therefore obliged to shift sail and tack about with the caprices of their fortune, and attach themselves to occupations which best suited their circumstances and inclinations. Some betook themselves to the high mountains, and became the terror of foes and friends; others less daring, confined their operations to the more innocent amusement of increasing their flocks, by stealing the kids of their neighbours; while some,

"More modest, took a humbler range
Of life, and in an honester vocation,
Pursued o'er the high seas their watery journeys,
And merely practised as the sea attorneys."

In short, they were each and all rare boys, and by a long series of glorious achievements, proved themselves worthy to be the descendants of Mercury, who being born

"————at the faint peep of day,
He began playing on the lyre at noon,
And the same evening did he steal away
Apollo's herds."

When the Greek revolution broke out, these wild Pulicars flew to the rescue of their country; and from restless Klefts and roaming Corsairs, they rose to the dignity of warriors and heroes. Noter Batraris, Chitzo, Tzarclus, the brothers of Grivus, the old and young Colocotrini, Nikitus the Turk eater, Tzamis Karatasso, Protroley, Mauromichalis, George Kanari, the brave Krieza, and many others, who, though present, were lost in the heaving crowd, were the living companions of Marco Botzaris, of Capt. Hastings, of Karaiskahi, of Lord Byron, of Pope Fleshas, and the long line of storied names. While I was engaged in examining the persons and recalling the history of the heroes who stood round me, and while I was moralizing on the strange accidents which had gathered them into such a strange place, the dense mass of the crowd gave way, and the royal train entered the hall. King Otho bowed to the right and left, while his lovely consort tossed a few smiles upon the long line of gay courtiers and lofty warriors, and then glided to her place like a fair city on the glad waters of a joyous stream.

FREEDOM OF INQUIRY.—Let not the freedom of inquiry be shackled. If it multiplies contentions amongst the wise and virtuous, it exercises the charity of those who contend. If it shakes, for a time, the belief that is rested only upon prejudice, it finally settles it on the broader and more solid basis of conviction.

[From "Solitude and Other Poems."]

AN ELEGY.

TEARS and smiles together blending,
Oft possess a magic power,
When the briny drops descending,
Glitter like some sunny shower;
But the helpless child of sorrow
Bruis'd and smitten as he lies,
From kind tears no bliss can borrow,
Tears are strangers to his eyes.

Yes, the sons of grief have spoken,
As the desert winds they sigh—
"Lo! the wretch whose heart is broken,
Finds the source of tears is dry!"
Yet if copious streams distilling,
Might but warm that breast of thine,
Friendship's holiest fount revealing,
None should flow more free than mine.

Though the mutual ties that bound us,
Long have ceas'd to urge their sway;
Yet had friendship thrown around us,
Bonds I cannot cast away.
In my bosom memory lingers,
Past enjoyments to recall;
Like the sunbeam's golden fingers,
Bright in some deserted hall.

Emulous as summer breezes,
Clust'ring round the Sabbath bell;
Prompt as the first sound arises,
Far to bear the holy knell;
Gentle spirits stood around him,
—Gentle still in life was he—
Till each earthly tie that bound him,
Burst, and left his spirit free.

Yet these bonds full long detain'd him,
Struggling in a house of pain;
Parents, children, wife, restrain'd him,
—Links in nature's silken chain:—
Thus the willow, old or blighted,
Bends its branches to the earth;
These, to earth again united,
Give the stock a second birth.

But his tent of clay forsaken,
Lost in death's unlovely gloom;
Will my friend no more awaken
From the slumber of the tomb?—
Hold the winds, and bind the ocean—
Bid old time forget his sway—
Yet shall faith with firm devotion,
Point the Resurrection day!

SCHOLARS are frequently to be met with, who are ignorant of nothing—saving their own ignorance.