

## Moore's Emigrant.

### THE EMIGRANT'S REVERIE.

COME, heap up the logs on the hearth-stone, and shut out the wintry blast ;  
To-night, in our snug little shanty, I'll tell you some tales of the past.  
And while the wind howls on the prairies, and drives the white snow to the door,  
I'll visit in fancy the Old Land, and stand on her Emerald shore.  
'Twill lift up a load from my heart ; and calm all my longings awhile,  
To live o'er the scenes of the past, and speak of that beautiful isle.  
'Twill cheer me to fill your young bosoms with love for the suffering land—  
To make you feel proud of old Erin, and ever her focmen withstand.  
The Old Land!—The Old Land! I love her though nought of her form can be seen—  
Though thousands of miles of the prairies and billowy seas intervene—  
Though want and affliction surround her, and tyranny tramples her down,  
And leaves her oppressed and dejected—deprived of her sceptre and crown.  
Not thine is the fault, dearest Mother! thy children are leaving thy breast,  
To seek o'er the billowy ocean a home in this land of the West.  
Poor Queen! there are hearts that still love thee, and hands that would strike for thy fame,  
Though traitors still fawn to the tyrants, and sycophants blush at thy name.  
Sweet love of our Faith and our Country!—forever unfading they last,  
Like ivy-leaves twining together round desolate wrecks of the past—  
Round abbeyes whose gables have fallen—round castles whose turrets are gone—  
Round towers that stand up majestic, in valleys deserted alone—  
Round ruins of churches whose steeples oft echoed the voice of the bell,  
But tottered and crumbled in tempests, and rang their own funera knell,  
And mingled their dust with the valleys,—an emblem of patriots brave,  
Who fall on the breast of their country, and find in its bosom a gravel  
God's blessing be ever upon thee, my beautiful isle far away!  
May tempest ne'er shadow thy beauty, may time never bring thee decay!  
But ever be noble, though fallen, and ever be lovely, though lone—  
If, Mothers of Sorrows, yet smiling midst tears for her sons who are gone!  
Oh, tyrants can never destroy thee! Oh, sorrows can never deface  
The hope that has lived through the ages and gladdened the suffering race ;  
Nor exile and happiness banish remembrance of days that have fled.  
No, no: by the past and its sorrows! Ah! no, by the graves of the dead!

## THE ACOLYTE OF THE NEWGATE.

### A LEGEND OF THE CHARTER HOUSE.

#### CHAPTER II.

#### A CELL IN NEWGATE.

"I COULD not get to the gate to let thee in till this morning, little Francis," said the jailer. "There have been some of the King's council here to handle Father Forest; little have they gotten thereby in the way of making the father recant."

"And mine own good Father Green, how goes it with him, Jackson?" inquired the child.

"Bad enough, Francis, bad enough!" answered the jailer. "But come this way quickly, my boy; for Master Hardman, my head in office, comes this way; and he questioned me curiously the other day as to wherefore I let you into the prison. *Sanctissima Virgo, ora pro me.* I fear, Francis, this head man suspects how dearly I love the poor persecuted fathers, and our good Queen Katherine. Alas! and alas! these are awful times in which we live."

They were indeed, as the poor jailer said, most woful times, when faith and honesty and honor forsook the land; when brother betrayed brother, and the husband could not trust his wife; when parasite peers and cowardly Commons alike fawned upon and cringed to the most ruthless tyrant that ever disgraced the English throne.

The poor little forlorn boy knew this, and he sighed dolefully, while the tears trickled down his pale cheeks, as in silence he followed Jackson to the dungeon in which the poor monks of the Charter House were confined.

In these days, when an over-strained sentiment, and unworthy sympathy with guilt, mitigates the wholesome rigors of the law, not the vilest offenders, not even a condemned murderer, would be lodged in such a cell as that in which the poor Cistercian, Father Green, lay dying.

A low-roofed stone dungeon, to which only a scanty ray of light was admitted through the bars in the upper section of the iron door.

This feeble glimmer, even, came from a passage, on either side of which were ranged the dungeons; that passage being lighted only by gratings let in the roof of the inner court of the prison, beneath which lay the cells. The outer passage was always wet, rain and snow drifting through the gratings.

On that raw winter morning it was well-nigh dark; and when Jackson, unlocking the door of Father Green's cell, motioned for

Francis to enter, the boy groped his way blindly towards the corner in which, on a litter of wet and dirty straw, lay the Cistercian.

Little Francis sank on his knees beside the wretched bed, and as his eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity of the place, the white haggard face of the poor monk became painfully visible.

He lay perfectly motionless, wan and wasted, with no covering save his habit, which was worn to rags.

Hunger, disease, and foul air had done their work but slowly on Father Green. Originally of an iron frame, and practising to a severe extent the severities of his order, he had not succumbed to the horrors of an imprisonment in Newgate so soon as those among his brethren whose frames were more feeble. But in proportion to the strength of his constitution, had been the magnitude of his sufferings.

The fever which had carried off many of his brethren, left him feebler indeed than was his wont, but with strength to endure the tortures of rheumatism that racked every joint, and was contracted by lying with only a little straw between his weakened frame and the cold stone pavement of the dungeon.

The mind of the poor monk, however, never yielded.

Release from that doleful prison, a pension and preferment in the service of the cruel king, had all been offered as the price of his recantation.

But with his brethren of the Charter House, Green had been firm, he would not subscribe to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the licentious Henry; he would not admit that the marriage of Henry with the virtuous Katherine was illegal, or honor with the titles of wife and queen the crafty and malicious wanton, Anne Boleyn. So he was doomed to perish, more cruelly perhaps than by the halter and the stake, by a slow process of disease and starvation.

So wan, so motionless, he lay, that little Francis, as the white face became outlined in the darkness, bent down his ear to catch the breath, and laid his own small wasted hand upon the brow, which felt clammy and cold even to his own chilled touch. Then the boy threw up his arms with a bitter cry, exclaiming—

"Oh, he is dead! he is dead! He was so good, so kind, and fed me when I was hungered, and clothed me when I was well-nigh naked,—he is dead himself of hunger and cold! Oh! who is there to love me or care for me now?"

"Thy father who is in Heaven, dear child," said a calm, sad voice, and looking up, the child saw standing beside the jailer, the tall figure of a monk in a grey habit.

A venerable looking person, whose hair fell thinly round a face, the fine lineaments of which neither mental anxiety nor physical privation could destroy.

"But thy friend is not dead yet, dear child," said the new comer, turning the light of the lamp he held upon the face of Father Green.

"Not dead yet, but soon to die!" said Green faintly; then he opened his weary, sunken eyes, and a faint smile hovered about his pale lips. "Thanks be to the Lord for his mercies," said the dying monk. "He sends consolation in my last hour; it is given me again to look on those who most I have loved on earth. John Forest, dear and venerable friend, I am summoned before thee; but the more terrible suffering, and the brighter crown shall be thine. Little Francis, good and pious child, thy old friend, Father Green, is called to leave thee, nought but his blessing has he to give, but he of good heart, our good Lord will raise up friends for thine innocence, and thou mayst live to be a happy and prosperous man."

"But I do not want to live," wailed the child. "It is a bad wicked world, and they have starved you. Did you think that I had forgotten you, father? oh no, I have been at the prison gates every morning this week, and it is only just now that master Jackson could let me in, and I had got some white bread, father, for your breakfast. Oh, father, why do you stare so strangely? Look up I pray you; speak to me, oh, speak to me once more!"

"Hush, my child, stay those lamentings, thy good friend, and ghostly father is gone where he will never know trouble any more, for he is dead."

"Then let me die, too," exclaimed the boy in a frantic voice, as he threw himself upon the corpse.

Weeping and lamenting he twined his arms round the cold form of his only earthly friend, and refused to quit the cell, prayed and implored only to be buried with his good father.

The jailer was terrified.

"Oh, good Father Forest!" try if he will listen to you. Oh, sweet Virgin, if that ill-conditioned Hardman finds I have let this child come here, I shall at the least lose my place, and the poor little fellow will get a worse flogging than that he had the day the fathers were sent to prison."

"Listen to me, little Francis," said Dr. Forest, kindly kneeling down, and with gentle force separating the boy from the dead body of his friend. "You are a good boy, I am sure; and you know that your friend is released from pain and sorrow, and will be received into the blessed company of Our Lady and the saints. Perhaps Father Green, though those poor earthly eyes of his are now so glazed and dim, looks on you with the eyes of his soul. Do you not think it would grieve him that his little Francis should rebel against the will of the Lord, who has released him? Is it following his good teaching to forget everything in your grief, and perhaps bring trouble and ruin upon poor Jackson? Bethink thee, child. This good man will lose the employ that gives bread to his children, and that enabled him to bring you here so often to see your good father. Look up, Francis. Do not think thyself forgotten, or that on one cares for thee. I will love thee, and while I remain here, Jackson will bring thee sometimes to visit me, as thou wert wont to visit the good Father Green."

As docile as affectionate, the poor orphan thus admonished lifted up his tear-stained face, reverentially kissed the brow of his dead friend, knelt for a blessing from Father Forest, and then, holding Jackson's hand, was led away from the dungeon to the prison gate.

From thence the jailer's wife took him to the house of the worthy lace woman, Alice Holt.

By an unusual grace on the part of the authorities at Newgate, had Dr. Forrest, the celebrated confessor of Katherine of Arragon,