely, and tyranny have been unshrinkingly borne, and now the man of worth and genius, stands before his countrymen to receive the homage of their hearts. Again and again make the welkin ring, ye stout hearted warm souled English! It is not often that the poet-patriot meets reward from your hands or voices. Let him have it now.

'Welcome to your native town, good sir,' said a grey haired man in the official robes of magistracy, as he bowed to Montgomery, who had alighted from a carriage at the entrance to the little provincial town of Irvine.

'Welcome! welcome,' said the other Magistrates as they crowded round the poet, and grasped his hands, 'permit us to conduct you to the place of your birth.'

'I have a wish gentlemen,' said the now venerable man with a smile, 'a wish which I have cherished long and fondly. Will you allow me to test the memory of my youth, and walk alone to my father's humble dwelling? This was said so meekly and so feelingly that the councillors fell back and bent to him as he walked on. Ay, true to the instinct of his heart, he entered the humble little tenement where he first drew breath, without any other guide save the memory of the past. A busy housewife bustled about where his mother had reigned in days long past. Children rolled upon the hearth, and laughed in the fullness of their joy, as if they sought to awaken the echoes of his own youthful glee.

'Have you dwelt long here, my good woman?' said the poet, in a quiet, subdued voice, as the matron observed him and dropped a law curtsey.

'My gudeman was born here,' said the garrulous wife, being at once set at ease by the kindness of her visiter, 'and saw were my ain bairns, but ah! sir, though this house looks humble like and poor, there's mony a braw laddy and serious gentleman crosses my lintel, and they stand quiet and thoughtful like, and I have often seen tears in their e'en. A palace is no sae worthy o' bein' visited, they say, for palaces are no often the birth-places o' ony body but cuifs, but this is the birthplace o' Montgomery.'

The boy's dream had been consummated! James Montgomery has sat at many a glittering board, and he has been greeted by many an enthusiastic throng, but the welcome that greeted him when he revisited his dear old home is one of the richest treasures of his pride. He lives in dignified retirement now, in the vicinity of that city in which he spent his manhood's strength in struggling with tongue and pen for the days of promise which shone in his loveliest dreams. Blessings on him! Long may he live beloved and loving! He is of the great, the good, and true!

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From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

AUTUMN.

BY W. MOX THOMAS.

THE wheat is garnered in the red-tilled barn,
And the waste ears begin to spring again,
No power is in the feeble-breathing morn
To sweep the mists along the stubble plain;
The dew hangs, like a lately-fallen rain,
On the nut-loaded borders of the wood,
And on the hedge flowers to the ruddy lane.
And on the thankful sparrow's winter food,
The powder-bloomed sloe, and berries red as blood.
The misty sun keeps red until the noon,
And turneth red again before the day
Is three hours older; and the large round moon
Keepeth her ruddy countenance away;
And when the stars are seen, wine-red are they,
Even from the clearest zenith looking down;
And where the mists awhile have crept away,
And the fair earth doth make her beauty known,
No other tints hath she but crimson, gold and brown.

Sometime a lazy wind comes from the south
Slow journeying, scarce a league from morn
till night,
O'er the light grass-seed, singing in the drouth,
Where the free cricket ever hides from sight;
Or on a poppy field it doth alight,
And sleeps awhile, then to the wood goes forth,
Entangled, struggling on, or stays its flight
With the rich bramble-fruit borne down to earth,
And rousing thence, moves on to warm the aged north.

A pleasant life hath that same autumn wind,
Fed with all odours that on earth are found
Its only toil to wander out and find
What fingered chestnut leaves are most embrowned,
To make a russet clothing for the ground
Against the early snows; and many a trick
In wanton idleness it plays around,
Upon the white thorn bushes spreading thick
The hay that loosely hung around the bulky rick;

And often turns aside to linger round
A granary, until they ope the door,
When, sanntering in, it makes a cooling sound
Among the crevices, and evermore
Twirls the light husks around the threshing floor,
Whereat the sleek brown mouse shrinks back in fear,
Until the memory of the golden store
O'ercomes his fright, and venturing not too near,
He carries to his hole a single shrivelled ear.

Then to the smoke enwrapped and toiling town
Before it bears the feathered thistle-seed,
That long bewildered wanders up and down
To find the road that to the fields doth lead;
Till in a current drawn with sudden speed
Through some high factory window, opened wide—
A gentle spirit from the daisied mead!
The dirt-grimed workman rests his toil beside,
And of the woods and fields long muses filmy-eyed.

Or slowly wandering up the hazy stream,
Vexes its placid course with wrinkles small,
And from the surface drives the clumsy dream
Into safe covert 'mong the rushes tall!
Yet gentler service sometimes doth withal;
When the faint dying scholar makes a sign
To raise his chamber window, it doth fall

Upon his levered brain like iced wine,
And with refreshing rustle lifts the casement vine.

But sometimes, day by day, the hazel tint
Grows deeper on the mass of forest trees,
And not a single breath from heaven is sent
To cool the ruddy fruits, that by degrees
Wax ripe and riper in a dreamy ease;
And bursting, trickle down, a honeyed rill,
To tempt from sweetest flowers the buzzing bees,
That buzz no more till they have had their fill;
Then laden, travel hitherward, buzzing louder still.
And so the dead leaves hang upon the stem
Because there is no gentle stir of air,
Although the softest wind had scattered them,
And left the myriad branches dry and bare,
Till the sharp north wind cometh unaware,
And half relieves the laden orchard-bough;
And like hoar death, that kills the good and fair,
Lays autumn's loveliest bells and blossoms low,
And sudden winter falls wherever it doth blow.

But now a-many golden hours must pass
Ere grey October's frosty latter days
Knit cold November in the general mass,
And shrouding all things in a yellow haze,
Among the minds of men much doubting rise
Where autumn ends and winter doth begin:
And still with us the early swallow stays,
And round the rain-spout flutters out and in
Nor dreams of Biscay's shore or southern Lismousin.

LORENZO DOW.

Verily, he was a curious citizen, that same Lorenzo. What Coleridge says, in one of his pictures of the superannuated chamouls of Switzerland, would have especially applied to Dow. When fairly engaged in exhortation, he would loam at the mouth like a wild bull of Bashan, inasmuch, that sometimes it would float in flakes.
"—Adown his beard that downward went,
His garments skirts upto."

Among the ready retorts for which he was famous, is one which some of our readers may have heard before, and, forgotten, while many doubtless, have never heard it at all. Happening in his travels—for he was over-moore on the move—to be at Delhi, New York he stopped for the night at the hotel of Mr Bush, the chief Boniface of the village, a round, oily man, with a raby nose, and atheistical principles. In the course of the evening, the celebrated general Root, then of the New York legislature, dropped in, and being of the same mind with Mr Bush, they began to quiz Dow with might and main. Finally, General Root determined to give him a puzzler, said—

'You talk a great deal about Heaven; pray give Mr Bush and myself a description of it. A man who sees it in dreams and trances as often as you profess to do, ought to describe it perfectly.'

'Well, gentlemen,' said Dow; 'I can describe it, but I must do it briefly. Heaven embraces a vast extent of territory, the air is clear and wholesome, the country is smooth and level, there isn't a root or bush in it and there never will be.'

From the Life of a Travelling Physician.

POLISH JEWS.

MISERABLE and forlorn as the whole of Casimir (part of Cracow) appears, still the Jews are not permitted to inhabit the principal street, but are huddled together in the narrow lanes and alleys which diverge from it. It is impossible to describe the sensation which their appearance creates in the mind of the stranger, when first he sees them walking about the streets like so many spectres, lank and lean, dressed in a long black robe reaching to their feet, and hussar's fur cap or a large slouch hat upon their heads. They stand gazing around, apparently without anything to do; no apparent trade or profession; neither cultivating the land nor defending it in time of war; they only seem to cumber the ground on which they tread: This state of inaction is only apparent, for they are a very active though not a laborious people, preferring the pittance they may gain without trouble to a competency which common labour would easily procure them; living six days in the week upon black bread, and happy if they can get a morsel of meat on their Sabbath; cooped up in a novel, lying pell-mell together without chair or table in their room; their bed consisting of a bundle of dirty straw; their garments tattered, leaving their bodies half-exposed, for they never mend their clothes; no change of apparel, no difference in their dress night or day—age alone stripping off their rags; compelled to dwell in the most obscure parts of the town; subject to persecutions inflicted upon them by their own laws and those of the government, which may be

said rather to tolerate than protect them; the sport and derision of those who deal, and often have no faith, with them. Such is a true picture of this tribe, which is said to amount to more than half a million in Poland. Pale and haggard in their physiognomies, rendered more hideous by their long dirty beards, there is nevertheless a certain animation in their eye, and a cheerfulness in their countenances which almost lead you to believe they merit less commiseration. They address you at every instant, either to buy their merchandise, or serve as factors, or do anything you may please to order them; money is their sole object, against making which they have no law; and though they live chiefly by what is styled trick and cheating, yet they seldom rob on the highway or break into houses, and few classes of men are less castigated by the penal law. They rob without being robbers, beg without being vagrants. Influenced by no laws, and yet so conforming to those under which they live, that they are almost independent of them. There is no means they will leave untried to pilfer you; nothing that they will not willingly undertake for money—proof to all kinds of rebuke, callous to offence. Load them with all kinds of opprobrious epithets—call them unbelievers, cut-throats, dogs, or spit upon their Jewish gabardine—nothing makes any impression upon them. Nay, I have seen them struck by passers-by, and that with the greatest injustice, and yet show no resentment, even in expression. Give them the slightest pittance, they are content, and will kiss your garment. Detect them in their frauds, they neither deny nor justify them; but if too severely rebuked, they show you, rather by signs than words, that you can have no pretension to fair dealings with those with whom you yourself deal so harshly.

HOME MANUFACTURES.

Perhaps there is nothing in a secular point of view so conducive to human happiness and prosperity, as industry and economy. They are trite sayings, yet nevertheless true 'the used key is always bright,' and 'a penny saved is a penny gained.' Whatever we are capable of doing for ourselves we should do with assiduity, and whatever we have we should be careful of, and thus endeavour to make ourselves as independent as possible. What we have stated as applicable to individuals, is equally so to a nation at large—To attain true greatness, and develop and increase its resources is the imperative duty of a nation. It is for its prosperity and its independence to encourage every kind of useful home manufacture. The nation which neglects that, and bestows its encouragement on the manufacture and mechanics of a foreign country in preference to its own, is unwise. It discourages and enfeebles itself and ultimately must work its own ruin.

THE LAST DAYS OF GREAT MEN.

In one morning of advanced life, Johnson amused himself by committing to memory, eight hundred lines of Virgil. At the age of seventy three when staggering under an immediate attack of paralysis, sufficiently severe to render him speechless—he composed a latin prayer, in order to attest the loss or retention of his mental faculties. Nor is this a solitary instance. One of the most beautiful sonnets in the English language was composed by Mason on the attainment of his ninety second birth day. Locke at seventy two, and Newton at eighty four, retained their faculties in unabated vigor. The feeble frame of the earl of Chatham at seventy, sank under the effort to express the conviction of his mind, after a speech so singularly eloquent, bold, ardent, and animated as to rival, if not outvie the most brilliant outpourings of his early manhood.

ABSTAIN FROM ALL APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

The haughty favorite of a sultan took up a stone and threw it at a poor dervise who was asking alms of him. The poor man endured in silence, but picked up the stone, and said within himself, 'I will keep this stone. It may be that soon or late I may have an opportunity to avenge myself with this very stone on this proud harsh man.' Not many days after he heard a tumult in the streets, he enquired its cause and was told that the favourite had fallen into disgrace, and that the sultan ordered him to be led through the streets on a camel and exposed to the derision and insults of the mob. Quickly did the dervise catch up the stone, but soon he came to a better mind, and flung the stone into the brook saying, 'Now I feel that vengeance belongs not to man. If an enemy be in prosperity, to attempt it is foolish and rash, and if in adversity base and ungenerous.'—Herder.

A WORD TO MOTHERS

A sensible woman (the mother of a young family) taught her children from their earliest childhood to consider ill-humour as a disorder which was to be cured by physic. Accordingly she had always small doses ready, and the little patients whenever it was thought needful, took rhubarb for the crossness. No punishment was required. Peevishness or ill-temper and rhubarb were associated in their minds always as cause and effect.

"Make way! make way! go d people, I'm exceedingly cramped for space!" This was the exclamation of a poor worm that had a whole field to himself and acres to spare, but he wished the impression to go abroad that