

POETRY.

(Selected.)

TO AN INFANT.

When cherub smiles give place
To full and flowing tears,
My Infant! in thy face
I see the chart of years:
Each smile a joy bestowing,
Each tear a grief foreshowing.
But, young one! it appears,
They differ in amount;
One minute tells more tears
Than a day of smiles can count.
How many clouds we gaze on
For one the Iris plays on!
By day the sunbeam glows,
But soon its rays must set:
Through morn' and midnight flows
The sobbing rivulet.
Thus joy awhile keeps glowing,
But grief for ever flowing.
My cup of hope is quaff'd,
Yet this I'll hope for thee:—
Be thou the green young graft
Upon the leafless tree;
And hopes, 'twere vain to nourish,
Be found in thee to flourish;
Thy years a halcyon train
Of blessings smiling round;
That bliss I sought in vain
To find—by thee be found:
May love and friendship bless thee,
Nor woe nor want oppress thee.
Though others' emblem be
The deadly cypress shade,
Be thine the citron tree,
That knows not how to fade,
But, through each change of weather,
Bears fruit and flowers together.
Thy childhood be as gay
As spring-tide just begun;
Thy youth a bright May-day
And ardent as its sun;
Thy prime, midsummer, sweeping
O'er harvests ripe and reaping.
Nor let thy sun's decline
One noble thought assuage;
But rather, like old wine,
Grow generous with age.
Through life thy soul be chainless,
In death thy name be stainless.
When he who writes this verse,
Shall smile not, nor repine,
Be thou beside his hearth—
He could not look on thine!
And, when thy shroud is o'er thee,
May a son of thine deplore thee.

VARIETIES.

THE BROTHERS; OR, THE LAST EMBRACE.
(Continued.)

"On the following morning an early breakfast was got ready for our traveller, which prepared him for his journey. Emma felt unusually dull at the idea of his departure. We strove, but unsuccessfully, to rouse her by a little gentle raillery: 'Surely,' I jeoosely observed, 'you can spare him for three days, my Emma; that will be the extent of his absence, and then, my love, you will have no fear of losing him.' A blush covered her maiden cheek, as she turned her eye playfully from me to Alfred, who stood gazing upon her. She endeavoured to smile, but it was the smile of grief which she could alone give as she faintly replied, 'I do not fear that, my dear father.' I shook him heartily by the hand as he left the parlour, while Emma walked on with him to the garden gate; where, until the coach was lost to her sight, she stood looking after it.
"On her return I perceived a paleness upon her cheek which pained and alarmed me. She had evidently shed tears, too. With a view to cheer her from her depression of spirits, I proposed a walk to Alfred's father's. To this proposal she agreed with evident pleasure; for she loved his parents with a daughterly affection. We almost immediately set off. The visit operated as I wished and expected; she recovered her usual buoyancy of spirits, and returned in the evening with cheerfulness to our home.
"The afternoon of Wednesday had arrived, and Emma had taken, I thought, more than ordinary pains with her hair and her dress. With the utmost impatience she visited the kitchen clock, and before four o'clock had struck, she had looked at its face less than twenty times. Four o'clock at length came, and she hastened into the garden, and listened with agitated attention for the rumbling of the wheels of the conveyance, which now would have sounded to her more sweet than the most delightful music; but no sound saluted her ear. She strolled round the walks of the garden, and prepared a bouquet for Alfred, and while confining the scented group with a piece of blue ribbon, the welcome, wished-for rumbling of the coach-wheels was heard in the distance. She turned in the direction of the road. A cloud of dust rose above the trees, which hid the conveyance from her view.—It traveled rapidly, and just as she reached the gate it drove up—passed—and again vanished.—Alfred had not returned.
"I had entered the garden to welcome his return, and met my Emma just in time to witness, partially, the effects this disappointment had produced upon her. The flowers she had gathered fell from her hand, as mournfully she strained her eyes after the swiftly-moving vehicle, the sound of whose wheels had now nearly died away. Knowing the punctual habits of Alfred, I felt at a loss myself to explain the cause of his absence, but dared not allow my astonishment to be seen by my child. I strove to rally her, by intimating that some unforeseen business had undoubtedly detained him until the next day, when she might chide him for his present inattention. There was an appearance of satisfaction with

my reasoning, but, alas! it was only an appearance. The next day came,—the afternoon arrived,—two, three, half-past three,—a few minutes of four. Four struck—the coach was heard—came, and passed on the preceding day, but Alfred was still absent.

"While confounded at this unaccountable occurrence, and grieved to distraction at the affliction of my dear Emma, Mr. and Mrs. Harlow arrived, not aware their son had not reached our house on the preceding day. A variety of conjectures was submitted, to charm away each other's unpleasant sensations, while neither appeared satisfied, either with his own or others' thoughts. I still urged that business alone had detained him; but then I was met by—"He would have written," and was compelled to be silent. Friday came, and went, without explanation; and Saturday, the day appointed, and long looked for, on which the marriage was to have taken place, had more than half lapsed away. The "Telegraph" had passed, but Alfred had not arrived. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," I had fondly nourished hope until the moment of the coach's arrival, but that circumstance produced for a time a stunning effect upon our whole circle. That something of a serious character had occurred, now appeared certain to all.

"My best horse was instantly saddled;—the anxious father threw himself upon its back, and, with the fleetness of a courier, directed his way to the house which Alfred had left home for, in Hampshire. Until the following Tuesday, our feelings were kept on the rack of agonizing suspense. Tortured by a thousand imaginings, and bewildered in the maze of inexplicable mystery—we suffered a thousand evils in fearing one: we wished for information, yet dreaded to receive it. As the shade on the sun-dial pointed to seven o'clock, Mr. Harlow returned, but his countenance presaged evil tidings. From him we learned that Alfred had left Southampton on the Monday evening, and from thence had passed on to Portsmouth, intending, as he stated, to return home from that place on Tuesday morning.—Thither the grieving father traced him, but all further knowledge of him, was cut off.

"Emma heard the tale as though she heard it not. A lethargic stupefaction seemed to have taken irremediable possession of her; all our attempts were unavailing to cheer or rouse her; the very core of her existence had become affected. Her only amusement, now, consisted in rambling across the fields to Mr. Harlow's, or strolling round our extensive garden, and visiting the arbor, where Alfred used for hours to sit during the summer evenings, and read by her side, while she engaged herself in some piece of fancy-work.

"Thus months passed away, when one morning the servant entered our breakfast-parlour with a letter. It was directed to Emma.—Scarcely had her tear-dimmed eye fallen on the well-known characters of the address, than, with an ecstasy almost overpowering, she pressed it to her lips, and then tore it open, as she exclaimed—"My Alfred still lives." Hastily she ran over part of its contents, but had not proceeded far before it fell from her nerveless hands—and, in a fainting stupor, which looked like death's forerunner, she was borne to her bed.

"I immediately despatched a messenger for Mr. and Mrs. Harlow, who attended instantly to the summons, when I laid before them the letter from Alfred. It was dated at Gibraltar, and was written amid the bustle and noisy preparations of war. He informed his beloved Emma that he had reached Portsmouth late on Monday night, anxious to leave on the following morning for home. He had scarcely left the coach, when he was surrounded by a party of men, desperate alike in looks and action.—He soon learned they were a gang of men employed to impress both seamen and landmen for the naval service. Without allowing him time to write, they hurried him on board a vessel ready to receive the unfortunate individuals who were thus inhumanly trepanned. Thence he was, with several others, drafted on board a ship of war, which weighed anchor the following day, and sailed to join the fleet under the command of Lord Exmouth, who was about to attack the city of Algiers. The troops, he informed us, were entering the ship while he wrote; and in a few hours from the date of the letter he expected he should be called to witness scenes, at the bare idea of which his heart revolted. A noble spirit breathed throughout the whole, while the grief of the man was absorbed in the resignation of the Christian."

Mr. Wilkinson paused a moment. The scenes of by-gone years stood out before him. His frame shook from the intensity of his feelings, and he attempted in vain to suppress the violence of his grief. Nature triumphed over the man, and a torrent of scalding tears gushed from his aged eyes, and faved his furrowed cheeks. The relief was instantaneous and salutary, but it was infectious. Before I was aware of it, I had mingled my tears with the good old man's, and felt as though I realized, by actual vision, all the scenes he had so pathetically, and with all the irresistible power of unadorned simplicity, narrated. The luxury of unbroken silence, save only as a half-suppressed sigh struggled out, tranquillized us both. "You will excuse the feelings of a parent and a friend," said the venerable mourner, as he wiped the tears from his face; "I loved Alfred as though he had been my own son. But the sequel of my tale will be brief, and will be the best apology for my conduct; you will, therefore, sir, I hope, allow me to proceed."—I bowed assent, for I could do no more, and he went on.

"Five weeks of dreadful anxiety passed away after we received Alfred's letter, during which period a strong and alarming evidence was given that the shock which his mother had received, who was naturally of a tender constitution, was likely to prove fatal. Poor Emma, too, had never since been seen to smile. Her native vivacity had entirely deserted her. The buoyancy of her spirits had been succeeded by a pensive melancholy, which no effort could remove. The weekly journals were now read with lively, yet painful interest. The success of the British arms, in reducing to subjection the haughty and cruel Dey, was announced; a general

list was furnished of the killed and wounded, but nothing particular could as yet be obtained. At length the fatal tidings came. Oh! I see the rolling madness now, that then fired the eye of my beloved Emma, but which wild brightness soon declined to dullness, to shine in its wonted lustre no more forever in this world.—The fatal tidings came, which told us that our Alfred was among the slain.

"To describe the scene which immediately followed the information, would be as possible as to gather up the tears which then were shed. To attempt it is not necessary—it was overwhelming. The father and mother, like two majestic oaks smitten by the same blast of lightning, drooped—and died. That grave, sir, before three weeks had passed, received them both. Emma and myself followed them to their resting-place. We watered the earth of those we so much loved, and returned, but not in comfort, to our home. Ah, no; my child survived indeed the blow—but how! Her body lived—but the ethereal spark which lighted up her once lovely form, went out, or burned but with fitful glimmer. Reason was dethroned, and she who once was the pride of the village, now wanders a harmless, joyless, mourning maniac. If she is now capable of receiving pleasure, it is derived from her lonely visits to the tomb of Alfred's parents, on which she scatters flowers,—over which she chants a melancholy air, and then returns to muse, in almost unbroken silence, in her own chamber."

The good old man paused, and placed his hand on his forehead for a moment, as if in deep abstraction. The tears again started from his eyes, as he elevated them in meek submission, and exclaimed, clasping his wrinkled hands together, "Thy will be done.—I dare not, sir, rebel," he said; "although I cannot but grieve, mercy has been mingled with all my afflictions; as has been my day, so has been my strength also. The painful scene will soon close, and I shall then know fully, and approve entirely, what now I cannot comprehend." I was unable to reply. I felt unutterable things. I seemed surrounded by another atmosphere than that in which I had before lived. So different was the experience of the venerable being by my side, from the frigid calculations of mere orthodox theorists, I half regretted that I should be compelled to leave him. I, however, prevailed upon him to accompany me to my inn, where we dined together, after which we took an affectionate leave of each other, and I journeyed towards my residence in town.

Weeks passed on, and still my mind instinctively reverted to the pathetic statements and pious resignation of Mr. Wilkinson. An effect was produced of which I could not divest myself; my spirits appeared tinged with a species of melancholy, derived, as it would appear, by sympathy, which being directly opposite to my natural habits, became the more observable. I was one day, at the distance of about five or six weeks after my return from Sussex, absorbed in mournful reverie on the pitiable circumstances of the poor maniac Emma, while sitting alone in my parlour, when a gentleman was announced. Rousing myself as well as I was able, I had the pleasure of receiving by the hand an old and valued friend in the person of Mr. Roberts, who had lately returned from Gibraltar.

After a few hours' conversation, a question was very naturally asked by my friend, if, during his absence, I had experienced any serious loss, to produce such a sombre cast in my manners. Until this moment I was not properly conscious of the fact, but now I felt it. In a few words, therefore, I mentioned the incident—I had lately met with. I perceived that in some parts of my narrative, especially towards its end, his attention was roused in an extraordinary degree. I had not mentioned names, and therefore when I ceased he inquired, with evident anxiety, the name of the young man to whom I had referred.—I answered, "Alfred Harlow." "Alfred Harlow!" exclaimed my friend; "I have now letters in my portmanteau from him, directed to his parents and beloved Emma. If you will allow me I will finish the tale, of which you have furnished me with the first part, with the sequel of which, I apprehend, you will not be less interested than by the former portion. I requested he would gratify me with the detail—still hoping that something might yet transpire, by which to comfort the sorrowing heart of poor Emma. Mr. Roberts immediately commenced as follows.

Of my visit to Gibraltar, and the purpose of my going thither, it is not necessary I should trouble you, as you possess already sufficient information of those subjects; I will therefore confine myself, for the present, to the circumstances immediately connected with the subject before us.

On the morning of the 14th of August, 1816, a morning memorable to every lover of liberty, a sight awfully impressive stood before the impregnable Rock. A fleet of British ships of war was just breaking from its anchorage, each vessel spreading her flowing sails to shape her course towards the bay of Algiers, to chastise the ferocious plunderers of Africa, by the bombardment of the tyrant's capital. The squadron consisted of the Queen Charlotte, of one hundred and ten guns, on board which the admiral, Lord Exmouth, had hoisted his flag; the Impregnable, of ninety-eight guns; four seventy-fours; with frigates and smaller vessels, attended by a sufficient number of bombs, gun-boats, and other flotilla. The signal for sailing was watched with anxiety by the assembled multitudes on the shore, who had met to animate, by their cheers, the departing heroes of their country. The signal-gun, from the Admiral's ship, reverberated in the excavations of the Rock, and was answered by a shout whose echo only died away, to be answered and repeated again and again. It was an imposing spectacle to stand and gaze upon the lessening sail, until the beautiful fleet receded from sight in the foggy distance.

It was scarcely possible, on such an occasion, not to feel the force of Montgomerie's beautiful lines:

"Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,
See the tall vessel sail,

With swelling wings, in shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale."

The object which the ship-lodged warriors had in view was glorious, the humbling the arrogant power of the pirates of Barbary, and the deliverance from slavery of numbers of their countrymen. But the sickening conviction would force itself upon the mind, amid the brightest visions which an emulation of Roman greatness and Grecian heroism could create, that numbers of those who had but now quitted the shores with cheering spirits, would ere a few hours had elapsed, have exchanged the warm embraces of wife and children for the cold and bloody arms of death.

The results of that expedition are well known; to recapitulate the sanguinary scenes which followed the anchoring of our fleet immediately in front of the Barbarians' city, at a distance of no more than fifty yards, would only be to excite feelings of the most painful nature. On the 28th, the haughty Dey, willing to capitulate on any terms to save his city from the burning ruin which threatened it, engaged to abolish Christian slavery forever, and throw open the prison-houses immediately to all slaves in his dominions, of whatever caste and nation they might be. Other concessions were made, honorable to our country and beneficial to the parties immediately concerned. The mission being completed, the victors returned; and as they cast anchor in the gut, received the hearty welcome of their countrymen and friends. But, ah! how changed the scene. The gallant war-ships, which only a few days before stood out to sea in all the pride of nautical beauty, bestudding ocean's bosom with white and flowing sails, now presented in their battered hulks and shattered rigging some of the destructive effects of warfare; while many of the hardy tars, whose tongues had sounded in the loud "huzzas" as Gibraltar lessened from their view, had found a watery grave, and hundreds were writhing under the agonies of burning wounds, or disabled forever by the loss of limbs.

The hospitals were soon crowded with mutilated sufferers, whose prolonged lives appeared only the prolongation of their mortal miseries. A few days after the return of the fleet, I visited the receptacle of the wretched sufferers. But the scenes of woe I witnessed baffles all description. The spectacle still stands before my mind's eye, and never shall I escape the heart-felt impression which it made. But with none was I more struck than with two young men whose beds were next each other. One had served in the army, the other had been engaged in the navy. The soldier had lost both his legs, which, during the heat of the action, had been torn away by a chain-shot—the sailor was deprived of both his arms, one of which had been shot off in the onset of the fight—the other, from being much fractured, had since been amputated. Of neither were there any hopes of recovery entertained. But the difference with which each bore his sufferings was impressively striking. The youthful seaman enjoyed a calm tranquillity, which neither the agonies he suffered nor the prospect of death could remove. The effects of Christianity were vividly displayed by him. His waking hours, and they were many, were employed either in fervent silent prayer, or in affectionate and meek exhortation to his fellow-sufferer. The character of the soldier was the very antipodes of this. A dreadful gloom sat scowling upon his sun-browned visage, while the agonies of his body seemed exceeded by the torments of his mind. A fearful drowsiness gradually fastened upon him, as the certain precursor of approaching death.

During one of my visits, for I visited the young sailor several times, being greatly interested in his welfare, I found the soldier groaning in uneasy slumbers, while his companion, as usual, was prayerfully looking towards a better world. I soon obtained from him his tragic history: his name, he informed me, was Alfred Harlow; of his birthplace, family, and recent prospects, I received a brief but painful recital. His anxiety for his parents, and his beloved Emma, was excessive. While I sat by his side, I became his amanuensis, penning the effusions of his soul, in which piety and affection were blended, to his Emma and his parents. Another week passed, and hopes, faint ones indeed, were entertained of his recovery. He had so far regained his strength as to be able to rise, which circumstance he improved by walking among his fellow-sufferers, from bed to bed, and directing their minds to the realities of a future state. The incessant labor he had bestowed upon the soldier was happily succeeded by the most beneficial results. His attention had been roused, and the latent feelings of his mind brought into vigorous play.

On entering their ward one morning, I found Alfred sitting by the bed-side of William Clark, (so the soldier was called,) in close conversation with him. A violent degree of agitation possessed the bosom of Clark, and yet there was a change in his countenance of the most pleasing kind. Alfred had urged him to the recital of some scenes of his past life, to which he had referred with much evident mental suffering, without mentioning anything distinctly. As I drew near him, he held out his feverish hand to me, at the same time observing,—"Sir, I shall soon leave this world, but before I die I feel wishful to make a disclosure of the most painful kind, a disclosure which will indeed stamp my memory with infamy, and yet I feel it necessary to make it. I know no persons more suitable to make it to, than yourself and this kind friend, to whose attentions I shall be indebted forever. Will you sir," he continued, "listen to me?" The earnestness of his manner was peculiar, and perceiving that it was likely he would soon be past the power of communication, I assured him of my readiness to hear him,—when he thus commenced:—

"Twenty years have rolled away since I left the house of the most indulgent of parents, during which period I have wandered like an accursed spirit through the earth, seeking rest but finding none. Yes, twenty years have passed since I perpetrated that crime which has blasted all my happiness, and brought me to my present miserable end.

"I was naturally of a morose and churlish disposition. Pride and jealousy were among my besetting sins, and these were perhaps fostered by the mistaken kindness of my parents towards me. I was their first-born child.—The birth of a brother, four years after my own, tended in some degree to divert their adoration from me. I perceived, or fancied I did, that as he grew up, their attentions towards myself became weakened; and well they might for he was worthy of all their heart's affection. He was gentleness itself, and goodness personified. My proud heart could not bear a rival, and secretly, but resolutely, I determined to remove him out of my way. I should while my thoughts go back to those dark purposes of my mind:—we grew together—we slept together—we ate and drank together—still my purpose was unbroken; the very kindness which he showed me maddened me to rage against him. I had attained my sixteenth year, when artfully I enticed him from home, to which I determined he should return no more alive. I led him to the deep bosom of a wood, not far from my father's house—a place well fitted for my purpose of blood. Nature seemed to execrate the deed I was about to perpetrate. The distant thunders rolled awfully, and vivid lightnings darted betwixt the closely matted trees of the forest. My brother became alarmed, and urged my return, which I resolutely opposed. I had led him to the opposite side of the wood, without devising any precise means for his destruction, when he refused to proceed any further, alleging, as the reason for his wish to return, the pain our absence would cause to our parents. That which ought to have touched the finest sensibilities of my nature, stung me to the quick. I seized the trembling youth, and tearing a rude stake from the boundary hedge, aimed at him a deadly blow. I see him staggering from me now—he fell, exclaiming most seechingly as he lay prostrate at my feet—'Oh brother, spare me!' But pity had fled my sylvan breast; I stayed not my hand until I had stained my soul with my brother's blood.—From a gaping wound in his forehead I saw his life ebb out. A fearful clap of thunder roused me from the stupor into which I had fallen;—all the atrocity of my crime flashed upon me, and I fled from the spot, with the cries of my brother's blood—'Oh spare me!'—sounding in my ears.

"To prevent pursuit and discovery, I threw my hat into a river which skirted the wood, judging it probable that my parents, from whom I had now separated myself forever, might should it be discovered, conceive we had been robbed and murdered, and that I had been thrown into the stream. I wandered on without knowing whither. Night soon wrapt the heavens in awful gloom. Oh the horrors of darkness to a murderer's soul! I rested from my flight, and as I listened heard the sound of voices. They drew nearer, and I crept, serpent-like, into the thickness of a bush overhung with honeysuckle. Scarcely had I cringed myself up with breathless stillness, when the flashing light of torches penetrated my recess, and the voice of my father, calling my brother and myself as he passed the bush, tore my very soul. I saw him then, but I saw him no more, he passed on, and darkness and silence again succeeded.

"Fearing detection, I left my hiding-place, and early on the following morning met with a hoard of gipsies, to whom I told a tale which easily satisfied them. I exchanged my clothes and assumed their garb, discolored my face, and became one of their wandering tribe; and was soon initiated into all their mysteries and villany. Frequent repetitions of petty thefts hardened my seared conscience;—but still the blood of my brother spoke out, and the cry of 'Oh spare me!' was ever ringing in my ears.

"Three years I wandered thus, and then, under an assumed name, entered the army. The novelty of my new situation, and the constant change and bustle of a soldier's life, awhile diverted my attention. I plunged into every species of vice, and took the lead in every daring enterprise. But conscience only slumbered;—it was silenced, not conquered. There were times when it did speak out; and oh! the misery of an awakened guilty conscience! The information I had received from a pious mother prevented my crediting the falsehood I would fain have believed.—That I did not possess an immortal soul—that there was no hereafter—that death was an eternal sleep—I felt a hell within me; comfort had fled my guilty bosom. I even wished for death. But death fled from me. I have visited each quarter of the globe—have been engaged in various battles—have revelled in every kind of riot; but when pleasure appeared within the reach of my grasp, such pleasure as sin can yield its votaries—its slaves—'Oh spare me, brother' has thundered through my brain, and driven my soul near to madness.

"Three months since, our regiment was sent to Gibraltar. Many fell beneath a malignant fever which then raged here. I was spared, but neither judgments nor mercy moved my hardened heart. I was among a detachment ordered to attend Lord Exmouth in his expedition against Algiers. My race is now nearly run, and but for this stranger friend,—"and he turned, as he spoke, an expressive look towards Alfred,—"I should have had just reason to expect misery in a future world more dreadful than any I have suffered in this. But I shall now die the repentant, Egbert Harlow."

"Egbert Harlow!" exclaimed the agitated Alfred. "Yes, it was indeed the wretched Egbert. 'I am your brother Alfred,' he added. His hair fell aside as he leaned over his astonished brother, and discovered the seamy scar upon his forehead to the dying Egbert. 'Oh my brother!' exclaimed the departing man, as with a convulsive effort he threw his arms around his brother's neck, and expired. And when they lifted up the wasted Alfred, it was discovered that his spirit had joined his brother's in a better world.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

TERMS—16s. per Annum, exclusive of Postage.