

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY MRS. ADDY.

(From the Metropolitan Magazine.)

Land! its proclaim'd—'tis a joyful sound,  
Yon gallant vessel is Homeward Bound;  
See on the deck, gay numbers pour,  
Seeking a glimpse of their native shore,  
They think on the friends of changeless truth  
And the peaceful homes of their early youth,  
Smiles of enjoyment are beaming round;  
O! light are the hearts of the Homeward Bound.

Look at yon group of gentle girls;  
The sea breeze plays with their golden curls,  
Their blue eyes glance o'er the billowy foam,  
As they gaily carol the songs of home;  
How the mother who nursed them on her knee,  
Will triumph their finished forms to see!

'Tis distant lands have their graces crown'd,  
Their hearts have ever been Homeward Bound.

Yon thoughtful youth left his native clime,  
Stain'd with the withering touch of crime,  
But contrition has worked his soul within,  
And loosen'd the glittering bonds of sin;  
He has mourn'd for his first and last offence,  
In fasting, in tears, in penitence, [frown'd,  
And the friends who once on his wanderings  
Have pardon in store for the Homeward Bound.

That blooming maiden her land forsook,  
Pale as a drooping lily in look;  
She left not her home for dazzling wealth,  
She sought for the smiling stranger—Health:  
Now her cheek is glowing with rose bud dyes  
And sunshine laughs in her hazel eyes,  
Her lower dwells on British ground,  
How will he welcome the Homeward Bound!

Near her two prattling children stand,  
Telling gay tales of their own fair land,  
Of the winter fire, and the fall of snow,  
And the hedge where the scarlet berries grow  
And the banks where the purple violets fling  
Their lavish stores in the lap of Spring;  
O! dear is each early sight and sound  
To the thoughts of the youthful Homeward Bound.

Blest are they all in the vessel's speed,  
And to outward changes they give not heed;  
Bright sunbeams flash on the emerald deep,  
The sea birds skim and the fishes leap;  
Now the dancing clouds begin to lower,  
And break in a sudden and plashing shower;  
But little they reck of the scene around,  
Their minds and their feelings are Homeward Bound.

O! should not the thought before us come,  
That like them we sail to a distant home?  
May not that bright and beautiful shore,  
The loved and lost to our arms restore?  
And though perchance we may feel inclined  
To weep for the friends we leave behind,  
Soon shall their steps in our track be found,  
For their course, like ours, is Homeward Bound.

And should we have strayed like the wanderer youth,  
From the ways of safety, the paths of truth,  
O! in repentance, in faith and prayer,  
Let us flee from the specious shoal and snare;  
In the Book of Life let us humbly trace  
The blessed tidings of saving grace,  
Our hopes on that rock of ages found,  
Nor tremble to think we are Homeward Bound.

#### THOMAS CUNNINGHAM.

We regret to state, that Mr. Thomas Cunningham died on the 24th of October, at his house in Princes Street, Lambeth, in the 58th year of his age. He was a native of Galloway; a skilful mechanic, a good scholar, and a kind and warm hearted man; and for twenty four years chief clerk to the distinguished Rennie, and his sons Sir John and George. But he had other merits, which entitle him to a notice in this paper: he was a poet of no common genius, and a writer of prose fiction, at once pathetic and humorous. Of his skill in song, the following beautiful composition will speak; it has been printed as the work of Burns, and is not unworthy:—

#### THE HILLS O' GALLOWAY.

Among the birks sae blythe an' gay,  
I met my Julia homeward gaun;  
The linnies chauntit on the spray,  
The lamies loupit on the lawn;  
On lika bowm the sword was mawn,  
The braes w' gowans buskit braw,  
An' gloamin's plaid o' gray was thrown  
Out owre the hills o' Galloway.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,  
An' fragrance wing'd along the lea,  
As down we sat the flowers amang,  
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.  
My Julia's arms encircled me,  
An' softly slaid the hours awa',  
'Till dawning coost a glimmerin' e'e  
Upon the hills o' Galloway.

It is a owsen, sheep, an' kye,  
It is a goud, it is a gear,  
This lifted e'e wad hae, quoth I,  
The world's drumlie gloom to cheer;  
But gie to me my Julia dear,  
Ye powers wha rowe this yirthen ba',  
An' O! sae blythe tho' I'll steer  
Amang the hills o' Galloway.

Wan gloamin' dauners up the hill,  
An' our gudeman cas hame the yowes,  
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill  
That owre the mair meand'ring rowes;  
Or tint amang the scroggy knowes,  
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,  
An' sing the streams, the straths and howes,  
The hills an' dales o' Galloway.

An' whan auld Scotia's beathy hills,  
Her rural nymphs an' joyous swains,  
Her flow'ry wilds an' whuppling rills,  
Awake nae mair my canty strains;  
Whare friendship dwells, an' freedom reigns,

Whare heather blooms, and muircocks  
O! dig my grave, and hide my bones [craw,  
Amang the hills o' Galloway.

As he has left many short poems, songs and prose tales, it is likely that his brother Allan will compose a brief account of his life, and publish a selection from his works.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE NAVIGATION OF THE EUPHRATES.

From the Liverpool Times.

During the last week we have had the pleasure of inspecting the two iron steam boats building by Messrs. Laird of this town, at their yard, on the opposite side of the river, for the navigation of the Euphrates. Great progress has already been made with them, and they are expected to be ready in five or six weeks. When finished they will be remarkably firm vessels, and well adapted for the purpose for which they are designed.

Most of our readers are aware that a grant of £20,000 was made during the last session of Parliament for the purpose of surveying and exploring the river Euphrates, with a view to ascertain whether a shorter and more expeditious route to India might not be discovered along its waters than even by the Red Sea. This great river which was probably the first route followed by the nations of Western Asia in their expeditions to India, has, since the fall of the Caliphs, been closed against European commerce, owing to the barbarism and bigotry of the Turks and Arabs who reside along its shores, or occupy its approaches, and to the ignorance as to its course and capabilities prevailing among Europeans. Of late years, however, it has been partially explored by Capt. Chesney and others, and a more civilized government having been established by the Pacha of Egypt, along part of its banks, and in the north of Syria, by which Europeans approach it, the idea of re-opening its waters to commercial enterprise has been suggested, and there is reason to hope, that by the beginning of the month of May next year, the steam boats now building in this port will be floating down its streams to the Persian Gulf. They are to leave Liverpool in December; to proceed in the first place to Scanderoon on the coast of Syria, from thence up the river Orontes, past Antioch, for about a hundred miles; are then to be taken in pieces, conveyed across the north of Syria in waggons, to Bir, on the Euphrates, where they are again to be put together, in time to proceed down the Euphrates in the spring of next year.

The first object of the expedition will be to make a more accurate survey than any that has previously been made of the whole course of the river, from Bir to the Persian Gulf. It is pretty well ascertained that the water is sufficiently deep for the purpose of navigation in the lower part of the river, from Hilla, near the ruins of Babylon, to Bussorah, near the mouth of the Euphrates. Above Hilla, and below Bir, the depth and practicability of the river is less certain. It is known that there are several rapids in it, and a number of embankments, erected across its stream in ancient times, for the purpose of irrigating the neighboring lands; but these, it is believed, are only formidable in the dry season. The object of Capt. Chesney, who accompanies the expedition, is to quit Bir with the steam boats, as soon as the river becomes flooded with the melting of the snow on the mountains of Armenia, that is in the month of May, when (if at any time) the river must be navigable along the whole of its course. In the voyage down accurate surveys and inquiries will be made. The present belief is, that the river is navigable for seven or eight months in the year, but there is some doubt as to the summer months. The length of the voyage from Bir to Bussorah is 1143 miles. If the stream should be found navigable, then the steam boats will begin to ply regularly between Bir and Bussorah. The Egyptian and Turkish governments have both promised to give the expeditions every protection in their power.

The boats building by Messrs. Laird are constructed so as to draw as little water as possible, being flat-bottomed and light. The largest, which is 105 feet in length, and 19 in breadth, draws no more than three feet; the smallest, being 87 feet long, and 16 broad, draws two and a half. They are built in such a manner that they may be taken to pieces, and conveyed in waggons from the Orontes to the Euphrates.

Mr. Charles Grant, the President of the Board of Control, will be in Liverpool in a week or two, to inspect the boats.

#### IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE FROM PALESTINE.

(From the Plymouth Herald.)

The following extract of a letter received by a gentleman of this town, on Wednesday evening, from a near relative,

who has been some time travelling in the East, contains information of considerable importance, and will be read with interest. The letter reached this country via Malta. The particulars described have not, until this period, been known in England:—

JERUSALEM, July 16, 1834.

"I hope you received the letter which I wrote you from Grand Cairo three or four months ago. In that letter I informed you of my intention to return in the month of June, and I should certainly have done what I promised, had not events entirely unexpected, and which nobody could prognosticate, prevented my doing so. When at Cairo I thought it would be foolish to return to Europe without visiting those spots so celebrated in sacred and profane history, and which were at so short a distance from me. Accordingly, in company with a single Arab, crossed the Isthmus of Suez, coasted along the Red Sea, and on a dromedary, arrived at Mount Sinai, in Arabia. From thence I crossed the Desert, and after many dangers arrived at Jerusalem. Ibrahim Pacha who was at Jerusalem, behaved to me with the greatest attention: I dined with him, and was afterwards several times in his company. As I made continual excursions among the Arabs, and they conversed with me without reserve, I discovered they were very discontented with the Pacha's government, particularly with his taking their young men for soldiers. They informed me that a widely extended conspiracy was on the point of breaking forth into rebellion, and that I should do well to quit Palestine. I accordingly made preparations for my departure; but in spite of all my diligence, I was too late. No sooner did the Pacha depart for Jaffa than the revolution commenced. The garrisons of Herak and Solh were cut to pieces, and the Arabs from Samaria and Hebron marched on Jerusalem. The Pacha had left only 600 men in Jerusalem, and the assailants were more than 40,000. As, however, the walls were furnished with a few cannon, and the Arabs were armed with nothing but lances and muskets, we could have held forever, had not the Arabs discovered a subterranean passage. They entered at midnight, and the soldiers after a gallant defence were obliged to retire to the castle. All the Christians fled to the different convents, and thus saved their lives. For five or six days the city was given up to plunder, and never did I witness such a heart-rending spectacle. The Jews, who had no place of safety to which they could retire, suffered very much; their houses were so pillaged that they had not a bed to lie on, many were murdered, their wives and daughters violated, &c.; in fine, barbarities were committed too shocking to relate. From the hope of being well paid, or some other motives, these savages spared the convents. To add to our miseries, an earthquake, one of the strongest ever felt in Palestine, destroyed several houses, and threw down that part of the city wall which passes by the mosque of the temple. In Bethlehem the convent was rendered uninhabitable, and many of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins of their houses. For more than ten days, successive earthquakes continued to shake the city, none however was so strong as the first. The Pacha, on hearing our situation, hastened from Jaffa with 5,000 men. There are only twelve hours' march from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and the Pacha was three days and a half before he could relieve us. More than thirty thousand Arab peasants had occupied the passes of the mountains, and, as the soldiers wound their way through the narrow ravines beneath, the rebels took murderous aim at them from behind the rocks, and sometimes rolled down on their heads enormous masses of stone, thus crushing their enemies and rendering the path impassable to the cavalry and artillery. The activity and courage of Ibrahim Pacha, however, overcame every opposition, and he at length entered Jerusalem in triumph. You cannot imagine how anxious I am to return, but as the Pacha is still waging a bloody war with the Arabs, it is impossible to quit the city. If God permits me to return to Europe in safety, I shall not regret of my voyage. The very first opportunity I shall mount my dromedary, and, swift as the wind, scud across the desert to Cairo and Alexandria, and from thence to Europe. If I quit Jerusalem at present there is not the least doubt of my being killed by the Arabs."

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Extract of a Letter from an Officer on board H. M. S. Thunderer:—

"On the 20th of September last, the fleet was at anchor off the island of Mytilene, in the Archipelago. The Caladonia, Admiral Sir J. Rowley, fitted with fixed conductors, upon Mr. Harris's plan, was struck by lightning—the foremast about ten feet below the top, was shivered and fell aft, with the higher mast, upon the deck; destroyed the boats on the boom, and injured the gang way; part of the lower rigging was burnt; the fid of the fore topmast was partly scuttled with the head of the boats which secured the top; the hoops of the mast were all rent asunder, and part of the conductor fell on the deck. One seaman was killed, named Wilson, and one marine named Andrews, was struck blind; the sentinel on one of the gangways was knocked down. It was raining excessively at the time. In consequence of this result, the fixed conductors were removed from the two other masts, and the copper strips were sent to Malta in the Carron steamer. The Thunderer, which also had two chain conductors up on the foremast and mainmast head, had the foreyard struck and splintered. The lightning was seen to an alarming extent playing about the masts in the stand at the cabin door, and several men in their hammocks near the chain cables were scorched and otherwise injured. One side of the quarter deck was burnt by the lightning, and the mark continued nearly the whole length of it. A precaution was taken by wetting the decks to prevent further damage, and the lightning was playing about the chain cables, and the whole fleet appeared

MELANCHOLY TERMINATION OF A PRIZE FIGHT.—Between Forty and Fifty Lives Lost.—On Monday afternoon, between the hours of one and two o'clock, one of the most shocking accidents occurred on the river, at Liverpool, as far as loss of life is concerned, that we have ever had occasion, as Journalists, to

record; no less than between forty and fifty persons are supposed to have been drowned, while proceeding, in a couple of small boats, from the neighborhood of Rock Ferry to Liverpool. The fatal catastrophe may be said to have originated in the disgusting and brutal practice of prize fighting. It appears that one of these fighting matches, for £5

aside, between two men, of the names of John Fea and John Robinson, had been for some time pending; and it was agreed and determined that the field of battle should be on the Cheshire shore where they met and fought. The battle having ended, it appears that the crowd who had witnessed it, consisting of men and lads of all ages, and generally of bad characters, were anxious to return to Liverpool. For this purpose, they repaired to the rock pier, where a number of small boats and gigs were plying for hire. As may be supposed, the followers of pugilists are not generally overburdened with cash; and this being the case in the present instance, they requested two boatmen to bring them to Liverpool for less than the customary fare. The boatmen to whom they first applied refused to do so; but two other watermen, named Bennott and Appleton, the owners of two small boats called the Providence and the Harriet, one of which plies from the King's Dock, and the other from St. George's, seeing that the number of passengers was large enough amply to reimburse them for taking less than the usual fare, accepted the terms proposed, and the Providence and the Harriet were speedily laden. Twenty seven persons were we understand crowded into one of these small craft, and twenty five in the other. They pushed off from the ferry pier in this state, the boats being nearly level with the water's edge, a strong ebb tide running at the time. They proceeded as steadily as it was possible to do under the circumstances, until they came into the swell of the river, between the Brunswick and King's Dock, nearly opposite the Poteries. Here a squall blowing N. W. sprung up, and the spray washing over the sides of the boats; they began to fill with water. The swell pumps were resorted to unavailingly, and at length the poor fellows used their hats as well as they could, considering the crowded state of the boats, to lift out the water. While thus occupied, a sudden sea broke over them, and dreadful to relate, at the same instant both boats swamped, and the whole of the unfortunate passengers were precipitated into the deep. Here a scene of indescribable horror took place, each man and boy attempting to save himself by clinging to his fellow sufferer, until the greater portion sunk to rise no more. Eight or nine poor wretches who could swim, and were fortunate enough to extricate themselves from the dying grasp of their hapless companions, swam towards the shore, some of whom were picked up by steamers and small boats, while others sunk from complete exhaustion. We have learned that several dead bodies were picked up on Monday night, and landed at Wapping, and that they are now lying at the Salt Box public house to await the coroner's inquest.

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enveloped in flames. The conductors in ships which had them were hoisted by signal from the Admiral. It is worthy of remark that the Russian fleet under influence of the same storm, without any conductors were not struck, neither was any house in the town, nor the merchant vessels unprovided with conductors injured.

## BEAUTIFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE NARRATIVE.

A manuscript work, entitled the "Wonders of Nature," is preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, by an Arabian writer, Mahommed Kuzwini, who flourished in the seventh century of the Hegira, or at the close of the thirteenth century of our era. Besides several curious remarks on aerolites, earthquakes, and the successive changes of position which the land and sea have undergone, we meet with the following beautiful passage, which is given as the narrative of Khidhz, an allegorical personage:—"I passed one day by a very ancient and wonderfully populous city, and asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded? 'It is indeed a mighty city,' replied he; 'we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves. Five centuries afterwards, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed? 'In sooth, a strange question!' replied he; 'the ground here has never been different from what you now behold it.' 'Was there not of old,' said I, 'a splendid city here?' 'Never,' answered he, 'so far as we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of any such.' On my return there, 500 years afterwards, I found the sea in the same place, and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered by the waters? 'Is this a question,' said they, 'for a man like you?—this spot has always been what it is now.' I again returned, 500 years afterwards, and the sea had disappeared; I inquired of a man, who stood alone upon the spot, how long ago this change had taken place, and he gave me the same answer as I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous and more rich in buildings than the city I had seen the first time, and when I would fain have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me, 'Its rise is lost in remote antiquity; we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were, on this subject, as ignorant as ourselves.'"

## Human Life estimated by Pulsation.

An ingenious author asserts that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the pulsations he has strength enough to perform. Thus, allowing 70 years for the common age of man, and 60 pulses a minute for the common measure of pulses in a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life will amount to 2,207,520,000; but, if by intemperance he force his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give 75 pulses a minute, the same number of pulses would be completed in 56 years; consequently the life would be reduced 14 years.—Oracle of Health.

The Little European.—The New Zealanders allege that the Flep, which, it seems, is not an indigenous inhabitant of their island, but a sort of free-emigrant intruder, was introduced by the English, and they consequently designate it e pa koha nohi nohi—the little European.

Parallel of the Sexes.—Man is strong.—Woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident.—Woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action.—Woman in suffering. Man shines abroad.—Woman at home. Man talks to convince.—Woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart.—Woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery.—Woman relieves it.—Man has science.—Woman taste. Man has judgement.—Woman sensibility.—Man is a being of justice.—Woman of mercy.—My Daughters' Book.

Lord Brougham an Irishman.—"Oh," said Mrs. Higgins to Mr. Simpkins, as they sat at tea together in the Statue-street, Bloomsbury-square,—none of your nasty free-trade stuff, but a cup of the Company's old true bohea—"Oh," said she, "I do believe, Mr. Simpkins, that Lord Brougham is not a Scott but a Pat?" "A Pat, Mrs. Higgins? Oh, how can that be?" said Mr. Simpkins. "How? Oh, Sir, I'll show you how. Why, when his Lordship was Mr. Brougham he used to go on foot to the Courts and to the House; now he goes in his coach: still he is Brougham and Vaux (Vaux); whereas, were he not an Irishman, he would be Brougham and Rides, Mr. Simpkins!"