

myself might lead to intimacy. I sat up all that night, laboring at the song, and after spoiling two or three copies, succeeded in producing one to my satisfaction. Jacqueline was delighted with it—thanked me repeatedly—spoke so kindly, and smiled so sweetly, that my head was almost turned, and I ventured to kiss her hand. She seemed rather surprised and amused than angry, but took no particular notice, and dismissed me with another piece of music to copy: This was done with equal despatch and correctness, and I procured me another interview with Jacqueline, and a third similar task. Thenceforward the supply of work was pretty regular and took up all my leisure time, and often a good part of my nights. But in such service I was far from grudging toil, or lamenting loss of sleep. Nearly every day I found means of seeing Jacqueline, either to return music, to ask a question about an illegible bar, or on some similar pretext. She was too much accustomed to admiration not at once to detect my sentiments. Apparently they gave her no offence; at any rate she showed no marks of displeasure when, after a short time, I ventured to substitute, for the words of a song I copied, some couplets of my own, which, although doubtless more fervent in style than meritorious as poetry, could not leave her in doubt of my feelings towards her. I even thought, upon our next meeting at the dinner-table, after she had received this effusion that her cheek was tinged with a blush when I caught her bright blue eye. With such encouragement I continued to poetize at a furious rate, sometimes substituting my verses for those of songs, at others writing them out upon delicate pink paper, with a border of lyres and myrtles, and conveying them to her in the folds of the music. She never spoke to me of them, but neither did she return them; and I was satisfied with this passive acceptance of my homage.

[To be Concluded.]

From the British Quarterly Review.

WONDERS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

We must try to conceive of the atmosphere as a whole, and to realize clearly the idea of its unity. And what a whole! what a unity it is! It possesses properties so wonderful, and so dissimilar, that we are slow to believe that they can exist together. It rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards the heavens of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his visions—a sea of glass like unto crystal. So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snow flakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bell sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves its wings at will.

It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back colour to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigour the hardened children of our rugged climate. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chaste radiance of the gloaming, and the 'clouds that cradle near the setting sun.' But for it the rainbow would want its 'triumphal arch,' and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hailstorm nor fog diversify the face of the sky. On a naked globe would turn its tanned and unshaded forehead to the sun, and one dreary monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers: so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads; and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon: but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and then by and by a handful, and so slowly draws aside the curtains of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eye lids open, and, like man she goeth forth again to her labour till the evening.

To the ear it brings all the sounds that pulsate through it. The grave eloquence of men, the sweet songs and happy laughter of women, the prayers and the praises which they utter to God, the joyous carols of birds, the hum of insect wings, the whisper of the winds that choruses when they shriek in their wrath, the roaring of fountains, the murmur of rivers, the trumpet note of the thunder, and the deep solemn voice of the everlasting sea. Had there been no atmosphere, melody and harmony would not have been, nor any music. The earth might have made signs to the eye, like her depths inarticulate sounds, but nature would have been voiceless, and we should have gazed only on shores 'where all was dumb.' To the last of the senses, the air

not less bountiful than to the others. It gathers to itself all perfumes and fragrance, from bean fields in flowers, and meadows of new mown hay; from hills covered with wild thyme, and gardens of roses. The breezes, those 'heavy winged thieves,' waft them hither and thither, and the sweet south wind 'breathes upon banks of violets, stealing and giving odour.'

Such is a faint outline of the atmosphere. The sea has been called the pathway of the nations, but it is a barrier as well as a bond between them. It is only the girdling and encircling air, which flows above and around all, that makes the 'whole world kin.' The carbonic acid with which our breathing fills the air, to-morrow will be speeding north and south, and striving to make the tour of the world. The date trees that grow round the fountains of the Nile will drink it in with their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature; the cocoa nuts of Tahiti will grow siper upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan change it into flowers.

The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoko and Amazon. The giant rhododendrons of the Himalayahs contribute to it, the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon trees of Ceylon, and forests older than the flood, buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the mountains of the moon.

The rain which we see descending was thawed out of icebergs which have watched the pole star for ages; and lotus lilies sucked up from the Nile and exhaled as vapours the snows that are lying on the tops of our hills.

The earth is our mother, and bears us in her arms: but the air is our foster mother, and nurses each one. Men of all kindreds, and peoples, and nations, four footed beasts and creeping things, fowls of the air and whales of the sea, old trees of the forest, mosses wreathed upon boughs, and lichens crumbling on stones, drink at the same perennial fount of life which flows freely for all. Nursed at the same breast, we are of one family—plants animals, and men: and God's 'tender mercies are over us all.' Must we strive, by rule of logic and absolute demonstration, to shut up each reader into a corner, and compel him to acknowledge that the atmosphere was not self created, but was made by Him 'who stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in?' Is there any one who can resist exclaiming—'O Lord! how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all?'

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JERUSALEM.

BY WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

Thou City of the Lord whose name

The angelic host in wonder tells;

The halo of whose endless fame

All earthly splendor far excels—

To thee, from Judah's stable mean,

Arose the prince from Jesse's stem,

And since hath deathless glory been

With thee, Jerusalem!

What though thy temples, domes and towers

That man in strength and weakness made

Are, with their priests and regal powers,

In lowly dust and ashes laid!

The story of thine ancient time

Steals on us, as it stole on them,

Thrice hallowed by the lyre sublime

Of thee, Jerusalem!

We see within thy porches, Paul

Plight the arm, the voice command,

Whose heaven taught zeal, whose earnest call,

Could rouse or paralyze the land—

Though gold and pomp were his, and more,

For God he spurned, the glittering gem,

And cast him prostrate all before

Thy gates, Jerusalem!

Even from the Mount of Olives now,

When morning lifts her shadowy veil,

And smiles o'er Moab's lofty brow,

And beauteous Jordan's stream and vale,

The ruins o'er the region spread,

May witness of thine ancient fame,

The very grave yards of thy dead—

Of thee Jerusalem,

The temple in its gorgeous state.

That in a dreadful ruin fell,

The fortress and the golden gate,

Alike the saddening story tell,

How he by Hinnon's vale was led

To Caiaphas, with mocking shame,

That glad redemption might be shed

O'er thee, Jerusalem!

Fast by the Virgin's tomb, and by

These spreading olives, bend the knee,

For here his pangs and suffering sigh

Thrilled through thy caves, Gethsemane;

'Twas here, beneath the olive shade,

The man of many sorrows came,

With tears, as never mortal shed,

For thee, Jerusalem!

Around Siloam's ancient tombs

A solemn grandeur still must be;

And oh, what mystic meaning looms

By thy dread summits, Calvary!

The groaning earth, that felt the shock

Of mankind's crowning sin and shame,

Gave up the dead, laid bare the rock,

For fallen Jerusalem!

Kind woman's heart forgets thee not,

For Mary's image lights the scene:

And, casting back the inquiring thought

To what thou art, what thou has been,

A! well may pilgrims heave the sigh,

When they remember all thy fame,

And shed the tear regretfully

O'er thee, Jerusalem!

For awful desolation lies,

In heavy shades, o'er thee and thine,

As 't were to frown of sacrifice,

And tell thy story, Palestine;

But never was there darkness yet

Whereto His glory never came;

And guardian angels watch and wait

By thee, Jerusalem!

The lustre of thine ancient fame

Shall yet in brighter beams arise,

And heavenly measures to thy name

Rejoice the earth, make glad the skies;

And, with thy gathered thousands, then

Oh! Love and Peace shall dwell with them,

And God's own glory shine again

O'er thee Jerusalem!

New Works.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

The Life and Correspondence of Admiral Sir. William Sidney Smith, G. C. B. By T. BARROW, Esqr., F. R. S. Two vols. Bentley, London

The French expedition, under Napoleon, had taken possession of Egypt; the Turks were a rabble, and were beaten at the first onset. The Mamelukes, though the finest cavalry in the world as individual horsemen, were beaten before the French infantry, as all irregular troops will be beaten by regulars. At this period, the object of the ministry was to excite the indolence of the Turkish government to attempt the reconquest of Egypt, and Sir Sidney was appointed to the command of *Le Tigre* a French eighty gun-ship, which had been captured by Lord Bridport three years before. If it be said that he owed this command in any degree to his having been sent on a mission to Turkey some years before which is perfectly probable, let it be remembered, that that mission itself was owing to the gallantry and intelligence which he had displayed in his volunteer expedition to Sweden. Sir Sidney's present appointment was a mixture of diplomacy with a naval command, for he was appointed joint-plenipotentiary with his brother Spencer Smith, then our minister at Constantinople. But this junction of offices produced much dissatisfaction in both Lord St. Vincent and Nelson; and it required no slight address, on the part of Sir Sidney, to reconcile those distinguished officers to his employment. However, his sword soon showed itself a more effectual reconciler than his pen, and the siege of Acre proved him a warrior worthy of their companionship. After the siege, Nelson, as impetuous in his admiration as he was in his dislikes, wrote to Sir Sidney the following high acknowledgement:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received, with the truest satisfaction all your very interesting letters, to July. The immense fatigue you have had in defending Acre against such a chosen army of French villains, headed by that arch-villain Bonaparte, has never been exceeded; and the bravery shown by you and your brave companions is such as to merit every encomium which all the civilized world can bestow. As an individual, and as an admiral, will you accept of my feeble tribute of praise and admiration, and make them acceptable to all those under your command?

NELSON.

Palermo, Aug. 20, 1799

Sir Sidney found the Sultan willing to exert all the force of his dominions, but wretchedly provided with the means of exertion—a disorganized army, an infant navy, empty arsenals, and all the resources of the state in barbaric confusion. Two bomb-vessels and seven gun-boats were all that he could procure for the coast service. He ordered five more gun-boats to be laid down, waiting for guns from England. But he was soon called from Constantinople. Advice had been received by the governor of Acre, Achmet Pasha, that Bonaparte, at the head of an army of twelve or thirteen thousand men, was about to march on Acre. The position of this fortress renders it the key of the chief commerce in corn at the head of the Levant, and its possession has always been powerful. Its possession by the French would have given them the command of all the cities on the coast, and probably made them masters of Syria, if not of Constantinople. Bonaparte, utterly reckless in his cruelties, provided they gained his object, had announced his approach by the following daring epistle to the Pasha:—“The provinces of Gaza, Ramleh, and Jaffa are in my power. I have treated with generosity those of your troops who placed themselves at my discretion. I have been severe towards those who have violated the rights of war. I shall march in a few days against Acre.” His severity had already been exhibited on an unexampled scale. Having taken

Jaffa by assault, and put part of the garrison to the sword, he marched his prisoners, to the number of three thousand seven hundred, to an open space outside the town. As they were disarmed in the town, they could make no resistance; and, as Turks, they submitted to the will of fate. There they were fired on until they all fell! When this act of horrid cruelty was reported in Europe by Sir Robert Wilson, its very atrocity made the honorable feelings of England incredulous; but it has since been acknowledged in the memoir by Napoleon's commissary, M. Miot, and massacre is denied no longer. The excuse which the French general subsequently offered was “that many of the Turks had been captured before, and liberated on parole, that having thus violated the laws of war, he could neither take them with him, nor leave them behind.” But the hollowness of this excuse is evident. The Turks knew nothing of our European parole; they felt that it was their duty to fight for their Pasha; they might have been liberated with perfect impunity, for once deprived of arms, and strip of all means of military movement, they must have lingered among the ruins of an open town, or dispersed about the country. The stronger probability is, that the massacre was meant for the purposes of intimidation, and that on the blood of Jaffa the French flag was to float above the gates of Acre.

It is satisfactory to our natural sense of justice, to believe that this very act was the ruin of the expedition. Achmet Pasha was an independent prince, and might have felt little difficulty in arranging a treaty with the invader or receiving a province in exchange for the temporary use of his fortress. But the bloodshed of Jaffa must have awakened at once his abhorrence and his fears. The massacre also excited Sir Sidney's feelings so much, that he instantly weighed anchor, and arrived at Acre two days before the French vanguard. They were first discovered by *Le Tigre's* gun boats, as the heads of the column moved round the foot of Mount Carmel. There they were stopped by the fire of the boats, and driven in full flight up the mountains.

But another event of more importance occurred almost immediately after. A flotilla was seen from the mast head of *Le Tigre*, consisting of a corvette and nine sail of gun vessels. The flotilla was instantly attacked, and seven struck, the other three escaped, it being justly considered of most importance, to secure the prizes, they containing the whole battery of artillery, ammunition, &c., intended for the siege. Previously to his arrival, Sir Sidney had sent Captain Miller of the *Thesus*, a most gallant officer, and Colonel Peelypeaux, to rebuild the walls, and altogether to put the place in a better defensive order. Nothing could be more fortunate than this capture, for it at once gave Sir Sidney a little fleet, supplied him with guns and ammunition for the defence of the place, and of course, deprived the French of the means of attack in proportion. But it was not to be supposed that Napoleon was destitute of guns. He had already on shore four twelve pounders, eight howitzers, a battery of thirty-two pieces, and about thirty four pounders. The siege commenced on the 20th of March, and from that day, for sixty days, was a constant repetition of assaults, the bursting of mines, and the breaching of the old and crumbling walls.

At length Bonaparte, conscious that his character was sinking, that he was hourly exposed to Egyptian insurrection, that the tribes of the desert were arriving, and that every day increased the peril of an attack on his rear by an army from Constantinople, resolved to risk all upon a final assault. After fifteen days of open trenches, the Turkish flotilla had been seen from the wall's. The rest deserves to be told only in the language of their gallant defender.

The constant fire of the besiegers was suddenly increased tenfold. Our flanking fire from aloft was, as usual, plied to the utmost, but with less effect than heretofore, as the enemy had thrown up epaulements of sufficient thickness to protect them from the fire. The French advanced, and their standard was seen at daylight on the outer angle of the town, which they assaulted. Hassan Bey's troops were preparing to land, but their boats were still only halfway to the shore.

It was at this moment that the spirit and talents of Sir Sidney had their full effect. If he had continued to depend on the fire of his boats the place would have been taken. The French were already masters of a part of the works, and they would probably have rushed into the town before the troops of Hassan Bey could have reached the shore.

This, says the despatch, was a most critical point, and an effort was necessary to preserve the place until their arrival. I accordingly landed the boats at the mole, and took the crews up to the breach, armed with pikes. The enthusiastic gratitude of the Turks, men, women, and children, at the sight of such a reinforcement, at such a time, is not to be described; many fugitives returned with us to the breach, which we found defended by a few brave Turks, whose most destructive weapons were heavy stones.

Djezzar Pasha, hearing that the English were on the breach, quitted his station, where according to ancient Turkish custom, he was sitting to reward such as should bring him the heads of the enemy, and distributing musket cartridges with his own hands. The energetic old man, coming behind us, pulled us down with violence, saying, that if anything happened to his English friends, all was lost.

A sortie was now proposed by Sir Sidney, but the Turkish regiment which made it was repulsed. A new breach was made, and it was evident that a new assault in superior force was intended.