

## POETRY.

(Selected.)

### THE OUTWARD-BOUND SHIP.

By the late Bishop Heber.

As borne along with favoring gale,  
And streamers waving bright;  
How gaily sweeps the glancing sail  
O'er yonder sea of light!

With painted sides the vessel glides  
In seeming revelry,  
An still we hear the sailors' cheer  
Around the capstan tree.

Is sorrow there, where all is fair,  
Where all is onward gliding?  
Go, fool, to yonder mariner,  
And he shall lesson thee.

Upon that deck walks tyrant sway,  
Wild as his conquer'd wave,  
And murmuring hate that must obey,  
The captain and his slave!

And pinching care is lurking there,  
And dark ambition swell,  
And some that part with blustering heart  
From objects loved so well.

And many a grief with gazing fed  
On yonder distant shore,  
And many a tear in secret shed  
For friends beheld no more.

Yet sails the ship with streamers drest,  
And shouts of seeming glee:  
O God, how loves the mortal breast  
To hide its misery!

## LITERATURE.

### THE BROKEN HEART.

From the Diary of a late Physician.

There was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June, 1815, at a house in the remote western suburbs of London. Throngs of handsome and well-dressed women—a large retinue of the leading men about town—the dazzling light of chandeliers blazing like three suns overhead—the charms of music and dancing—together with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to our successful continental campaigns, which maddened England into almost daily announcements of victory—all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party. In fact, England was almost turned upside down with universal feasting! Mrs. —, the lady whose party I have just been mentioning, was in ecstasy at the éclat with which the whole was going off, and charmed with the buoyant animation with which all seemed inclined to contribute their quota to the evening's amusement. A young lady of some personal attractions, most amiable manners, and great accomplishments—particularly musical—had been repeatedly solicited to sit down to the piano, for the purpose of favouring the company with the favourite Spanish air, "The Banks of Allen Water." For a long time, however, she steadfastly resisted their importunities, on the plea of low spirits. There was evidently an air of deep pensiveness, if not melancholy, about her, which ought to have corroborated the truth of the plea she urged. She did not seem to gather excitement with the rest; and rather endured, than shared, the gaieties of the evening. Of course, the young folks around her of her own sex whispered their suspicions that she was in love; and, in point of fact, it was well known by several present, that Miss — was engaged to a young officer who had earned considerable distinction in the Peninsular campaign, and to whom she was to be united on his return from the continent. It need not therefore be wondered at, that a thought of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed—especially a bold and brave young soldier, such as her intended had proved himself—and the possibility, if not probability, that he might, alas! never

"Return to claim his blushing bride"

—but he left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen—sufficed to overcast her mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions. It was, indeed, owing solely to the affectionate importunities of her relatives, that she was prevailed on to be seen in society at all. Had her own inclinations been consulted, she would have sought solitude, where she might, with weeping and trembling, commend her hopes to the hands of Him "who seeth in secret," and "whose are the issues" of battle. As, however, Miss —'s rich contralto voice, and skillful powers of accompaniment, were much talked of, the company would listen to no excuses or apologies; so the poor girl was absolutely baited into sitting down to the piano, when she ran over a few melancholy chords with an air of reluctance and displacement. Her sympathies were soon excited by the fine tones—the tumultuous melody—of the keys she touched—and she struck into the soft and soothing symphony of "The Banks of Allen Water." The breathless silence of the bystanders—for nearly all the company was thronged around—was at length broken by her voice, stealing, "like faint blue gushing streams," on the delighted ears of her auditors, as she commenced singing that exquisite little ballad, with the most touching pathos and solemnity. She had just commenced the verse,

"For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he!"

when, to the surprise of every body around her, she suddenly ceased playing and singing, without removing her hands from the instrument, and gazed steadily forward with a vacant air, while the colour faded from her cheeks, and left them as pale as the lily. She continued thus for some moments, to the alarm and astonishment of the company—motionless, and apparently unconscious of any one's presence. Her elder sister, much agitated, stepped

towards her, placed her hand on her shoulder, endeavored gently to rouse her, and said hurriedly, "Anne, Anne?"—Miss — made no answer; but a few moments after, without moving her eyes, suddenly burst into a piercing shriek! Consternation seized all present.

"Sister—sister!—Dear Anne, are you ill?" again inquired her trembling sister, endeavouring to rouse her, but in vain. Miss — did not seem either to see or hear her. Her eyes still gazed fixedly forward, till they seemed gradually to expand, as it were, with an expression of glassy horror. All present seemed utterly confounded, and afraid to interfere with her. Whispers were heard, "She's ill—in a fit—run for some water." Good God, how strange—what a piercing shriek! "Sc. Sc." At length Miss —'s lips moved. She began to mutter inaudibly; but by and bye those immediately near her could distinguish the words "There!—there they are—with their lanterns.—Oh! they are looking out for the de—a—d!—They turn over the heaps.—Ah!—now—no!—that little hill of slain—see, see!—they are turning them over, one by one—There!—there he is!—Oh, horror! horror!—Right through the heart!" and with a long shuddering groan, she fell senseless into the arms of her horror-struck sister. Of course all were in confusion and dismay—not a face present, but was blanched with agitation and affright on hearing the extraordinary words she uttered. With true delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived, instantly took their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or interfering with the family, who were already, sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all, except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their services to the young lady; and a servant was instantly dispatched, with a horse for me. On my arrival, I found her in bed, (still at the house where the party was given, which was that of the young lady's sister-in-law.) She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bedchamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related; and her whole frame was cold and rigid—in fact, she seemed to have received some strange shock, which had altogether paralysed her. By the use, however, of strong stimulants, we succeeded in at length restoring her to something like consciousness, but I think it would have been better for her—judging from the event—never to have woken again from forgetfulness. She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on those standing round her bedside. Her countenance, of an ashy hue, was damp with clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long deep-drawn sighs.

"Oh, wretched, wretched, wretched girl!" she murmured at length—"why have I lived till now? Why did you not suffer me to expire? He called me to join him—I was going—and you will not let me—but I must go—yes, yes."

"Anne—dearest!—Why do you talk so? Charles is not gone—he will return soon—he will indeed!"—sobbed her sister.

"Oh never, never! You could not see what I saw, Jane!"—she shuddered—"Oh, it was frightful! How they tumbled about the heaps of the dead!—how they stripped—oh, horror, horror!"

"My dear Miss —, you are dreaming—raving—indeed you are," said I holding her hand in mine—"Come, come—you must not give way to such gloomy, such nervous fancies—you must not indeed. You are frightening your friends to no purpose."

"What do you mean?" she replied, looking me suddenly full in the face. "I tell you it is true! Ah me, Charles is dead—I know it—I saw him! Shot right through the heart. They were stripping him, when—" And heaving three or four short convulsive sobs, she again swooned. Mrs. —, the lady of the house, (the sister-in-law of Miss —, as I think I have mentioned,) could endure the distressing scene no longer, and was carried out of the room, fainting, in the arms of her husband. With great difficulty, we succeeded in restoring Miss — once more to consciousness; but the frequency and duration of her relapses began seriously to alarm me. The spirit, being brought so often to the brink, might at last suddenly flit off into eternity, without any one's being aware of it. I, of course, did all that my professional knowledge and experience suggested; and, after expressing my readiness to remain all night in the house, in the event of any sudden alteration in Miss — for the worse, I took my departure, promising to call very early in the morning. Before leaving, Mr. — had acquainted me, with all the particulars above related; and, as I rode home, I could not help feeling the liveliest curiosity, mingled with the most intense sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer to see whether the corroborating event would stamp the present as one of those extraordinary occurrences, which occasionally "come o'er us like a summer-cloud," astonishing and perplexing every one.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, I was again at Miss —'s bedside. She was nearly in the same state as that in which I had left her the preceding evening—only feebler, and almost continually stupified. She seemed, as it were, stunned with some severe but invisible stroke. She said scarcely any thing, but often uttered a low, moaning, distinct sound, and whispering at intervals, "Yes—shortly, Charles, shortly—to-morrow."—There was no rousing her by conversation; she noticed no one, and would answer no questions. I suggested the propriety of calling in additional medical assistance; and, in the evening, met two eminent brother physicians in consultation at her bedside. We came to the conclusion that she was sinking rapidly, and that, unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would continue with us but a very little longer. After my brother physicians had left, I returned to the sick-chamber, and sat by Miss —'s bedside for more than an hour. My feelings were much agitated at witnessing her singular and affecting situation. There was such a sweet and sorrowful expression about her pallid features, deepening, occasionally, into such hopelessness of heart-broken anguish, as no one could contemplate without deep emotion. There was, besides, something mysterious, and awing—something of what in Scotland is called second sight—in the circumstances which had occasioned her illness.

"Gone—gone!" she murmured, with closed eyes, while I was sitting and gazing in silence on her—"gone—and in glory! Ah! I shall see the young conqueror—I shall! How he will love me!—Ah! I recollect," she continued, after a long interval, "It was the Banks of Allen Water, these cruel people made me sing—and my heart breaking the while!—What was the verse I was singing when I saw?"—she shuddered—"oh!—this—"

"For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he—  
On the Banks of Allen Water  
None so gay as she!  
But the summer grief had brought her,  
And the soldier—false was he!"

Oh, no, no, never—Charles—my poor murdered Charles—never!" she groaned and spoke no more that night. She continued utterly deaf to all that was said in the way of sympathy or remonstrance; and, if her lips moved at all, it was only to utter faintly some such words as, "Oh, let me—let me leave in peace!" During the two next days, she continued drooping rapidly. The only circumstance about her demeanor, particularly noticed, was that, she once moved her hands for a moment over the counterpane, as though she were playing the piano—a sudden flush overspread her features—her eyes stared, as though she were startled by the appearance of some phantom or other, and she gasped, "There, there!"—after which she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

How will it be credited, that on the fourth morning of Miss —'s illness, a letter was received from Paris by her family, with a black seal, and franked by the noble colonel of the regiment in which Charles — had served, communicating the melancholy intelligence, that the young Captain had fallen towards the close of the battle of Waterloo: for while in the act of charging at the head of his corps, a French Cavalry officer shot him with his pistol right through the heart! The whole family, with all their acquaintance, were utterly shocked at the news—almost petrified with amazement at the strange corroboration of Miss —'s prediction. How to communicate it to the poor sufferer was now a serious question, or whether to communicate it at all present? The family at last, considered that it would be unjustifiable in them any longer to withhold the intelligence, intrusted the painful duty to me. I therefore repaired to her bedside alone, on the evening of the day on which the letter had been received; that evening was the last of her life! I sat down in my usual place beside her, and her pulse, countenance, breathing, cold extremities—together with the fact, that she had taken no nourishment whatever, since she had been laid on her bed—convincing me that the poor girl's sufferings were soon to terminate. I was at a loss for a length of time how to break the oppressive silence. Observing, however, her fading eyes fixed on me, I determined, as it were accidentally, to attract them to the fatal letter which I then held in my hand. After a while she observed it; her eye suddenly settled on the coroneted seal, and the sight operated something like an electric shock. She seemed struggling to speak, but in vain. I now wished to Heaven I had never agreed to undertake the duty which had been imposed on me. I opened the letter, and looking steadfastly at her, said, in as soothing tones as my agitation could command—"My dear girl—now, don't be alarmed, or I shall not tell you now what I am going to tell you."—She trembled, and her sensibilities seemed suddenly restored; for her eye assumed an expression of alarmed intelligence, and her lips moved about like those of a person who feels them parched with agitation, and endeavours to moisten them. "This letter has been received to-day from Paris," I continued; "it is from Colonel Lord —, and brings word that—that—that—" I felt suddenly choked, and could not bring out the words.

"That my Charles is dead—I know it. Did I not tell you so?" said Miss —, interrupting me, with as clear and distinct a tone of voice as she ever had in her life. I felt confounded. Had the unexpected operation of the spell which had withered her mental energies and afford promise of her restoration to health?

Has the reader ever watched a candle which is flickering and expiring in its socket, suddenly shoot up into an instantaneous brilliant flame, and then be utterly extinguished? I soon saw it was thus with poor Miss —. All the expiring energies of her soul were suddenly collected to receive the corroboration of her vision—if such it may be called—and then she would,

"Like a lily drooping,  
Bow her head, and die."

To return: She begged me, in a faltering voice, to read her all the letter. She listened with closed eyes, and made no remark, when I had concluded. After a long pause, I exclaimed—"God be praised, my dear Miss —, that you have been able to receive this dreadful news so firmly!"

"Doctor, tell me, have you no medicine that could make me weep?—Oh, give it, give it; it would relieve me, for I feel a mountain on my breast—it is pressing me," replied she feebly, uttering the words at long intervals. Pressing her hand in mine, I begged her to be calm, and the oppression would soon disappear.

"Oh—oh—oh, that I could weep, Doctor!" She whispered something else, but inaudibly. I put my ear close to her mouth, and distinguished something like the words—"I am—call her—hush—" accompanied with a faint, fluttering, gurgling sound. Alas, I too well

understood it!" With much trepidation I ordered the nurse to summon the family into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

"Oh, my darling precious sister Anne!" she sobbed, and knelt down at the bedside, flinging her arms round her sister's neck—kissing the gentle sufferer's cheeks and mouth.

Anne—love!—darling!—Don't you know me?" she groaned, kissing her forehead repeatedly. Could I help weeping? All who had entered were standing around the bed, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers at the wrist of the dying sufferer; but could not feel whether or not the pulse beat, which however, I attributed to my own agitation.

"Speak—speak—my darling Anne! speak to me; I am your poor sister Jane!" sobbed the agonized girl, continuing fondly kissing her sister's cold lips and forehead. She suddenly started—exclaimed, "Oh, God, she's dead!" and sunk instantly senseless on the floor. Alas, alas, it was too true; my sweet and broken-hearted patient was no more!

### SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The following beautiful and splendid passage, containing a rapid glance at one of the most important periods in all history, is taken from the above work.

A historian who rests for a little space between the termination of the Plantagenet wars in France, and the commencement of the civil wars of the two branches of that family in England, may naturally look around him, reviewing some of the more important events which had passed, and casting his eye onward to the then unmarked preparations for the mighty mutations which were to affect the relations of states toward each other, their internal rule and condition, and to produce an influence on the character and lot of the European and even of the human race.

A very few particulars only can be selected as specimens from so vast a mass.

The foundations of the political system of the European commonwealth were now laid. A glance over the map of Europe in 1453 will satisfy an observer that the territories of different nations were then fast approaching to the shape and extent which they retain at this day. The English islanders had only one town of the Continent remaining in their hands. The Mahomedans of Spain were on the eye of being reduced under the Christian authority. Italy had, indeed, lost her liberty, but had escaped the indignity of a foreign yoke. Muscovy was emerging from the long domination of the Tartars. Venice, Hungary and Poland, three states now placed under foreign masters, then guarded the eastern frontier of Christendom against the Ottoman barbarians whom the absence of foresight, of mutual confidence, and a disregard of safety and honor which disgraced western government, had just suffered to master Constantinople and to subjugate the eastern Christians. France had consolidated the greater part of her central and commanding territories. In the transfer of the Netherlands to the house of Austria originated the French jealousy of that power, then rising into importance in south-eastern Germany. The empire was daily becoming a looser confederacy under a nominal ruler, whose small remains of authority every day contributed to lessen.

The internal or constitutional history of the European nations threatened in almost every Continental country the fatal establishment of absolute monarchy, from which the free and generous spirit of the northern barbarians did not protect their degenerate posterity. In the Netherlands, an ancient gentry, and burghers enriched by traffic, held their still limited princes in check. In Switzerland, the patricians of a few towns, together with the gallant peasantry of the Alpine valleys, escaped a master. But parliaments and diets, states-general and cortes, were gradually disappearing from view, or reduced from august assemblies to insignificant formalities, and Europe seemed on the eye of exhibiting nothing to the disgusted eye but the dead uniformity of imbecile despotism, desolate courts, and cruelly oppressed nations.

In the meantime, the almost unobserved advancement and diffusion of knowledge were paving the way for discoveries, of which the high results will be contemplated only by unborn ages. The mariner's compass had conducted the Portuguese to distant points on the coast of Africa, and was about to lead them through the unploughed ocean to the famous regions of the East. Civilized men, hitherto cooped upon the shores of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, now visited the whole of their subject planet, and became its more undisputed sovereigns. The man was then born, who, with two undecked boats and one frail sloop, containing with difficulty a hundred and twenty persons, dared to stretch across an unpeopled ocean, which had hitherto bounded the imaginations as well as the enterprises of men; and who, instead of that India renowned in legend and in story, of which he was in quest, laid open a new world, which under the hands of the European race was one day to produce governments, laws, manners, modes of civilization, and states of society, almost as different as its native plants and animals from ancient Europe. Who could then—who can even now—foresee all the prodigious effects of those discoveries on the fortune of mankind?

The moment was fast approaching, though unseen by civil and spiritual rulers, when a Saxon monk was to proclaim (without his own knowledge and against his opinions) the right of every man to think for himself on all subjects, the increasing duty of exercising that right in proportion to the sacredness and awfulness of the subject, the injustice and tyranny of all laws which forbid men to aid their judgment by discussion, and to disclose to others what they prized as invaluable truths. The discovery of the free exercise of reason, thus unconsciously and undesignedly made, was

\* Columbus, born 1441, or earlier according to Mr. Irving.

the parent of every other invention and improvement; but it could not have been, perhaps, effected at that time without another occurrence, which strikingly illustrates the contrast between the lasting and the momentary importance of the facts which affect the temporary greatness of single states, and those advances in civilization in which the whole race of man partakes.

Paris, as has already been stated, was evacuated by the English in 1435. The conquest of Bayonne, in 1453, completed their expulsion from France. Few events could then have been of more moment. Had statesmen been as voluminous writers as they now are, their correspondence could scarcely have handled any other matters. Of these events, thus once momentous, a well-educated man might now mistake the date to the extent of ten or twenty years. In the very year of the evacuation of Paris, as we learn from the records of the city of Strasburg, a lawsuit was carried on there between John Gutenberg, a gentleman of Mentz, celebrated for mechanical ingenuity, and Drizehu, a burgher of the city, who was his partner in a copying machine, of which Gutenberg reserved to himself the secret of the contrivance. No litigation could seem more base and mechanical to the barbarous barons of Suabia and Alsace. But the copying machine was the printing press, which has changed the condition of mankind. The single and very simple operation of Gutenbergs invention in reducing the price of books, has augmented ten-fold the mass of reason employed in human pursuits, and multiplied, beyond the possibility of calculation, the chances of active genius and wisdom.

### THE SPARTANS OF TURKEY.

Capt. Alexander's Travels to the seat of War, relate a surprising instance of hopeless bravery and self-devotion by a Turkish band, in the late war with Russia:—

"One night I happened to sleep in a Turkish house, in the next apartment to a very intelligent young officer, Baron Schilling de Courland, of the regiment of Azoff: we soon became intimate, and he related to me many anecdotes of his service during the campaign. He said, it is generally supposed, that after Schoumla was left in a state of blockade, and the Balkan turned by the pass of the Kempcheck, that the Turks gave up the contest and fled on every occasion, after a mere show of resistance: this, however, was not the case. Certainly they did not generally fight with the determined valour which they evinced at Brailow, Silistria, Varna, &c.; yet, on many occasions, their fanaticism and confirmed hatred of the Giaours induced them still to oppose manfully the progress of the invaders; and to prefer joining their blessed prophet, sooner than remain on earth, defiled as it was by the triumph of the infidel over the sons of the faithful. I shall now relate an instance of this spirit of resistance in a small body of Turks:—The division of the army to which I belonged was advancing over a broken country at the foot of the Balkan. The Cossacks sent in advance to reconnoitre, reported that the village of a few hundred houses was occupied by the enemy; and shortly afterwards, on ascending an eminence, we observed the village below us in a narrow valley, and completely surrounded by hills. There were inclosures and gardens about it; and the dark green of graceful poplars set off the dazzling whiteness of a tapering minaret. But no smoke or signs of life appeared in the secluded village, until, looking more attentively through my glass, I descried two or three white turbans watching our movements from a detached house near us. As the village had not the defence of walls, and as two or three roads led into it through the hedges of the gardens, it was imagined that the Turks would immediately surrender on being summoned. To make sure of them, a strong party made a detour to the other side, and thus they were completely hemmed in. A flag of truce was then sent down to those we had seen: they allowed the flag, with the escort, to approach and parley.

Their reply to the summons was, "We spit on the beards of the Giaours, and set them at defiance. We have sent away our old men, wives, and children, to a place of safety; and there are three hundred of us here who have sworn on the Koran—isherey never to leave the place alive. Carry this our answer to your chief, and tell him to choose another road; for his lies not through this village, except over our bodies!" This insulting answer, to such an overpowering force, was immediately followed by the simultaneous advance of several parties of Russian infantry by the different roads which led into the village; but the moment that the head of each of the columns was sufficiently exposed, a sharp volley was sent from the houses on each side, which caused many of the Russians to bite the dust, and the rest to fall back. Again they rallied, and endeavoured to penetrate into the village, under the fire of covering parties posted in the gardens; and every man who exposed himself was shot dead; and the troops were compelled to keep out of the fatal aim of the Turkish top-haicks. The general, enraged that his men should be thus repulsed by so small a number, gave orders to fire the village at all risks; a few Cossacks accordingly crept with their usual cunning towards the wall of a house, and succeeded in setting fire to the roof of it; the wind aided their effort; the flames rapidly spread over the village, and the smoke curled over the trees. Every one was prepared to intercept the Turks, when they should attempt to make their escape from their burning habitations. The fire continued to rage: one by one the roofs fell, and sent up clouds of sparks into the air; but still no Turks appeared. The avenues were strictly guarded, but in vain; the whole village was now a smoking heap of ruins, and every man looked at his neighbour, and inquired what could have become of the defenders of it. A few blackened corpses attested the fact that this gallant band of three hundred preferred a horrible death on their own hearths, to gratifying the Russians by suffering themselves to be bayoneted as they fled.