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followed him, he also healed their diseases and supplied their wants. Like him, his disciples should seize with joy the opportunity of affording a relief to the necessitous, compared with which all the charitable contributions of England are absolutely insignificant. Myriads of the working classes, whose interests are especially at stake, have implored the legislature, not to vote them any public money, not to give them any unfair advantage over others, not to invade private property, but to break off the fetters which the law has laid upon their industry; to restore them their natural liberty to purchase bread in return for the produce of their labor; to permit them to maintain their families by honest and laborious exertion.

"For no fault of theirs, they are suffering the pain of hunger, with all the physical and moral evils which accompany it. God has provided for them corn, not in their own crowded country, but in others less densely peopled. They have the ability to buy it by their labor, if the law forbids not; and the restoration of their natural right will invigorate every branch of British industry. Generously, therefore, as becomes the disciples of Christ, let every Christian reader overcome all party spirit, silence each ignorant prejudice, and, trampling on the suggestions of a short-sighted self-interest, labor with every friend of his country to effect that extension of our trade which, while it improves the condition of the working classes, will open the prospect of unbounded prosperity to the whole nation."

THE IVY BRIDGE.

BY REV. T. B. BALCH.

I stood at Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs.—BYRON.

BUT a few days since, the writer was summing up several incidents associated with bridges. On one of them which spanned the Almond River, James the Fifth, of Scotland, had his famous rencontre with some peasants, which is mentioned in the notes appended to the Lady of the Lake. On another, which crossed the Seine Pascal, the mathematician resolved to pass the balance of his life among the dove-cotes and chestnut woods of Port Royal Monastery. The memory of Chatterton is intimately connected with the new bridge which was erected at Bristol about 1768. Some of these structures have been intended as proud memorials of war—such as the one reared by Napoleon, to remind the Parisians of the Battle of Jena; or another over the Thames, which is known as the Waterloo Bridge. The one of which it is my purpose to write, is connected neither with literature nor war, but in somesm all measure with philanthropy, as the sequel of my ruminations will shew.

Besides several distinguished rivers, Virginia has a number of inferior streams which start in her mountains, but descend among her serpentine vallies. Her inhabitants, however, till recently have been much opposed to internal improvement, and the traveller to this day has to plunge into fords, even when the discolored water conceals huge rocks below the surface. A bridge in our state is a luxury, and that of which we write was

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located amidst complex scenery, made up of hill, dale, and mountain. Its contour was antique and rural. Moss had collected on its piers, whilst the fern which was creeping over it was interspersed with ivy rings. The stream over which it passed, was fringed with willows, and the look of the thereabouts reminded me of the description which Burns has given of the Auld Brigg at Ayr. Just at the end of the Auld Brigg, however, stood the Inn, whilst a like establishment was off from ours about three hundred yards. Ours wore an air of neatness, and surveyed through the tints of distance, it looked not like an eastern but a western caravansera, which had been set down in the centre of a blue saloon, to which guests might come, or from which they might go, at pleasure. But when distance was annihilated, it answered to the description of Sir Walter Scott:

> A simple Inn, but there was seen,
> The little garden hedged with green,
> The cheerful hearth—and lattice clean.

It is necessary that the writer should clear his way through a kind of Scotch mist which time has created, and get back to a period when life was nothing more than a sinecure possession. It was pleasant then to pass whole moons, when, where, and how we pleased. Acting out this personal independence, the writer had threaded his way to the Inn which stood so near to this romantic bridge, but my romance has long since perished in a deluge of cares. Some of its exuviæ we have been trying to embalm among the columns of the Christian World, but we fear the art has been lost, and that the rich and fragrant materials suited to the purpose may be absent. Be this as it may, one thing is certain, that we used formerly to stroll about the world and to fall carelessly into sundry secluded haunts, and this Inn has as high a niche in my memory as that of Aberfoyle had in the memory of Sir Walter Scott. We had a special liking for the few paper trees which stood round about, and some madeira plants which curled over poles, and which sustained the light burden of their flowers. The garden was not without a summer house, and its walks were strewed with pebbles from the margin of the adjacent stream. The sign had several devices, such as a sheaf of wheat, a horse drinking at a brook, and particularly a pair of cross keys on its front, whilst on the interior side the keys were straightened. There was some advantage in the circumstance of the public road passing by this Inn, for we often heard in that way from the great world, whilst it gave opportunity of studying the peculiarities of wayfaring men. It gives me pleasure, however, to say that no rail car had ever hissed among the mountains where my lot had been so felicitously cast.

Summer had now reached a kind of marine fulness, and was turning over in all its celestial heights, and terrestrial depths. We cannot depict its swan-like clouds—its rejoicing eagles—its hum—its twitterings—its harvest songs—or how it used up the mountains as a beach, against which to drive the waves of its verdure, that seemed to arrive with a multitude of sparkling beams, and then, as Tennison remarks,

> You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

And altogether we would not have exchanged our rustic inn for the Alhambra, the Escurial, or the palace of the Incas. Full of gratitude, the writer

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was reading Thompson's celebrated hymn, among the succulent plants of the summer-house, when a few swift and loud tramps on the Ivy Bridge, drew off my attention from the book. On reaching the front of the inn, a gentleman was dismounting, and his servant stood ready to lead off his horse to a noontide repast. It would not have required a Solomon to have told the stranger was a man of wealth. The trappings of his horses—the huge portmanteau taken off by the servant, and his gilt spurs, interested my imagination. There was too a dignity in his person, united with a shade of sorrow in his countenance, which took captive my feelings.—Instead of drawing a chair, he kept walking to and fro over the porch, which served as a frontispiece to the inn.

"You seem to have set out on an extensive travel," said I, with a view to begin conversation.

"It appears to me," he rejoined, "that my travels will never end. In the last two years it has been my fate to have gone over a space equal to ninety degrees of the earth, and it is my purpose to round off the residue of the circle."

Thinks I to myself, Who can he be? Is it Ledyard? Anacharsis—or Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew? My curiosity was afloat among the rills of conjecture.

"But can't you bring your wanderings," said I, "to a close?"

"Not so speedily," he replied, "as could be wished."

"And are you in search," continued I, "of the Philosopher's Stone?"

"Young man," he replied, "I am in search of a lost son!"

At this annunciation there was an ebb in the tide of my feelings, which left in my heart some murmurs of sympathy, for the opulent, but disconsolate stranger.

"You must be persevering indeed," said I, "to have kept up the pursuit so long."

"But it's the pursuit of a Father," he rejoined, "urged on by a Mother."

"It occurred to me immediately," answered I, "that the mother had some agency in the affair—she who rocked the little urchin in his cradle—pulled him from the precipice of danger—and inscribed for him his marble ring. And what may be the description of your boy?"

This question led him into a minute account of his son's appearance.

"And did you hear," said I, "that he was on this western route?"

"I did; but he has more than once broken his trail, and served me as Daniel Boone served the Indians."

"A boy," replied I, "much like the one you described, passed this morning, and is in advance of you but a few hours."

Just as this annunciation was made, Oscar, his servant, had led out the horses.

"Oscar," said the gentleman, "don't mount that heavy portmanteau;" and immediately the horses were under whip and spur.

"Oh, but his mother will be glad," remarked the stranger, as he rode off; and the white teeth of the servant were in perfect contrast with the hue of his countenance. It was yet doubtful whether the mystery would be solved, and the boy recovered, but the evening soon put all doubts to flight. The party arrived safe and sound at the inn, and the little stray gentleman looked somewhat guilty, and even crest-fallen. His dress had become quite rusty; but his mother had taken the precaution to send him some new apparel, which fitted him remarkably well, after allowing for

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the growth of twenty-four months. His father also bought for him a pony flecked with white spots, which was alternately feeding and drinking in the pasture grounds of the inn. The writer took leave of the triple and happy group, just as they were passing the Ivy Bridge. We thought a moment of the several rides we had taken on the pony; but the gentleman pulled off his hat :

"It will give me pleasure," said he, "to see you at Black Hall, on Chesapeake Bay ;" and after they had turned a sylvan angle not far from the Bridge, they were lost to my vision. I have never seen one of the party since ; but for several days my imagination was figuring out the joy which broke from the countenance of his mother when the boy got home.

Our inn immediately resumed its quietnesss after this wave of sympathy had passed off. It was pleasant, however, to draw my chair on the porch, or recline in the summer house ; and the writer felt about as happy as Boccacio in his Italian garden, or Coleridge, in his lime-tree bower. There is one advantage growing out of such seclusion, and that is, it makes a person read over what he has before read. Rasselas had fallen in my way; and I commenced its persual for the twenty-fifth time. This work may be considered as a kind of toy, with which its gigantic author played for a week amidst the sparkling of oriential scenery, mixed with the transparent lessons of philosophy. But after all, the pen of Johnson was made by himself, whilst that of Goldy was nibbed by the graceful hand and the beaming eye of nature.

But criticism is not the design of this paper—and the writer was sauntering about on the premises, amusing himself with the stains of an evening sky, but a day or two after the incident mentioned above. It was entertaining to lean over the Ivy Bridge—to notice some patient angler—to count stars dancing in the river—or make trial of the many plump cushions into which the moss had made itself up all over the field of vision. Just at that moment my musings were interrupted by a carriage, drawn by a pair of tall, cream-colored horses, that came rumbling from an adjacent woods. It left its tracks across the mossy carpets of our Bridge. The carriage was open, and though it had gone by like a shot or an arrow, my attention had been arrested by a lady, who wore gold spectacles, and whose flaxen hair was parted before, like Milton's, with a mild, sweet expression of countenance, and seemingly about forty years of age. The incident hurried me back to the inn ; upon reaching which, the persons who came in the carriage had alighted. The writer had an unaccountable shyness in beginning a talk with strangers ; but the spectacle lady appeared so pensive and yet so amiable, that she won my immediate confidence.

"It is presumed," said she, "that you are the gentleman who was musing on the bridge as we dashed by so unceremoniously?"

"The same, no doubt," I replied.

"And you seemed," she continued, "in a brown study ; and no wonder, in the midst of scenery so rich and beautiful. Those willows remind me of the copswood that weeps by Loch Achray."

"You have made the tour, then," I replied, "of the Scottish lakes?"

"Never had that pleasure," she rejoined ; "but the form of my religion was derived from Scotland, and that circumstance makes me love its scenery."

This last remark confirmed my belief in the serious and sedate piety of my new acquaintance. In fact, she was not altogether unknown to me as

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a kind of Lady Glenorchy, in that part of Virginia in which she lived; but her piety was now passing through a severe crucible. She was accompanied by an only daughter, young and engaging, but whose charms were fast withering under the touch of disease. The tenderness of the mother affected my sympathies very deeply, and it served as an explanation of the rapidity with which they had crossed the bridge, as the evening dew was falling at the time upon a carriage which might have been folded up, but which was kept open from the inspiring influence of natural objects. The figure of her daughter was handsome, but remarkably small. She called to mind what Coleridge has said of that diminutive race, denominated the Pixies, who live on the river Otter, in Devon, the native shire of that poet. But a guinea is small in comparison with a dollar, or a wren by the side of an eagle, or a lama in the presence of a lioness. The mother of this damsel seemed to estimate her by the standard of her virtues, and to think of her as some amulet or miniature hung round her neck, and vibrating about her heart.

"You are going," said I, "to the Mineral Springs of Virginia?"

"We wish to reach the White Sulphur," replied the mother, "as soon as convenient, for the wand of Hope seems to point in that direction."

The daughter not being present, this good lady seemed anxious to unbosom herself to a minister, whose form of religion coincided with the one she had embraced.

"It delights me," she remarked, "to have met with you in this sweet retirement. Can't you come to Glen Ochre after we return?"

"Glen Ochre," said I; "that's the name of your villa."

"And a pleasant villa it is," she replied. "It would be so agreeable to show you the grounds which my daughter has embellished—her greenhouse—the vines she has trained, and the rural bowers and wooded pavilions she has built. Shenstone hadn't a finer tact, and we shall be glad to see you; but why say we, for then my daughter may be in Paradise."

"Paradise," said I, "is an enchanting place."

"It must be indeed," responded the mother; "but the means ought to be used, even though our hopes may be feeble. My mind is prepared for the worst, and resignation may pull roses even from among the most pungent thorns of life."

Our conversation turned on various points, and my admiration of this lady was increased by every remark she made. Her taste was refined—her information extensive—and, above all, her piety was sincere and unostentatious. With regret we saw the company leave the inn next morning; but what was my delight on their return, to see the Pixie lady leap from the carriage like a rich pebble skipping on the water.

"We shall stop a day," said her mother, "to enjoy this scenery with which you must have become familiar."

"It will give me pleasure," said I, "to be your cicerone. I will take you to the best points of observation."

This pleasing office was performed, and in the evening we weighed the young lady, and she amounted to sixty-one and a half pounds. After their departure, our establishment fell back to its wonted silence—

> Save when the wagoner drove his tinkling team
> O'er peaceful freedom's undivided dale.

A day or two after the above important occurrences, the writer was

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rummaging in an upper room of the Inn, when, to his surprise, he met with a book called Lalla Rookh. Our landlord was more practical than sentimental, and we concluded it must have been left through mistake by some sojourner who had set off in a hurry. Lalla Rookh is a gorgeous poem. There is a bush in England belonging to a gentleman of the Royal Navy, that bears three thousand and seven hundred roses, and into this work Tom Moore has crowded an immense aggregate of ornaments. In composing it, the author retired to Mayfield, on the River Dove, in the Shire of Stafford, and we always love a book written in a cottage better than one written in London or Pekin. But just as we had got fairly into Persian romance, we heard a terrible sounding on the bridge, and on looking up, a gentleman directly opposite the Inn was thrown from his horse, by the rupture of his saddle girth. He was hatless, for in his speed his knowledge box, as the English call a hat or a cap, had fallen off on the Ivy Bridge. The contusion caused by the fall was very slight; and after one or more limps, he began a swaggering walk to the Inn.

"Thankless child," said he, "a little more and you would have killed your father."

"Has any thing vexatious taken place?" said I, to the old gentleman.

"Wait," answered he, "wait a moment till my breathing gets steady, and you shall hear all."

I was all patience, but in the mean time, the landlord had told me aside, that it was Col. Gilpin, of Cobham Park, who lived some miles from the Bridge.

"Did you see," said the Col. "a caravan pass this morning?"

"Several hours since," I replied, "a company went by on horseback."

"Ah, then it's too late," said the Col. in despair. "Ungrateful daughter! thus to have eloped from a fond mother, and indulgent father."

My sympathies were a good deal ruffled by the distress of the aged man.

"But landlord," said he, "could you lend me a saddle girth?"

"And what good," answered I, "can a saddle girth do after the knot is tied, and the chain rivetted at Gretna Green?"

"And are you an apologist for filial disobedience?" said the Colonel, in rather a loud tone.

"Not at all," I replied, "but when filial disobedience can't be cured, it must be endured, and why should you wish to wound the feelings even of an erring child?"

"I don't want to wound," rejoined he, "but only to shew her my last will and testament."

"And what," said I, "could harrow up her feelings so effectually, as placing before her so lively an evidence of your own mortality? And besides your objections may be groundless?"

The Colonel seemed touched somewhat by my last remark, and the chord of his own mortality had begun to vibrate. But pride is a great drawback on the kindly feelings of our nature, and after a few sighs, the old gentleman began to rally.

"He'll starve," said he, "Ned Minor will starve. He's nothing but a half cracked poet. Poor girl, she's been deceived by the rhodomontade of azure streams, and warbling birds, and tinkling bells; and if a conch shell was sounded at Cobham Park, he told her that the noise came from the blue shore of heaven."

"And what else?" I inquired.

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"He told her about one Plutarch, who loved Laury, and she a married woman!"

"You mean Petrarch," said I.

"Perhaps so," he replied, "but it makes no difference and; he kept mewing about one Byron, and said if he had got the star of Annesly Hall, that she would have led him over the green lawns of domestic bliss: but that I didn't understand. It was too high-flowing for my comprehension. And then he'd break off a flower and whisper to her that the Parisians talked to one another by such things; and whoever heard of flowers talking? It's ridiculous."

"The Persians," said I; "he couldn't have meant the people of Paris."

"Agreed," said the Col. "she's got her domestic bliss, but she's lost Cobham Park. Ned's a good man I admit, but he don't understand loss and gain, or tare and trett. He'd sell white wheat for red, or red for white; and he can't tell the difference between old and new corn."

"Hear me," said I to Col. Gilpin, with an earnestness which no doubt was shewed in my countenance. "When nature makes a genuine minstrel, she will provide for him, if the minstrel should not war against nature; but when a man is only half cracked, he will be turned into a practical man; and Ned Minor will strike as good a furrow as yourself at no distant day."

"Say you so," answered the Col. "and do facts bear you out? for it's a great thing to be a matter-of-fact man."

But just at this moment who should appear but Mrs. Gilpin. She had heard of the accident.

"Poor homeless child," said this kind hearted lady, who was weeping as if her heart would break.

"It's right tough to stand that," said the Col.

"Don't stand it," I answered. "Give way before it. See yonder cloud of dust. The party are returning. This will be the last act of disobedience."

"It's her first," said the Col. and by this time the horses came prancing up to the Inn. The bride looked very beautiful. Her countenance was flushed, but the moment she cast her large brilliant orbs on her father, she disengaged her Chinese foot from a red morocco stirrup, and fell on the neck of the Colonel. This was one of the sweetest moments of my life. The old gentleman and the writer led off the company over the Ivy Bridge, on our way to Cobham Park. The Col. as we passed along was in a special good humor.

"It's to be hoped," said he, "that Ned Minor having taken a wife, will give up his vagaries, and instead of groves, that he'll talk about firewood, and about venison in place of gazelles, and cantelopes instead of antelopes."

"He'll turn out, Col. just as I said, mind if he doesn't," and by this time we had reached our destination. We rode up through fine ranges of the lombardy poplar, till we reached a magnificent seat. We noticed a white domicil in the yard, which was a kind of *imperium in imperio*, and where the young people were established; for the Col. wished to have Ned Minor under his eye; and the writer returned to the Inn, after indulging in a few innocent festivities.

The writer never could bear the sight of a Law Book, and if there be any one thing that endears to him his native town, it is the fact of its never having had a Court House. But strange things sometimes come to

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pass. A book called Henning's Justice, and a part of Blackstone's Commentaries, were lying about the Inn. We opened the last upon the part where he treats of trial by ordeal, and it was not long before we became absorbed in the ingenious dissertation. The writer too, had become so cool as to bring on an attack of hypochondria, and the Inn was so lonesome, that we longed for some new arrival. My solitude, however, was relieved by a carriage driving up at night, from which three gentlemen alighted, who asked for a room with a fire. It struck me immediately that there was something suspicious about these strangers. Who can they be, thought I. My suspicions ended at last in a convicticn that they were coiners of gold and silver, or counterfeiters of paper money. We began to turn over Henning, to see whether he marked out any process by which they could be arrested. It was our wish to proceed with immense caution, as we once knew a gentleman carried before a justice of the peace, because one of the works of Wirt was found on his person; and Southey and Wordsworth were once apprehended at a country Inn; and Beaumont and Fletcher were seized as regicides, because they were overheard killing a king in one of their plays. Charity, then whispered, that our guests had come to finish a tragedy or comedy; and when they were called down to our evening repast, they seemed to be admirers of Bulwer's Novels, and one of them was a Latinist, for in speaking of literature, he said

"Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

But still my mind was kept on the hooks of suspense. It was clearly worth while to keep a look in, if not a look out; and it appeared as if the end justified the means. Between my room and theirs, nothing intervened but a slight partition, and in that was a crack somewhat difficult to be detected. All about the Inn fell off into profound slumber except myself; but like King Ahasuerus sleep forsook me entirely, and at midnight there was a stir in the adjoining room. I crept up to the interstice, and as Coleridge says in his Ancient Mariner,

"So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be,"

but He was there, and saw a man moulding leaden balls. We knew then that an affair of honor was on hand.

"Terrell," said he, calling over to one of the beds, "you must be quick on the trigger, and be *shore* as the Dutch say, that you aim at a vital part."

My indignation rose apace at the hardihood of the villain, and my first impulse was to burst open the door of the room, and rebuke such merciless homicides. But a small amount of reflection convinced me of the impolicy of such a course, and my sleep was disturbed for the balance of the night. Next morning another carriage crossed the Bridge, and passed the Inn whilst our hopeful three followed at a respectful distance, and at a slow funereal gait. It was evident that no time was to be lost, and the writer mounted a fleet horse and went in pursuit. At length we came where the carriage wheels had left their tracks as they had turned into a sylvan recess, which declined into a short level plain.

"Who comes there?" said the ball moulder, as we rode in among the group.

"A minister of heaven," said I, "who forbids you to enact this sanguinary deed. You wicked homicides. Seconds and all."

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"How are *we* homicides?" said the seconds, simultaneously.

"Did you ever," said I, "read the Ancient Mariner? Did'nt the crew approve of the killing of the Albatross? Would that I could fasten a dead Albatross round your necks."

"Perhaps," said one of the seconds, "you would like yourself to take a shot."

"With whom?" said I. "'Twould be a fine thing indeed for me to stoop to your level."

The hands of the principals were now shaking like aspen leaves, and it would have been easy enough to have joined them, but the seconds threw up a quarter of a dollar for the best position, and the principals stood from each other about ten paces.

"Seeing then, gentlemen," said I, "that nothing else will avail, permit me, like Rhoderic Dhu, to help the cause of humanity by a whistle." I whistled and a posse comitatus which I had stationed round about, rushed from the woods, and immediately these brave men took to their heels, and even the surgeons and doctors *heeled* it faster than the rest. They never stopped till they had cleared the Ivy Bridge.

The autumn had now fully set in, and the writer began to think of leaving his retirement, and seeking the marts of men. The fields were getting brownish, and the mountains tolerably purple. The placid river began to be curled by rude winds, and the herbage about the Bridge was fading. The writer accordingly took the hint which nature was giving, and after paying his respects to Col. Gilpin he decamped, but not without calling to mind the lines of Keats, who was killed by the relentless critics:

> "Souls of poets, dead and gone,
> What elysium have ye known?
> Happy field or mossy cavern,
> Choicer than the Straight Key Tavern."

Ringwood Cottage, Va.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

BY REV. T. B. BALCH.

FREE Kirk of Scotia, lengthen out thy cords,
  And spread thy flowing tents from hill to hill,
Oppress'd indeed; but thou art still the Lord's,
  And onward, onward is thy Master's will.

Old gates are shut, where once thy holy men
  To list'ning throngs redemption's story told;
But now the fir-tree copse and shrubless glen,
  To peasant crowds their sylvan doors unfold.

Thy people stand all rang'd in musing flocks,
  Just where their fathers stood in ancient days;
By straths, and burns, or capes of beauteous lochs,
  Whilst from the greensward rose the psalm of praise.

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