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THE O L I O ;

OR,

MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

— “ A just image of human nature, representing its humours, and the changes of fortune to which it is subject, for the delight and instruction of mankind.”—DRYDEN.

“ Papers and books, a — mixed *Olio*,
From shilling touch to pompous folio.”—MRS. BARBAULD.

VOL. II.
[JULY TO JANUARY.]



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P R E F A C E.

THE OLIO having reached its Second Volume, it is our duty, as well as our inclination, to address a word or two to our supporters, both subscribers and correspondents. To the first we shall put this question:—Have we redeemed the promises made at the conclusion of our first volume?—If we may judge from our success, and from its weekly increase, we have. We pledged ourselves to abate no exertion in keeping the Work in all respects up to its first appearance in paper, print, and design; and where there was an opportunity for improvement, to make it, without regard to trouble or expense. These promises we trust we may be allowed to say we have performed to the very letter. The genius of our articles, whether original or selected, has been ably illustrated by the genius of our artist; and we look back with allowable pride on both. In typographical respects we have also sedulously endeavoured to keep “the word of promise” to the eyes of our readers; and, though our work is necessarily hurried, we hope we may be acquitted of presumption, when we invite a comparison of our weekly production with others blest with more time and circumspection.

To our correspondents we shall next address ourselves. Have we given satisfaction to them?—It has been our

endeavour to cultivate a good understanding with the least as well as the greatest of that numerous body; to bring, by proper encouragement, the diffident into the day; and to aid and direct the more daring in their flights of fancy. If we have sometimes refused the crude efforts of others, it was "more in sorrow than in anger"—we wished to give them time and the opportunity of doing better. To some of our writing friends we must indeed acknowledge ourselves greatly indebted—to one especially, the young author of some of our most piquant tales. To others we would willingly pay the compliment of personal mention, did their modesty allow of naming them, and our limits permit. They have, however, our hearty thanks, both in private and in public; and we look to have their assistance in our continued endeavours to gratify them, our subscribers, and readers in general. In conclusion, we shall assure them, each and all, that no pains, no diligence shall be spared to keep the *OLIO* what it is allowed to be,—a pleasant and an instructive miscellany of many mental meats; and saying this, we respectfully wish our friends a happy new year, which, of course, includes health, and the means of enjoying it—and turn again to our task.

January 14th, 1829.

THE O L I O ;

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See page 4.

Illustrated Article.

THE KNIGHT OF THE WOUNDED HART.

A TALE OF THE "MERRIE GRENE WOOD."

IN the "hot and piping days" of the first Plantagenet, lived, as is well known, that prince of Archers, Robin Hood; whose well feathered shafts were aimed with as little ceremony against the lordly prior of St. Mary's as against the fat bucks of Barnsdale and Sherwood forests. At the same period also, lived Sir Philip Murdach, the renowned sheriff of Nottingham, immortalized in ballad and legend, for having been more successful in maintaining the king's prerogatives in that good town, than in the wooded domains by which it was environed. Now the "proude sheriffe" had entrusted to his care and guardianship the daughter of his noble cousin, Sir Gilbert Marsh; a knight who possessed, as he well merited, the reputation of being

a better soldier than he was a subject; seeing, that upon the first breaking out of the civil wars, between Henry the Second and his ingrate sons, he had joined himself to the party of the latter, and at the time of our tale, he was, with the young princes, Henry, Geoffroi, and Richard, at the Court of the French monarch.

Alice Marsh was as pretty a maid, and as cheerful as you would meet with in a summer day's ramble, through any county in this fair realm, not even excepting Lancashire itself, where,—as we know to our cost—pretty maidens most abound. She had been blessed by nature with

"A merry eye,—a cherry lip,
A passing pleasing tongue!"

and there was a lightness and buoyancy in her gait, which showed she had been a stranger to those sorrows and disappointments which oppress the soul, and darken the sunny horizon of youth. Moreover, heaven had favoured her with as lovely a set of features as ever entered into the formation even of an English countenance.—Her hair was black as the raven's wing, and

the glances of her eyes were keen enough to penetrate the heart of the stoutest knight though cased in a breastplate of steel !

Now the sheriff had a son of nearly the same age as our fair heroine, an honest, sprightly youth, who spent most of his time in protecting his father's deer, or else in listening to his sage judgments in the town-hall of Nottingham ; for he looked upon his sire as " a second Daniel," and even aspired one day to inherit his scarlet cloak. Between this son and his gentle ward, Sir Philip Murdach had long ago in his own mind formed, a 'happy union.' But princes have told us, " we cannot control our affections ;" and Master Walter of Nottingham took it into his head *very* early in life to fall in love with a daughter of the chief ranger of the adjoining forest. Fortunately this was but a boy's attachment, and, in obedience to the prudential whispers of his sire, and the solemn monitions of his lady-mother, was soon given up, and he turned his whole attention seriously and earnestly to press a lover's suit with the blithsome Alice Marsh.

Matters were in precisely this situation, when late one evening, there rode a young and gallant knight—your knights of old were necessarily gallant—into the ancient town of Nottingham ; and, notwithstanding the fame of the King's Head for " pipes of sack and butts of claret," he passed by that renowned hostelry, and proceeded direct to the mansion of the Sheriff, a fair and goodly looking fabric. Here he found an hearty English welcome, and partook of his host's substantial hospitality, sans cost, and sans expense. But not content, as an honest man he should have been, with satisfying his hunger with the best of the land, and resting his wearied limbs upon a *feather*-bed, he, quite reckless of its consequences, actually fell in love with the daughter of Sir Gilbert Marsh ;—nay, what is more, he persisted in declaring his attachment, and even went so far as to swear eternal fealty and knight-service to the gentle Alice, whom he thereby acknowledged as the true and only lady of his love : and so well did he employ the short period of his visit, that, at his departure, he received from the maid a pretty bracelet ; in token,

it may be presumed, of her readiness to acknowledge him as her sworn champion, in bower and battle-field. Who the noble stranger was, or whence he came, could not then be ascertained; since he refused to disclose the secret of his name; for which, indeed, he was to be praised; seeing that, according to his own account, he had but very recently been admitted into the order of knighthood; and was even then in quest of his first adventure; being of course ignorant how it might terminate. He deemed it therefore, neither prudent nor becoming to reveal his name, until he should have achieved some enterprise calculated to confer honour thereupon.

“Call me,” quoth he, “the knight of the Wounded Hart, since such is the cognizance on my pennon and on my shield:”—perhaps also, he had another reason for saying so, and was willing to

“Moralize two meanings in one word.”

But whoever he might be, his entertainers felt assured, that he was as brave and honourable a chevalier, as ever girt himself in the panoply of war; the which, courteous reader, thou wilt thyself perceive when we have advanced a little further with the history of his “Lyfe and Achievements.”

Now it chanced that our hero was on his way to join the puissant army, then on the eve of embarkation for Normandy, in order to repel the invasion of Lewis; and on leaving Nottingham, his route lay through the royal and thickly wooded parks of Sherewood. The day was hot and sultry, and he was right glad to escape from the scorching rays of the sun, and to travel beneath the shade of elm, and beech, and towering oak. He was, moreover, delighted with the rich prospects before him, and while he enjoyed the freshness of the breeze, which played with the deep green foliage of summer, his active fancy pictured to his mind the happy day when he should return, crowned with the conqueror’s laurels, and having had the point of his pennon torn off, and his name exalted to honour. His pleasant reverie was, however, broken in a short time, by the shrill echoes of a bugle-horn. Reining in his steed, he prepared himself for the anticipated attack.—At the same time, he surmised the sounds which he had heard proceeded from the horn of some of the bold companions of the outlawed earl of Huntingdon; for he had not lived all his life in the “north countree” without hearing of the fame of that noble peer, and of his archers good.—His surmise was right.—The invisible forester again

“Put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three,
And four and twenty bowmen bold,
Came leaping over the Lee.”

“Oh yield thee, Sir Knight!” exclaimed the foremost of the company, while his fellows stooped to take aim with their arrows keen, a cloth-yard long.

“And prithee, bold knave, who art thou, that thou thus commandest a true knight to yield?” inquired the traveller; at the same time placing his lance in rest, and adjusting himself for the *rencontre*.

“Ay, marry! an thou wouldst know Sir Knight, we be free rangers of merry Sherewood, and were we to cry, ‘Yield,’ to the king’s highness, I trow he would not risk disobedience.—To the mark, my merry men!”

At the word, the archers let fly their shafts, which the Knight of the Wounded Hart felt rattle against his helmet and his mail; and but for his breastplate and shield, he had certainly paid dear for his intrusion into the green wood domains of bold Robin à Hood; and ere he had time to clap spurs into his steed, half a score of stout yoemen started from the underwood, and seized fast hold of his courser’s bridle. A violent scuffle ensued; but with the help of their companions, the assailants succeeded in unhorsing the Knight, who, thereupon, was forthwith conducted into the presence of the monarch of the gay green-wood.

“Who have we here, my merry men?” inquired the hero of ballad and romance:—“By our blessed Lady! as comely a knight and proper, as ye shall meet with at midsummer, ’twixt this and Barnsdale: ay, and as stout of heart too, I warrant me, as ye have had to tussle with this many a day.—Gramercy! my little yeoman, but thou hast stained thy last new mantle with the king’s dye, the which, as thou art true liegeman and subject, thou shalt answer for before the proud sheriff of Nottingham!”

“An it so turn out, my master,” replied Little John, “we shall hold it fair to make this gentle pay our fine; for, by the grey cowl o’ father Tuck! ’twas his good sword worked the treason, an there be treason in the matter: and so, my gallant Knight, unless thou lovest the stout bow and quarter-staff of Little John better than thy courtesy and knighthood, thou wilt tell into his mantle one hundred marks, in good and honest coins; for marry, thou must not expect to leave the gay green-wood, till thou hast paid fair ransom.”

“Ransom!” exclaimed our hero,—“talk ye of ransom, knaves! By St. George, an I give ye other marks for ran-

som than those of the lance and sword, ye will fare better at our expense, that we intend ye should do."

"Hola, my gallant! thou talkest boldly, by our Lady; so prithee come on to the proof, and bear thyself puissantly; or thou wilt find corslet and habergeon sorry defence against the sword of Robin Hood!" exclaimed that merry forester, as he drew forth his brand, and placed himself in a posture of attack. The Knight of the Wounded Hart was not slow to answer the call, and a stout and determined conflict immediately ensued. At every pass, his green-coated companions cheered the noble outlaw; but he found he had a more skilful antagonist to contend with than he was prepared just then to meet; and, after giving and taking many a down-stroke and thrust, he proposed a cessation of arms, to which his generous foe readily consented.

"By our Lady," quoth the hero of Lockesley, "but I did not think thou couldst give and take so evenly. But I should be sorry to harm so valiant a soldier; nay, an it were but for the sake of thy sword arm alone, I could wish thee one of Robin's fellows, and a freeman of merry Sherewood; for, I trow too, from the dainty device on thy buckler, thou canst draw a long bow with the best of us.—Yet, maugre the good opinion I have of thy skill and cunning, I'll wager ten crowns, against the secret o' thy name, I strike the mark first!"

"Agreed, Sir Archer!" replied the Knight; and accordingly he threw down his sword and shield, and took off his baldric and his gambets, lest they should in any way impede the free use of his arms.—Robin called for his bow, and commanded Little John to give his to their opponent; to whom he also gave half a dozen good arrows from his own sheaf. The distances having been measured, the outlaw shot first, and struck the inner-circle of the target. The Knight proved not so successful, but still made a very fair hit. Robin's second shot went farther off the mark than his first, while the arrow of his rival was lodged in the bull's-eye!

"Thy crowns are mine, bold yeoman!" said the wearer of the helmet and corslet, and he held out his hand to receive the wager; but Robin was surprised, seeming as if more unwilling to acknowledge himself beaten, than to part with his crowns.—He eyed the stranger attentively from head to heel, and then with a look of peculiar shrewdness observed.

"By the blessed Mary! but thou art a better Bowman than I trow oftens puts on the panoply of knighthood, and never

did I see so true an aim in one of gentle blood, except in Aubrey, son of Earl de Vere, and foster-brother of bold Robin Hood."

"So then, Fitzooth, this steel array, though proof against thy sword and quarter-staff, is not against the glances of thine eyes. Well, well, thou hast a gallant soul, and though thy evil stars forbid us now to entertain thee, as in days of old,—despight the hue and cry of outlawry, here in the green-wood thou art still my brother;—so there's the gloveless hand, brave Earl of Huntingdon!"

"A forfeit, a forfeit, Sir Knight!" shouted out Friar Tuck, "for thou hast broken the laws of Sherewood Forest, in calling Robin Hood, the Earl of Huntingdon!"

"Well, honest knave, if it be so, let the forfeit be paid out of the ten crowns I won but now at butts from thy master;" rejoined the Lord Aubrey de Vere,— "but I must on, my yeomen, for urgent matters will not let me tarry even in such good and honest company!"

"Nay, but thou shalt not depart, Sir Knight, from Sherewood parks," added the prince of outlaws, ere thou hast eaten of the royal venison, for it must never be told of Robin Hood, that he met his brother in the free forest, and gave him not a forester's welcome. Away then, my true archers, and bring us the fattest buck ye can find for the nonce, and may we never taste the king's deer again, if we are not merry to-day,—so, hey for the green-wood-bower!"

The Knight of the Wounded Hart was fain to accompany the careless revellers to their leafy covert in the most retired part of the forest, where in due time a rich and dainty repast was served up; nor was there any lack of good ale and sack, with spiced wines fit for the flagons and palates of princes. The Lord Aubrey quaffed of the latter till he became "hail fellow well met!" with the heroes of the merry green-wood, and in the fulness of his heart, he revealed to his foster-brother how that he had become enamoured of the ward of the sheriff of Nottingham, the fair Alice Marsh; and how that he had likewise become her sworn champion in bower and battle-field. "But," continued he, "I fear me the maiden will be forced by her guardian to give her hand to his son Walter, ere I return to claim her plighted troth!"

"Have ye no fear on that score," replied the hero of Lockesley, "for should any one lead thy ladye-love to the shrine, he shall e'en pay a higher price for his bride than he reckons upon. If the damsel hath plighted troth to thee, Sir Knight,

be sure she shall not be forced to wed even the king's son!"

"Well then, bold archer, I leave her to thy watchful care and guardianship:—but the day wears, and we have far to go ere the bright sun goes down; so thy hand, my gallant brother, and—farewell. Gramercy, I had well nigh forgotten the wager I won,—ten crowns, barring the forfeit claimed by thy father confessor:—Fair reckoning, ye know, makes fair friends!"

By command of his master, Little John counted into the knight's extended hand nine and a half good silver crowns; not, however, without hoping that Fortune would one day oblige the receiver to make a double restitution. His steed and trappings were also restored; and the Knight of the Wounded Hart proceeded on his journey, being accompanied to the outskirts of the wood by his generous foster-brother, and the green coated rangers of merry Sherewood Forest.

Journeying with all diligence, he gained the port where the troops, destined by Richard de Lucy, guardian of the realm, for the reinforcement of King Henry's army, then on its march to relieve Verneuil, were waiting a favourable breeze to waft them to the coast of Normandy, and having ranged himself under the banner of the Duke of Gloster, in a few days he had the pleasure of mingling with the veteran knights and barons bold of the royal forces, and of displaying his pennon on the battle-field. By an artifice of the French monarch, Henry failed of relieving Verneuil, and was fain to satisfy himself with wreaking his vengeance on the rear guard of Lewis's retreating hosts.

From Verneuil, the king proceeded to the siege of Dol, behind the walls of which place the rebel earls of Chester and Fougères were entrenched, and bade defiance to the arms of England. For awhile they defended themselves with success, but were ultimately obliged to capitulate.

Now it chanced, that on the morning of the surrender, ere yet the sun had looked forth on creation, and while besiegers and besieged seemed alike inattentive to the duties of attack or defence, that a company of horsemen sallied from the town, evidently with the intention of forcing their way through the enemy's army. The knight who led them forth was a stalwart looking chief, distinguished from his companions more by his stature than by any outward insignia of command or superiority, though his port and carriage bespoke him to be a gallant and a gentle chevalier. Immediately upon the appearance of these

warriors, the trumpet of the picquet guard summoned to arms the chivalry of England; among the foremost of whom appeared the knight of the Wounded Hart. Vaulting into his saddle, he spurred on his steed to encounter the giant warrior, who paused not to receive him, but continued on his career until the lance of his assailant reminded him of his danger. Then turning to repel the attack, he rushed upon his adversary, shouting, "Soho, mad stripling! and deemest thou thy puny arm can injure knight like me?" The spears of either hero were shivered in the first onset: and the beaming faulchion flashed on the sight with the rapidity of lightning, and seemed scarce less destructive. The fight was long and obstinate; yet a more chivalrous encounter withal had seldom been witnessed upon battle-field; at last, however, the sword of the stalwart soldier broke, whereupon the lord of the Wounded Hart, seizing his courser's rein, cried aloud, "Yield thee, Sir Knight, rescue or no rescue!" but as the words escaped his lips, an arrow from the town pierced the chest of his own steed, which plunged and kicked, and, regardless of curb or bridle bit, galloped off into the midst of the host, while the half-vanquished warrior turned his horse's head in an opposite direction, and, bounding off at full speed, escaped from those who were hastening in pursuit; but whose attention was suddenly called off by the shrill clarions of the English marshal, who had given orders for a general assault upon the walls of Dol.

Although the Lord Aubrey de Vere had been reft of his prize by this unforeseen accident, the praise bestowed upon his prowess could not well have been exceeded had he captured his foe; and the renown he had acquired exalted him at once to a level with the veterans and preux chevaliers of older standing in the host, who henceforward looked upon him as one of their battle knights. With the taking of Dol, the campaign of 1173 was brought to a close; and any farther opportunity of proving our hero's dauntless courage did not of course occur. From that period, therefore, till the siege of Rouen in the following year, neither history nor tradition has preserved any memorial of the gallant deeds of the Knight of the Wounded Hart.

'Twas on the evening of the festival of St. Lawrence, that the inhabitants of Rouen, relying upon the faith of an enemy's proposal, were resting themselves from the toils and labours of a defensive war, having somewhat prematurely relaxed their wonted vigilance—Suddenly the

alarum bell rung, the city was thrown into uproar and confusion, and its martial defenders, spearmen, archers, and slingers, flew to their several posts, but found many of them already in possession of the enemy, who rushed fearlessly to the assault. Sir Aubrey, who had been entrusted with a command in the garrison, collected round his pennon some of his bravest companions, and boldly sallied forth upon the besiegers, in the hopes of being enabled to make a successful diversion in favour of the city. Having forced his way into the midst of the French hosts, he there descried the stalwart knight, who had escaped his word at Dol, directing an escalade against one of the towers of Rouen. Placing his spear in its rest, he shouted out amain—"Ah! ah! false knight, at last then I've met thee again—St. George and fair Alice for the lances of England!"

The champion of France made no reply, but fixing himself firmly in his stirrups, prepared like a wary soldier to receive the onset of his adversary, whom he soon perceived was governed entirely by passion, and the natural ardency of young and inexperienced warriors:—feelings which he himself had been taught to subject to the mastery of cool calculating prudence. Accordingly he awaited the onset unmoved, and warded off each thrust with consummate dexterity. At length, however, he gave his steed the rein, and dashed unexpectedly to the encounter; so unexpectedly indeed, that his adversary being unable to make a suitable resistance, was borne, horse and rider, to the earth, and was even fain on the spot to swear himself true prisoner, rescue or no rescue. The Lord Aubrey felt his disgrace with double acuteness, as scarcely had he yielded when he heard the clarions of France sounding a retreat; the steady valour of the garrison, and the inhabitants of Rouen, having proved more than a match for the wild impetuosity of their assailants. The vanquished knight was borne back with the retreating multitude, and was that night lodged in the midst of the Gallic hosts, himself the only prisoner.

Early next morning King Henry II, entered Rouen in triumph, and by that gallant achievement put an end to the war in Normandy. Lewis after having proposed a conference for adjusting the terms of a general peace, took advantage of the time thus gained to return with his army into France. Whereupon those of his followers who had made any captives, proposed to put them to ransom. The stalwart knight who had overcome our hero, offered him his liberty upon his promising to pay for the same the sum of five

hundred marks on or before the Midsummer-day next ensuing, to be remitted to France in case war should continue, or, in the event of a peace, to be paid to himself in England.

"And where in England wilt thou be found, Sir Knight?" inquired the vanquished Lord de Vere.

"At the good town of Nottingham! upon the festival of St. John; so see ye fail not of the ransom money,—or by St. Denis, we will proclaim thee for a miscreant knight through France and England both!"

"At the good town of Nottingham!" said the inquirer, somewhat surprised, but at the same instant the trumpets summoning the peers of France to attend upon their monarch, he was left without any farther reply. Proceeding therefore to the entrance of the tent, he there found his arms and his war-horse ready caparisoned, and instantly mounting, he hurried back to Rouen, where he found mirth and rejoicing, banqueting and revelry, uniting to make the bold knights of England and Normandy forget for a time the toils and the perils of war.

At the celebrated conference of Tours, where the terms of pacification were finally arranged, the whole chivalry of England, France, and Normandy, had assembled together, and many a noble joust and tourney was undertaken by the most puissant chevaliers, for the honour of their ladye-loves, and from these trials of gallantry and courtesy, no one came forth more pre-eminently successful than the Knight of the Wounded Hart, who, by his noble feats of arms, was in a great measure enabled to wipe away the stain which the scutcheon of his knighthood had received beneath the walls of Rouen.—All political matters having been settled at Tours, the contracting parties separated, and King Henry returned once more to merry England, and in his train came the principal part of those lords who possessed any estates therein. * * *

To be Continued.

NORFOLK PUNCH.

AN INCANTATION.

Twenty quarts of real Nantz,
Eau-de-vie of southern France;
By Arabia's chemic skill,
Sublimed, condensed, in trickling still;
'Tis the grape's abstracted soul,
And the first matter of the bowl.

Oranges, with skins of gold,
Like Hesperian fruit of old,
Whose golden shadow went to quiver
In the stream of Guadalquiver,

Glowing, waving as they hung
Mid fragrant blossoms ever young,
In gardens of romantic Spain,—
Lovely land, and rich in vain!
Blest by nature's bounteous hand,
Cursed with priests and Ferdinand!
Lemons, pale as Melancholy,
Or yellow russets, wan and holy,
Be their number twice fifteen,
Mystic number, well I ween,
As all must know, who aught can tell
Of sacred lore or glamour spell;
Strip them of their gaudy hides,
Saffron garb of Pagan brides,
And like the Argonauts of Greece,
Treasure up their Golden Fleece.

Then, as doctors wise preserve
Things from nature's course that swerve,
Insects of portentous shape—worms,
Wreathed serpents, asps, and tape-worms
Ill-fashion'd fishes, dead and swimming,
And untimely fruits of women;
All the thirty skins infuse
In Alcohol's Phlogistic dew.
Steep them—till the blessed Sun
Through half his mighty round hath run—
Hours twelve—the time exact
Their inmost virtues to extract.

Lest the potion should be heady,
As Circe's cup, or gin of Deady,
Water from the crystal spring,
Thirty quarterns, draw and bring;
Let it, after ebullition,
Cool to natural condition.
Add, of powder saccharine,
Pounds thrice five, twice superfine;
Mingle sweetest orange blood,
And the lemon's acid flood;
Mingle well, and blend the whole
With the spicy Alcohol.

Strain the mixture, strain it well
Through such vessel, as in Hell
Wicked maids, with vain endeavour,
Toil to fill, and toil for ever.
Nine-and-forty Danaides,
Wedded maids, and virgin brides,
(So blind Gentiles did believe.)
Toil to fill a faithless sieve;
Thirsty thing, with nought content,
Thrifless and incontinent.

Then, to hold the rich infusion,
Have a barrel, not a huge one,
But clean and pure from spot or taint,
Pure as any female saint—
That within its tight-hoop'd gyre
Has kept Jamaica's liquid fire;
Or luscious Oriental rack,
Or the strong glory of Cognac,
Whose perfume far outscent the Civet,
And all but rivals rare Glenlivet.

To make the compound soft as silk,
Quarterns twain of tepid milk,
Fit for babes, and such small game,
Diffuse through all the strong amalgame.
The fiery souls of heroes so do
Combine the *suaviter in modo*,
Bold as an eagle, meek as Dodo.

Stir it round, and round, and round,
Stow it safely under ground,
Bung'd as close as an intention
Which we *are* afraid to mention;
Seven days six times let pass,
Then pour it into hollow glass;

Be the vials clean and dry,
Corks as sound as chastity;—
Years shall not impair the merit
Of the lively, gentle spirit.

Babylon's Sardanapalus,
Rome's youngster Heliogabalus,
Or that empurpled paunch, Vitellius,
So famed for appetite rebellious—
Ne'er, in all their vasty reign,
Such a bowl as this could drain.
Hark, the shade of old Apicius
Heaves his head, and cries—Delicious!
Mad of its flavour and its strength—he
Pronounces it the real Nepenthe.

'Tis the Punch so clear and bland,
Named of Norfolk's fertile land,
Land of Turkeys, land of Coke.
Who late assumed the nuptial yoke—
Like his county beverage,
Growing brisk and stont with age.
Joy I wish—although a Tory—
To a Whig, so gay and hoary—
May he, to his latest hour,
Flourish in his bridal bower—
Fine wedded love no Poet's fiction,
And Punch the only contradiction. †
Blackwood's Mag.

—◆—
JOE BARRINGTON,
THE VILLAGE BARBER.

Never mind the 'World of Fashion,'—or the
'Parisian Beau Monde.'

—“THAT'S THE BARBER!”

VILLAGE barbers are a few of the originals left on the stage of life, 'their characters being seven ages,' to show us that where the 'march of intellect' has not reached to the quickness of a country-dance, and the introduction of new schemes, (such as shaving by steam and cutting hair by patent) has not been prevailing, there is a possibility of remaining in the ancestral grade, and of being old fashionedly useful in the small compass of a few hundred houses.

Joe Barrington (it would be affectation to call him Joseph) is one of the unpolished remnants of a village barber, without being a learned phlebotomist, or surgeon, with a shop window full of teeth as that of a Tooley Street professional; he is, like any other notable man, of consequence when wanted; otherwise Joe might starve in his profession. But, so unlike men of genius in general, he does not place his whole reliance in the use of the scissors and razor, and makes it rather serve as auxiliary to, than the essential means of, his living. That he has worked fifty years for one family as

† The Arabians, notwithstanding the sober precepts of their prophet, are supposed to have discovered distillation, as the word Alcohol plainly indicates

thresher, is cause enough why he should not go out of the land of the living into the grassy grave over which he has played a hundred times, unnoticed. Were Gray, indeed, living, he would make an Elegy for him in the church yard, and Burns would compose an additional stanza with variations, for 'Joe Barrington, my Jo.' Ferguson, that 'Sow of Feeling,' who died in the freshness and bloom of his genius, though not like Hammond for love, Savage for Debt, Otway for food, or Shaw for a widowed heart, would not be less anxious to do justice to the beater out of corn and the corn-cutter. Without being a statuary, Joe is over-tall and the highest headed, (like Saul) if not the highest minded, man in the parish. Years, however, have bowed down his stature almost to a curve, and he cannot keep the 'even tenor of his way' as in days elapsed. Yet he has maintained his fame so steadily, that it would be absurd in a rival attempting to set up, before Joe is set down in his last peaceful bed. To view him as a man, he bears the marks of perseverance and industrious content. His wrinkles are not those of care, but wrought gradually across his brow and in his cheeks by the growth, not the severity of time. As a christian, Joe is equally correct. His very seat in the Meeting House is sacred, and the ceiling under which he sits in the gallery is marked like the halo of an apostle, with the warmth of his unshaken constancy to the good cause. The brush of the white washer hath not effaced it. It is a 'patch,' (as Wordsworth would call it,) 'of devoted beauty in the sanctuary of peace.' Joe is not an enemy to the church, for therein he was christened and married, and there he is the first ringer and leads 'triple bob' and 'grand-sires' with musical taste. He has the very hat which he won at the 'Bell' when a young man, and glories in having been umpire several times to decide the peals of 'college youths,' and the feats of 'Hobbinols' in 'Somerville's Chase' and village sports.

It is delightful to get Joe in a talking key. His anecdotes are as valuable to country ear-receivers, as 'Kelly's Town Reminiscences,' 'Sheridan's Evasions,' the 'Gossip of Miss Hawkins,' the wit of 'Curran,' or the jeux d'esprit of 'Lord Norbury.' It is unfortunate that no literary eaves-dropper has ever laid embargo on his memory to freight a bookseller. His accounts of usages dying from the scene, and only floating like fish with the last gasp on sickly waters, are valuable to the lovers of the past and 'wise men's saws,' but treated lightly by the

providers of 'modern instances and ecstasies.' His book of recollection is a sort of 'Selden's Table Talk,' illustrated by 'Strutt's Sports.' Joe, like his tall father before him, has brought up a large family, yet neither of his sons is immediately under the guidant influence of the Pole, or has crossed the Line. It is said, in Joe's younger days, that he cut hair with a bowl, put like a monk's coif on the head. In Russia, authors say the practice was common formerly. Why should it not have had countenance in England? The Croppies, in the Irish rebellion led a fashion in the village in which Joe lives, to crop the hair close to the head, and this practice might have made popular that celebrated song,— "Croppies lie down!" Be this as it may—Joe has laid down many a crop, and divided Lord Ellenborough's 'cutting' from the 'maiming' act. The effect produced when the 'Brutus' first reached the village, about forty years ago, was very great, through the medium of a Cassius who attended London to give evidence in behalf of an election contesting candidate. It was whispered in church, talked of in the farms, and like a new species of animal, or variety of a flower, shown and admired every where.—"Oh! Brutus!"—Joe was not least anxious about this innovation. He affected to be displeased with it, but such was the 'itching palm' to wear a 'brutus' over the understanding among the youths, that he was necessitated to bring the curling irons into use, and no one could enter a country dance with credit to the fair sex and to himself, unless his hair like a ploughed field, were turned up and subjected to the criticism of the vicar of Harrow.

There is so obvious a decency in Joe's demeanor, that not a bell tolls but he is sent to shave the dead, or previously called in, like Don Quixote's Sancho, to clip the ghastly visage of a sick man. It would afford a picture for a life-painting artist, such as Wilkie, or Haydon, to delineate Joe's approach into a room. His immeasurable length—the smoothing down his hair like straggling thatch over an old barn—attempt at a genteel obeisance—the untying his coloured apron—the unfolding the apparatus—the sharpening the razor with a fillip on the palm of his hand,—the tying the said apron round his waist—the putting on the one-eyed spectacles,—the beating up the 'lava flood'—the putting the little napkin on the shoulder with a slip of paper—the colossal stride—the tucking the bib under the chin—clip of the nose—paring the corners, and the dissemination of the last news—Or, of a child, when he coaxes the pretty little

dear darling !' to stand in a chair, facing the window. But whatever Joe does is replete with intention and mostly gives satisfaction. To be sure, the young lady, more nice in her head dress, is rather shy of his operations, for her boarding school friseur comes from 'Ross,' and he is the very 'Man of Ross.' It is certainly a trial for Joe to turn his long, large, hard fingers, like bony death's among her ringlets. But how sweet are his words! in 'not hurting her,' when he plucks out dozens of hairs by root and branch,—and how he will take care not to distress her scalp, after breaking the teeth of her comb in spite of his own teeth.

There was a time when Joe could mow,
And plough, and hoe, and set, and sow.

Joe is not 'comme il fait' in the art of scenting hair, though he can trace the form to a hare in a field. Rowland's Kalydor and Prince's Russia are essentials still unknown to him. A bottle of Palma Christi, has however, like the Otto of Roses, supplied many heads of Sutton with a drop which Joe circulates with pomatum in the heat of his hands. How grateful this gift of a friend in London that remembers Joe giving him the first shave and the first cut, not excepting the proverbial allusion of a 'cat's lick over the Downs !'

Joe was not conversant with wigs and a forenise gentleman would be at a loss to be properly bobtailed, or entailed, for a smart entrée for the assize. But fashion, not the artist, is in fault, for he knows a little about pigtails, and boasts that he more than once pulled that of the Rev W. Jay, Admiral Houlton, and Justice, (not Judge) Bailey, at the Quarter Sessions. This was in their younger days, when fops appeared in ruffles, with cocked hats, swords, and silver buckles, and paste brilliants.

Most of Joe's work, professionally, is done between, before and after, the labours of the barn, unless by emergency. But Sunday morning is the witching time for his popularity:—not that he shaves like his fraternity shaved formerly at revels and high mass days in the churchyard, nor is he so light and steady in removing the stubble from the chin as the Tabernacle-walk woman. Yet flocks resort to his room, in which they sit and take their turn for a clean face and smooth countenance. Here, at length, the circulating medium of knowledge, a newspaper, arrives, which is read aloud, pro bono publico. Thanks to mails, instead of broad-wheel waggons, and 'messengers of grief to some'—the post-boys.

Amid the commotion of half a century in which many have shone conspicuously, but who terminated their existence by the razor, it is a pleasurable instance to Joe, while he takes his retrospect, as he does the handle of his white narrow pint cup, with a smile,—'that he never meddles nor makes with nobody's concerns.' But is prepared to work like a good shoemaker to his last, seeing it will bring him to his end, and he will shave and cut like a critic, without shedding blood, when any of Nature's works pass under his Review.
P*.

THE MISSIONS OF CHRISTIANITY IN EUROPE AND ASIA.

THE extent to which the efforts of the great societies now established in every Protestant kingdom, have urged their missions for the conversion of the heathen, and for the instruction of the careless, the ignorant, and the infidel, among themselves, raises them into one of the grand features of our time, or perhaps even into that characteristic by which all others are to be thrown into the shade. If the fifteenth century was the age of natural and scientific discovery, the eighteenth the age of infidelity and revolution, the nineteenth may yet bear the illustrious name of the age of christian labours for the enlightening and happiness of mankind.

To bring all these labours into one point of light, with the double purpose of shewing us what we have done, and what we have still to do, would be to render a public service to the Christian community. But it requires time and details which are at present beyond our power, and we must reluctantly content ourselves with a rapid view.

The general population of Europe is estimated by Humboldt at 198 millions, of whom 103 millions are Roman Catholics, 52 Protestants, 38 followers of the Greek ritual, and 5 Mahometans.

To begin at the Northern extremity of Europe,—Lapland, a space of 150,000 miles, or about the extent of France or Germany. In a population perhaps the thinnest in the world—one to every four square miles—Lapland has at present thirteen principal and ten filial churches. Three translations of the bible have been

* I cannot dismiss the subject of this notice without mention of the 'Village Barber,' published recently by Miss Mitford; but I can assure my readers and that lady most conscientiously, this paper was written at least three months before I had read the Village Barber by Miss Mitford.
P.

printed. The Swedish bible society of Stockholm has directed its attention to this desolate kingdom, and twelve young men are constantly educated at the king's expense, for preachers among the Laplanders. The Russian bible societies are also exerting themselves in this direction; and, so early as 1815, had distributed 7000 bibles.

Passing on to the north-east—Russian Asia, a space of four millions of square miles, with a population of about nine millions, is still almost totally heathen. The Edinburgh missionary society so far back as 1803, sent two ministers to preach in Tartary. In 1815, they renewed their attempt at Astracan. Three missionaries of the London missionary society, have been for some years stationed at Selinginsk, about 160 miles from Irkutsk, where the Emperor Alexander gave them an estate and money for building. A printing press of the Mongolian has been erected there. They have made extensive journeys towards the south and the Chinese frontier, but the poverty of the soil, the inclemency of the climate, and the roving nature of the tribes, offer the most formidable obstacles to the diffusion of religious knowledge.

To the south lies one of the most remarkable regions of the world,—Tibet, the Switzerland of Asia, an immense succession of hill, valley, dells of exhaustless fertility, and mountains towering almost twice the height of Mont Blanc. The top of the Dwawalaghiri rises 26,000 feet above the level of the ocean. But the civil constitution is still more extraordinary. The nation is one great convent, with a multitude of lay brethren to labour for the monks. It is the centre of Lamaism, a religion spreading from the Volga to Japan. Its tenets are a compound of Christianity—probably learned from the Nestorian missionaries of the early ages—and of the original superstitions of Asia. The Tibetians hold the unity and trinity of a Supreme Being; the existence and perpetual opposition of an evil principle, and an incarnation which they aver to be a thousand years before that of the founder of our faith; but later corruptions, probably introduced by the Jesuits in 1624, diversify this mixture of creeds. They believe in purgatory, in the efficacy of prayer for the dead, they have holy water, a rosary, and extreme unction. They have priestly robes, a dress for the nuns, three orders of initiation into the priesthood, superior priests, equivalent to cardinals, six grand lamas or patriarchs, presiding over the three divisions of Tibet Proper, and the three of the southern provinces, or Bootan, and

at the head of all a great Supreme, the declared “vicegerent of omnipotence,” the Teshoo Lama, who “never dies:” an infant born on the day of his apparent decease being appointed to his throne, and receiving his spirit thus transmitted into a new form. Hence this Pope of the Himalaya is named “Lama Kaku,” the eternal father. The convents are as numerous and as fully peopled as might be presumed, under this holy oligarchy. The high convent of Teshoo Lumba contains 3,7000 priests.

The Capucins in 1707 sent out missions, which, like those of their more vigorous predecessors, the sons of Loyola, failed of making converts. Yet they were enabled to found two houses of their order, which lasted during a century. A Protestant Missionary, Schroter, unfortunately died when, in 1820, he was preparing himself, at Calcutta, for translating and propagating the scriptures among this extraordinary people.

At the extremity of the east, Japan exhibits the most determined resistance to every attempt at conversion. The country has reached that precise rank of civilization which makes a nation jealous of foreign knowledge, without the power of adding to its own. The spiritual and temporal authorities are distinct and defined, and both repulsive of European intercourse in the strongest degree. The lower orders are idolators, but some of the leading sects reject every species of image worship, and probably many among the higher orders, and philosophers;—for they have an affectation of metaphysics,—are scoffers at every idea of the acknowledgment of a divine being. But the superstitious are deeply superstitious, they make pilgrimages, they have convents, and their rules would do honour to a Trappist or a Carthusian.

In the early part of the 17th century, Rome established some missions in Japan. But the popular indignation was armed against them, and the missionaries were expelled, after a residence of almost a century, during which they perpetually sent pompous accounts of conversions to Europe, but seem to have done little more than trade, offend the national prejudices, by their ill-directed efforts, and degrade Christianity by the example of their lives and doctrines. In 1715, the Abbe Juidott attempted to renew the Roman mission. His fate is not known. Jesuits and monks of other orders followed and failed, and since 1748, Japan has been rendered nearly accessible, by a severe strictness that has had no parallel in the world.

China, with its two hundred millions of people, and variety of tribes, is at present

perhaps, in the state which must precede the reception of Christianity in an Asiatic empire. Its religion is broken up by furious sects, which alternately assume the character of spiritual disputants and rebels in arms. The "Pelinkin," or, "enemies of foreign religions," agitate the north. The "Kedufis," or, "Heaven and earth one," a race of levellers, proclaim equality of men and community of property in the west and south, and the "society of the three powers, heaven, earth, and man," makes war against all authority whatever. The Jesuits planted their missions in China in the middle of the sixteenth century. Multitudes of nominal Christians were made but the suspicious spirit of the government appears to have nearly extinguished their advance. So late as 1815, an imperial ordinance commanded that the introducers of Christianity should be put to death. The Protestant missionaries are prohibited from going beyond Canton.

But this prohibition may have been fortunate, in its compelling the missionaries to attend to perhaps the only way of impressing the mind of China. It has led them to prepare tracts and versions of the Scriptures in the language of the country. Doctors Morison and Milne made a translation of the Old and New Testaments; and Morison's great Chinese Dictionary and Grammar have laid open the language to the European student for all time to come. An Anglo-Chinese college has been established at Malacca, with some Chinese schools. But the circulation of the scriptures in China is at present rendered extremely difficult by the Government, which, disturbed by fear of insurrection, and unable to distinguish between political and religious change, has prohibited at once all religious meetings, and all books of Christianity.

Hindustan, the finest portion of Asia, called by its people "The Garden of God" a territory of a million of square miles, and with a population of a hundred and twenty millions, is kept in awe by twenty thousand British troops, and governed by three thousand British functionaries, at a distance of eight thousand miles from home,—the most singular instance of possession in the history of empire.

The renewal of the Company's charter, in 1813, gave some hope of making a solid religious impression on India. An English bishop was sent to Calcutta, where a college was erected in 1821. Schools are supported through the provinces, many English, Protestant, and Lutheran Missions are located, and a striking spirit of improvement is displaying itself, in the efforts of some of the Rajahs and men of

high caste, to acquire European literature; in the gradual inclination for European intercourse, and the extinction of some cruelties and many prejudices. But actual Christianity has hitherto made but a slight impression. The habits of the people, their natural reluctance to the religion of strangers, their ignorance of our language, and the fatal distinction of *castes*, raise formidable obstacles against the effective progress of religion.

In Persia, the Jesuits had attempted but little, which forms a ground for the Protestant missionaries to hope for much. The popular belief of the people, one of the most tasteful and ingenious of the East, is a loose Islamism. But among the higher ranks are thousands who disdain the religion of the vulgar, or all religion, and are called Suffees, or Free-thinkers.

The Russian invasion has laid open the northern frontier, and from the facility with which the people of the conquered districts have adopted the tenets of the Greek Church, it may be augured that Islamism would still more readily give way to the intelligent zeal, and pure doctrines, of the missionaries of England, an ally bearing the Scripture.

The immense Archipelago of the Indian isles is almost wholly untouched by missionary labours. The final conquest of Ceylon, in 1815, put into our hands the "Sacred Island" of India, the original seat of Buddhism, with a population of 300,000. Schools have been established, and the forms of British government and laws introduced. In this spot the conversion of the Archipelago may be prepared.

New Holland with its islands, covering an immense space of the great Southern Ocean, and growing up before the eye in islands innumerable, had been, since the first English settlement in 1788, the object of religious labour. But, in 1825, an "Auxiliary Church Missionary Society" was formed in New South Wales, with a grant of 10,000 acres. A grant to the same extent was made to the "London Missionary Society," and of twice the quantity to the "Wesleyan Mission," in consequence of its wider establishment in the colony. But the natives, perhaps among the most brutish of mankind, have been hitherto but little influenced. Nothing can be more contrary to the received ideas, that human nature derives its evil habits from natural privations, inclemency of climate, or long oppression, than the temperament of the dwellers in the South Seas. The fine climate, abundant provisions, and lazy equality of condition, are all made for the overthrow

of the theory. The people are almost universally ferocious, treacherous, licentious, and thieving. Cannibalism is not uncommon, and the massacre of prisoners is customary. In New Holland, man is a beast; in the two New Zealand islands, he is a savage; and in the generality of the others, he is a monster of perfidy and blood. Yet it is in this Archipelago that the most striking evidence of the civilizing power of Christianity is to be found. The Sandwich islands, once proverbial for crime, are rapidly receiving the habits of religion. Occasional excesses still disfigure the picture, and the present generation must be worn out before the recollections of its old license can be without partizans. But the change is proceeding, and must be finally productive of the highest advantages to the national character, the prosperity of the people, and to the general influence of the missionaries over the tribes of the South Sea.

In giving this sketch, we have to acknowledge ourselves much indebted to a work which has just appeared, entitled, "The Present state of Christianity, and of the Missionary Establishments for its Propagation through all parts of the world,"—a single volume, very intelligently drawn up, and giving a number of details and opinions important to the subject, but on which we, of course, have no opportunity to enter. But the value of such publications must be not merely in the information which they give, though the present work seems to have been collected with great care by its original author, a German, and by its English reviser, and in part author, from the reports of our various societies—but in their impulse to similar publications, to the activity of missionary establishments, and the general desire of Christian men for the communication of Christian knowledge through the darkened regions of the globe—the noblest effort that can be achieved by the wisdom, the wealth, and the enterprize of man.

One immense region alone remains, the finest of the earth, and the most impervious to the step of Christianity—Turkey in Asia, an extent of more than 360,000 square miles, with a population of twelve millions. The few Christians scattered through this magnificent territory are scarcely more than nominal; and every attempt to restore them to the knowledge of their faith has been hitherto almost hopeless. To convert their masters is beyond even the highest daring of the missionary. The Turk answers all argument by the dagger. But the change which no reasoning of man can effect may be destined to severer means, and the

sword may liberate the Christian slave from a hideous tyranny, which not even the light of the Gospel has been suffered to enlighten. Whether the present Russian war be the commencement of that great revolution, by which the chains of Greece and Asia Minor are to be broken, must be beyond all but conjecture. Yet that those chains shall finally be dissolved, that Mahometanism shall be extinguished, that the chosen land of the early church, Ionia, shall be free, and that the original seat of religion, Palestine, shall be made the throne of a dominion supreme and holy, are truths written with a fulness and splendor which force conviction, and at once sustain us in the solemn labours of bringing our fellow-creatures to the knowledge of God; and cheer us with the certainty of a consummation illustrious beyond the thought of man.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

A ROUND ROBIN.

The sun unrolled the summer's day,
The light spread far and wide;
Glass, firelike, glittered with the ray
And gold swam on the tide:
Watchmen were safe and sound in bed,
The sculls of boatmen ready,
And bakers kneading rolls for bread,
And mail-coach drivers steady.
Smithfield contained exalted horns,
And Covent Garden flowers;
Mark Lane shewed choice extracted corns,
And water carts dropped showers:
With hunger fraught,—for flesh or fowl,
On public feeding bent,
I scorned the teapot, cream, and roll,
And to a public breakfast went.
There sat a Dutchess of renown;
And, like a courteous knight,
Her Duke to better manners grown,
Falcon-like watched her sight:
She chuckled his chin, she pinched his ear,
She smattered French and sipped:
He laughed and ate, and called her—'Dear!'
And his mustachios clipped.
Lik' shoes half worn and odd become,
Which once were used in pairs,
Hundreds who left their coupled home
Here looked in stranger airs:
The young and old in high degree,
Snatched food like boys at feast,
As though none tasted meat, or tea,
For eight and forty hours at least.
The exhibitions, hot as love,
Were in a melting trim;
And even paint from cheeks did move,
Not gilded round the rim:
Crisp curls were slackened on the brow
Like languid leaves in heat,
And bonnet ships with silken prow
Sailed in the wind-draft fleet:
The ladies eyes for pictures framed,
The catalogues conned o'er,
And favourite artist's names were famed,
Hanging, (poor souls!) from floor to floor.
The parks in dust and smoke were dry,
The shops and streets in gas;
St. Stephen closed his ear and eye
To bills doomed not to pass.

The playhouse wore a sombre cast,
 Vauxhall was chill but thin,
 The masquerade, though least not last,
 Like Bartlemy was din;
 The clubhouse glimmered to the moon,
 The moon and stars looked down,
 For daylight dawned in eastern shoon,
 And beamed me out of town.

P

CONSUMPTION.

(For the Olio.)

“Consumption, silent cheater of the eye.”
 H. KIRKE WHITE.

I saw her once—and in the calm expanse
 Of her blue eye, there beamed a heaven
 of thought;
 While gay hope seemed in one unmingled
 dance

To revel in the sunshine which it sought.
 And as youth's hope elastic was her tread,
 While beaming on all round a joy she seemed
 to shed.

Again I saw her—but the hectic glow
 Which mantled on her cheek—a sad tale
 told;
 Consumption was at work—with sure though
 slow
 Advance,—encircling her within its folds.
 Her eye in false deceitful lustre shone,
 And oh! her fairy elasticity was gone!

But though thus languid was her faded
 frame,
 Her mental energy was unimpaired;
 Disease those intellects could never tame,
 Though to consume her frame it thus had
 dared;
 And still all silently her life passed on,
 Though well might it be seen, that that was
 almost gone.

Weeks—months rolled on—I saw her not
 again;
 But there are those who viewed the dismal
 scene
 Of life and body parting—yet no pain
 Invaded her—but with a smile serene,
 From this most chequered life she passed
 away,
 As doth the shadow, when the sun withdraws
 its ray.

E. F.

Sketches of Orators,
 (No. 7.)

DEMADES.

Demades was a crafty and fortunate man. Of a mariner and porter, he became a distinguished but contentious orator of Athens. Bribed by Philip's gold, he opposed Demosthenes, but in vain. He desired nothing more than the favour of the Macedonians, and especially of Antipater. Addicted to luxury, he sacrificed his gold to his desires. He was taken prisoner, with above 2000, in the

battle at Chœronœa. The extreme difficulty in which the Athenians were involved, who could not prevail with themselves to deliver up their orators to certain death, though they had no other way to save their city; Demades, whom Alexander had honoured with his friendship, offered to undertake the embassy and intercede for them, which he did with success. He prepared the decree for the death of Demosthenes, but was killed with his son by Cassander, under the reign of Antipater. Theophrastus being asked his opinion of Demosthenes, said, “worthy of the city!”—Then of Demades,—he replied, “above the city!” P.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM YANKEE.

(To the Editor of the Olio.)

SIR,—Seeing an article relative to the origin of the term *Yankee*, in the 26th number of the OLIO, I hand you the following, which I have reason to believe is the more correct of the two.

A GLEANER.

THE current American term, Yankee, was a cant, or favourite word with one *Jonathan Hastings*, a settler at Cambridge, North America, about the year 1713. The inventor used it to express *Excellency*. For instance, a “Yankee good horse,” or “Yankee cyder,” meant an expellent horse, and excellent cyder. The students of a neighbouring college were accustomed to hire horses of Jonathan, their intercourse with him, and his use of the word on all occasions, led them to adopt it, and they gave him the name of “Yankee Jonathan.” It was dispersed by the collegians throughout New England, until it became a settled term of reproach to all New Englanders, and eventually to all North Americans.

Laconics :

OR,

Pithy Remarks and Maxims collected from various Sources.

SLOVENLINESS AND COXCOMBRY.

Between the sloven and the coxcomb, there is generally a competition which shall be the more contemptible, the one in the total neglect of every thing which might make his appearance in public supportable; and the other in the cultivation of every superfluous ornament. The former offends by his negligence and dirt,

the latter by his airs and perfumery. Each entertains a proper contempt for the other; and while both are right in their opinion, both are wrong in their practice.

A FINE GENTLEMAN

Resembles the cinnamon tree, the bark of which is worth more than the trunk. He allows of no judge but the eye; he has purchased more hair, legs, beauty, and figure, than nature gave him. His judgment extends only to tailors and hair-dressers, but his opinion is always ready, and always impertinent.

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity is the appetite of the mind, it must be satisfied or we perish.

BOOKS.

The fate of books is oftentimes similar to that of authors. The flattery of dedications, and the testimony of friends, are frequently interposed in vain to force them into popularity and applause.

WINE.

Wine inspires confidence, wit, and eloquence; that is, it changes modesty to impudence, ingrafts the art of joking upon dulness, and makes a story teller of a fool.

ENVY.

He that envieth maketh another man's virtue his vice, and another's happiness his torment; whereas, he that rejoiceth at the prosperity of another is the partaker of the same.

Nautic Phrases, (No. 1.)

St. Hermes' Fire.—Is a sort of meteor appearing in the night, on the shrouds and other parts of ships.

Iron-sick.—A ship is said to be iron-sick, when her spikes, bolts, and nails are worn, so that they make hollows in the planks, whereby the ship leaks.

Keel Raking.—A punishment of malefactors at sea, by letting them down with ropes, and drawing them underneath the ship's keel.

Ship Ladders.—Are of three sorts, the entering ladder, made of wood; the gallery ladder, made of ropes; and the bowsprit ladder, at the beak-head.

To go Large.—Is when a ship goes right before the wind.

Laskets.—Are small lines like loops, fastened by sewing into the *Bonnets and Drabler*.

Lasking.—When a ship sails neither by wind nor straight before it but quartering between both, she is said to go *Lasking*.

Lee Latch.—Have a care of the *Lee Latch*; that is, 'keep the ship near the wind.'
JOIDA.

Illustrations of History.

SPEECH OF RICHARD II. KING OF ENGLAND
UPON ABDICATING THE THRONE.

AN old chronicler (Sir John Haywarde) in his "Life and Reign of the fourth Henry," a work bearing the early date of 1599, gives the following account of the dethronement of the unfortunate Richard. This transaction took place on Michaelmas day 1399, at the Tower, where were assembled the following nobles, &c. of the kingdom. Richard Scroop, archbishop of York; John, Bishop of Hereford; Henry, duke of Lancaster; Henry, earl of Northumberland; Radulph, earl of Westmoreland; L. Hugh Burnell; L. Thomas Berkley; L. Ross; L. Willoughby; L. Abergavenny; the abbot of Westminster; the prior of Canterbury; W. Thirnings, and John Markham, chief Justices; Thomas Stoke, and John Burbake, doctors of laws; T. Herpingham and T. Gray, knights; W. Ferby, and Dionise Lopham, public notaries, and divers others not remembered. When all were set in their places, king Richard was brought forth, apparelled in his royal robe, the diadem on his head, and the sceptre in his hand; and was placed amongst them in a chair of state. Never was prince so gorgeous, with less glory and greater grief: to whom it was not disgrace sufficient to lose both the honour and ornaments of a king, but he must openly to his greater scorn, renounce the one and deliver the other. After a little pause and expectation, the king arose from his seat, and spake to the assembly these words:—

"I assure myself that some at this present, and many hereafter, will account my case lamentable; either that I have deserved this dejection, if it be just; or if it be wrongful, that I could not avoid it. Indeed I do confess, that many times I have shewed myself both less provident, and less painful for the benefit of the commonwealth, than I should, or might, or intended to do hereafter; and have in many actions more respected the satisfying of my own particular humour, than either justice to some private persons, or the common good of all, yet I did not at any time either omit duty or commit grievance upon natural dulness or set malice; but partly by abuse of corrupt counselors, partly by error of my youthful judgment. And now the remembrance of these oversights, is so unpleasant to no man as to myself; and the rather be-

cause I have no means left, either to recompense the injuries which I have done, or to testify to the world my reformed affections, which experience and staidness of years had already corrected, and would daily have framed to more perfection. But whether all the imputations, wherewith I am charged be true, either in substance, or in such quality as they are laid, or whether being true they be so heinous as to force these extremities, or whether any other prince, especially in the heat of youth, and in the space of two and twenty years (the time of my unfortunate reign) doth not sometimes either for advantage or upon displeasure, in as deep manner grieve some particular subject; I will now examine, it helpeth not to use defence, neither booteth it to make complaint: there is left no place for the one, nor pity for the other: and therefore I refer it to the judgment of God, and your less distempered considerations.

“I accuse no man; I blame no fortune; I complain of nothing: I have no pleasure in such vain and needless comfort, and if I listed to have stood upon terms, I know I have great favorers abroad; and some friends (I hope) at home, who would have been ready, yea forward on my behalf to set up a bloody and doubtful war. but I esteem not my dignity at so high a prize, as the hazard of so great valour, the spilling of so much English blood, and the spoil and waste of so flourishing a realm, as thereby might have been occasioned. Therefore that the commonwealth may rather rise by my fall, than I stand by the ruin thereof, I willingly yield to your desires, and am here come to dispossess myself to all public authorities and title, and to make it free and lawful for you to create for your king, Henry, duke of Lancaster, my cousin germain, whom I know to be as worthy to take that place, as I see you willing to give it to him.”

After king Richard had ended his speech, “he read openly and distinctly the form of his cession, wherein he did declare, that he had discharged his subjects from their oaths of fealty and homage, and all other oaths whatsoever; and of his own will and free motion did abdicate the title, dignity, and authority of a king; and rendered up the possession of the realm, with the use and title thereof, and all the rights thereunto appertaining. To this the king subscribed and was sworn: and then he delivered with his own hands the crown, the sceptre, and the robe to the duke of Lancaster; wishing unto him more happiness than had ever happened to himself.”

Anecdotaliana.

ÆSOP THE FABULIST.

Æsop, the author of the Fables, was at the Court of Cræsus, with Solon, and said to him by way of advice:—“Solon, we must either not come near princes at all, or speak such things that are agreeable to them”. “Say rather,” replied Solon, “that we should never come near them at all, or speak such things as may be for their good.”

THE STATESMAN AND THE CATS.

The late eloquent statesman, Charles James Fox, whilst walking up Bond street from one of the club-houses with an illustrious personage, laid him a wager that he would see more cats than the prince in his walk, and that he might take which side of the street he liked. When they got to the top Mr. Fox had seen thirteen cats and the prince not one. The royal personage asked for an explanation of this apparent miracle. Mr. Fox in reply said, “Your royal highness took, of course, the shady side of the way, as most agreeable; I knew that the sunny side would be left to me, and cats always prefer the sunshine.”

A MISER'S WILL.

A ‘Deed of Gift’ is in a Miser’s breath,
When he is made a ‘tenement’ in death;
The gold he kept in ‘durance’ is set free,
And he’s confined instead by Heaven’s decree,
Thus, while the worm ‘life’s testament’ destroys,
Against his Will, the Heir, his Will enjoys.
P.

SOHO SQUARE.

The part of the metropolis which is known by the above denomination was originally called Monmouth Square, but after the battle of Sedgemore, it was named Soho Square, by the adherents of that unfortunate man, as Soho was the word of that day at the battle.

THE SUN AND TIME.

(Translated from the Latin of Owen, lib. 7. ep. 28.)

The sun is quick, the hour more quickly flies,
And this advantage in its progress lies,
Time never stops:—the sun once ceased to go
By standing o’er the walls of Jericho.†

P.

† Joshua c. 10. v. 12.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
July 16	Wed.	St. Eustathius. Sun ris. 58m af. 3 — sets 2m. — 8.	July 16	St. Eustathius. This saint was born at Sida in Pamphylia. He was first Bishop of Beræa, in Syria, and afterwards was called to fill the vacant see of Antioch. He was a strenuous opponent of the Arians, for which he was banished by the emperor Coustantine, and died at Trajanopolis, A. D. 360. 1723. Born at Plympton in Devonshire, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the eminent portrait painter, but to this branch of the art he was not confined, for many of his historical pictures are of high and acknowledged merit. His literary attainments, sound judgment, and refined taste, procured him the friendship of the most celebrated men of genius of his time, particularly Drs. Johnson and Goldsmith, Edmund Burke and David Garrick.
— 17	Thurs.	St. Leo the IV. High Water 56m.—4—morn 12m.—5—even	— 17	St. Leo succeeded Sergius the II. in the papacy in 857, when the Saracens, having invaded the ecclesiastic states, he joined his fleet with that of Naples, and obtained a signal victory over them. After which he put the city of Rome, in a state of defence, and completed the churches that were unfinished. He died A. D. 855. During the time that Leo sat, Ethelwald King of England, made his country tributary to Rome, by charging a rate of one penny yearly upon each house. 1674. Born at Southampton, Dr. Isaac Watts, the pious divine and able writer. The death of this estimable man happened in 1741. His treatise on Logic; and his essay on the Improvement of the Mind, are works in the highest degree useful and pleasing.
— 18	Frid.	St. Symphorosa and her Seven Sons.	— 18	This saint was the widow of the martyred St. Getulius, she and her sons were put to death by the command of the Emperor Adrian for refusing to sacrifice to the idols. 1814. On this day a Proclamation was issued at Cadiz in the name of Ferdinand VII., for re-establishing the Holy Inquisition.
— 19	Satur.	St. Symmachus. High Water, 14m aft. 6 morn. 37——6 even.	— 19	St. Symmachus was the successor of Anastatius II. in the popedom. He died A. D. 544, after having filled the papal chair 15 years. 1821. Anniversary of the Coronation of his present Majesty King George the Fourth. 1333. The memorable battle of Halidown Hill took place on this day, when the Scots were defeated by Edward III.
— 20	SUN.	7th Sunday aft. Trinity. LESSONS for the DAY 21 c. Sam. B. 2 m 24 c. ——— ev St. Margaret Moon's 1st Quar. 3m aft. 4 morn.	— 20	St. Margaret was a native of Antioch, and for her firmness to her religion she was tortured and finally beheaded, A. D. 278. 1304. Born on this day the celebrated Italian poet, Francis Petrarch, at Arezzo. His fame as a poet having spread over a large portion of Europe, he received invitations from the Senate of Rome: from the King of Naples; and the University of Paris. He accepted that of the Roman Senate; and on Easter 1341 he was crowned with Laurel in the Capitol, with great pomp.
— 21	Mond.	St. Praxedes. Sun ris. 4m af. 4 —set 56——7	— 21	St. Praxedes was the virgin daughter of Pudens, a Roman Senator. Her life was spent in prayer and in relieving the poor and the necessities of the church. 1652. Died ÆT 80; the eminent architect Inigo Jones the Designer of Whitehall and the Banqueting House barely the fiftieth part of a palace. He is considered the father of pure architecture in England.
— 22	Tues.	St. Mary Magda- len. High Water, 10m aft 9 morn. 47——even.	— 22	St. Mary Magdalen. This day was dedicated to her memory by King Edward VI. The festival was discontinued by the reformers, who doubted whether this woman mentioned in the Gospel, was really Mary Magdalen. 1824. Died suddenly in his carriage, Thos. Macnamara Russel, Admiral of the White. Among the many brilliant services he performed, his efficient Blockade of the Texel stands pre-eminent.

With this Number is published a SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER, containing Vignette Title, Preface, Index, and conclusion of Vol. I.



See Page 18.

Illustrated Article.

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

“AND, after all,” said Lubeck Schiefel, soliloquising aloud, “what do I know? It is true I have obtained the first honours of the university,—have learned all the professors can teach, and am considered the ablest scholar in Gottingen: still, how little do I know, and how unsatisfactory that knowledge is!” — “Ay, what do you know?” said a voice so near that it made him start. “I know,” said Lubeck, “that you are some idle fool to be prating here at this time of night,” for he felt ashamed and angry his soliloquy had been overheard: but both shame and anger gave way to surprise, when upon turning suddenly round to discover the speaker, he was not able to perceive any one, though the moon shone brightly, and for a considerable distance around was a level plain, without a single tree or other object which could have afforded concealment.

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The astonishment of Lubeck was beyond description — he tried to persuade himself that it was some trick, but the nearness of the voice, and the nature of the place, forbade such a conclusion. Fear now urged him to hasten from the spot; being resolved, however, that if it *were* a trick of a fellow-student, he should have no advantage, he exclaimed in as jocular a tone as he could command, “Tush, I know you, and wish you better success the next time you attempt the incognito.” He then made the best of his way to the high road, and, musing upon this curious and unaccountable circumstance, returned to his apartments.

Next morning Lubeck went to the site of the preceding night’s adventure, with the intention of ascertaining the manner in which this curious trick had been performed, (for with returning daylight he felt re-assured that it *was* such,) but his dismay was very considerable when he arrived at the spot, for, owing to the nature of the ground, he was at once compelled to decide that it could not be a trick performed by *human actors*.

30

How unsteady is the balance of the human mind! The manner in which the strongest understandings are sometimes swayed by the most minute circumstances is perfectly unaccountable; and the smallest foundation, like the stem of a tree, often carries a wide-spreading superstructure. The wild stories of his romantic countrymen were, for a time eagerly perused by Lubeck; and the mind, which had before delighted in them as entertaining compositions, lent them that deep attention which admitted the possibility of their reality.

Expecting that the invisible person (for such he was now persuaded existed) would again address him, Lubeck went night after night to the same spot, but in vain! Till at length, as the event became more remote, the impressions of that night became more faint; at last, he felt convinced that the whole must have been the result of his own imagination, and was quietly pursuing his studies, when one morning a stranger was ushered into his apartment.

"I believe," said the stranger, "I am

addressing Lubeck Schieffel, who gained, with so much honour, the last prize of this university."

Lubeck bowed assent.

"You may probably feel surprised," continued he, "that a perfect stranger should obtrude himself upon you, but I concluded that a person who had already obtained so much information would naturally be desirous of embracing any means of increasing it, and I believe it is in my power to point out to you a way by which that increase may be obtained."

"I certainly feel an ardent thirst for knowledge," said Lubeck; "as yet, I cannot but agree with him who said, 'all I know is, that I know nothing.' I have read the books pointed out by the professors, and all that I have read only confirms the justness of this conclusion."

"And rightly," said the stranger, "for of what use are the *majority* of the ancient writings, but as they furnish excellent rules of morality, and specimens of elegant or amusing compositions! We may admire the descriptions of Tacitus, the simple style of Livy—be dazzled by the

plendid imagery of Homer, or melted by the tender traits of Tibullus or Euripides,—we may laugh with Anacreon, or enjoy the still beauties of nature with Theocritus—we have love in Sappho, satire in Juvenal, and man in Horace—we——”

“Stay, stay,” said Lubeck. “Swell the list no farther; from all these books some knowledge I have drained, but am still not satisfied. I still thirst, still pant for knowledge; and am sick to the soul of knowing no more than the rest of the world. I would——”

“If you look to gain,” said the stranger, interrupting him, “for such universal knowledge from books, you must be disappointed. It would consume nearly a life, to read all that has been written upon any one science, which, when known, is but one step forward, and while we are striving to reach wisdom, death overtakes us. Besides, you learn nothing *new* from books, for invention must *precede* science, and clear a path for her, while the compilers of books but follow at a distance and record her steps. Still you need not despair, for though thousands in vain strive to open the portals to that knowledge, which is closed by a bar which no force can remove—still, to some it may be given to find a hidden spring, which, touched——”

“And you have found this spring,” said Lubeck, sarcastically.

“It has been found!” said the stranger, “it has been touched! The hitherto sealed portals have been opened, and the hidden knowledge full—complete—is revealed, but only to few, and even to those conditionally.”

“You speak allegorically,” said Lubeck, “what mean you?”

“You must be aware,” said the stranger, “that he who wishes to excel in any *one* science gives it his undivided attention; is it not rational then to suppose that something *extraordinary* must be exacted of him who wishes to excel in *all*?”

“Full, complete attention,” said Lubeck, “and intense and unwearied application.”

“If undivided attention, or intense and unwearied application would have availed,” said the stranger, “would you now have been seeking it? Attend. Suppose a fraternity had existed for many centuries, living in a place, rendered *invisible* to all the world but themselves, by an extraordinary secret, who are acquainted with every science, some of which they have improved to the highest degree of perfection, who possess a multitude of valuable and almost incredible secrets.

Possessed of the art of prolonging life very much, indeed, beyond its usual limits, and having so great a knowledge of medicine, that no malady can withstand them, they laugh at the diseases which you consider mortal. They possess a key to the Jewish Cabbala, they have copies of the Sybilline books. But, alas! how many discoveries which they have made, and have divulged, with the intention of benefiting mankind generally, have proved, in the event, a heavy curse to part!”

Lubeck began to feel a strong conviction that he was listening to either the dreams of some wild enthusiast, or the reveries of a mad-man, but though the ideas of the stranger were so wild, neither his look, tone, nor manner, seemed to warrant such a conclusion; he, therefore, was greatly embarrassed how to proceed. At length he observed,—“For what purpose, may I ask, do you endeavour to amuse me, with relating what to me seems simply impossible?”

“Impossible!” repeated the stranger, “Impossible!—thus it ever is with mankind. Whatever escapes their investigation—whatever they cannot readily comprehend or explain, they pronounce to have no existence, or to be utterly inexplicable. Consider how many things, which to you appear possible, to one of less information would appear what you pronounce this to be, and thus was Galileo imprisoned, and forced to deny truths which were not comprehended. You admitted to me, a short time past, that all *your* knowledge amounted to nothing. Still, the moment I tell you of what you cannot *comprehend*, you at once pronounce it to be impossible. Listen!” continued the stranger, and immediately the same remarkable voice, which Lubeck had before heard, exclaimed—“Ay! what do you know?”

The tenor of the stranger’s conversation had not recalled to Lubeck Schieffel the events of that memorable night, but now it rushed upon him in an instant, and before him he conceived was the supernatural being who had haunted his steps.

“This extraordinary society, of which I was telling you,” continued the stranger, “received its name from Christian Rosencrux, who was born in Germany, in the year 1359. He was educated in a monastery, and excelled in most ancient and modern languages. A powerful desire urged him to seek a more extensive range of information than could be obtained within the precincts of a cloister, and he determined to travel. The religious feelings, common about the close

of the fourteenth century, led him to visit the Holy Land. Having seen the Holy Sepulchre, he proceeded to Damascus, where he was in great danger of losing his life. This circumstance, however, was the cause of all his fame and greatness; for he learned from the eastern physicians, or (as they are sometimes called) philosophers, who undertook and completed his cure, the existence of many extraordinary secrets, by which his curiosity was so highly excited, that he spent much time travelling over most of the eastern parts, till he became master of those most wonderful secrets, which had been preserved by tradition from the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Brahmins, Gymnosophists, and the Magi.

“Upon the return of Rosencrucx into his own country, he collected together several men of similar pursuits with himself, and to them he communicated those secrets, the fruits of his labours and discoveries. This was the origin of the *Rosicrucians*, or, *Brothers of the Rosy Cross*, they were likewise called *Immortales*, because of their *long-life*; *Illuminati*, on account of their knowing all things; *Invisible Brothers*, because they appeared not. Its existence was concealed till about the year 1600, when, by some unaccountable means, it became known. Some time after, two books were published which, it was pretended, were the productions of members of this society, the one was entitled ‘*Fama fraternitatis laudabilis ordinis Rosæcrucis*’—the Report of the laudable order of the fraternity of the Rosy Cross; the other *Confessio Fraternitatis*,—the Confession of the Fraternity. These books gave a pretended account of the society and its views. That these books were the production of those they were pretended to be, was openly denied in 1620, by Michael Bede, who publicly declared that he knew the whole to have been fabricated by some ingenious persons. A great number of persons falsely pretended to belong to this society, especially Robert Hudd, an English physician; Michael Mayer, and above all, in the year 1600, Jacob Behmen, (often called the Teutonic philosopher;) but he was a mere enthusiast.

“It was believed that Rosencrucx died in the year 1448. But, in truth, so famous a man could not disappear from the world (as he was bound to do by the rules of the society) without the greatest curiosity existing to ascertain the particulars. It was therefore pretended that he died, although he lived in the society for above two hundred years after that feigned event.”

“Two hundred years!” said Lubeck, in astonishment.

“The way of prolonging life is, as I told you, one of our great secrets, which can only be communicated to the initiated; but thus far I may tell you—its duration depends on the *influence of the stars*.”

“Do all men’s lives depend on them? I have often heard that the *planets* have influenced the *actions* of men—which to me seemed strange; but how can they affect the *existence* of you, and you only?”

“I wonder not at your question; but I may tell no more, for an *attempt* to divulge certain secrets would cost my life.” The stranger continued:—“The renowned Paracelsus was also one of our fraternity, and it was to him that we are indebted for the *elixir of life*. He was reported to have died also, in the year 1541, but he survived above a century. The members of our society or fraternity bind themselves by a solemn oath to keep our secrets inviolable; the nature of this oath is so extraordinary, that even a mere attempt to violate it is prevented by death. Suppose this fraternity to consist of a stated number of persons, one of whom occasionally retired, if you had an offer to become one of them, would you accede to it?”

“But do I not recollect,” said Lubeck, “you said something extraordinary would be required?”

“We have conditions,” said the stranger, “but by you they are easily to be fulfilled. You must be free from crime, you must separate yourself from the world, and all that is in it,—parents,—relations,—friends—and take a vow of celibacy!”

The look of eager hope and delight, with which Lubeck had, till now, listened to the latter words of the stranger, changed at once to disappointment and sorrow. His expectations, which had been raised to the highest pitch of excitement, were now dashed to the ground at once.

“It cannot be—it cannot be!” he hastily exclaimed; “never, never, can I consent to abandon Hela. I am engaged to be married,—nay, the day is fixed.”

“Can you be so infatuated as to reject my offer?”

The lover, in his imagination, has no comparison to her he loves; her form exists, perfect, supreme, and all absorbing, in his mind. No tasteful imagery, no descriptive words, could give the feelings as they there exist; to him the plain-

est language speaks the best, for his own mind then adds the most, to that which gives the least. Lubeck briefly replied, "You never *saw* her!"

"Consider, I pray you," resumed the stranger, "that, in fifty or sixty years, your earthly career will be run, and in how much less time will *beauty* have passed away; that beauty, at whose altar you are now about to sacrifice continued youth, health, and a surpassing knowledge."

"But," added Lubeck, "even when her beauty shall have faded, her mind will still remain."

"Still," said the stranger, "still! what mean you?—Some fifty or sixty years! And can you balance these few years with *centuries* of that enjoyment which you so late desired? Believe me, if your marriage be happy, joy will make you grieve for the brevity of life; but if, as it too often happens, you find the temple of Hymen borders too closely upon the burying-place of Love, then sorrow will cause you to be weary of its length."

The stranger here paused a few moments, and then continued:—"It is said, mankind petitioned Jupiter, that Hymen and Love should be worshipped together in the same temple; for in consequence of their dwelling apart, many an offering had been given to Love, which should have been dedicated to Hymen; and that Hymen had many a vow, which ought first to have been offered to Love. To this reasonable request, the god promised compliance, and Hymen and Love descended to earth, to erect a temple for that purpose. For some time the two gods were undecided as to where the structure should be placed, till at length they fixed upon a spot in the domains of Youth, and there they began erecting it. But alas! it was not yet completed when age came and usurped the place, turned their temple to a ruin, and used them so harshly, that they fled. From thence they roamed about, Hymen disliking one place, and Love another; here, parents consented, and children refused; there, children solicited, and parents forbade; and the world was continually throwing obstacles in their way. Poor Love, who was a wavering and tender child, felt the effects of this, and was already thinking of returning, when they fortunately hit upon a spot which they thought would suit them. It was situated about midway up a hill, the prospect was neither extensive nor confined, one half was in the domain of Wealth, while the other stood on the precincts of Poverty, before them was Content; Pleasure resided in a splendid pa-

lace on one side, and Industry in a cot on the other; Ambition was above them, and Vice below. Here, then, they erected their temple. But Love, who had been wearied with the length of the road, and fatigued by the hardships of the journey, in less than a month afterwards fell sick and died. He was buried within the temple; and Hymen, who has ever since lamented him, dug with his own hands his grave, and on the monument erected to the memory of the little god, whose effigy was carved in marble, he laid his own torch. And there, before the torch of Hymen, and on the tomb of 'lost Love,' many a vow was offered up, and many plighted hearts have wept to find the temple of Hymen, the burying place of Love. Alas! your happiness is like polished steel, rusted by a breath; nor can you hope to quaff the full cup of pleasure, and find no dregs."

"Life may be like an ocean of troubled water," said Lubeck, "but there is a pearl for which we venture on its bosom. In vain, in vain, you endeavour to change my determination. No—love is all of life worth living for. If I were to enter your fraternity, shall I quaff the waters of Lethe?—No!—remember then, our memory is like a picture gallery of past days; and would there not be one picture which would haunt me for ever? and should I not curse the hour in which I bartered happiness for knowledge?—Do you not think—?"

"It is vain," said the stranger, interrupting him, "it is vain to argue with you now; a heart boiling as your's does, with violent emotions, must send intoxicating fumes to the head. I give you a month to consider—I will then see you again; time may change your present resolutions. I should regret that an unstable, evanescent passion, like love, should part us; however, should your mind change in the mean time, remember where I was first heard—Till then, adieu."

"Till then," said Lubeck, "will never be; but, before we part, pardon an injustice which I did you in my own thoughts. The extraordinary nature of your conversation led me at first to conceive that I was listening to the reveries of a madman. Farewell—you cannot give me happiness like that you would deprive me of."

The stranger smiled, and, bowing, left the apartment.

The time was rapidly approaching which had been fixed for Lubeck Schieffel's marriage with Hela, when, on the morning following his conversation with the stranger, he received the intelligence that she was attacked by a violent illness. The most celebrated physicians of the place

were summoned to attend her; but the symptoms, which from the first had been serious, resisted their utmost efforts, and now became alarming. Day after day passed on, and the disorder still increased, and it appeared, that a few days at farthest, and she would no longer exist, for whom Lubeck had so lately given up length of life and surpassing knowledge.

The crisis arrived, and the dictum of the physicians destroyed that hope to which the lover till then had clung.

Lubeck, nearly distracted, was gazing intently on that fair and faded form which lay before him, and marked the hectic red slowly give place to that pale wan hue, the sure foreteller of the approach of death. On one side the bed of his dying child, sat the aged father of Hela;—he was silent—for he was hopeless; on the other side stood the physician, who to the frequently uplifted and enquiring eye of the old man, shook his head expressive of no hope. “Will nothing save her?” whispered Lubeck, his tremulous voice broken by sobs: “Nothing, save a miracle!” was the reply. “Nay, then it must be—” said Lubeck, and rushed out of the room.

A week only had elapsed, and we find Hela restored, in a most unaccountable manner, to health and beauty, by an unknown medicine, procured by Lubeck from an unknown source, which no enquiry could induce him to divulge. Week passed after week, and nothing had been said by Lubeck relating to the approaching marriage; he was oppressed by a deep melancholy, which every attention of Hela seemed but to increase.

They were taking one of their accustomed rambles; it was one of those beautiful evenings, which are frequent towards the latter end of autumn; the sun was just sinking behind the dark blue mountains, and the sky seemed one continued sheet of burnished gold. The bright leaves of the trees, the surrounding rocks, and the distant hills, were gilded by the same heavenly alchymy. This gradually changed to a deep red, glowing like the ruby, mingling beautifully with the brown and yellow tints which autumn had spread over the scene. Not a sound was heard, save, at measured intervals, the long drawn melancholy note of some distant unseen bird, and, but for this, they two might have seemed the sole inhabitants of a silent world; 'midst nature's beauties the most beautiful, the bright setting sun seemed to have lent its lustre to their eyes, its colour to their cheeks, and to

delay his setting, as if unwilling to quit a scene so lovely. Slowly he set, and as slowly, and almost imperceptibly, the glowing red changed to the soft pale twilight, and the moon, then in her full, gradually ascended, mistress of the scene; and then the stars peeped forward, one by one, as if fearful of the light, at length another, and another came, till the whole face of heaven was filled with brightness.

It was Hela's voice, that, almost in a whisper, broke on the silence around. “It will be fine to-morrow—it always is after such a sun-set as this.”

“I think it will—and I hope it may,” said Lubeck, “if you would have it so! but why to-morrow?”

“Oh, to-morrow was to have been our—wedding-day.”

There are remembrances we would fain suppress; thoughts, which recalled, weigh heavy on the heart; ideas, which we have struggled to keep down, on which to dwell were far too great a pain, and these the mind, when wearied, had forgotten. And yet—one word, one little word, shall recall every thought, bring in an instant each remembrance forth, and waken memory though it slept for years.

“Hela!” exclaimed Lubeck, dreadfully agitated,—“that day can never be!”

“What! Lubeck?” she replied, doubting that she heard correctly.

“Hela,” continued he, “when you lay upon your bed of sickness; when mortal aid seemed unavailing—your life despaired of—remember it was then I brought the medicine which so unaccountably restored you;—driven to desperation by your impending fate,—I sought relief from beings who had the power to give it—even then, —from them obtained that medicine, but it was purchased by my happiness,—I took a vow which parted us for ever!”

“Dreadful,” said Hela, “What—?”

“I cannot tell you more,” he hurriedly exclaimed. “In your absence, I have often resolved to tell you this, but never before could I mention it when we were together. I feared it would break your heart—I felt it was breaking mine. I could not bear to think of it—I would have persuaded myself it was a dream—I tried to conceal it from myself; I would have forgotten all—but that I saved you. Alas! I could not hide it from myself, and it were cruel to have hidden it longer from you. Hela, I could not bear to hear that day named, and not to tell you that day can never be!”

“What mystery! Lubeck—speak plainly—let me know all!”

“ Listen,” he continued, “ since I must tell you. You have heard of the Rosicrucians, and believed perhaps, that they existed only in the imagination of the superstitious and foolish ; too truly I can prove the truth of what you have heard. Vast, indeed, their knowledge, vast, indeed, their power, to them may be given to penetrate the secrets of nature—to them a being co-existent with a world ; but to me they possessed that, which was more valued than their power, than knowledge, or than life itself—it was that medicine that saved you ! To obtain it, I was compelled to take that fearful oath which separated us for ever—an oath of celibacy.—*I am a Rosicrucian !*”

Long—long was Hela silent ; the dread with which this avowal had at first filled her mind, was slowly giving way to what was to her more terrible, a doubt of its truth ; her tearful eye marked the long painful hesitation between rooted affection, and disdain of his supposed perfidy.

“ Farewell !” she at length exclaimed. “ Had you loved me with half the devoted fervour that I loved, you sooner would have died than have given me up ; but, let it be. Farewell ! Time will soon take my remembrance from your heart—if ever love existed there for me ; go—seek some other favourite—and in your *length of years*, quit *her* as easily as you part from *me* ; boast to her of the foolish fondness of an innocent heart, and tell the simple tale of *one* who could not live to prove your story *false !*”

“ *False ! Hela—false !*” exclaimed Lubeck, driven to desperation by her reproach, “ you never more shall doubt me ! I had thought that when I gave up all my happiness, dooming myself to a long life of misery (for life without you is misery,)—I had thought, that she, for whom this sacrifice was made, would, at least, have been grateful, and have praised my motives : this was my only hope ; but now, when I have told the oath that gave her to life, and me to misery, she thinks me false. The only consolation I expected was her thanks, and these I have not—No, Hela, no, you never more shall doubt me ! I cannot spare you this, my last resource, to prove how true is the heart you have doubted—”

“ Hela, look on the beautiful heavens ; how often have I gazed with deepest reverence on its varied lights, but never with that intensity of feeling that I do now ; for I feel that I partake a being with them. There is a star this night sheds its last ray—a world shall cease to exist—a life must perish with it. See you

small cloud, that comes slowly over the face of heaven ; and mark,—it wings its light way to that pale star ! Now, Hela, now, you never more shall doubt me !—on that star depends my—”

She turned—and lifeless at her feet lies what was once her lover : silent awhile she stood, as if she doubted what she saw was real ; then her clasped hands convulsive pressed her head ; and in her heart she felt ages of anguish in one moment’s woe.

Hark ! what is it that troubled echo so repeats ; that wakes the fox, and startles all around ?—the wolf bays fearfully ; the startled owl screams harshly as she takes her hurried flight.

It was a shriek, a long and fearful shriek—and oh ! the tale it tells is of *despair*—that every joy is fled, that hope is vanished, and a heart is broken !

Silent is echo now ; the angry wolf is heard no more ; the startled owl has rested from her flight and terror, and stillness once again commands the scene

The moon has climbed her highest, and sinking, follows darkness to the west ; a little while, and then—full in the east appears the pale small arch of light, that darkens, and then brighter comes again ; and then the long faint rays of the approaching sun, and last himself, in all his brightness comes, like a conqueror, and deposes night.

The birds are chirping gladly on the trees ; and gently on the ear comes, by degrees, the distant hum of an awaking world. But there is a silence man can never break, there is a darkness suns can never light—there is a sleep that morn shall never awaken—and such is *death’s* and *Hela’s*.—*Lon. Mag.*



FAIRNTOSH.

We give, from official documents, the origin of this appellation ; both because it may be interesting to whisky drinkers, and because the account contains some curious particulars regarding the former mode of rewarding loyalty, and one branch of the revenue of Scotland, in the present day the most important and productive.

It appears, from these official documents, that long previous to 1690, there had been a distillery of aqua vitæ, or whisky, on the lands of Fairntosh, belonging to Mr. Forbes of Culloden. At the time of the Revolution, these lands and the brewery were laid waste by the adherents of James II. in consequence of Mr. Forbes’s steady and active attachment to King William

The damages sustained were estimated at upwards of 3,500*l.* In order to indemnify Mr. Forbes, the Scottish Parliament, in 1690, farmed to him and his heirs, the yearly excise of the lands of Fairtosh, for payment of the sum of 400 merks Scots, or 22*l.* 4*s.* 5½*d.* sterling, per annum, being their proportion of 40,000*l.* sterling, the whole excise of Scotland at that time, as paid into the Exchequer. In 1695, in consequence of additional duties being imposed on exciseable liquors, a proportional addition was then rated and paid on these lands.

This mode of indemnifying loyalty was soon abused; for, in 1703, the gentlemen whose lands lay contiguous to Mr. Forbes's estate complained, in a petition to Parliament, that he undersold and ruined his neighbours, and injured the public revenue, by distilling from much more grain than was the produce of the lands of Fairtosh; and that he must already have received an ample indemnification for his losses. The Parliament on this restricted the privilege to the growth of Mr. Forbes's own lands of Fairtosh. Soon after the Union, another attempt was made to rescind the privilege; and a suit in equity was filed in the Court of Exchequer, to try the validity of his right. The Court, however, decided in his favour; on the footing of a private right, saved by the 6th article of the Union. It having been ascertained, that at this period the English duties of excise were higher than the Scotch, a proportional sum was added to Mr. Forbes's original composition; so that, in 1712-13, it amounted to 28*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.*; and, in consequence of other additional duties, imposed at various times, in the year 1785, it reached 72*l.* 18*s.* 11¼*d.*

In 1761, Fairtosh whisky was in great repute, and sold even in the remotest parts of Scotland; and the Commissioners of Excise ascertained that the abuse of the privilege was extending, so that large quantities of grain were brought in to Fairtosh from distant counties, for the purpose of distillation and sale. This induced them again to attempt to put an end to the privilege. The opinion of the King's counsel in Scotland was taken; and afterwards that of the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals (afterwards Lord Camden and Lord Chancellor Yorke.) The latter clearly declared that Mr. Forbes's right of exemption was not saved by the treaty of Union. Mr. Forbes on this offered to relinquish his right for 20,000*l.*; but nothing was done, in consequence of this claim being deemed exorbitant, as it was ascertained that the utmost produce of the estate, including the benefit of the

privilege, did not, on an average of years, amount to 750*l.*

The entered distillers—a body of men who, about 1784, from the magnitude of their operations, and the importance of the duties they paid, began to take that hold on the financial minister of the country, which, every year since, has become more firm and commanding—complained that the greater part of these Fairtosh spirits were carried to the remote parts of the country—and very large quantities sent even into England—particularly to London, where a public warehouse for the sale of them had been opened: and that although such spirits were of equal or superior quality, they were sold at a lower price than the entered distiller could afford to sell his spirits for. At last the case was brought before a special jury, in the Court of Exchequer, at Edinburgh, on the 29th of November, 1785, when a verdict was returned, finding Mr. Forbes entitled to a compensation amounting to 21,580*l.* This was accordingly paid him, by a warrant from the Treasury, out of the revenues of Excise in Scotland.—*Edin. Review.*

THE MAHOMMEDAN RELIGION.

The Mahometans seem to grow more purely Unitarians in proportion as their zeal for the mere ceremonial part of their religion relaxes, nor will they so much as hear with patience any argument against that fundamental point of their religion, the unity of God, whose name alone they invoke at the hour of death, and generally die with it in their mouths; their distance from the country whence that religion sprang, rendering them more indifferent to any mention of the name of Mahomet. Indeed most of his followers, as an ingenious author observes, carry their veneration for the supreme being so far, as not only never to mention the word Allah, or God, with the least irreverence, but think it in a manner blasphemous to praise or define a being whom they consider as so infinitely above all praise, definition, or comprehension. Thus they carry their scrupulosity to a superstitious length, and do not even approve of calling him good, righteous, merciful, from their thinking such epithets are superfluous and impertinent, as if one was emphatically to say of a man that he had a head, or any other members necessary to the human form; for they conceive it to be a profanation of the name of God to associate it with human attributes or conceptions, and that nothing fills the

idea due to that being so well as the name itself, "a substantive singularly, and for ever above the junction of an adjective." H. B.

BETTY BLINK, THE SPIRIT SEEKER.

(A Street Circular.)

Betty's a dear and thirsty soul,
A flame is in her throat ;
The wind will round the stomach roll
As though it roars by rote :
'Twill make you weep to hear her cry
When she's no ' cordial in her eye.'

Not Faustus, nor a German seer,
Can spirits raise, like she
Who shuns the ' intermediate beer,
But lips the glass to see ;
And happy can she lift the latch,
And at the bar—' fresh spirits catch.'

Shrub, mint, and cowslip wine she hates,
And calls them scouring drinks,
To gluttons cravings, drank as baits,
At which her cholic winks ;
For, yet, 'twill twist and pain will come
Without,—' a thimble full of Rum !'

Her neighbours spirits she will seek,
To join them in a fray,
And, to make Booth and Hodges weak,
Swallow their strength away :
And then she's in—' a merry pin !' †
Though caught in—' Deady's deadly Gin.'

A good Scotch reel, or Irish jig,
She forms in smuggler's caves,
And wick-ed as a chandler's grig,
Will dance on lumps of greaves :
Than she no hoppers more are frisky,
When she to cholic—' waltzes Whisky.'

Betty prefers her liquor neat,
(Her glasses full and large)
And it must burn with spirituous heat,
Or doubly she will charge ;
And it must night and day be handy,
No matter which, she'd rather—' Brandy.'

Thus above proof she staggers out,
Bearing the *vault* in mind ;
Her ' Evil Spirits ' raise a shout,
And she is doubly blind !
For, down her human-bottle lies,—
Betty evaporates and—' dies.'

P.

THE ESCAPE OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

M. BOISGERARD, the second Maître de Ballet of the Italian Opera House, lately deceased, was a Frenchman of good extraction, and, at the period of the French

Revolution, was attached to the royal party. When Sir Sidney Smith was confined in the Temple, Boisgerard acted up to his principles by attempting, and, with great personal risk, effecting, the escape of that distinguished officer, whose friends were making every effort for his liberation. Having obtained an impression of the seal of the Directorial Government, he affixed it to an order, forged by himself, for the delivery of Sir Sidney into his care. Accompanied by a friend, disguised like himself, in the uniform of an officer of the revolutionary army, he did not scruple personally to present the fictitious document to the keeper of the Temple ; who, opening a small closet, took thence some original document, with the writing and seal of which he carefully compared the forged order. Desiring the adventurers to wait a few minutes, he then withdrew, and locked the door after him. Giving themselves up for lost, the confederates determined to resist, sword in hand, any attempt made to secure them. The period which thus elapsed may be imagined as one of the most horrible suspense to Boisgerard and his companion ; his own account of his feelings at the time was extremely interesting. Left alone, and in doubt whether each succeeding moment might not be attended by a discovery involving the safety of his life, the acuteness of his organs of sense was heightened to painfulness: the least noise thrilled through his brain, and the gloomy apartment in which he sat seemed filled with strange images. They preserved their self-possession ; and, after the lapse of a few minutes, their anxiety was determined by the re-appearance of the gaoler, accompanied by his captive, who was delivered to Boisgerard. But here a new and unlooked for difficulty occurred : Sir Sidney Smith, not knowing Boisgerard, refused, for some time, to quit the prison ; and considerable address was required on the part of his deliverers, to overcome his scruples. At last the precincts of the Temple were cleared ; and, after going a short distance in a fiacre, then walking, then entering another carriage, and so on, adopting every means of baffling pursuit, the fugitives got to Havre, where Sir Sidney was put on board an English vessel. Boisgerard, on his return to Paris, (for he quitted Sir Sidney at Havre,) was a thousand times in dread of detection : tarrying at an *auberge*, he was asked whether he had heard the news of Sir Sidney's escape ; the querist adding, that four persons had been arrested on suspicion of having been instrumental in it. However, he escaped all these dangers, and continued at Paris until his visit to England, which took place after the peace

† *Ad pinnas bibere*.—That is, to drink to the Pin, an old Danish custom of drinking, which was having a pin fixed on the side of a wooden cup, to drink exactly to the pin, or forfeit something. Hence the saying—' *He's in a merry pin !*'

of Amiens. A pension had been granted to Sir Sidney Smith for his meritorious services; and, on Boisgerard's arrival here, a reward of a similar nature was bestowed on him, through the influence of Sir Sidney, who took every opportunity of testifying his gratitude.—*Ebers' Seven Years of the King's Theatre.*

◆

DAY AND NIGHT.

—

One midsummer's eve, as the Day to sleep
Was folding his wearied frame;
And the clear brow'd Night, with her softest
creep,
Was stealing along the plain :

Just then, the pale moon from the ocean rose,
Refreshed, from the briny wave,
And, smiling a ray on the mountain top,
Surprise to the rivals gave.

And the gaping Day was again awake ;
And the Night her footsteps stay'd,
Uncertain the path that she next should take ;
While the twilight round them play'd.

But the Night soon ask'd why her rival rude
Should dare on her reign to break,
On the few short hours she claimed intrude,
And her scanty portion take.

Upon which the Day, though in waking thus
He no insult rude had meant,
Replied, (since the night made so much fuss)
With his shadow'd brows stern bent :

“ I am come to upbraid you once for all,
With the mournful shade you throw,
When deck'd in your sable robes of gloom,
On the dew-steep'd earth you go.

“ Oh ! why should you shroud this globe of
joy,
In dismal darkened guise,
And draw your curtain'd veil across,
The calmly breathing skies.

“ Oh ! why do you come, with your step of
sleep,
To close busy Nature's scene ?
Why do you not rather your levee keep,
Where no brighter rival's seen ?

Why do you not go and your pleasure take,
Where Chaos is rolling round,
Where Disorder's sprite the crude atoms
shake,
And the shades you love abound.

“ You come to the mortals who've joyed to
see,
The light that my eyelids throw :—
They'd gladly lose you, and pleased would
be,
Your departure hence to know.

“ Neath the polar star when my reign I hold,
How bright is the frozen scene !
Where the prayers of the mortals who live
there told,
But few are for thee I ween.

“ Then give up to me the circled zone,
That is clasped about this earth ;
Oh ! why is the breath on its lustre thrown,
To sully the bright shine of mirth ?

“ There are realms where I never my rays
have cast,
And there you will welcome be ;
But over this universe pr'ythee don't cast
The shadow from which I flee.”

Upon this, the night, she put back her veil,
And in the pale moon-beam smiled,
'Twas a smile that told of her rival's tale
A contemptuous feeling wild.

“ Proud Day,” she replied, “ you deem me
dull,
And you scorn my shady eye ;
But you soon would faint in the train of time,
If my aid was never by !

“ When your tired steps are wearied out,
Who takes your vacant place ?
Methinks you do wrong to slight my help,
Because of my darker face.

“ Oh ! say not that men wish me away,
As though I were 'mong their foes :
I know you give them of scenes more gay,
But I bring them sweet repose.

“ Go ask of those lovers, now roaming down
By that brook's soft murmuring stream ;
You'll hear that they'll part, and part with
pain,
At the rising of thy beam.

“ They call me theirs, and leave to those
Engaged in cares, thy praise ;
'Tis my still hour that cheers their souls,
And ev'ry woe allays.”

How long the night's defence had been,
If left to her will to close,
We dare not say :—but the morning star,
When she'd got thus far, arose.

And the day glar'd out on the fever'd plain,
In his gayest robes of light ;
While the night sped off to some distant clime
And the lark announced her flight.

R. JARMAN.

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Biography.

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JOHN SCOTT.

EVERY collector of fine and valuable prints will remember the name of Scott, as that of an artist of high celebrity, in the department of animal and figure engraving. Mr. Scott may almost be said to have been born an engraver. His birth-place was at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, about the year 1773. His education was probably humble, as he was apprenticed to a tallow-chandler, named Greenwell, in the Old Flesh Market, Newcastle. His leisure hours, especially during the latter portion of his term, were sedulously devoted to the arts of drawing and engraving. At length he was induced to shew

his performances to his friend Mr. Fisher, the keeper of a circulating library, and clerk of the parish of St. Nicholas. Mr. Fisher submitted these productions to the examination of certain gentlemen who frequented his library, and by whom, as executed by a self-taught youth, they were thought highly of. On the suggestion of Mr. Fisher, young Scott wrote to Mr. Robert Pollard, the engraver in London, transmitted to him some specimens of his talent,—and solicited his advice as to the propriety of his visiting London, with the view of adopting the profession of an engraver. Mr. Pollard acted most generously; satisfied of his ability, he not only encouraged the project, but took him under his own tuition, gave up his claim to the customary fee, and allowed him a progressively increasing weekly payment. Under such auspices, he rapidly improved, and ultimately attained the summit of his art. His master-pieces were the Fox-Chase, from a painting by Reinagle and Marshall, and the Death of the Fox, from a picture by Gilpin, the property of the late Colonel Thornton, of sporting notoriety. The latter, if we mistake not, was the picture for which Colonel Thornton—then resident at, and the proprietor of, Thornville Royal—had several of the finest sporting dogs in the kingdom killed, and placed in the requisite positions, to assist the painter in its production.—Other principal works by Mr. Scott were the various characters of dogs, and of horses, on a royal quarto size, with letter press descriptions of the qualities and properties of these animals.

As a man, Mr. Scott was distinguished by unaffected plainness, scrupulous integrity, and general worth. He was one of the eight artists who, in the year 1809-10 assembled, and formed the plan of, the Artists' Joint Stock Fund, for the benefit of decayed members, their widows and children. This noble institution has so prospered, that, from its own subscriptions and the contributions of gentlemen and amateurs, it is now in possession of government securities to a large amount. It is melancholy to add, though, at the same time, the circumstance shews the value of such societies—that Mr. Scott himself lived to become a quarterly dependent upon the very institution of which he had been a principal founder and promoter. Five or six years hence, after serving as steward to the society, in high health and spirits, at one of its annual meetings, at the Freemason's Tavern, London, he was taken ill; subsequently he lost his reason; and at the close of the year 1827, his valuable life terminated at

Chelsea. To lament his loss, Mr. Scott left a widow, one son, and eight or nine daughters, all arrived at the age of maturity.—*Old Monthly*.

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THE REV. W. LEEVES.

In the musical world Mr. Leeves has immortalized himself by the exquisite and touching simplicity of the music of the pathetic ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," originally composed by him in the year 1770. This melody has been claimed by a whole nation; who that was acquainted with Mr. Leeves would question *his* word, or for a moment believe that he would claim aught that did not belong to him? Perhaps one of the most convincing and sure proofs of its authority lay in the modesty with which he claimed this beautiful production, and in the characteristic simplicity with which he acknowledged *that* of which many would have made a boast. When Mr. Leeves heard Miss Stephens sing this ballad, he was so much delighted with her expression and her melting tones, that he shed tears. The songstress was much gratified on hearing of the effect her singing had produced on the venerable *author*, and was indulged in her wish of being introduced to the composer of the air which added so much to her celebrity. But there are so many anecdotes connected with this subject, doubtless well known, that we need not repeat them. Mr. Leeves composed much sacred music, some of which is already in print, and it is to be hoped that what he has left may be laid before the public. At a very advanced age, his voice, though feeble, was harmonious, and could not be heard without exciting feelings of deep emotion. Mr. Leeves also possessed the gift of numbers, and his poetical productions, whether playful or serious, always combined both taste and feeling.

Mr. Leeves was Rector of Wrington, (a village celebrated by having been the birth-place of Locke,) for a period of nearly fifty years, and there fulfilled his clerical duties in so exemplary a manner as to insure him the love and respect of the whole neighbourhood.—*Bath Herald*.

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THE KNIGHT OF THE WOUNDED
HART.

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(Continued from Page 6.)

'Twas high day and holyday with the
"gentle theves" of Sherewood and of
Barnsdale; for they had sworn by the
bow and shaft, the most sacred of oaths,

to refrain from all labour, and for once to forget, in the enjoyment of time present, the troubles of time past, and the cares and anxieties of time to come: and that they were determined to keep the vow which they had made, was sufficiently evidenced by the boisterous "wood-notes wild" which rung through the forest, when the bright beams of the golden-locked Phœbus ushered in the welcome twenty-fourth of June:—

SONG.

'Tis merry and good, in gay green-wood,
To watch the king of day
Come forth full drest
In golden vest,
And chase the clouds from east to west,
That throng his heavenly way.

'Tis merrier far, when evening's star
Looks brightly o'er the lea,
To share the spoil
Of battle broil,
And rest awhile from care and toil,
Beneath the green-wood tree.

'Tis merry and good, in gay green-wood,
To hunt the deer at morn,
And track their feet,
While birds sing sweet,
From thorny brake and dark retreat,
With voice of blithesome horn.

'Tis merrier far, when Phœbus' car
Shines out on field and flood,
To eat ven'son
With Little John,
And Sherewood's queen Maid Marian,
And gallant Robin Hood!

"Well sung, well sung, by our lady!" quoth the last named worthy; "but is't not strange, my trusty William Scarlock, that brother John hath not returned from Nottingham? I wot full well this is the day fixed for the marriage of Walter Murdach with the pretty Alice Marsh; and why that knave Nailor bringeth us no tidings thereof I cannot right devise:—we must in quest anon, maugre our holy resolution."

"Ah, master Robin," said Scarlock, "I'll wager twenty silver crowns against a brace of shafts, the little knave has turned into the King's Head, and will tarry there till his wit, and dame Margaret's claret, be both run out to the lees."

"Marry, but I think 'twill be best that George-a-Green and Scarlock hie them there to seek the knave!" added the Pindar of Wakefield. Here, however, the winding of a distant bugle broke off further colloquy, and infused fresh life into the banqueting foresters,—

"Soho! soho!" shouted the "prædonem mitissimum,"—"that was the horn of Little John!—To your bows and quarter-staffs, my merry men!"

In a moment all was bustle and confu-

sion, and Scarlock, George-a-Green, with a score of other archers good, leaving their half-drained flagons, snatched up each his bow and quarter-staff, and plunged into the the thickest of the forest, lest peradventure their companion Little John should stand in need of assistance. Again that renowned yeoman blew his horn, and out sprung his fellows, "all clad in Lincoln green," who, without asking any questions, let fly their shafts into the midst of a trim and gallant company, who were passing along their way with fear and trembling. The first flight of arrows dispersed the major part of the train, and our dexterous rangers found it no very difficult task to secure those who remained. These were only three,—two lordly-looking horsemen, and a winsome lady, who rode on a "gentell palefray," with a merlin perched upon her maiden fist. Little John and his companions soon recognised in one of their male prisoners the "proude-sheriffe" of Nottingham, and in the other, Sir Philip Murdach's son, the honest Walter; and they doubted not but the lady was Alice Marsh, the maid of whom they were in search. Being no respecters of persons, they insisted upon the trio accompanying them to the green and pleasant arbour of Robin Hood, their master; and where that hero had remained in company with Friar Tuck, and the rest of his archers bold.

"Welcome again to the green-wood, my lord-sheriff," said he—"an ye had come a little earlier ye should have had a fair forest dinner, though, by our Lady, we had not looked for such honourable guests to-day; but rest ye down awhile, and if there's a fat buck in the king's parks, it shall be found for the sheriff of Nottingham; for no one payeth more bravely for a feast of dainty venison:—to the chase, my merry men!"

"Bold archer!" said the sheriff, "an I guess rightly, ye should be that villain outlaw, Robin Hood,—but whosoe'er ye be, take heed how ye treat the king's officer!"

"Have ye no fear for your treatment, gentles," rejoined the prince of foresters; "for ye shall fare like princes, and as sumptuously. But, tell us first, Sir Sheriff, is this thy hopeful son, of whom 'tis said in merry Nottingham, he killeth the king's deer in aiming at thine? By our Lady, as seemly and proper a youth for a royal ranger, as you shall find, I trow, 'twixt this and fair Newcastle!"

"Bold knave!" cried the wight referred to, laying his hand at the same time upon his empty scabbard—"Bold knave, I am Sir Philip Murdach's son and heir, as ye shall all learn to your cost, when we

return to tell the king's highness of your treasonable doings!"

"Ah! ah! my gentle, thou hast at least a loud and gallant tongue. And prithee, is this sweet maid thy sister, or thy lady-love?" he added, stepping up to Alice Marsh, and surveying her fair form from head to heel.—To which question Sir Philip himself made answer, putting on a look as stern and grave as if at that moment he had been sitting in the judgment-seat of Nottingham town-hall.

"Impudent outlaw! yon lady is the bride betrothed of our son, and should ye dare outrage her maiden modesty, her gallant sire, Sir Gilbert Marsh, shall soon avenge the insult; and ere long, I trust, will hasten to our rescue; for, I ween by this, he hath gained information of our sad mischance!"

"He shall be right welcome to merry Sherewood, my lord Sheriff," added Robin; "and if ye need a priest when he arrives, good Friar Tuck will serve your purpose well, for burial or for bridal.—What saith sweet lady Alice? But with your leaves we'll haste to meet Sir Gilbert; for Sherewood forest is a tangled maze, and many a gentle hath, ere now, been lost among its windings."

"That trouble shall be saved ye, master Robin," said Little John, jumping into view from a thorny dingle: "for, an I mistake not, the Knight is on his way hither, under the good guidance of stout Much the miller; and a rare stalwart fellow he seemeth, by my faye!"

Every one turned him towards the direction pointed out by bold Johanne, and beheld approaching a tall and soldier-like cavalier, clad in a riding-suit of brodered scarlet, with a richly worked morion shading his dark and weather-beaten countenance. He was surrounded by a company of green-coated foresters, while Much the miller's son, held tight hold of his horse's rein, and carried his trusty sword with an air of peculiar triumph. Robin doffed his "bonnet blue," as the Knight appeared; and, with his wonted cheerfulness and cordiality, welcomed him to the green-wood coverts of merry Sherewood forest. The sheriff, also, and his prowess son, paid obeisance to the hero, feeling assured, that in the company of Sir Gilbert Marsh they should be safe;—but the latter thought otherwise.

"Safe ye shall be, I trow," said he, "as if ye were in the dungeon of Nottingham tower; for marry, in such graceless fellowship, I can promise ye none other safety.—By great St. George! I did not reckon for these sturdy knaves, when I trusted myself abroad in such holyday garb as this,—but I have paid dear for my

folly,—so a warrior's malison be on the head of ye all!"

As in a surly tone of voice he uttered this malediction upon them, he placed his left hand upon his sword arm, which was bleeding profusely. The fact was, that he had been disabled by a shaft from the miller's bow, ere he had an opportunity of striking one blow in his own defence. Turning round, he observed his daughter, and seemed somewhat surprised thereat.

"Alice, my own Alice, maid," said he, "and art thou a prisoner too?—This is, i' faith, true loyalty to thy plighted lord; more so, indeed, than Sir Gilbert Marsh could have wished for; to say nought of thy being in such company; I fear we shall have to pay ransom for thee as well as for ourselves, ere thou wilt be suffered to return again to thy bower.—Sir Philip Murdach, it was not kind in ye to bring my daughter into such scenes as these!—But now, my stout foresters, what must our ransom be; for I warrant me, ye would rather have our marks than our friendship.—Is't not so, my yeomen?—Name then your claim, for we have urgent matters which call us to Nottingham; since, beside our daughter's bridal, we stand pledged to meet a prisoner knight ere sun-set in that town."

"An it be so, Sir Gilbert," rejoined Robin Hood,—“we would not cause true soldier to forfeit his pledged troth,—and therefore, if for thyself thou wilt tell two hundred honest marks, and for thy daughter one, ye shall have instant liberty to wend your way.—For my lord sheriff we demand one thousand silver crowns; and for his valiant son a like amount; with twenty more for every meal they eat in Sherewood forest; so mark ye, 'tis a gathering debt until the same be paid.—For noble Walter, we would fain enjoy his company awhile, until he learn to draw a true bow, and strike his father's bucks in the full chase!"

"Knaves! think ye I will be parted from the lady Alice?" shouted out the indignant bridegroom. But it availed him nought: the good bowmen of the gay green-wood only laughed at his impotent and blustering rage, and quietly turned to see that Sir Gilbert Marsh counted his ransom money fairly; and that their treasurer, Little John, who received the same into his outspread mantle, rendered correct account thereof. The blast of a stranger's horn, however, gave them more uneasiness; and when, after the lapse of a few minutes it was heard again, Robin Hood and half a score of his stoutest men sallied forth in quest of the intruder into his royal domains, leaving his trusty lieutenant to receive, and settle for the knight's ransom.

As the bugle blast was repeated ever and anon, the foresters were easily directed to the spot whence it proceeded; and in a short time, the archer of Lockesley beheld before him—The Knight of the Wounded Hart!

“Gramercy, Sir Knight,” he exclaimed, in a tone of wonder, “and what i’ fortune’s name, hath brought thee again to merry Sherewood?”

“Nothing in fortune’s name,” replied the lord de Vere; “but sad mischance in battle-field compels me now to speed in haste to Nottingham, with ransom promised to a prowess knight, whose lance o’erthrew me ’neath the walls of Rouen; so quickly, noble archer, guide me through these tangled forest pathways; for, by the great St. George! we would not forfeit pledge of chivalry, even for love of the fair lady Alice; of whom, I prithee, brother, tell us some tidings as we wend along.”

“Nay, nay, bold Aubrey, we have already spent our breath in answering thy summons; and have none left to tell thee love-sick tales: but follow through the green-wood, and thou shalt save thy ransom marks; ay, and to boot, shalt win thy gentle lady,—else is there no cunning in this bow, nor argument in this good quarter-staff.”

De Vere followed the noble forester with the ardour and alacrity of a person actuated at once by the threefold motive of love, honour, and curiosity. Suddenly bursting from his leafy ambush, he sprung into the presence of Sir Gilbert Marsh, the Sheriff of Nottingham, and the fair owner of the bracelet which graced his plumed casque. As to her betrothed lord Walter of Nottingham, he had escaped unseen from their suspicious fellowship.

“The Knight of the Wounded Hart!” exclaimed Sir Gilbert Marsh, starting back surprised.

“Even so,” replied de Vere,—“and thou the stalwart soldier! Sir Philip Murdach too! and the fair lady Alice! and in such company!—What means this strange adventure?”

“Marry, my brother,” said Robin Hood, stepping forward as he spoke, “it meaneth, that ye shall be spared the cost and trouble of a longer journey; and save besides your promised ransom to this gallant hero; for, by my faye! Sir Gilbert Marsh is too generous a knight to claim ransom from his cousin’s heir, lord Aubrey Earl of Oxford!”

“Aubrey de Vere! cried the stalwart knight.

“Sir Gilbert Marsh!” exclaimed earl Oxford’s son.

“Ay, ay, a hearty welcome, one and

all, to Sherewood!” quoth the king of that famous forest, “not forgetting our loyal Sheriff, for we do mean that thou shouldest pay the cost of banquet for these gallant chevaliers ere thou see merry Nottingham again; and we will hold thy duteous son in hostage till the reckoning be discharged.—Walter—soho! soho! what, hath the knave escaped ye, Little John? Away, my trusty archers, and bring the coward back! but hold!—it matters not:—my lord Sir Philip Murdach shall be the sheriff’s hostage,—’tis all one—And now, good father Tuck, go get thy holy missal; for ere we do sit down to eat or drink, thou shalt secure in blessed bridal bonds, this gentle knight and smiling Alice Marsh! And who saith ‘Nay,’ let him never taste the king’s venison again in the merry green-wood!”

“A bitter malison, bold archer, for one who hath an hungry stomach,” said Sir Gilbert; “but nathless one which we should despise, had we not proved to our cost that braver knight liveth not than he of the Wounded Hart; and Heaven forefend that we should say nay to the suit of one so noble, and withal so near akin!”

A loud and joyous shout rung through the forest when the stalwart soldier spoke his consent to the nuptials.—Sir Aubrey led forth his ladye-love, and knelt before her sire, soliciting his blessing; while Friar Tuck performed the bridal ceremony, to the satisfaction of all present, save the “proude sheriffe” of Nottingham, who beheld with wonder and chagrin the fair maiden whom he had betrothed to his hopeful son, become the happy bride of the KNIGHT OF THE WOUNDED HART!—*Cheltenham Album.*

Sketches of Orators, (No. 8.)

CICERO.

His father was a Roman knight, and passed through the honours and dignities of that republic; being one of the consuls when Cataline rebelled, he quelled the commotion. After being one of the most celebrated men of his time, in his old age he was proscribed by Marcus Antonius, and afterwards murdered, which caused that serious apostrophe from Vellius Paculus to Antony.—“Thou hast snatched from Marcus Cicero a solicitous light and old age, and a life more miserable under thee, prince, than death under the triumvir. The fame and glory of his deeds thou art so far from taking away, that thou hast

augmented them. He lives and shall live through the memory of all ages; and while this universe, or body of natural things, constituted either by casualty, or by Providence, or any other way, shall remain in safety, his praise shall bear it company, and all posterity shall admire his writings against thee; and mankind shall sooner cease to be in the world, than his name shall perish."*

Cicero owed his proficiency to himself: he attained to the force of Demosthenes, the copiousness of Plato, and the meekness of Isocrates, and deprived Greece of her renown by his eloquence. He discovered the tomb of Archimedes, who, by his will, had desired his relations and friends to put no other epitaph on his tomb, after his death, than a cylinder circumscribed by a sphere; that is to say, a globe or spherical figure; and to set down at the bottom the proportion which those two solids, the containing and the contained, have to each other. P.

Customs of Various Countries.

BARBAROUS CUSTOM OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

The Americans who inhabit the western coast of Hudson's Bay, have a custom that must appear shocking to every humane mind, and in which they are in some measure imitated by the Hottentots. The latter expose their parents, when labouring under the infirmities of old age, to perish with hunger, or to be devoured by wild beasts, and these wretches strangle theirs, for when their parents grow so old as to be unable to support themselves by their own labour, they require their children to strangle them, and their performing it is esteemed an act of duty. This is done in the following manner: the old person's grave being dug, he goes into it, and after having conversed and smoked a pipe, or perhaps drank a dram or two with his children, he informs them that he is ready, upon which two of them put a thong round his neck, then one standing on one side, and the other opposite to him, pull violently till he has expired; they then cover him with earth, and over that erect a kind of rough monument with stones. Such old people as

* Tullius derived his name from Tullius Ap-pius, King of the Volsci; and took his name, from *Cicer*, a chick-pea, (or, as it is usually called in England, *Vech*,) by having a wart on his forehead which resembled that pulse. Ros-cius was contemporary with Cicero.

have no children, require this office of their friends, but in this case it is not always complied with. H. B.

Anerdotiana.

WESLEY'S ACCOUNT OF A GENIUS.

Mr. Wesley relates in his Journal, the solemn circumstance of Mr. John Downes expiring in the pulpit, at West Street Chapel. After which he relates of him the following remarkable things:—

"I suppose he was by nature full as great a genius as Sir Isaac Newton. I will mention but two or three instances of it. When he was at school learning algebra, he came one day to his master, and said, "Sir, I came to prove this proposition in a better way than it is proved in the book." His master thought it could not be, but upon trial acknowledged it to be so. Some time after, his father sent him to Newcastle, with a clock which was to be mended. He observed the clock, maker's tools, and the manner how he took it to pieces, and put it together again; and when he came home he first made himself tools, and then made a clock, which went as true as any in the town. I suppose such strength of genius as this, has scarce been known in Europe before. Another proof of it was this: thirty years ago, while I was shaving, he was cutting the top of a stick. I asked, "What are you doing?" He answered, "I am taking your face, which I intend to engrave on a copper-plate. Accordingly, without any instruction, he first made himself tools, and then engraved the plate. The second picture which he engraved, was that which was prefixed to the notes on the New Testament. Such another instance, I suppose all England, or perhaps Europe, cannot produce."

LISTON *versus* LIKENESS.

I'll draw thy likeness P. to Liston said;
The actor formed his phiz and made a pause:
"It's done," the artist cried—"I've earn'd
my bread?
Like a good blister, 'tis thy likeness draws."
P.

IMPROMPTU.

Married, in Manson, New Hampshire,
United States, Mr. Jonas Hubbard, to
Miss Louisa Scripture.

Some keep the scriptures for a shew,
Lettered and gilt on their bureau,
And some to dust and moths degrade it;
But Jonas took the wiser part,
He prest the scripture to his heart,
And even on his pillow laid it.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
July 23	Wed.	St. Apollinaris. Sun ris. 6m af. 4 sets 54——7	July 23	St. Apollinaris. This saint was the first bishop of Ravenna, and after having sat for twenty years he suffered martyrdom during the reign of Vespasian. 1588. The first newspaper, "the English Mercury," printed and circulated in England bears the date of this day. Its publication took place at the time of the Spanish Armada. It is still preserved in the British Museum. 1704. Taken on this day the Town of Gibraltar by the confederate fleet under the command of Sir George Rooke.
— 24	Thurs.	St. Lewine. High Water, 38m af. 11 morn —— aftern	— 24	St. Lewine was a British virgin, who suffered martyrdom by the Saxons before their conversion to Christianity. 1825. The Provisionary Government of Greece on this day, resolved upon applying to England for protection from the power of the Ottoman Empire.
— 25	Frid.	St. James. Sun ris. 9m af. 4 —— sets 51 ——7	— 25	St. James was the brother of St. John the Evangelist, and by birth a Galilean; and partner with St. Peter in fishing, from which he was called by our Saviour to be his disciple. This apostle is called the Great, to distinguish him from the other apostle of the same name, who is called the Less. 1797. Born Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge. 1824. Died of dropsy in his chest, ÆT 74, William Sharp, one of the most celebrated engravers of his day. The professional skill of this able artist was so widely spread on the continent that he was elected an honorary member of the Imperial Academy at Vienna, and of the Royal Academy at Munich; both these diplomas he received in the year 1814. The various productions of this excellent artist are held by connoisseurs in the highest esteem, and will continue to be prized by every admirer of the Fine Arts, whilst an impression is in being. His remains are interred in Chiswick Church-yard, near those of Hogarth and De Louthembourg.
— 26	Satur.	St. Anne. Full Moon 19m af. 10 night	— 26	St. Anne, was the mother of the Virgin Mary, and the wife of Joachim her father. The festival of this saint is celebrated by the Latin Church, and the virtues of her husband and herself are highly extolled by St. John Damascen. 1756. Died in his 72nd year, George Vertue, the eminent portrait engraver in which art he excelled, as well as being a skilful artist he was an author of considerable talent and research, as may be seen by his history of painting, and painters in England, which work was published by Horace Walpole.
— 27	SUN.	8 Sunday after Trinity. LESSONS for the DAY I c. Kings 13 v. morn. I c. Kings 17 v. even. St. Panteleon. High Water, 24m af. 2 morn 46——2 aftern	— 27	St. Pantaleon was physician to the Emperor Galerius Maximianus and a Christian; he became an apostate from hearing the false maxims of the world applauded, which crime he expiated by suffering martyrdom A. D. 304. 1809. Anniversary of the battle of Talavera, at the close of this severe conflict which was fought most valiantly by both sides, the French forces under the command of General Victor, were repulsed at all points and effectually defeated by the allied forces of England and Spain commanded by Sir Arthur Wellesley and General Hill, whose skilful operations brought the battle to a successful issue.
— 28	Mond.	Sts. Nizarius and Celsus, martyrs about the year A. D. 68.	— 28	Guillotined on this day at the place of execution, Paris, the revolutionary tyrant Maximilian Isidore Robespierre with twenty-two of his accomplices amidst the execrations of the assembled multitude. This monsters life was a continued scene of perfidy and ingratitude, and his death affords an ample vindication of eternal justice.



See Page 35.

Illustrated Article.

THE PEASANT COUNTESS : A TALE OF FRANCE.

“ You have often, my dear friend,” said the Count Montauban to his brother, “ pressed me to relate the history of my union with the Countess.—This evening is suited for a tale of happiness. Sit here, my friend and brother, under this natural tapestry of leaves and flowers, and listen to the history of our love, and the disclosure of our felicity.

“ It is now two summers, since our commune was nightly ravaged by a wolf of more than common savageness and stealthiness. Young and old, children and men, had been assailed by this monster of the woods: the cattle of our farmers had been carried off, and devoured, or else torn and maimed, by this ruthless savage: even the dogs, which had been hitherto deemed a sufficient protection for their untended flocks, were overmastered by his courage, or defeated by his craftiness; and though every heart of peasant and hunter had

been exerted to discover his den, and drag him to death, effort after effort failed to track him to his sanguinary lair. It then became my duty, as the natural protector of my faithful peasantry, to search out and destroy this foe to their cattle-folds; and, summoning my huntsmen together, we set out, well armed and confident, for the woods which border my domain. For two days, however, success followed not our steps. It was therefore concluded, that the crafty enemy, scenting perhaps the staunch hounds, which had been mustered in more than common force to destroy him, had shrunk from before them to a lair more distant, where he could securely conceal himself till the cry of revenge had subsided. Believing this, I had given up the immediate pursuit, and had divided my force into small parties, and dispatched them to more distant quarters, to unkennel the monster, and drive him back into our toils; and, with four followers, I contented myself with beating up the wood on the south. Our diligence was unrewarded, and, grown weary of the hopeless pursuit, I resigned the sport to my still-eager attendants; and, as the evening was more

than usually beautiful, even for our happy clime I wandered on in pleasant contemplation of the glorious hues of cloud and sky, as ever and anon they burst upon my view, through the interstices of the wood. Gently and gradually the daylight died, and the dusky shadows of evening came stealing over the wood, till its thick foliage became black and melancholy. I then thought of retracing my steps; for weariness had succeeded to the delight I felt in the silent contemplation of the beauties around me. The usual fatality which attends the late wanderer befel me; I mistook the ambiguous path I had first followed, and still, the further I pursued it, strayed more remotely from the road which led back to the château. While thus perplexed in the mazes of this labyrinth, a rustling arose from the thick underwood about me—I started, grasped my spear more firmly, and felt to assure myself that my side-arms were safe. The sound ceased, and I stepped a few paces forward. Again the sound, and I stood on the defensive; but again it ceased, and I pursued my way. I paused once more for a moment; and then I could distinctly hear,

that, whatever living thing it was which stirred, whether savage or man, it followed my steps—stopped when I stopped, and stirred when I stirred, and that so guardedly, that when the sound of my footstep died, the rustle of its pursuit was silent. I stood therefore with more caution, and then I could hear, though faintly, that my pursuer was gliding on its belly over the clinging moss and through the stunted fern, which carpetted and clothed the ground beneath the underwood. ‘It is the wolf!’ I exclaimed; and for a moment a throb of fear ran through my veins. I felt that I was too weary, too weak, to endure the fray which must ensue if we met. The stoutest heart in France would perhaps have felt as mine did, and no shame sully his courage. I had not long to dream of fear, for the foe approached nearer and nearer still; and a low, savage growl told who was the enemy I had to contend withal. My sinews knit as I grasped my good spear. A moment more, and a crash, as if the mighty arm of an oak had been struck to the earth, startled the awful silence, and made wood and earth vibrate with the sound. It was plain that the wolf had made a leap for the spot on

which I stood, but had alighted short of the mark. Another low rustle among the underwood, and by the gloomy light which still lingered after the day, I perceived, and started as I beheld, the eyes of the savage creature glaring their horrid lustre on me. It was in vain to think of retreat—courage might do much, but craven cowardice nothing. With a resolute heart, therefore, I advanced upon him. It was, indeed, the wolf!

“And now came the struggle. With a loud growl, that made the wood re-echo as to the cry of a thousand wolves, he advanced upon me, and I upon him. We were within two paces of each other—reckless man and ruthless savage. He gazed at me a moment, and then crouched as if to lie down; but it was to make more powerful his leap. In an instant he sprang, and my spear had penetrated the chest of the shaggy savage. From the force of the concussion with which we met, I fell, and at the same instant was wounded. With horrid jaws extended, again he sprang upon me, and again I wounded him; but felt at the same moment that his fangs had fast hold of me. I was immediately hurled to the ground, and gave up myself as lost. Despair made me desperate, and not craven. Might to might, I grappled with the huge savage, and as he was about to give the death-bite, I seized with both hands his tusked jaws, and held him with more than human strength. His brutal powers, meanwhile, were not inactive, for I felt the blood trickling down from my torn arms, as I lay under him on the ground. Hope had not then forsaken me. We struggled, till, by a convulsive spring, he had flung himself behind the trunk of a tree which now seemed to stand between me and death. We were thus parted; and as we stood struggling, I could have smiled—but it was no moment for mirth. My dagger was now the only weapon on which I could hope for safety. I trusted to it, and loosed my hold. He returned to the attack with more than his former ferociousness—the last, desperate effort was made—I stabbed him in the throat, and he fell—I repeated the blow, and exultingly heard his blood gush with a whistling noise from the double-mouthed wound. The struggle was not over yet, for once more his fangs fastened on me; but it was his last effort—exhausted by the force which was to revenge his overthrow, he fell dead at my feet. And at the same instant, my powers, which had been strained beyond the natural strength of man, gave way, and I dropped exhausted across his lifeless carcass.

“The moon had risen, and here and there her light glimmered through the topmost boughs of the trees; but all was dark

about my feet. I remained on the ground till I had recovered my regular breath; but finding that I grew fainter and fainter with loss of blood, no time was to be lost in making my way out of the wood; for if I had lingered there long I must have bled to death. With enfeebled steps I resumed the tangled path, and conquering pain with resolution, reached, at last, the border of the wood. Then exhausted nature could no longer bear up, and I fell helplessly to the ground. The moon was now high in the heavens, and by her light I could perceive that I was not far distant from a small hamlet, situated, however, more than two leagues in an opposite direction to the chateau. Lights were glittering in the distance, and now and then the bark of some honest guardian of flock and fold gave assurance of human neighbourhood, and I summoned the small remainder of strength to reach it; but pain and loss of blood had exhausted me too much for further struggling, and again I sank to the ground. I then gave up myself for lost, if I could not bring succour to me by calling for it. I hallooed, thinking it possible that the wind might waft my cry to some cottager, and induce him to seek out the spot from whence it proceeded. Even this hope failed me, and I grew cold and rigid as death, with pain. At length I could hear footsteps approaching. Again I hallooed, and the sound came nearer. A peasant youth now approached within reach of converse. He demanded to know my distress. I explained to him that I had been wounded by the wolf which had so long been the terror of the commune. At the very mention of the wolf, the recreant wretch fled from the spot with all the speed which fear gives to the coward. My heart then died within me, for I thought I must perish. Another step now came towards the spot. I saw, by the help of the moonlight, he was a priest, who had perhaps been journeying thus late to shrive some dying sinner. I hailed him, and entreated he would succour a benighted wretch who had been wounded in the woods: the reputation of the wolf had made even the holy father too much alive to his own safety to heed that of another; and he hurried past. Another step approached, so light, that for a while I doubted whether my fainting senses had not deceived me. It came nearer, and as the moon silvered over the distant object, I beheld with joy it was a woman! If compassion for the suffering is to be found anywhere, it is within her gentle bosom. God and all good men side ever with that gentle sex! I could no longer speak; but my groans reached her ear. She ceased the simple melody with which I could

hear she was lightening the loneliness of her way, and she stopped to listen. I found voice sufficient to tell her that I was dying for succour. Like an angel of pity, she flew to the spot, and in a moment I was partly raised from the ground, and I rested in her arms. Fortunately, she had a small flask of homely wine in her basket; she held it to my lips—I drank, and strength came back to me. Meanwhile her gentle hand wiped away the clammy drops of agony which moistened my forehead; and her voice, which was as sweet as sounds of mercy to the ear of the unpitied wretch, bade me to take cheer; and cheered I was by her assiduous tenderness. Dew falling in the desert and reviving the fevered pilgrim; light breaking in upon the darkness of the blind; music bursting in upon the opening ear of the deaf; liberty upon the captive; joy upon the sorrowful; hope upon the despairing, were never more welcome than were those welcome sounds to me! Even woman's fragile strength is sometimes powerful enough to support superior man in his worst need. Persuaded by her prevailing gentleness, I got again on my feet; and her arms supported my painful steps till we had reached a small farmhouse. A light was burning at the lattice; the wicket opened the moment her voice was heard without; and an aged woman carefully inquired if it was Estelle. 'Yes, my good mother,' answered the gentle girl; 'and I have brought with me a poor wounded cavalier, who is dying through lack of assistance,' Estelle and her mother sustained me in—I was placed on a spare pallet—wine was brought to refresh my fainting spirits—my hunter's habit carefully stripped off, and my wounds staunch and bound up with the skill of a surgeon, and the superior tenderness of woman.

“It was then that I recovered strength sufficient to inform the kind creatures how I had fallen into so painful a plight. They compassioned me the more; for the wolf had also visited them, and spread terror and destruction around. Fruits and bread were placed before me, and I was pressed to accept freely such hospitality as they could bestow. But hunger, weariness, and wounds, were soon forgotten in new sensations; for as I gazed on the young Estelle, I felt that I had never till that hour beheld those beauties which men adore in woman—never till then had been thrilled by that undefinable emotion which softens man's sterner nature; and expands his heart, to receive that best treasure of life; love—sole remainder of that heavenly

nature which has survived man's too-early fall. The admiration and the awe with which beauty first affects us—the thrilling emotion succeeding the first amazement of the senses at the dazzling wonder—the throb of the heart—the half-formed wish; the hope, the fear—the thousand thoughts and feelings which intoxicate the youth, for the first time sensible of beauty—the ineffectual struggles of the tongue to tell the fulness of the soul—the despair that words cannot half eloquently express sensations new, and therefore indescribable; the silence, which is more eloquent—the long, rapturous gaze when not observed, and the glance withdrawn when it is, only to return with more fervour to the absorbing object; these circumstances were so new to me, that my confusion must have been apparent; but, fortunately, it was attributed to the feverish excitement attending my wounds, and I was persuaded to retire to rest. I was, indeed, almost glad to be alone, that I might recal my scattered senses—mediate on my feelings, and have the bright recollection of Estelle in my solitary thoughts, whom I could not look at, when before me, without betraying by speech, eyes, and a trembling, hurried eagerness of manner, the emotions with which her presence touched me. Yes, the insect of the evening, whose little life is lengthened by having that light snatched away by which it had been allured, and doated on so fondly that it seemed ready to sacrifice itself to its flame, could not, if it were capable of gratitude, be more indebted to the hand which thus saved it, than I to the tender mother of Estelle, when she withdrew her daughter's beauty from my dazzled and bewildered sight, and left me in darkness and solitude—darkness, did I say?—no, her image made the night more beautiful than day!—solitude?—her form was as present as if she had stood before me; and had I been in a desert, I should not have felt that I was alone. Sleep never brushed my eyelids with her downy wing, nor shed one honey-drop of her refreshing dew upon my brow that blissful night. It passed away in one long, delicious, waking dream, worth all the dreams of sleep; and seemed only too short for the visions of happiness which were opening before me. Agony and weariness had left me; and I could have encountered a troop of wolves, and welcomed a wound from each, if they might purchase a night of happy delirium such as then was mine!

To be Continued.

REMARKS ON THE HISTORY OF
HERODOTUS.

OF the romantic historians, Herodotus is the earliest and the best. His animation, his simple-hearted tenderness, his wonderful talent for description and dialogue, and the pure sweet flow of his language, place him at the head of narrators. He reminds us of a delightful child. There is a grace beyond the reach of affectation in his awkwardness, a malice in his innocence, an intelligence in his nonsense, an insinuating eloquence in his lisp. We know of no writer who makes such interest for himself and his book in the heart of the reader. At the distance of three-and-twenty centuries, we feel for him the same sort of pitying fondness which Fontaine and Gay are said to have inspired in society. He has written an incomparable book. He has written something better perhaps than the best history; but he has not written a good history; he is, from the first to the last chapter, an inventor. We do not here refer merely to those gross fictions with which he has been reproached by the critics of later times. We speak of that colouring which is equally diffused over his whole narrative, and which perpetually leaves the most sagacious reader in doubt what to reject, and what to receive. The most authentic parts of his work bear the same relation to his wildest legends, which Henry the Fifth bears to the Tempest. There was an expedition undertaken by Xerxes against Greece; and there was an invasion of France. There was a battle at Platea; and there was a battle at Agincourt. Cambridge and Exeter, the Constable and the Dauphin, were persons as real as Demaratus and Pausanias. The harangue of the Archbishop on the Salic Law and the Book of Numbers differs much less from the orations which have in all ages proceeded from the Right Reverend bench, than the speeches of Mardonius and Artabanus, from those which were delivered at the Council-board of Susa. Shakspeare gives us enumerations of armies, and returns of killed and wounded, which are not, we suspect, much less accurate than those of Herodotus. There are passages in Herodotus nearly as long as acts of Shakspeare, in which everything is told dramatically, and in which the narrative serves only the purpose of stage-directions. It is possible, no doubt, that the substance of some real conversations may have been reported to the historian. But events which, if they ever happened, happened in ages and nations so remote that the particulars could never have been known

to him, are related with the greatest minuteness of detail. We have all that Candaules said to Gyges, and all that passed between Astyages and Harpagus. We are, therefore, unable to judge whether, in the account which he gives of transactions respecting which he might possibly have been well informed, we can trust to anything beyond the naked outline; whether, for example, the answer of Gelon to the ambassadors of the Grecian confederacy, or the expressions which passed between Aristides and Themistocles at their famous interview, have been correctly transmitted to us. The great events are, no doubt, faithfully related. So, probably, are many of the slighter circumstances; but which of them it is impossible to ascertain. The fictions are so much like the facts, and the facts so much like the fictions, that, with respect to many most interesting particulars, our belief is neither given nor withheld, but remains in an uneasy and interminable state of abeyance. We know that there is truth, but we cannot exactly decide where it lies.

The faults of Herodotus are the faults of a simple and imaginative mind. Children and servants are remarkably Herodotean in their style of narration. They tell everything dramatically. Their *says hes* and *says shes* are proverbial. Every person who has had to settle their disputes knows that, even when they have no intention to deceive, their reports of conversation always require to be carefully sifted.

Herodotus wrote as it was natural that he should write. He wrote for a nation susceptible, curious, lively, insatiably desirous of novelty and excitement; for a nation in which the fine arts had attained their highest excellence, but in which philosophy was still in its infancy. His countrymen had but recently begun to cultivate prose composition. Public transactions had generally been recorded in verse. The first historians might, therefore, indulge without fear of censure, in the license allowed to their predecessors the bards. Books were few. The events of former times were learned from tradition and from popular ballads; the manners of foreign countries from the reports of travellers. It is well known that the mystery which overhangs what is distant, either in space or time, frequently prevents us from censuring as unnatural what we perceive to be impossible. We stare at a dragoon, who has killed three French cuirassiers, as a prodigy; yet we read, without the least disgust, how Godfrey slew his thousands, and Rinaldo his ten thousands. Within the last hundred years

stories about China and Bantam, which ought not to have imposed on an old nurse, were gravely laid down as foundations of political theories by eminent philosophers. What the time of the Crusades is to us, the generation of Crœsus and Solon was to the Greeks of the time of Herodotus. Babylon was to them what Pekin was to the French academicians of the last century.

For such a people was the book of Herodotus composed; and, if we may trust to a report, not sanctioned indeed by writers of high authority, but in itself not improbable, it was composed not to be read, but to be heard. It was not to the slow circulation of a few copies, which the rich only could possess, that the aspiring author looked for his reward. The great Olympian festival,—the solemnity which collected multitudes, proud of the Grecian name, from the wildest mountains of Doris, and the remotest colonies of Italy and Lybia,—was to witness his triumph. The interest of the narrative, and the beauty of the style, were aided by the imposing effect of recitation,—by the splendour of the spectacle,—by the powerful influence of sympathy. A critic, who could have asked for authorities in the midst of such a scene, must have been of a cold and sceptical nature; and few such critics were there. As was the historian, such were the auditors,—inquisitive, credulous, easily moved by religious awe or patriotic enthusiasm. They were the very men to hear with delight of strange beasts, and birds, and trees,—of dwarfs, and giants, and cannibals—of gods, whose very names it was impiety to utter,—of ancient dynasties, which had left behind them monuments surpassing all the works of later times,—of towns like provinces,—of rivers like seas,—of stupendous walls, and temples, and pyramids,—of the rites which the Magi performed at day-break on the tops of the mountains,—of the secrets inscribed on the eternal obelisks of Memphis. With equal delight they would have listened to the graceful romances of their own country. They now heard of the exact accomplishment of obscure predictions, of the punishment of crimes over which the justice of heaven had seemed to slumber,—of dreams, omens, warnings from the dead,—of princesses, for whom noble suitors contended in every generous exercise of strength and skill,—of infants, strangely preserved from the dagger of the assassin, to fulfil high destinies.

As the narrative approached their own times, the interest became still more absorbing. The chronicler had now to tell the story of that great conflict, from which

Europe dates its intellectual and political supremacy,—a story which, even at this distance of time, is the most marvellous and the most touching in the annals of the human race,—a story, abounding with all that is wild and wonderful, with all that is pathetic and animating; with the gigantic caprices of infinite wealth and despotic power,—with the mightier miracles of wisdom, of virtue, and of courage. He told them of rivers dried up in a day,—of provinces famished for a meal,—of a passage for ships hewn through the mountains,—of a road for armies spread upon the waves,—of monarchies and commonwealths swept away,—of anxiety, of terror, of confusion, of despair!—and then of proud and stubborn hearts tried in that extremity of evil, and not found wanting,—of resistance long maintained against desperate odds,—of lives dearly sold when resistance could be maintained no more,—of signal deliverance, and of unsparing revenge. Whatever gave a stronger air of reality to a narrative so well calculated to inflame the passions, and to flatter national pride, was certain to be favourably received.

Between the time at which Herodotus is said to have composed his history, and the close of the Peloponnesian war, about forty years elapsed,—forty years, crowded with great military and political events. The circumstances of that period produced a great effect on the Grecian character; and nowhere was this effect so remarkable as in the illustrious democracy of Athens. An Athenian, indeed, even in the time of Herodotus, would scarcely have written a book so romantic and garrulous as that of Herodotus. As civilization advanced, the citizens of that famous republic became less visionary, and still less simple-hearted. They aspired to know, where their ancestors had been content to doubt; they began to doubt, where their ancestors had thought it their duty to believe. Aristophanes is fond of alluding to this change in the temper of his countrymen. The father and son, in the *Clouds*, are evidently representatives of the generations to which they respectively belonged. Nothing more clearly illustrates the nature of this moral revolution, than the change which passed upon tragedy. The wild sublimity of *Æschylus* became the scoff of every young *Phidippides*. Lectures on abstruse points of philosophy, the fine distinctions of casuistry, and the dazzling fence of rhetoric, were substituted for poetry. The language lost something of that infantine sweetness which had characterised it. It became less like the ancient Tuscan, and more like the modern French.

The fashionable logic of the Greeks was, indeed, far from strict. Logic never can be strict where books are scarce, and where information is conveyed orally. We are all aware how frequently fallacies, which, when set down on paper, are at once detected, pass for unanswerable arguments when dexterously and vollubly urged in Parliament, at the bar, or in private conversation. The reason is evident. We cannot inspect them closely enough to perceive their inaccuracy. We cannot readily compare them with each other. We lose sight of one part of the subject, before another, which ought to be received in connexion with it, comes before us; and, as there is no immutable record of what has been admitted, and of what has been denied, direct contradictions pass muster with little difficulty. Almost all the education of a Greek consisted in talking and listening. His opinions on government were picked up in the debates of the assembly. If he wished to study metaphysics, instead of shutting himself up with a book, he walked down to the market-place to look for a sophist. So completely were men formed to these habits, that even writing acquired a conversational air. The philosophers adopted the form of dialogue as the most natural mode of communicating knowledge. Their reasonings have the merits and the defects which belong to that species of composition; and are characterised rather by quickness and subtilty, than by depth and precision. Truth is exhibited in parts, and by glimpses. Innumerable clever hints are given; but no sound and durable system is erected. The *argumentum ad hominem*, a kind of argument most efficacious in debate, but utterly useless for the investigation of general principles, is among their favourite resources. Hence, though nothing can be more admirable than the skill which Socrates displays in the conversations which Plato has reported or invented, his victories, for the most part, seem to us unprofitable. A trophy is set up; but no new province is added to the dominions of the human mind.

Still, where thousands of keen and ready intellects were constantly employed in speculating on the qualities of actions, and on the principles of government, it was impossible that history should retain its old character. It became less gossiping and less picturesque; but much more accurate, and somewhat more scientific.—*Edin. Rev.*

THE THREE OFFICERS.

Two old lieutenants, stout and tough,
Found half-pay was not half enough
To hold their heads up gaily;

The tar had once been in the Fleet,
The soldier had for quarters beat
Not far from the Old Bailey.

These two, in marching order met,
Were talking o'er the last Gazette,
Promotion and a pension;
When a third officer each sees,
And though before they stood at ease,
They now stood all attention.

“’Tis ordinary time,” said one;
“’Tis time to march, so let’s begone,
Ere this the dinner’s put on;
Eyes right,” he adds, with look so arch,
“We’ll first get in the line of march,
And then the loin of mutton.”

“The signal’s good, for see,” said Jack,
“That lubber on the larboard tack
Is bearing down to rake us;
That he’s for action I’ve no doubt,
So let us to the right about,
For if we’re left he’ll take us.”

The soldier changed his front and fled,
The sailor all his canvas spread,
Though seeming hard-a-weather;
Nor stopt, till in the club-room they
Both got into a mess, they say,
For showing the white feather.

How “strange” the service of the laws,
That men of war should run, because
The officer was civil!
How “passing strange,” thought I, that they
Who never fled from Soult or Ney,
Should turn from him and run away,
As if they’d seen the D---!!

JESSE H.

ISLEWORTH.†

From the great western road retiring, stands
A spot surrounded by historic lands!
The Thames, with open face as from the sea,
Passes an ivyed church and vernal lea:—
Here market gardens, streets; there, parks
and lanes,
Low shops with goods exposed within their
panes;
Tables at doors, and children in their chairs,
To guard the sale of fruits and sweetmeat
wares:
Inns, and the ‘swinging signs’ for ‘man and
horse,’—
A corn-mill, roaring to its splashing force;
Cots in their rural portions thickly placed,
Parterres for nosegays, London friends and
taste:
In lofty trees, birds tend their airy nests,
And soothe their callow young around their
breasts;
A stream divides the meadows by its veins,
Like grief the willow watches it and plains;
Alms dwellings, built for poor in life’s decline,
Hope’s sunset after wealth’s uncertain shine.
Parochial schools,—the “stocks” for idle men:
Nooks for the anglers, & for thieves a “den;”
Uneven causeways—soldiers stalking round,
Obedient to the bugle’s martial sound;

† From tistle—a “hostage,” and “worth,”
a court or hall; because the hostages from foreign
countries were there kept by the West
Saxon kings.
P.

Steam-boats and barges, floating thro' the tide,
Coaches repassing for the business ride ;
Parties in skiffs—two ferries, and a scene
Replete with beauty, like a heart serene ;
Loaves in bequests on Sundays—tithes and
prayers,
Askings for marrying Cupid's hymen pairs ;—
A christ'ning—now a funeral—then, a peal
Which echoes on the rising waves reveal,
And many a throbbing heart to goodness prone,
That cheers dejection unto pleasure's throne.
P.

READY RECKONERS.

' ACCORDING TO COCKER.'

There is a book, a 'pretty, nice, little Book,' dwindling, like the 'Horn Book,' fast into obscurity, and which will, when gone out of type, be no more seen, and scarcely heard of, on the huxter's stall, or ride in the greasy side pocket.*—This 'nice, little Book,' which contains more heads and determined figures in it than all the logical lore of Locke, Newton, or Boyle, is known and esteemed highly by the pupils who never sat on the form while the 'schoolmaster is abroad.' Its name is the 'Ready Reckoner,' which more than any book beside, brings the ready into immediate possession, the very 'Vade Mecum,'—'Multum in Parvo,' and 'The-saurus' of an uneducated but money-getting tradesman. A truce to George Bidder, or any other mental calculator of the same school, and a holiday, in spite of Dr. Duncan's no vacation system, for all teachers whose brains are tried in the service of the four essential rules, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division. Let mathematicians study Euclid and Archimedes, and let good housewives be antithetical with their families; I think, if controversial printers do not set the copy aside, that no book in the memory of man is so easy to study, none so perceptive to the purpose, and that comes so quickly to the 'mind's eye' as the Ready Reckoner.* A glance of the oracle, like that of a star, prepares the farmer's wife with the value of her saleable commodities and the servant's wages are before her as soon as the pattens and box, evidences of parting. Speaking of farmers' wives, it would be absurd in the present age to see a Ready Reckoner lie on a piano-forte; though, perhaps, if Miss Patty Amelia Jemima Augustina, were to study her mental figure as well as she doth her natural and personal one, it would not be the less profitable to her in

† Provided the figures are not transposed in the press, and the cyphers are not misplaced.

P. D.

the end. And if her dear pet son, Tommy, the squire's bantling, and heir to real and funded estates, were to apply himself to the 'Sure Guide' a little oftener, he would bring more grist to his father's mill, and avoid the Jew, who, like the 'Miser' in Fielding's dramatic piece of that name, is ever ready to execute post obit bonds on good securities.

If the 'Ready Reckoner' drops into obscurity in this refined period, who can say that in the next—Arithmetic will not follow? It is impossible to 'calculate,' as brother Jonathau would say; but it is very probable that the progress of what is called a fashionable education, it being so superficial, will retrograde, rather than advance, and like a crab, bring the next generation back to the estimable little greasy-thumb-leaved and narrow-sided book—the Ready Reckoner. P.

TO MRS. C—H—M.

Oh! lady calm that ruffled breast,
And smooth thy frowning brow,
Too much thine anger hath oppress'd
The muse who sues thee now.

There was a time when all was gay,
I knew nor hopes, nor fears ;
'Tis passed, and lonely now my way
Lies through a vale of tears.

I murmur not at grief or care,
Nor aught at Fate repine ;
The world's neglect I tamely bear,
But cannot brook to thine.

Then oh! forget—and kindly smile ;
Sweet lady, smile again ;
'Twill many an hour of care beguile,
And banish many a pain.

EB. COLLINS.

THE ROSES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.
(For the Olio.)

Poets have always sung the rose,
As the fair queen of youthful spring ;
But who will dare with my sweet rose
Their roses into contact bring.
The fickle zephyrs by the flower
Are held, so that they may not rove :
But fair Louisa hath the power
Of every where commanding love.
Poets have always sung, &c.

Oh! sweet breath'd is the spring-tide rose,
Especially at time of ev'n ;
But sweeter far is my sweet rose,
Like some bright flower that blooms in
heav'n.

How playfully her golden hair
Flows o'er a neck of purest white :
Louisa is supremely fair !
Louisa is divinely bright!

Oh! sweet-breath'd is, &c.

She is not vain, my beauteous rose !
 Of those attractions Nature gives ;
 Meek as the lowliest flower that blows,
 Louisa, dear Louisa lives.
 Child of the skies ! I'll place thee, aye,
 The first, the nearest to my heart :
 I'll love thee to eternity,
 Angelic maiden as thou art !
 Child of the skies ! &c.

K.

WHIGS AND TORIES.

It is curious to observe how the primitive signification of particular words or phrases frequently changes with the passing events of the day. When the times and circumstances from which they originated are lost sight of, or forgotten, meanings very different from, and sometimes diametrically opposed to, their original intention, are frequently attached to them. It is thus with the common appellation of Whig and Tory. At this day, a whig is considered as a political party man, who is friendly to the Catholics, and generally opposed to protestant and monarchical influence. The tory, on the contrary, is a zealous opponent of what is called catholic emancipation, and usually a staunch supporter of protestant ascendancy in Church and State, as established under the house of Brunswick.

Now, on investigating the origin of these names in English history, we find that the whigs were always the opponents of the papists ; and the tories, on the contrary, their warmest supporters. Lord Bolingbroke, in his "Dissertation on the State of Parties in the reign of Charles II." observes, that "the tories had no disposition to become slaves or papists, though they abetted the exercise of an exorbitant power by the crown, and though *they supported the pretensions of a popish successor.*"

The grand object of the whigs was to prevent, by every means, the possibility of a catholic dynasty in these realms ; while the tories were always caballing with the Romanists to resist the protestant ascendancy.

On referring to Rapin's "History of the Whig and Tory," written in 1716, we learn that these two parties were formed in the reign of Charles I. The king's friends were called *cavaliers*, which name was afterwards changed into that of *tories*. Those of the parliament, who were then called *roundheads*, afterwards received the appellation of *whigs*.* Rapin pro-

* Hume, under the date of 1679, states, "This year is remarkable for being the epoch of the well-known epithets of Whig and Tory, by which, and sometimes without any material difference, this island has been so long divided. The court party reproached their anta-

ceeds to explain their origin in a manner not very complimentary to either party.

At that time the denomination of *tory* was applied to certain robbers, or banditti in Ireland, who lurked upon the mountains, or in the islands which form the vast bogs of that country. As the king's enemies accused him of favouring the Irish rebellion, which broke out at the same time, they gave his friends the name of *tories*. On the other hand, the latter, to be even with their adversaries, who were strictly united with the Scots, nicknamed them *whigs*,† who were, in Scotland, the same sort of banditti as the tories in Ireland. It appears by this, that these two names are as ancient as the beginning of the troubles, though they did not come into fashion till many years afterwards. I cannot tell precisely about what time ; but the names of cavalier and roundhead seem to have remained till the restoration of Charles II. and those of tory and whig, to have afterwards obtained by little and little. These are the two parties that began to divide England in the time of Charles the First, and which divide it still. *The papists immediately ranged themselves on the side of the king, who was not so much their enemy as the parliament was ; and they have ever since remained united with the tory party.*

In speaking of parliament, Rapin means exclusively the House of Commons, who as whigs were unanimously opposed to the papists ; while the king and lords, in the spirit of toryism, secretly supported them ; and this same feeling, as Rapin observes, existed to his time.‡ For instance, the jacobites, or high tories, were always supported by catholic influence, while they were violently opposed by the whigs, or supporters of the protestant ascendancy.--*Gents. Mag.*

gonists with their affinity to the fanatical conventiclers in Scotland, who were known by the name of Whigs ; the country party found a resemblance between the courtiers and the Popish banditti in Ireland, to whom the appellation of Tory was affixed—and after this manner, these foolish terms of reproach came into public and general use ; and even at present seem not nearer their end than when they were first invented."

† Burnet tells us the name is derived from the word *whiggam*, used by the western Scots in driving their horses, whence the drivers were called *whiggamors*, and by contraction *whigs*.

‡ In another place, he says, "The Papists are also reckoned a branch of the Tories, because they are attached to the party. As they can never hope to make their religion national but by the means of an absolute king, it is not surprising that they should herd with the *arbitrary Tories.*"

NEW ITALIAN OPERAS, AND
THEIR REHEARSALS.

As there are not many of our readers, who, although they may be often visitants of the Opera, can have the most distant idea of the trouble, jealousies, and anxieties that always attend the production of a new Italian opera, we lay before them Mr. Ebers' account, from his "Seven Years of the King's Theatre," which, we think, has sufficient interest to warrant us in laying it before them:—

"The composer, on applying himself to his task, moulds the first rough score of his music on the scale of the piano-forte, and this, when completed, forms the groundwork or skeleton of the entire piece. The music having been applied to the words which are supplied by the poet of the Theatre, the next step is to adapt the different parts of the music to the capabilities of the performers, to whom the characters of the opera, when cast, are to be allotted, in order that the best effects may be produced with the means of the Theatre; and in this resides the chief advantage of a composer being engaged to produce operas for a particular theatre. This adaptation being made, the scene of operations having been hitherto confined to the composer's apartment, the concert-room of the Theatre, or some room of similar dimensions, is resorted to, and an embryo rehearsal of the whole vocal part of the opera gone through, the accompaniment being as yet limited to the composer's piano-forte.

"Before proceeding to the stage, the orchestral parts require to be set, and these are now added, according to the nature of the expression to be conveyed, and the strength of the instrumental music of the Theatre. In many of Rossini's operas, parts are composed for military bands behind the scenes, in addition to the orchestra.

"The opera having by these gradations received its form, and the composer's finishing touches being bestowed upon it, it is committed to rehearsal in the regular manner, the getting up, or mounting, being performed under the superintendence of the composer, with the director, conductor, and stage-manager, though two of these latter characters frequently unite in the same person.

"The word rehearsal summons up, to all practically acquainted with its meaning, a scene beyond description. If the performances of a theatre are intended to represent the truth of human nature, a rehearsal is the living reality,—the scene where the veil is rent in twain, and all the turmoil laid open to the view which can be produced by the undisguised opera-

tions of vanity, self-love, and jealousy. The fabled crowds who petitioned heaven to allot their parts in life otherwise than Fate had cast them, are but a type of the inmates of a theatre behind the scenes, when contending for prominent characters in an opera.

"Perhaps with the very first performers there is not much of this, as their right to the principal parts cannot be disputed. But dire is the struggle among all below. A part rather better than another is an apple of contention, which, to manager, director, and conductor, proves a most bitter fruit. As every person likes to have that character which may best serve—not the general effect of the piece, or the interests of the theatre, which are wholly immaterial—but his or her own object in making the greatest display possible; and as non-concession is the permanent rule of the place, the opera is placed in the pleasing predicament of being able neither to get one way nor the other. The prima donna, whose part is settled, attends the rehearsal, and the seconda, being displeased with her own station in the piece, will not go on; and the first lady, indignant at being detained to no purpose, goes away, and the business is over for the day. If the manager is positive, the lady falls ill. Biagioli, being refused a part she wanted in 'Elisa e Claudio,' took to her bed for two days, in consequence, as she said, of being so afflicted by my decision.

"The refusal to proceed is the more effectual engine, because it puts all the rest of the company out of humour at their time being occupied needlessly: all complain, and a dialogue goes on, in which every body talks at once; and probably three different languages, at least, being simultaneously employed by different speakers, the result may be conceivable, but not expressible. The signori protest, the signore exclaim, the choruses are wonderfully in concert in their lamentations, the director commands, intreats, stamps, and swears, with equal success, and, in the midst of the Babel, the gentlemen of the orchestra, who wish all the singers at the devil, endeavour to get over the business of the day by playing on without the vocal music. The leader of the orchestra, finding all ineffectual, puts on his hat, and walks away, followed by violins, basses, trombones, and kettle-drums, en masse, and the scene at length concludes as it may, the manager, composer, and director being left to calculate together the progress of business.

"The general wish before alluded to, on the part of performers, of strengthening their own parts by the introduction of

ex raneous matter, without regard to its effect on the general tone and character of the piece, is a principal cause of disunion between the director and the singers, and seldom overcome without some sacrifice.

“ To know how these jarring elements are to be composed into harmony, requires almost the experience of a life. The flatteries, the compliances, the power of diplomacy, requisite to effect this object, are infinite. Decision and address are indispensable; to be too uncompromising is dangerous, but to be too accommodating is worse.

“ The opera being at length, with whatever sacrifices, put in a way of appearance, is announced, and when presented, the composer presides in person at the piano-forte the three first nights of its appearance.”

HENRY THE FOURTH AND HIS AM- BASSADOR.

Bassompierre told, in jocund strain,
His king, how he had entered Spain :
“ 'Twas on a mule,” said he ; “ and there,
Believe me, it made thousands stare.”
Henry, mirth sparkling in his eye,
Gave the ambassador reply :
“ No wonder ; seen so strange a sight ;
I think it probable they might
Indulge in sportive ridicule,
To see an ASS bestride a MULE.”
“ Sire, what you say is very true,
They saw I represented you !”

T. R. K.

THE FIRST AT THE TRYSTING PLACE.

This is the hour, but yet he is not here :
The sun hath sunk beyond yon western hill,
And every rippling brook, and murmuring
rill
Reflects Cytherea's lustre, bright and clear.
This is the spot, the aged oak tree near,
Beneath whose spreading boughs and cooling
shade,
My Arthur oft his vows of love hath made.

He cannot be untrue, oh, no ! whene'er
Did youth so brave unfaithful prove ? I fear
That him befalleth some mischance, some
harm,—
My beating heart is filled with alarm—
But see ! my love is safe : he doth appear.
Now all my cares are to the wild wind giv'n,
Now welcome to my heart, my love, my joy,
my heaven ! K.

THE RIVER MOLE.

A SURREY SKETCH.

The *Mole* is formed by the union of several springs rising on the southern border of the county, and in the forest of Tilgate, in Sussex, which, in the parish of

Horley, about three miles on the south of Reigate, compose a considerable stream. It flows at first through a flat country, till it approaches the great barrier of hills which extend across the county. Near Dorking, which it leaves on the south-west, it enters one of the defiles of these hills, and, traversing a romantic valley, washes the foot of Box-hill in its progress to Leatherhead. Here it makes its exit from among the hills, and winding through a range of commons, or heath, by Stoke, almost encircles the village of Cobham, and proceeds to Esher. At this part the river loses all its beauty, and creeps sluggishly on through a flat country, till its conflux with the Thames opposite Hampton Court. This river has long been celebrated for a peculiarity. Alluding to its passage through the hills, Camden says, “ the Mole hides itself, or is rather swallowed, at the foot of the hill (Box-hill), and for that reason the place is called *The Swallow* ; but, about two miles below, it bubbles up and rises again ; so that the inhabitants of this track, no less than the Spaniards, may boast of having a bridge that feeds several flocks of sheep.” There is something so pleasingly romantic in this account, by the old historian, that we may readily suppose it was not only the ground-work of belief, among the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, for successive years, and even ages, of primitive simplicity, but a matter of faith among later topographers, until at length the late Mr. Manning, in his excellent history of the county, explained the true character of the phenomenon. Referring to the passage I have quoted from Camden, the able modern historian says, “ from this fabulous account, plainly founded on an idea, suggested by common report, the reader might be led to imagine that the river actually disappears, forms the channel beneath the surface of the earth, and at a certain distance rises again and pursues its course above ground. The truth of the matter seems, however, to be this : the soil, as well under the bed of the river as beneath the surface on each side, being of a spongy and porous texture, and having by degrees become formed into caverns of different dimensions, admits the water of the river through certain passages in the banks and bottom.”—“ In very dry seasons the current is, in certain places, entirely exhausted, and the channel remains dry, except here and there a standing pool. By the bridge at Thorncroft, it rises again in a strong spring, and after that the current is constant.” From the circumstance of this singular river burying itself, as it were, in its subterranean channels, it undoubtedly derived its present name of the *Mole*. In more ancient times

it appears to have been called the *Emlay*, the upper part of it being known by that name in the 5th of Edward III. and even so late as the reign of Henry VIII.

Having thus furnished a brief account of this feature of Holmsdale—perhaps sufficiently dry and uninteresting for my more fanciful and romantic readers—I shall now endeavour to keep my pledge as to the additional sketch which is to give more beauty and interest to the picturesque banks of the Mole. If it be but a slight miniature description, it is purely from nature and from actual life.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

On the banks of the Mole, about forty years ago, lived an honest and highly respectable miller, whose mind was as uncontaminated as the beautiful stream that turned his mill. Robust in person, and powerful in physical strength, he was yet as mild as the lamb in disposition and in conduct. Whatever vexations and disappointments might come upon him (and being but a mortal he had his share), he never uttered an exclamation of impatience or discontent, nor ever suffered the common accidents of life to ruffle his benevolent temper. This good man had a daughter, and the infant girl delighted his heart as she began to lisp his name and cling round his neck in the fondness of natural affection. His little black-eyed Mary was but eighteen months old when her beloved father was one evening (a dark dreary evening) brought home by some friendly neighbours, who had found him on the road from Reigate market. He had parted from his family in the morning, full of health and spirits—on his return his horse threw him, and he who had thus left his house but a few hours before, was now brought home a corpse!—Let us pass over the scene that followed. If it cannot be imagined any description would be in vain. Mary had a widowed mother; she was a good woman—she loved her little Mary the more for her father's sake, for she well knew his value, and she had lost him for ever. As she beheld the dear innocent he had left behind, she thought of all the tenderness he had bestowed upon her; and thus the living legacy was her comfort and her interesting support under all her calamities. Mary inherited the temper of her father. Through the early stages of childhood, and the important period of "school-days," the dark-eyed girl (a timid blushing little brunette) was the growing comfort of her affectionate and only living parent. But Mary was now fifteen—she had left school—she was a favourite companion with the maidens and youths of the village—and the increasing

lustre of her black eye, as it glanced upon other faces, imparted a secret consciousness that she was rapidly approaching womanhood. Mary was watched and loved by more than one; but she gave her heart to one whom she selected from affection only, and not for any external advantages. She confessed her love with tremulous modesty, and with undisguised truth. From that hour they were daily companions, and they were mutually happy. When Mary was eighteen, they married—and future happiness appeared like a vista of undisturbed light before them. They left the parental shore, and commenced with cheerfulness and joy the uncertain voyage of life. That voyage has had many bright scenes and sunny days—but many dark tempestuous clouds have risen over their little bark, and threatened inevitable destruction. How has the timid Mary of the Mole been able to bear the trials, the threatenings, and the dangers of the storm? She has astonished those who remembered her gentle childhood and youth—who then supposed her formed only for ease and for the retiring endearments of an affectionate heart; she has proved that the most genuine tenderness is capable of bearing the ills of life with more steady courage than even the Amazonian spirit that usurps the province of man. In the hour of domestic affliction, Mary's ever-enduring spirit of mildness and content has been the support of her husband's mind. She has been the mother of ten children, but she has wept over the graves of three. The miller's daughter is equally beloved as a wife, a mother, and a friend. She has never made an enemy by her disposition—and I cannot believe she has ever *had* an enemy.—Is there any general interest in this little sketch? Perhaps not: yet it is true to nature—and some there are in Holmsdale, who will recognize the living original, and acknowledge the correctness of the picture.—*Gent. Mag.*

LOPEZ DE VEGA.

In Rapin's *Reflexions sur la Poetique*, we find the following notice of a Spanish writer:—

No person ever had a greater genius for comedy than Lopez de Vega, a Spaniard; he had a fertility of wit, joined to a great natural beauty, and an admirable facility, for he composed more than three hundred plays: his name alone formed an eulogium to his pieces, so much reputation had he established: and it seemed, as if a work went out of his hands, but to merit the approbation of the public

He had a wit too vast to confine himself to rules, or give himself limits, and it was that which obliged him to abandon himself to his genius, because he was always sure of it; he consulted no other commentary for his compositions than the tale of his auditory; and he governed himself more upon the success of a piece, than upon reason. At last he defied all the scruples of unity and probability. But as he wished generally to refine upon wit, his imaginations are often more happy than just, and more ridiculous than natural; for, by too much refining, his gaiety became by want of force to be too delicate, and his graces cold by having too much finesse. K.



ORNAMENTAL GRAVES AT BALSTAL.

AT Balstal, a little village situated near Mount Jura, the traveller, in examining the church-yard, is particularly struck with the pious homage paid to the memory of the dead, not only in the gilded tomb-stones, and painted crosses, which are stuck thick over the ground; but in the humble affection which gives the grave itself an air of animation, by planting the pink, the violet, and other sweet scented herbs, on the green mound, beneath which repose the mouldering dust. Instead of the murky atmosphere and repulsive gloom of a receptacle of the dead, the church yard, placed amidst woods, rocks, and pastoral hills, and emitting the sweet fragrance of newly springing flowers, and the fresh garlands hung around tombs, excite pleasing images of hope to the mind, and lead to soothing meditation. It calls to the remembrance of the spectator the wish of Ossian. "O lay me, ye that see the light, near some rocks of my hills, let the thick hazels be around, let the rustling oak be near. Green be the place of my rest, and let the sound of the distant torrent be heard." H. B.



Sketches of Orators.

No. 9.

SENECA.

SENECA was the father of Lucius, the philosopher, and vulgarly called the declamator. His declamations were not composed, but digested, and methodised by him; in which the neat manner and display he evinced, gained him sufficient applause. Lipsius says, his work is very profitable for eloquence, because he brings into one

body a condensation of the members of all other orators. And again comparing him with his son, he says, "in the son, wisdom is the thing which affects me, in the father, comity, pleasantness, and a clear eloquence." If Cicero and Quintilian be excepted, there is nothing written in the Latin tongue more purely and more elegantly. P.



Anecdotaliana.

THE EARL OF DESMOND.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Gerald, earl of Desmond, was defeated, wounded, and taken prisoner, by his rival, Butler, Earl of Ormond, with whom he was always at war. As the Ormondians were conveying him from the field, stretched upon a bier, his supporters, with a natural triumph, exclaimed, "Where is now the great Lord of Desmond?" "Where!" returned the wounded chief, "where, but in his proper place—on the necks of the Butlers." T. T.



THE WIDOW OF ROBERT BURNS.

Some short time since an honest Gallovidian, whose piety is more to be commended than his poetry, called on the widow of Robert Burns, and was ushered into the comfortable little parlour, in which were penned those inimitable lyrics that promise to live as long as language endures. A lengthened and dreary pause ensued, broken only by the usual commonplace remarks on the weather, &c., when the man, as if ashamed to sit longer silent, drew from his pocket a printed prospectus, and read the names of a number of individuals who had agreed to patronize his forthcoming volume. Mrs. Burns, who is perfectly *au fait* to the business of *subscribing*, and who is used to the visits of wandering authors, requested that her name might be added to the list, and again all was silent as the grave. At length the stranger, after repeatedly fixing his eyes, first on the ceiling and then on the carpet, stammered out,—“Mem, did your husband repent on his death-bed o’ the mony heavy sins he had committed?” Mrs. Burns looked at the man with surprise, as if doubting whether he were in his senses, and hinted, “more in sorrow than in anger,” that she was not accustomed to be asked any such impertinent questions. This was a *dampner*; and if there be any truth in physiognomy, his bardship evidently felt it as such. Still he was not to be driven from his purpose; for, on seizing his hat to depart, he returned to the charge in the following shape.—“I own, Mem, I admire *some*

o' your husband's poems, but there's others o' them I dinna like at a'." "Aweel," said the widow, as she saw the bardling out of the door, "take care that the public dinna say the same, or may be something waur o' yours."

THOMAS COOK, THE MISER,

The stratagems of this wicked and rapacious old miser to obtain either money or money's worth, from persons of more liberal disposition than himself, were numerous. His most favourite one was that of pretending indisposition near the door of some stranger, whom he thought adapted to his purpose. His sham illness procured him admission, with a glass of wine, or more substantial refreshment: then, "feeling himself better," he would begin to take particular notice of the children, ask their names, and at last, with a peculiar manner of his own, request to have those names *in writing*. Taking leave with a profusion of thanks, after due care to mention his place of abode, and to hint that he was the possessor of considerable property,—the good people began to entertain a surmise that 'the gentleman' must have some intention of remembering the children to their advantage, probably in his *will*, and they were not long in resolving to take every opportunity of cultivating his good

opinion. Then would pour in geese, turkeys, pheasants, fish, &c. &c. upon the *delighted* Cooke; with sometimes a dozen of the wine *he had praised so much*; till at length, by having possessed himself of a number of such good friends, his house-keeping expences were not only reduced to almost nothing, but he began to derive money from the *sale* of the choicest presents, reserving the worst for the consumption of himself and family. To detail his other meannesses would be almost an endless task. His writing-paper he obtained by purloining pieces from the Bank at his daily visits there; his ink by carrying about a large vial, and begging it of his friends; and he constantly used the latter article as a substitute for blacking. He was a perfect pest to every medical man, from whom he thought he could smuggle advice for some constitutional complaints he was afflicted with. His wife died of a broken heart, occasioned by his ill-treatment. He kept a horse, having converted the kitchen of his house in Winchester-place into a stable for its reception; and once, when travelling, paid handsomely for *trespass*, in turning it to feed in a meadow by the road-side, after having practised the same expedient on many previous occasions with impunity.

AUGUST.

THE eighth month of our year. It was called *Sextilis* by the Romans, from its being the sixth month of the year, their calendar beginning with March. The name Augustus was given to it by Octavius Cæsar, upon his being so surnamed by the senate. The epithet Augustus, the Romans bestowed upon their gods as well as their emperors. This month was considered by them as under the protection of the goddess Ceres, the yellow robed protector of corn and harvests.

By our Saxon ancestors, it was termed Arn-monat, or Barn-monat, in allusion to the barns or storehouses being filled by the husbandamn with the season's produce.

There are only two months in the calendar which retain the names that were given to them by the Roman Emperors, July and August—during the latter the ancients observed the following feasts:—

On the first day of the month, sacrifices were offered to *Mars* and to *Hope*, and on the third to *Health*; on the sixth to *Hope*; on the tenth to *Ops* (a name of Rhea, Ceres's mother) and Ceres; on the eleventh to Hercules; on the thirteenth to Diana and Vertumnus; on the seventeenth to Janus; and on the twenty-eighth to Victory. The second of the month was a *Ferïæ*, or holiday commemorative of Cæsar's subduing Spain. The thirteenth was a festival of Slaves and Serving-women. The *Portumnalian Games* were celebrated on the seventeenth, in honour of Portumnus, a sea-god, who presided over the ports. By the Greeks he was called Melicertus and Palæmon, and according to some he is supposed to have been Neptune: they honoured him by certain combats called *Portunnales*, and *Isthmian* games, which were performed in the Isthmus of Corinth. In Rome, there was a temple dedicated to Portumnus.

The *Consualia* took place on the eighteenth. The feast and games under this appellation were instituted in honour of *Consus*, the god of Counsel, whose temple in the Circus was covered, to shew that counsel ought to be kept secret. Consus has also been considered as another name for Neptune, and, therefore, these games are supposed by some to have been made in honour of this deity, who is said to have given the horse to the human race. During the holding of these feasts, a magnificent equestrian procession

took place, and all the horses and asses were ornamented with flowers, and kept wholly from labour.

These games were first instituted by Evandar and re-established by Romulus. Cyprianus calls Consus the god of cheating and malice, from his inspiring Romulus to ravish the Sabine virgins, who had been invited by him to come to Rome to witness the celebration of these games. The Last *Vinalia*, or *Vinalia Rustica*, a feast held among the Romans in honour of Jupiter, occurred on the nineteenth, and was observed with great ceremony through the whole of Latium. This feast was instituted to obtain an abundant vintage; the sacrifice being a female lamb. On the twenty-third, the Vulcanalia or Vulcania, in honour of Vulcan, were celebrated in the Flaminian Circus. Vulcan, being the god of fire, a portion of the sacrifices was burned upon his altar. The twenty-fourth was a *Ferix* or Holy-day, instituted in honour of the Moon. On the twenty-fifth, the festival called Opiconsiva, in honour of Ops was held. And on the following day, the Volturalia, a feast, celebrated in honour of Volturnus took place. The deity, Volturnus, was nothing more than the river of that name, which the people of Campania deified.

During this month, the sun is in the signs, Leo and Virgo.

The month of August is generally considered the finest of the whole year, and to the farmer, when it proves so, it, perhaps, is the most valuable, from its being that which crowns his toil and care with wealth.

The season, at this period of the year, has been, by a writer most familiar with the subject, likened to a "man of forty," who, from enjoying a healthy and vigorous constitution, fancies himself young, "because he does not feel himself getting old;"—but to the observers of this month, the indications of wear are obvious, for every day the night borrows from its length, and thereby evinces the incipient decay of summer. Leaving these gloomy anticipations of the future, let us turn to those delightful and pleasurable sights that are present to our view, and speak of those golden and luxuriant prospects which are magnificently glowing in all the attractiveness of genial summer. Such prospects, to have the full admiration that their manifold beauties claim, can only be viewed in the open-field countries, where the eye has full scope to survey at once the uninterrupted extent of land, rich in its yellow produce—the fragile stems of the ripened grain, bending beneath their burthen, bowed by the breeze, ready for those who wield the sickle, and

"All day ply their task; with mutual chat
Beguiling each the sultry tedious hours.
Around them falls in rows the severed corn,
Or the shocks rise in regular array.
But when high noon invites to short repast,
Beneath the shade of shelt'ring thorn they sit,
Divide the simple meal, and drain the cask:
The swinging cradle lulls the whim'ring babe
Meantime; while growling round, if at the tread
Of hasty passenger alarmed, as of their store
Protective, stalks the cur with bristling back,
To guard the scanty scrip and russet frock."

To the charms of the corn harvesting, which concludes with the whitened oat and barley, the blackened, parched, and shrivelled bean and pea—may be mentioned, though last, not of least importance, the gathering of the produce of the hop-garden, on which hangs so much commercial speculation. Having encroached upon our limits by the lengthiness of this article, we can only glance at the flower and fruit garden, and close our account. The former, though sensibly diminished in its number of blooming plants, still presents others, not less conspicuous and beautiful—among which are, the amaranth, the French marigold, the geranium tribe, the *Helianthus* (sun flower), and the climbing clematis, pregnant with fragrant and beautiful flowers. From this scene, we turn to the fruit garden, the produce of which has put on all its beauty and is fast coming into season, on the sunny wall—

"The mealy plum
Hangs purpling, or displays an amber hue;
The luscious fig, the tempting pear, the vine,
Perchance that in the noontide eye of light
Basks glad in rich festoons. The downy peach
Blushing like youthful cheeks; the nectarine full
Of lavish juice."

All! all! bespeak the goodness of the bountiful Creator to unthankful man!—

"The imp of noise and strife."

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
July 29	Tues.	St. Felix. Sun ris. 15m aft. 4 — sets 45m. —7.	July 29	St. Felix succeeded Dionysius in the papal chair, A. D. 271. Felix sat for four years, and was martyred in the reign of Aurelian. Of the writings of Felix, nothing but a fragment of an epistle written to Maximus, Bishop of Alexandria, against the heresy of Sabellius and Paulus Samosatenus is extant.
— 30	Wed.	Sts. Abden and Sumen. High Water, 21m af. 4 morn 41 ——— 4 aftrn	— 30	These saints were Persians. They suffered martyrdom at Rome, for confessing the faith of Christ during the persecution of Decius, AD 250. 1771. Died ÆT. 55 , the celebrated poet, Thomas Gray, author of that beautiful performance, the Elegy written in a Country Church-yard. The works of this author, though few in number, evince the highest genius and sublimity. 1775. Returned to England on this day, Captain James Cook, the circumnavigator, having completed his second voyage of discovery, undertaking to decide whether a southern continent really did exist. During this voyage the Friendly Isles, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and Norfolk Island, were discovered, with the loss only of one of his crew.
— 31	Thurs.	St. John Colombini. Sun ris. 18m af. 4 — sets 42 ——— 7	— 31	This saint was the founder of the Order of Jesuits, or St. Jerome, which was confirmed by Pope Urban V. He died A.D. 1367. 1388. Fought on this day the battle of Chevy Chase, between the English and Scots, under the earls Percy and Douglas, when the former was taken, and the latter slain.
August 1	Frid	St. Ethelwold. Lammas Day. High Water, 44m af. 5 morn 9 ——— 6 aftern	August 1	St. Ethelwold was bishop of Winchester, and a man of great learning and unbounded benevolence. He is said to have built Peterborough Cathedral and Romney Church. His death happened A.D. 984. 1798. The celebrated victory of the Nile, sometimes called the Battle of Aboukir, was achieved by Admiral Nelson on this day, when the whole naval force of the French was destroyed. 1814. Anniversary of the Jubilee Festival, held in St. James's and Hyde Parks, in celebration of the Peace, and the centenary accession of the House of Brunswick.
— 2	Satur.	St. Stephen. Moon's last quar. 38m af. 3.	— 2	St. Stephen was elected to fill the pontifical chair, A. D. 253, in which he was beheaded during the Valerian persecution in 257. 1100. Killed whilst hunting in the New Forest, William II. surnamed Rufus, by Sir Walter Tyrrell, a French knight.
— 3	SUN. 9	Sunday after Trinity. LES for the DAY 18 c. Kings 1 B. m. 19 c. Kings 1 B. even. The Invention of St. Stephen.	— 3	The finding of the relics of St. Stephen, under the ruins of an old temple near Jerusalem, by Lucian, a priest, is celebrated by the Romish Church on this day. 1347. Taken on this day the town of Calais by Edw. III. King of England, after a siege of 11 months. Calais remained in possession of the English until 1558, when it capitulated to the Duke of Guise, after a siege of eight days.
— 4	Mond.	St. Luanus, abbot of Ireland. He died A.D. 1221.	— 4	1202. The Princess Eleanor, with Prince Arthur, the niece and nephew of King John, were taken prisoners at Mirabel, in Normandy; the princess was brought to the castle of Bristol, where she was confined for forty years.
— 5	Tues.	St. Oswald. High Water, 36m aft 9 morn. 8 ——— 10 aftrn.	— 5	This saint was one of the early kings of Britain, and succeeded his brother Ethelfrid, A.D. 634: he was a zealous promoter of the introduction of Christianity into his kingdom. In converting his people he was assisted by Aidun, a Scotch Monk, a man of great zeal and meekness, whose doctrines he interpreted to the nobles and people himself. After reigning eight years happily and virtuously over his subjects, he was slain in battle by Penda, King of Mercia, at the place now called Oswestry in Shropshire.



See Page 51.

Illustrated Article.

RUDOLPH AND ETELINA; A LEGEND OF GREIFENSTEIN.

As early as the eleventh century, the lords of Greifenstein were famed and feared throughout Germany. One of the first knights who bore that name lost his lady soon after she had presented him with a daughter, who received the name of Etelina. The dying mother, painfully aware how little attention would be paid to the education of a female by a rude and reckless father, half knight, half freebooter, however fond he might be of his child, had recommended her infant with her last breath to the care of a kind and pious monk, the chaplain of the castle, and under his affectionate guidance the pretty playful girl gradually ripened into the beautiful and accomplished woman. Sir Reinhard of Greifenstein, though stern, turbulent, and unlettered himself, was, nevertheless, sensible to the charms and intelligence of his daughter; and often as

he parted her fair hair, and kissed her ivory forehead, before he mounted his steed, or entered the bark that waited to bear him to the hunt or the battle, a feeling of which he was both proud and ashamed would moisten his eye, and subdue a voice naturally harsh and grating, into a tone almost of tenderness. On his return weary and sullen from a fruitless chase, or a baffled enterprise, the song of Etelina could banish the frown from his brow, when even the wine-cup had been thrust untasted away, and the favourite hound beaten for a mis-timed gambol. So fair a flower, even in the solitary castle of Greifenstein, was not likely to bloom unknown or unsought. The fame of Etelina's beauty spread throughout the land. Many a noble knight shouted her name, as his bright sword flashed from the scabbard; and many a gentle squire fought less for his gilt spurs, than for the smile of Etelina. The minstrel who sung her praises had aye the richest largess; and the little footpage who could tell where she might be met with in the summer twilight, clinging

to the arm of the silver-haired chaplain, might reckon on a link of his master's chain of gold for every word he uttered. But the powerful and the wealthy sighed at her feet in vain—she did not scorn them, for so harsh a feeling was unknown to the gentle Etelina. Nay she even wept over the blighted hopes of some, whose fervent passion deserved a better fate: but her heart was no longer her's to give. She had fixed her affections on the poor but noble Rudolph, and the lovers awaited impatiently some turn of fortune which would enable them to proclaim their attachment without fear of the anger and opposition of Sir Reinhard, who was considerably annoyed by Etelina's rejection of many of the richest counts and barons of Germany. Business of importance summoned the old knight to the court of the emperor. His absence, prolonged from month to month, afforded frequent opportunities of meeting to the lovers; and the venerable monk, on whom the entire charge of the castle and its inhabitants had devolved at Sir Reinhard's departure, was one evening struck dumb

with terror at the confession which circumstances at length extorted from the lips of Etelina! Recovered from the first shock, however, his affection for his darling pupil seemed only increased by the peril into which passion had plunged her. In the chapel of the castle he secretly bestowed the nuptial benediction upon the imprudent pair, and counselled their immediate flight and concealment, till his prayers and tears should wring forgiveness and consent from Sir Reinhard, who was now on his return home, accompanied by a wealthy nobleman, on whom he had determined to bestow the hand of his daughter. Scarcely had Rudolph and Etelina reached the cavern in the neighbouring wilderness, selected for their retreat by the devoted old man, who had furnished them with provisions, a lamp and some oil, promising to supply them from time to time with the means of existence, as occasions should present themselves, when the rocks of the Danube rang with the well known blast of Sir Reinhard's trumpet, and a broad banner lazily unfolding itself to the morning

breeze, displayed to the sight of the wakeful warden the two red griffins rampant in a field vert, the blazon of the far-feared lords of Greifenstein. In a few moments the old knight was galloping over the draw-bridge, followed by his intended son-in-law. The clatter of their horses' hoofs struck upon the heart of the conscious chaplain as though the animals themselves were trampling on his bosom: but he summoned up his resolution; and relying on his sacred character, met his master with a firm step and a calm eye in the hall of the castle, evading a direct answer to the first inquiry for Etelina, he gradually and cautiously informed Sir Reinhard of her love, her marriage, and her flight. Astonishment for a short space held the old warrior spell-bound; but when his gathered fury at last found vent, the wrath of the whirlwind was less terrible. He seized the poor old monk by the throat, and upon his firm refusal to reveal the retreat of the culprits, dashed him to the earth, had him bound hand and foot, and flung into a pit beneath an iron grating in the floor of the donjon or keep of the castle. Tearing, like an infuriated pasha, 'his very beard for ire,' he called down curses on Etelina and her husband, and prayed that if ever he forgave them, a dreadful and sudden death might overtake him on the spot where he should revoke the malediction he now uttered! Upwards of a year had elapsed, when one winter day the knight of Greifenstein pursuing the chase, lost his way in the maze of a wilderness on the banks of the Danube. A savage-looking being, half cloathed in skins, conducted him to a cavern, in which a woman, similarly attired, was seated on the ground, with an infant on her knees, and greedily gnawing the bones of a wolf,—Sir Reinhard recognised in the squalid form before him his once beautiful Etelina. Shocked to the soul at the sight of the misery to which his severity had reduced her, he silently motioned to the huntsmen, who came straggling in upon his track, to remove the wretched pair and their poor little offspring to the castle. Moved by the smiles of his innocent and unconscious grandchild, he clasped his repentant daughter to his bosom, as she re-crossed the threshold, bore her up into the banquet-hall, and consigning her to the arms of her faithful Rudolph, hastened down again to release the true-hearted monk, who still languished in captivity. In descending the steep staircase, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated to the bottom—his fall was unseen—his cry was unheard—dying, he dragged himself a

few paces along the pavement, and expired upon the very spot where he had just embraced and forgiven his daughter. Rudolph, now lord of Greifenstein, restored the chaplain to liberty, and lived long and happily with his beloved Etelina: but the spirit of Sir Reinhard to this day wanders about the ruins of his ancestral castle, and will continue so to do till the stone whereon he expired shall be worn in twain. 'Alas! poor ghost!' the very slight hollow which is at present perceivable in it, affords you little hope of its division by fair means, previously to the general 'crack of doom.'—*Descent of the Danube.*

REMARKS ON EDUCATION.

THE following dialogue we extract from Sir Humphry Davy's "Salmonia, or Days of Fly Fishing." The place of conversation is the Fall of the Traun, Upper Austria; the interlocutors are Poietes, a tyro in the art of fly fishing, and a lover of nature, and Physicus, a person fond of inquiries in natural history and philosophy, but uninitiated in the angling art.

"*Poiet.*—I admire in this country not only the mode of preserving, carrying, and dressing fish, but I am delighted, generally, with the habits of life of the peasants, and with their manners. It is a country in which I should like to live; the scenery is so beautiful, the people so amiable and good-natured, and their attention to strangers so marked by courtesy and disinterestedness.

"*Phys.*—They appear to me very amiable and good; but all classes seem little instructed.

"*Poiet.*—There are few philosophers amongst them, certainly; but they appear very happy, and

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

We have neither seen nor heard of any instances of crime since we have been here. They fear their god, love their sovereign, are obedient to the laws, and seem perfectly contented. I know you would contrast them with the active and educated peasantry of the manufacturing districts of England; but I believe they are much happier, and I am sure they are generally better.

"*Phys.*—I doubt this. the sphere of enjoyment, as well as of benevolence, is enlarged by education.

“*Poiet.*—I am sorry to say I think the system carried too far in England. God forbid that any useful light should be extinguished! Let persons who wish for education receive it; but it appears to me that, in the great cities in England, it is, as it were, forced upon the population; and that sciences, which the lower classes can only very superficially acquire, are presented to them; in consequence of which they often become idle and conceited, and above their usual laborious occupations. The unripe fruit of the tree of knowledge is, I believe, always bitter or sour; and scepticism and discontent—sickness of the mind—are often the results of devouring it.

“*Hal.*—Surely you cannot have a more religious, moral, or more improved population than that of Scotland?

“*Poiet.*—Precisely so. In Scotland, education is not forced upon the people,—it is sought for, and it is connected with their forms of faith, acquired in the bosoms of their families, and generally pursued with a distinct object of prudence or interest; nor is that kind of education wanting in this country.

“*Phys.*—Where a book is rarely seen—a newspaper never.

“*Poiet.*—Pardon me—there is not a cottage without a Prayer-book, and I am not sorry that these innocent and happy men are not made active and tumultuous subjects of *King Press*, whom I consider as the most capricious, depraved, and unprincipled tyrant that ever existed in England. Depraved—for it is to be bought by great wealth; capricious—because it sometimes follows, and sometimes forms, the voice of the lowest mob; and unprincipled—because, when its interests are concerned, it sets at defiance private feeling and private character, and neither regards their virtue, dignity, or purity.

“*Hal.*—My friends, you are growing warm. I know you differ essentially on this subject; but surely you will allow that the full liberty of the press, even though it sometimes degenerates into licentiousness, and though it may sometimes be improperly used by the influence of wealth, power, or private favour, is yet highly advantageous, and even essential to the existence of a free country; and, useful as it may be to the population, it is still more useful to the government, to whom, as expressing the voice of the people, though not always *vox Dei*, it may be regarded as oracular or prophetic.—But let us change our conversation, which is neither in time nor place.”

LONDON LYRICS,
TABLE TALK.

To weave a culinary clue,
Whom to eschew, and what to chew,
Where shun, and where take rations,
I sing. Attend ye diners-out,
And if my numbers please ye, shout
“Hear! hear!” in acclamations.

There are who treat you, once a year,
To the same stupid set: good cheer
Such hardship cannot soften.
To listen to the self-same dunce,
At the same leaden table, once
Per annum’s once too often.

Rather than that, mix on my plate
With men I like the meat I hate—
Colman with pig and treacle;
Luttrell with ven’son pasty join,
Lord Normandy with orange wine,
And rabbit-pie with Jekyll.

Add to George Lambe a sable snipe,
Conjoin with Captain Morris tripe,
By parsley-roots made denser;
Mix Mackintosh with mack’rel, with
Calves-head and bacon Sydney Smith,
And mutton-broth with Spencer.

Shun sitting next the wight whose drone
Bores *sotto voce*, you alone,
With flat colloquial pressure:
Debarr’d from general talk, you droop
Beneath his buzz, from orient soup
To accidental Cheshire.

He who can only talk with one,
Should stay at home and talk with none,—
At all events to strangers,
Like village epitaphs of yore,
He ought to cry, “Long time I bore,”
To warn them of their dangers.

There are whose kind inquiries scan,
Your total kindred, man by man,
Son, brother, cousin, joining,
They ask about your wife, who’s dead,
And eulogize your uncle Ned,
Who died last week for coining.

When join’d to such a son of prate,
His queries I anticipate,
And thus my lee-way fetch up—
“Sir, all my relatives, I vow,
Are perfectly in health—and now
I’d thank you for the ketchup!”

Others there are who but retail
Their breakfast journal, now grown stale,
In print ere day was dawning:
When folks like these sit next to me,
They send me dinner-less to tea;
One cannot chew while yawning.

Seat not good talkers one next one.
As Jacquier beards the Clarendon;
Thus shrouded you undo ’em;
Rather confront them, face to face,
Like Holles Street and Harewood place,
And let the town run through ’em.

Poets are dangerous to sit nigh,
You waft their praises to the sky,
And when you think you’re stirring
Their gratitude, they bite you.—(That’s
The reason I object to cats;
They scratch amid their purring.)

For those who ask you if you "malt,"
Who "beg your pardon for the salt,
And ape our upper grandees,
By wondering folks can touch port wine:
That, reader, 's your affair, not mine;
I never mess with dandies.

Relations mix not kindly; shun
Inviting brothers; sire and son
Is not a wise selection:
Too intimate, they either jar
In converse, or the evening mar
By mutual circumspection.

Lawyers are apt to think the view
That interests them must interest you:
Hence they appear at table,
Or super-eloquent or dumb,
Fluent as nightingales, or mum
As horses in a stable.

When men amuse their fellow guests
With Crank and Jones, or Justice Best's
Harangue in Dobbs and Ryal;
The host, beneath whose roof they sit,
Must be a puny judge of wit,
Who grants them a new trial.

Such technicals in each extreme:
Exclusive talk, whate'er the theme,
The proper boundary passes:
Nobles as much offend, whose clack's
For ever running on Almack's,
As brokers on molasses.

I knew a man, from glass to delf,
Who talk'd of nothing but himself,
Till check'd by a vertigo:
The party who beheld him "floor'd,"
Bent o'er the liberated board,
And cried, "*Hic jacet ego.*"

Some aim to tell a thing that hit,
Where last they dined; what there was wit
Here meets rebuffs and crosses;
Jokes are like trees; their place of birth
Best suits them, stuck in foreign earth,
They perish in the process.

Think, reader, of the few who groan
For any ailments save their own,
The world, from peer to peasant,
Is heedless of your cough or gout;
Then pr'ythee, when you next dine out,
Go arm'd with something pleasant.

Nay, even the very soil that nurs'd
The plant, will sometimes kill what erst
It nurtured in full glory.
Like causes will not always move
To similar effects: to prove
The fact, I'll tell a story.

Close to that spot where Stuart turns
His back upon the clubs, and spurns
The earth, a marble fixture,
We dined: well matched, for pleasure met,
Wits, poets, peers, a jovial set
In miscellaneous mixture.

Each card turn'd up a trump, the glee,
The catch went round, from eight to three,
Decorum scorn'd to own us;
We joked, we banter'd, laugh'd, and roar'd,
Till high above the welkin soar'd
The helpmate of Tithonus.

Care kept aloof, each social soul
A brother hail'd, joy fill'd the bowl,
And humour crown'd the medley,
Till Royal Charles, roused by the fun,
Look'd towards Whitehall, and thought his
son
Was rioting with Sedley.

"Gad, John, this is a glorious joke,"
(Thus to our host his highness spoke)
"The Vicar with his nappy
Would give an eye for this night's freak—
Suppose we meet again next week,"—
John bow'd, and was "too happy."

The day arrived—'twas seven—we met:
Wits, poets, peers, the self-same set,
Each hail'd a joyous brother.
But in the blithe and debonnaire,
Saying, alas! is one affair,
And doing is another.

Nature unkind, we turn'd to Art:
Heavens! how we labour'd to be smart:
Zug sang a song in German:
We might as well have play'd at chess:
All dropp'd, as dead-born from the press
As last year's Spital sermon.

Ah! Merriment! when men entrap
Thy bells, and women steal thy cap,
They think they have trepann'd thee.
Delusive thought! aloof and dumb,
Thou wilt not at a bidding come,
Though Royalty command thee.

The rich who sigh for thee, the great,
Who court thy smiles with gilded plate,
But clasp thy cloudy follies:
I've known thee turn in Portman-square,
From Burgundy and Hock, to share
A pint of Port at Dolly's.

Races at Ascot, tours in Wales,
White bait at Greenwich, oft-times fail
To wake thee from thy slumbers,
Ev'n now, so prone art thou to fly,
Ungrateful nymph! thou'rt fighting shy
Of these narcotic numbers.

New Monthly.

THE EVILS OF ABSENTEEISM.

WHAT is the condition of the country-seat of the absentee proprietor? The mansion-house deserted and closed; the approaches to it ragged and grass-grown; the chimneys, "those windpipes of good hospitality," as an old English poet calls them, giving no token of the cheerful fire within; the gardens running to waste, or, perchance made a source of menial profit; the old family servants dismissed, and some rude bailiff or country attorney, ruling paramount in the place. The surrounding cottagers, who have derived their support from the vicinage, deprived of this, pass into destitution and wretchedness; either abandoning their homes, throwing themselves upon parish relief, or seeking provision by means yet more desperate. The farming tenantry, though less immediately dependant, yet all partake, more or less, in the evil. The charities and hospitalities which belong to such a mansion, lie dormant; the clergyman is no longer supported and aided in his important duties; the family pew in the church is closed; and the village churchyard ceases to be a place of plea-

sant meeting, where the peasant's heart is gladdened by the kindly notice of his landlord.

We must not be accused of overcharging this picture, for we have ourselves seen all that we describe. We remember too, with painful exactness, the expressions and tone of some of those remaining behind in these deserted places: the mixture of sorrow and bitterness with which they told, in answer to our inquiries, "that the family were gone to live somewhere in France, had sent away the servants, and shut up the house." Is it to be wondered at that distress and crime should follow close upon all this? And if it be so, are those altogether innocent who can consent to forfeit the fair condition in which Providence has placed them as the protectors of the happiness and virtues of others.—*Quar. Rev.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BAR.

SERJEANT SHEPHERD was a good man, and a profound lawyer; but, unhappily, with a trumpet ever at his ear, so that his otherwise well-justified expectations of legal promotion were long necessarily delayed. Nothing but the vocal gradations of a Common Council, or Park in a passion, could reach his organ of hearing. In England he could not be preferred; but it was found he would do for Scotland, as the Caledonian faculty of readily gaining the ear is well known, whatever the obstacles it is necessary to encounter; and there, at times, he must find the defect less a privation than a blessing.

Serjeant Lens was a very superior man. He was an accomplished general scholar, of vast research as a lawyer, of honourable principle, and of most mild and gentlemanly manners. He had eloquence far greater than is now met with at the bar; it was rarely, however, that he exerted it: when he did, one might be sure that the cause he advocated justified warmth of feeling, for he never identified himself with that which was not pure and honest in itself. He had early taken up his ground in politics on the constitutional side of the question—(there is scarcely a name which we have been taught to repeat with reverence at the Bar, but was once the friend of liberty,) and he held to it with the firmness of a Roman. Yet, as his opposition to the Tory party was unmarked by acrimony or gall, his espousal of Whig principles was most disinterested; for, when the Whigs came into office in 1806, he absolutely refused employment, in the fear that he might be judged as ac-

tuated by less worthy motives than those which freely influenced him in the line of conduct he had so long and steadfastly pursued. Even during the Middlesex Election, when party fury was at its height, he patronised the cause most congenial to his feelings as a man; but in doing all that his clients could demand, hope, or desire, in their favour, his whole conduct was marked by so much forbearance towards the one, and candour to the other side, that he failed not to secure the applauses of those to whom he was more directly opposed. By the way, is it not a pity that, in the enumeration of the vast blessings we so unworthily enjoyed under the Pitt system, those who delight in the detail of its advantages over a bottle at the annual dinner of the Club, do not dwell somewhat more at length on the economy of those halcyon days, and the purer administration of the finances of the nation? If ever the hour should arrive when the true appropriation of much of the vast sums drawn from the pockets of the people be demonstrated, what a wasteful expenditure of the public money will be probably discovered in the article of elections alone; to secure the unbiassed votes of ministerial members, or even the return of one individual to Parliament contrary to the wishes of the people! When will the accounts of the County Treasurer be liquidated? Yet, prejudiced as he must have been in the sight of the disposer of place and profit by the line of conduct he pursued, there is little doubt that offers of promotion, no less honourable to Lord Eldon than to their object, were freely tendered to Serjeant Lens; and on terms equally grateful to his proper feelings, as creditable to the Chancellor: they were, however, declined; and his profession, with the country in general, have to deplore that he shrank from that advancement where his learning and abilities as a lawyer, his patriotism, and his many other virtues, would surely have been displayed no less to his own honour and fame, than to the advantage and satisfaction of the king and people. Perhaps no man was ever more generally regretted than Lens. Modest and unassuming in his dealings with the world, there was that mild dignity in his manner that enforced respect; and he might verily be remembered with somewhat of beneficial effect by his surviving brethren of the coif.

Rough, after having attained the honours of Serjeant, abandoned the Bar of the Common Pleas, to seek in a distant island that fame or wealth he had vainly struggled for at home; but had he possessed somewhat more of worldly wisdom—had he but travelled out of the record

of the law to examine somewhat into men and things, he would have learned, to his profit, that a regular British lawyer is the last person who should try his fortune in a colony; that there learning would be offensive, and patriotism misplaced, and all rule of legal conduct rendered negative: that the despotism of one, and that one generally wholly unacquainted with the science of legislation, is, in nine cases out of ten, the law which he is bound to obey, (save when the instructions of a Secretary at home intervene, to qualify or reverse the decision of the local tyrant). I am not acquainted with the merits of the Serjeant's particular case, but it could scarcely be expected by those who were better acquainted with the subject than himself, that he could have remained longer than he did in a station little consonant to the taste of an independent man, and wholly adverse to the habits of a constitutional lawyer.

Brother Pell has been long connected with nobility, and had always somewhat of a Leach hankering for the more dandyish things of life; could listen to music, eat ices without a grimace, got a taste for olives and Johannisberg, abjured porter as vulgar, and could ascertain, with remarkable discrimination, the difference between Eau de Cologne and Lavender Water—used to put on his wig with an air, and let his gown hang loosely on his shoulders. Whether he lost *caste* by his illegal and anti-Eldonic propensities, or grew lazy and gentlemanly, I know not; but, with excellent abilities, his visits at the Bar are “few and far between;” and he rather seems to prefer gossip with such “small-deci” as Middlesex magistrates, shaking his head at *bona robas* found in fault, smiling at obese churchwardens, or looking bland at the magnanimous title of “Your Worship.”

Serjeant Frere has been induced to seek, in the cloisters of Downing, that repose which the world has to regret he should prefer to active life; for he possesses the amiable qualities and elegant accomplishments of others of his name; and it can scarcely be wondered at that he desired better company, and, to use a homely phrase, “cut the concern.”

Spankie is a clever man, and used, I believe, to dabble pretty largely in politics, and act somewhat as assessor to Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, on law points; but, haply, he hath repented him of ancient misdemeanours, learned better things in India, and, by promise of a courtly life, obtained grace at the Chancellor's hands.

Heaven help us! I was as near inditing it as could be; but, in good troth,

some men are born with a name which must mar, by a perverse fate, no considerable portion of their happiness here below. Bumpus—

“Oh! write it not, my hand, the name appears
Already written—blot it out, my tears.”

I must take breath; it is absolutely overpowering—unbearable. Its proprietor can scarcely hear its repetition with other emotions than those of the man who had been so cruelly cudgelled as never to see a piece of wood put on a fire without shivering. Can he be a married man? Can he have had the barbarity to inflict that appellation upon any fair and injured one of the softer sex? Johnson, Brummell, and good taste, forbid! While his Lordship so necessarily laboured to procure an act of Parliament to make him a Serjeant, why, in the name of all that is virtuous, did he not stick in a clause to change that vilely compounded denomination? Truly it may be said that it is an English name; and, if it derive any thing of grace from that circumstance, it is, as Fontenelle said of Mahomet, “horriblyment beau.” It will never do, however. Will he ever dare to ascend the Bench without a title? and that, in human charity, not the patronymic title—(if ever other than himself owned it)—“Lord Bump-us!” If—and in joy I put it hypothetically—female fortitude and female love (and, like Sampson's riddle, nothing is stronger and sweeter,) have dared, despising earthly scorn, to syllable that name, yet change it, Brother Bumpus; if not for the world's good pleasure, yet for your own renown, your happier hopes and future peace of mind. It is true that hazard has conferred it; names, like marriages, are a lottery; but, as it was said to the Briton who married a Creole—“You have certainly drawn a black ball.” It is delightful to judge in charity rather than with severity; and I must say, that I can scarcely perceive the propriety of all the reprobation attached to Lord Eldon's procuring that unusual Act of Parliament. With a solemn and undoubting sense of the merits of its object, (and they are neither few nor indifferent,) something must be allowed for his Lordship's feelings—for his delicacy—in letting term after term pass over and he uncoiled, while that one *term* remained. The perplexity of his tenderer nature at the proposed conferment of legal honours, may (as novel writers say) be “better imagined than described.” It must have haunted him in his goings and at rest, invaded the privilege of the peerage, and even violated the repose of private life. I can readily

imagine him on the woolsack, abstracting his thoughts for a moment from the horrors of Catholic Emancipation, and exclaiming "Bumpus!"—giving the Royal assent to Game Laws or Taxes, and sighing forth, as he remembered those to whom they were applicable, "Bumpus!" as he did it—dreaming of his Master, in the purple chair at Lincoln's Inn, and shudderingly ejaculating "Bump-us"—and even on his nightly and uneasy couch disturbing the partner of his joys and cares by a "Bumpus!"—dreaming of a Whig (but not his own) in office, and awakening under the horrors of the nightmare, shrieking "Bumpus!" until all things political, professional, and natural, became associated with that jaundiced appellation.

It is well thus to record (however imperfectly) the names of some of the brethren "ere they go hence, and are no more seen;" for a fearful and (if it be executed) fatal blow has been levelled at their fame, and wealth, and honour, by Mr. Brougham. The institution of Serjeants has wholly outlived its purpose; and when the business of courts of law could be better divided than at present; when actions of libel, and for criminal conversation, and a million others, were scarcely known, it was perhaps well to select the most learned and skilful of the profession to maintain the ever intricate subject of pleas of land, which required more of legal science than any others advanced for adjudication. At present there is scarcely one of the brethren who can be peculiarly termed a Property Lawyer; and the practice of the second greatest tribunal of the land has long become a matter of patronage in the hands of one individual, who, in common with his predecessors, however free from the imputation of conferring it from improper motives he may and must be held, was regarded in general as only fitly exercising it in favour of patient merit, and to redeem that neglect which their qualities, whatever they might have been, had incurred, in other branches of the profession, from the public. Such men as Best and Lens were "raræ aves in terris," and were neither indebted for fame or fortune to the possession of the coif; but few others have of late distinguished themselves; and in that peculiar department of the law for which Serjeants were originally destined to manage, Preston would disdain to associate with them, and would easily confound them all by his rich store of learning and research into the rights of things.

Of the officers of the Court I knew and know but little. There was one, to be

sure, worthy of mention, who, although I believe he purchased his place, has ever performed the duties of his office with equal zeal and ability, and to the undivided satisfaction of the profession—that is Mr. Prothonotary Watlington, who, in the exercise of his taxatory functions, was, most favourably for himself, contrasted with Master Groves of the King's Bench; and to every virtue that could adorn private life, united an urbanity of manner, as a public officer, that rendered his severity of principle, where the dictates of conscience rendered severity necessary, if unpalatable to practitioners, wholly inoffensive; for he was good-humour himself, and conveyed his admonitions or reproofs with so kindly a spirit, that such as might disagree with him in opinion felt respect for his motive, and gratitude for his mode of giving that motive expression.

The unfortunate Clerk of the Juries, Sir Thomas Turton, is, as the Court Calendar cruelly but unmovedly observes, (it had better been styled the Newgate Calendar,) "executed at the Chief Justice's chambers." How his Lordship and Mr. Cox, his associate, reconcile this to themselves, it is hard to say; but it certainly is "a mad world, my masters;" and, like the punning emblems over the entrance of an ancient Augustine convent at Paris, of a globe and a white cabbage (c--abus in French, justifies the motto attached to it, "Lemonde n'est qu'abus." The respecter of law and the perpetrator of a crime may sometimes be found in the same person, as might be seen in the case of the celebrated highwayman Goreau, who was tried a few years since in France for his life, and on a witness (whom he had proposed to rob) having observed that, had he met the brigand, he would have shot him, the prisoner calmly replied, "Vous auriez eu mort, Monsieur, car personne ne devrait prendre justice dans ses propres mains." Indeed, like others, whose *chamber-practice*, as we perceive, might not be deemed wholly reputable, Goreau was tender of his character in some respects; for, on being accused of having attacked a person during the night, he denied the charge with the utmost indignation, in asserting "Qu'il portrait trop de respect à son nom et à sa famille, de voler après le coucher du soleil." But to return to the Common Pleas. The Filazers of the court are understood to have an excellent birth of it—little labour and large profits. If their offices demand but a slight exertion of intellect, and as little of industry, there are great names amongst them; or, at least the coincidence of their denominations with those of successive Justices, or their con-

nections, is sufficiently curious, for we see there, Surtees, Mansfield, and Best. It may be accident.—*New Monthly*.

THE STAR.—A POETIC VISION.

(For the Olio.)

Bright star! thou seem'st an angel light
Permitted to enjoy the night

In watching mortal glee—
Glad thine all-diamond eye should glow,
Those mysteries of earth to know,
Which earth would know of thee!

Or hast thou burn'd for scenes of earth,
To wanton in their showy mirth,
And leave thy native sphere?
And judg'd by an almighty hand
To view, and so despise the land
Thou would'st not love, but fear.

Or art some guardian spirit, doom'd—
With thine own purity illum'd,
That heav'nly vigils keep—
To mark the passions of each breast
Make tumult in their very rest,
And note how mortals sleep?

Or, art thou but a glimpse of light,
Reflected from the sunshine bright,
That left us with the day?
Which, gone in other worlds to rove;
Sent thee, blest token of his love,
To lamp night's dreary way.

O, fairy twinkler of a world
Whose mysteries are "darkness furl'd,"
To mortals scanty lore!
We only know thou art above,
We only gaze, and gazing love,
And loving, must adore!

S.

IMPROMPTU.

To three young Ladies sitting at a window
opposite.

The Grecians, as histories tell us,
Plac'd a God on each city and state;
Apollo was worshipp'd in Delos,
And Pallas in Athens was great.

But for us—Behold the three Graces,
Protecting this our little town,
Oh! may heav'n bless their sweet pretty faces,
And grant them good husbands and soon.

K.

POOR-MAN-OF-MUTTON.

The following extract, with its accompanying anecdote, elucidating this curious term, we take from the 'Supplement to Dr. Jamieson's Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language.'

"*Poor-man-of-mutton*; a term applied to the remains of a shoulder of mutton, which, after it has done its regular duty as a roast at dinner, makes its appearance as a broiled bone at supper, or upon the next day, S.

"I was bred a plain man at my father's

frugal table, and I should like well, would my wife and family permit me, to return to my sowens and my *poor-man-of-mutton*. *Bride of Lammermoor*, ii. 101.

"The friend, to whom I am indebted for the explanation of this term, has favoured me with so amusing an illustration of it, that I cannot withhold it from my readers.

"The late Earl of B., popularly known by the name of *Old Rag*, being indisposed in a hotel in London, the landlord came to enumerate the good things he had in his larder, to prevail on his guest to eat something. The Earl at length, starting suddenly from his couch, and throwing back a tartan night-gown which had covered his singularly grim and ghastly face, replied to his host's courtesy; 'Landlord, I think I *could* eat a morsel of a *poor man*.' Boniface, surprised alike at the extreme ugliness of Lord B.'s countenance and the nature of the proposal, retreated from the room, and tumbled down stairs precipitately; having no doubt that this barbaric chief, when at home, was in the habit of eating a joint of a tenant or vassal when his appetite was dainty."

GERMAN MUSICIANS.

In that extremely pleasing work, the "Summer's Ramble among the Musicians of Germany," is the following remarks:—

No artists can be less mercenary in the exercise of their profession, nor more ready to play for the pleasure of their friends, than the great musicians of Germany; but they have no skill in flattering the great, and no appetite for worthless praise. Most of them enjoy that enviable competency which enables them to pursue fame at their leisure; the little duties of their employment, such as directing an orchestra, or composing a few pieces for the entertainment of the noblemen of whose establishment they are a part, are so easily discharged as to leave them plenty of time for idleness, if it was their taste to indulge in it. But this is not the case—they have that last infirmity of noble minds—an appetite for fame, and labour as hard for the mere pleasure of inventing and combining, as others do for the vulgar acquisition of wealth. The ennobling power of the divine art of music is best felt when among a number of professors each strains to penetrate the deepest into its mysteries, without envy and without sordid interest; and I believe it is the advantageous equality upon which they all start in pursuit

of their favourite science, which makes them liberal and ingenuous in the appreciation of contemporary talent. Until men of genius in other countries are placed out of the reach of vulgar wants, or the fear of poverty, there can be no competition in any part of Europe with the musicians of Germany.

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THE PEASANT COUNTESS ;
A TALE OF FRANCE.

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Continued from page 36.
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“Early in the morning, a gentle tap at the door, which was intended to arouse me, found me still awake, still unwearied and unexhausted with thoughts of the beautiful Estelle. The door immediately opened, and she entered, and approaching my pallet, took my feverish hand in hers : then how my heart thrilled—thrilled through its innermost core. Her tenderness, her affection, still increasing, and diminishing nothing in their devoted services, should I not have been as insensible as the clod at my feet, if these had not bred a like affection—a tenderness as entire, as devoted as her’s?—Yes, I confess that the light of life she shed around my painful hours made pain a delicious pleasure—sickness happier than health ! The day seemed too short for the happiness of the day, the night too brief to dream of the day’s delights. Time passed too rapidly away, and I daily gained strength, and my wounds were less and less remembered.

“I should have mentioned that I had taken care to entrust a peasant, in whom I could confide, with the secret of my safety, lest my continued absence from the château should cause a search to be made after me, and so interrupt pleasures enjoyed within the walls of a cottage such as I had never known in my own gay saloons. Happiness is happiness, wherever it is found ; the lowly more often find it without seeking, than the proud and lofty, who hunt and hurry after it through all the primrose paths of pleasure.

“On the fourth day I was so much recovered, that I could pace my chamber ; and in the evening, indulge in the porch, beautifully entwined with rose and honeysuckle. There, with Estelle near me, diligently turning her wheel, interrupted only by her pausing to make some affectionate inquiry, or to utter her guileless thoughts in as guileless words, I spent moments which I could have wished had been months. I listened to the voice of

Estelle, as to music, when, to while away my sickness, she narrated some melancholy tale of lady’s love and troubadour’s fidelity ; and as she told the story, wished myself its hero, and yet wished it not—for I felt I was the hero of a tale of happier passion yet untold. Won by my attention, her own history followed. Her father—I will be brief—her father had, it seems performed a service of much danger for the Count, our dear father—blessed be his memory !—and had left, at his death, an antique ring, which had been given to him by the Count, that, if ever he stood in need of assistance, he might prefer that claim of recompence which he had resolutely refused when the Count would have rewarded him. I could not conceal my emotion—I shed tears of filial piety when I beheld that well remembered ring, which so forcibly brought back to my memory the sacred image of our good father. How often had I kissed that tender hand which had worn it !—how often had that kind hand been laid in gentle approbation on my head, in the father winning days of childhood—those halycon days, which are the proudest and happiest of an affectionate parent’s life !

“Estelle, it seems, intended to visit the château, to remind the heir of Montauban that he had one grateful legacy to discharge, of his dear father’s leaving. She had some simple favour to ask—I forget what—but it did not concern her own interests. ‘And have you no fears, my gentle girl,’ I asked, ‘no apprehensions of trusting your beauty within the view of a gay young lord, who might be struck, as *I am*, with your charms?’ This inadvertent disclosure of the impression she had made on me, startled her ; her eyes, her face betrayed the emotions of her heart. I resumed, more guardedly—‘Who might admire, as who would not, those excelling beauties of feature, and graces of person, which nature has so liberally bestowed on my gentle physician and friend?’ She interrupted me. ‘But the young Count is generous, and charitable to the poor ; and charity and generosity reside not in the same breast with vice.’ A flush of pleasure reddened over my face ; Estelle perceived it. ‘You blush, Sir,’ she said, in an artless manner ; ‘surely you are not the Count’s brother, who is——’—no matter what, my dear brother ; but your reputation for gallantry is known where you would not expect it. ‘No, dear Estelle,’ I said, interrupting her suspicions, ‘I am not the brother of Count Montauban : I—I am——’ I could have thrown myself at her feet, and confessed that I was the Count himself ; but, fortunately, I diverted the mixed suspicion and curiosity

with which she regarded me, by exclaiming, almost, involuntarily, 'Oh! happy, happy Count Montauban! thus to be praised for goodness by the good and the beautiful!' I assumed a forced calmness, to conceal the turbulence of my mind, and said, 'Will my dear Estelle defer urging her suit till her friend is so far recovered as to partake in her visit to the château? I am a servitor, an humble friend of the Count, and one word of mine may conclude her claim.' She pressed my hand, and consented that I should accompany her. At that moment her mother joined us, and was not unwilling that I should be her daughter's friend and protector 'at court.'—'Estelle,' I said, 'need but make known her claim, and who would refuse her, though she asked to share a kingdom!' She blushed, and hung down her head. 'Come, my dear children,' said her mother; 'our simple supper is spread, and waits but your presence, and a thought of thankfulness, to be a sweeter meal than monarchs partake of.' I was assisted in by my gentle ministrant, and, after a frugal supper, signified that I would retire to repose. I wished, indeed, to be once more alone, that I might again muse over the happiness of the day, and meditate again in solitude on that which was springing up for my enjoyment in the future. I acknowledged the kindness of the good mother, and pressing the hand of Estelle between mine with a modest warmth, we separated for the night—she to 'rosy sleep and slumber's light,' and I to a couch where sleep was less desirable than a waking consciousness of a felicity, more happy than the most delicious dreams of slumber.

"So passed the next day; and on the morrow we were to set out for the château. A thousand thoughts, made up of pleasure, with some discomposing thoughts of pride, threw a feverish anxiety over my soul; and that night was the only uneasy one which I passed under that lowly roof. Pride whispered, 'Was it fit that a man of my rank should unite himself with the humble daughter of a peasant?' Then love painted her image to my mind—her beauty, her grace, her virtues, and above all, her pity and her courage, which succoured me in that hour of pain, and almost of death, when, like a ministering angel, she brought me back to life and love. Yes gratitude counselled well, and I resolved that she should be mine!—Did I not nobly, my brother? Why should we sacrifice to the empty vanities of rank the best feelings of the heart—the realities of happiness to the shadows of pride? No, my brother, when we have discovered where our happiness lies, let us take it to

our hearts, though we stoop lower than our feet for it.

"I will not dwell on the progress which love made in both our hearts in these two days—each one too short for the happiness of the day, yet long enough to make that hope, which was but a dream, the certainty of years. Estelle had begun to discover (by unerring signs, which she, who is the object of love, however unwise in the daily affairs of life, can read as learnedly as the wisest) how deep, though silent, was the passion which engrossed my soul. I too, as unerringly, discerned that she was not unaffected by the same happy contagion. Her tenderness, which was at first pity, had unconsciously become love. Her eyes, which were continually turning their lustre on mine—the gradual abstraction of her manner—the gentle hand lingering in mine—the studious attention which prevented my wants, and sometimes invented them, that she might dissipate them by the service she delighted in;—these were signs such as I could not fail to perceive, and cherish, as happy hopes, without a shade of fear!

"The morning came, when we were to set out for the château. I need not describe to you the anxiety which affected me in spite of myself, as we approached nearer and nearer to our destination. Estelle, however, perceived not my agitation: yet she seemed more thoughtful than was her wont. There was a seriousness in her smile, as if her heart's affections had become intertwined with mine, and she had not discovered it till the hour approached in which we were to part, never perhaps to meet again. Her arm pressed closer to mine:—I turned to gaze upon her; she averted her eyes, but the next moment they met mine, and that look was more eloquent than words, however eloquent. I could not speak—and she was silent. We had reached the château before either perceived its neighbourhood. Then surprise, perhaps, brought back speech to me. Love will rather stammer than not speak. 'Dear Estelle,' I said 'you are now to be made happy; for you are almost in the presence of Count Montauban, who will refuse you nothing that you can ask. Oh! might I be but equally fortunate with Estelle, and obtain at her hands all that is necessary to complete my wishes, and render me the happiest of men——' She grew pale, and trembled. 'What will not Estelle do,' she replied, 'that virtue does not forbid, to make her friend as happy as herself!' I seized the occasion. 'Will Estelle be mine!—will she give me her hand—heart—affections?' She fell into my arms. That moment was worth an age of exist-

ence! 'Oh, my Estelle!' I exclaimed, 'I will no longer conceal from you that I love you more than man loved till now! Gratitude, inspired by your devotedness in the hour of need—tenderness, bred of your tenderness—admiration of your beauty—pride in your virtues—these, and a thousand sentiments and endearing qualities, which love, all eloquent as it is, can neither define nor name, have made me your willing captive, were I a ransom worth the world! Convert not, then, the Eden, which I have planted, into a solitude, by refusing to share its new happiness with me! We were born for each other, though our lots have been different. Let, then, this embrace be the silent sign that you consent to be mine!' I clasped her to my heart, as a miser hugs his newly-acquired gold, and felt that her heart answered to mine. She was mine, brother,—she was mine. 'One word, my adored Estelle—for love can never be too thoroughly assured of his possession:—do you love as I do? and are you wholly and willingly mine—mine for ever?'—'For ever!' she replied faintly. 'Enter then, this château—no longer Estelle Leclair, but the Countess Montauban!'—This disclosure was too abrupt; but passion and pleasure had made me rash. She fainted in my arms. I bore in the lovely prize, the richest argosy that ever noble merchant welcomed to the haven of home; and that day, ere the sun had reached the highest heaven of noon, the holy church had made us one and indissoluble.

"But see—as if to perfect the happiness of my recollections of that happiest day of my life—see where she comes!—the fairest creation of heaven—the admired of all beholders—the wise, the good, the beautiful, the true! How does she dignify the rank she has raised to her, and not been raised to! Splendour may decorate, but cannot dignify the mean; no, for the noble nature still is wanting. But the native grace of my Estelle, which is diffused around her as unconsciously as the violet breathes its perfume, confers honour upon rank, and not derives it. Behold, my brother, with what harmonious motion she glides along, as if magic was in her steps! Let me fly to meet her—for my devotion is as fervent as in that happy hour which made the lowly Estelle Leclair lady of the proudest peer of France!"—*La Belle Assemblée.*

Illustrations of History.

OF THE SIGNIFICATION OF THE ARMOUR
OF A KNIGHT.

From an Ancient MSS.

UNTO a Knight, which is the most ho-

nourable office above all other, is given a sword, which is made like unto a crosse, for the redempc'on of mankinde, in signifying that like as o'r Lord God died upon the crosse, for the redempc'on of mankinde, even soe a knight ought to defend the crosse and to overcome and destroye the enemies of the same; and it hath twoe edges, in tokening that with the sword he ought to mayntayne knighthood and justice. Alsoe to him is given a speare, signifying truth, which is even as a speare; and truth ought to goe before falsehood: the iron of the speare betokeneth that truth hath much strength afore falsehood; which truth is susteyned by hope. The targett is put forth afore him and sheweth it to the people, which keepeth him from the stroke of the enemy; even soe it betokeneth that truth doth shewe himselfe to all men, and hath not power to doe any falsehood. The helmett is close, and a man having it on cannot looke on highe but towards the earth, which alsoe defendeth the chiefe most highe and principall member of man's bodie, which betokeneth feare, without which principall he cannot be obeisant to the said order; whearby it maketh him ashamed to incline himselfe to any villanous deeds, which be contrarie to the said most noble office. The bodie harnesssed, which is close and suer to his bodie on all sides, betokeneth a castell or fortresse, which is well kepte ane close, that noe man enter into it, which unto the knight giveth noble corage; soe that by his default, there can enter into him neither treason, shame, unfaithfulness, or other kinde of vices, and alsoe keepeth his bodie that he be not suddenlie overcome. The legg harnisse is given a knight to keep him suer from perill, signifying that a knight with sword, speare, mace, and other necessaries of iron, which apperteyneth to a knight, ought not to shrink, but keep his waie. The spurres be given him to put forth and prick his horse, for the more expedic'on makeing, signifying dilligence and spede; for thearby, he maye mayntayne the highe hono'r which he hath and maketh hast for his things to be done. The gorgett is given a knight to keep and defend him from strokes, which, without it, would soone pierce him, for it is writen aboute his neck; which betokeneth obedience, which maketh him to fulfil the said order, and to doe his sovereign's will and commandments; whearby treason, desceit, unfaithfulness, nor other kinde of vice, maye cause him to breake the oathe which he hath made, and contrariwise being disobedient he doth dishonor his lord, and worketh not according to his oath and

order. The marke, token, or armes, is given a knight to the end that he maye be discerned and the better knowne howe farre and which waye he goeth, signifying thearby his force and corage; which force of corage defendeth a knight from all manner of vices, and inforceth him to vertues and good customes, by the which they mayntayne rightfullie the order of knighthood, according to the high honor which to them is due and app'teyneth. The shield is given him to put betwene the enemie and him to beare of the strokes, betokening that a knight's office is to be meane betweene the king and his people, for a p'fect unities betweene them. The gantletts are given a knight to weare on his hands, to the end he maye defend the same, and maye be the more suer to receive the strokes if it chance any part of his armor to faile, signifying that beside noble corage, yet vertue ought to be in him, to the end that if his corage did picke him to do any thing contrarie to the said order, yet vertue might staid him and resist the same. The saddell of his horse is to the end that he maye sit suer therein, and stedfast when he rideth, soe that he cannot stirr or move unlesse he be willing; signifying thearby the steadfastness and suertie of courage which ought to be in him; whearby it causeth him to be in the front of the battaile, weh suertie aideth him in adventuring for the love of knighthood. And the great charge and deed of knighthood is, that he ought not to remove or retorne from things lawfull. The horse is given to the said knight whearby he is mounted and sett more higher than another man, and seen farther of; signifying thearby the nobleness of corage, and the apt and redie apparelling of him to that which apperteyneth to the order of knighthood, more in him than any other man. The horse hath a bridle, which the knight holdeth in his hand by the raynes, whearby he may holde and refrayne his horse at his will; signifying thearby that he ought likewise to refreyne his will from evil, and to bend himself to goodness.—*Retros. Rev.*

Customs of Various Countries.

ST. MICHAEL'S EVE AT DEGGENDORF.

Pilgrims, from all parts of Germany, flock to Deggendorf upon Saint Michael's eve, which is a celebrated gnade-zeit, (time of grace,) when absolution is granted to all comers, in consequence of some

miraculous circumstances that, in the year 1337, attended the purloining and insulting of the Host by a woman and some Jews; who, having bought the consecrated wafer from her, scratched it with thorns till it bled, and the image of a child appeared; baked it, vision and all, in an oven; hammered it upon an anvil, the block of which is still shewn to the pilgrim; attempted to cram it down "their accursed throats," (I quote the words of the original description,) but were prevented by the hands and feet of the vision aforesaid; and finally, despairing to destroy it, flung it into a well, which was immediately surrounded by a nimbus, &c. I should not have noticed these disgusting falsehoods, but for the melancholy fact, that the circulation of this trumpery story was considered a sufficient cause, by the *pious* Deggendorfers, for the indiscriminate massacre of all the wretched Jews in the place; which infamous and bloody deed was perpetrated the day after St. Michael, sanctioned by *Christian* priests, who, in grand procession, carried back the indestructible wafer to the church, and solemnly approved, in 1489, by Pope Innocent VIII., who issued his bull for the general absolution above-mentioned. Above fifty thousand pilgrims assembled here in 1801; and as late as 1815 so considerable were their numbers, that the greater part of them passed the night in the streets of the town, and in the fields in its neighbourhood.—*The Descent of the Danube.*

Sketches of Orators.

No. 10.

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Petronius Arbiter was a Roman knight and intimate with Nero, and a pander to his vices; for to this writer he owed his sports and pastimes, and therefore he delighted to be in his company. Tacitus, speaking of this cruel and voluptuous prince, says, 'that he accounted nothing sweet, and soft, and pleasant, but what Petronius sanctioned. Turnebus calls him an obscene and lascivious writer, and that he defiled the elegancies of his orations by his coarseness of their application. Indeed his Latin is of the sweetest strain, and therefore deservedly stiled the purest fountain of the Roman language. Lipsius asks, 'Hast thou seen any thing since the muses were in the world more dulcet and witty?' And it is a pretty expression of the same critic. 'His fragments are of a most pure impurity.'—

Dempster also calls him 'candid, sweet, fair, admirable in all things, were his voluptuous allusions excepted.'

P.

Natural History.

The fall of a Shower of Insects during a Snow Storm in Russia.—The Journal de St. Petersburg, bearing date November 14, 1827, gives the following interesting detail:—

On the 17th October, 1827, there fell in the district of Rjev, (in the government of Twer,) a heavy shower of snow in the space of about ten versts, which contained the village of Pokroff and its environs. It was accompanied in its fall by a prodigious quantity of worms of a black colour, ringed, and in length three quarters of a verschok. The head of these insects was flat and shining, furnished with antennæ, and the hair in the form of whiskers, while its body from the head to about one-third of its length resembled a band of black velvet. They had on each side three feet, by means of which they appeared to crawl very fast upon the snow, and assembled in groups about the plants, and the holes in trees and buildings. Several having been exposed to the air in a vessel filled with snow, lived there till the 26th October, although in that interval the thermometer had fallen to 80 below zero. Some others which had been frozen continued equally long in life, for they were not found exactly encrusted with the ice, but they had formed round their bodies a space similar to the hollow of a tree. When they were plunged into water they swam about as if they had received no injury, but those which were carried into a warm place perished in a few minutes.—*Brewster's* Jour.*

Rare Insects.—*Furia Infernalis* and *Meggar*.—There exists in Livonia, a very rare insect, which is not met with in more northern countries, and whose existence was for a long time considered doubtful. It is the *Furia Infernalis*, described by Linnæus in the *Nouveaux Mémoires de l'Académie d'Upsal*, in Sweden.

This insect is so small that it is very difficult to distinguish it by the naked eye. In warm weather it descends from the atmosphere upon the inhabitants, and its sting produces a swelling, which unless a proper remedy is applied, proves mortal.

* Along with this interesting article the Editor states he was favoured with a few of the insects themselves.

During the hay harvest, other insects named *Meggar* occasion great injury both to men and beasts. They are of the size of a grain of sand. At sunset they appear in great numbers, descend in a perpendicular line, pierce the strongest linen, and cause an itching and pustules, which, if scratched, become dangerous. Cattle, which breathe these insects, are attacked with swellings in the throat, which destroy them, unless promptly relieved. They are cured by a fumigation from flax, which occasions a violent cough.—*Ibid.*

Account of the fall of a Shower of Herrings.—A remarkable, though not unprecedented occurrence, recently happened in the neighbouring county of Ross. As Major Forbes Mackenzie of Fodderty, in Strathpfeffer, was traversing a field on his farm, he was not a little surprised to find a considerable portion of the ground covered with herring fry, of from three to four inches in length. The fish were fresh and entire, and had no appearance of being dropped by birds—a medium by which they must have been bruised and mutilated. The only rational conjecture that can be formed of the circumstance is, that the fish were transported thither in a waterspout—a phenomenon that has before occurred in this county, and which is by no means uncommon in tropical climates. The Frith of Dingwall lies at the distance of three miles from the place in question; but no obstruction occurs between the field and the sea, the whole is a level strath or plain, and waterspouts have been known to travel even farther than this. Major Mackenzie has forwarded a small quantity of the fish to the secretary of the Northern Institution.—*Inverness Courier.*

Science and Art.

Method of depriving Gall of its Colouring Matter and tendency to Putridity.

—The discovery of a mode to effectually remove the impurities which abound in this article has long been wanted by artists; the way to attain the desideratum is as follows:—

To a pint of fresh ox-gall, boiled and skimmed, put one ounce of alum finely powdered; continue it on the fire until combined; when cold, put it into a bottle, and cork it moderately close.

To another pint of fresh ox-gall, also boiled and skimmed, put one ounce of common salt, and continue it on the fire until combined; when cold, put it also

into another bottle, and cork it moderately close.

Gall, thus prepared, will keep perfectly free from putridity, or any offensive smell, for years.

When the above preparations have stood in a room, of a moderate temperature, for about three months, they will deposit a thick sediment; crusts will form on their surfaces, they will become clear, and be fit for use in ordinary purposes; but, as they contain a large proportion of yellow colouring matter, tinged blue of a greenish hue, reds brown, and sully purple, they are unfit for general use in painting in water-colours.

Cement for Glass and China.—White of eggs, mixed up with a little quicklime, (or chalk burnt in a common fire and pounded,) will make a good cement for glass and porcelain. It is not absolutely necessary that the chalk should be burnt, though it is generally used so.

Turkish Cement for Joining Metals, Glass, &c.—The jewellers in Turkey, who are mostly Armenians, have a curious method of ornamenting watch-cases, and similar things, with diamonds and other stones, by simply glueing them on. The stone is set in silver or gold, and the lower part of the metal made flat, or to correspond with the part to which it is to be fixed; it is then warmed gently, and the glue applied, which is so very strong, that the parts never separate. This glue, which may be applied to many purposes, as it will strongly join bits of glass or polished steel, is thus made:

Dissolve five or six bits of mastich, as large as peas, in as much spirit of wine as will suffice to render it liquid; in another vessel dissolve as much isinglass (which has been previously soaked in water till it is swollen and soft,) in French brandy or in rum, as will make two ounces, by measure, of strong glue, and add two small bits of gum-galbanum or ammoniacum, which must be rubbed or ground till they are dissolved: then mix the whole with a sufficient heat; keep it in a phial, stopped, and when it is to be used, set it in hot water.—*Eton's Survey of the Turkish Empire.*

The process above described may be simplified by adding the gum-ammoniac to the isinglass, during its solution in proof spirit, and exposing the mixture to a boiling heat until it is dissolved, when the solution of mastich in alcohol may be added. The gum-ammoniac previously dissolved with the isinglass, promotes the union of the mastich with the mucilage.

Anecdotaliana.

A DANDY'S COSTUME OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

The fantastical beau of this period wore long-pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; hose of one colour on one leg, and of another on the other; short breeches, which did not reach to the middle of his thighs, quite close to the skin of the wearer; a coat, the one half white, the other half black or blue; a long beard; a silk hood buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c., and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones.

DR. PALEY.

This eminent divine was so ardent a follower of Izaak Walton, that, on being asked by the then Bishop of Durham, when one of his most important works would be finished, he replied, with great quaintness and simplicity:—"My lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over."

ETON WAGGERY.

A short time since those lovers of mischief, the Etonians, took away from a ladies' seminary a board, on which was written, "*Boarding School for Young Ladies,*" and placed it over the door of the College.

METAPHYSICS.

A Scotch blacksmith gave the following definition of metaphysics. "Twa foulk disputin thagither: he that's listenin disna ken what he that's speakin means: and he that's speakin disna ken what he means himsel,—that's metaphysics."

EPITAPH ON HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

A rigid tory, but an upright man,
Zealous in faith, unbending to his foes:
His checker'd years to age extended ran,
And set in calmer scenes than when they rose.

From kings descended,—to a palace raised,
He brought a num'rous offspring into power;
A prelate pitied, but a christian praised,
For private friendships to his latest hour.

EPITAPH ON A FENCING MASTER.

His thrusts like lightning flew; but skilful
Death
Parried them all, and put him out of breath.

ON A MAN OF THE NAME OF MORE.

Here lies one *More*, and no *more* than he,
One *more*, and no *more*! how can that be?
Why one *more* and no *more* may well lie here
alone,
But here lies one *More*, and that's *more* than
one.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Aug. 6	Wed.	Transfiguration of our Lord. Sun ris. 27m af. 4 —sets 23 —7	Aug. 6	By the primitive Christians, this day was observed to commemorate the change which our Lord exhibited on the top of Mount Tabor to his disciples, Sts. Peter, John and James; yet it is but of recent date in the church of Rome, as it was not instituted by Pope Calixtus until the year 1455. 1638. Born on this day at Paris, the eminent Philosopher, Nicolas Malebranche. His principal work, "The Search after Truth," was much esteemed on its first appearance, for the accuracy and solidity of the sentiments and remarks which it contained.
— 7	Thurs.	St. Cajetan. High Water, 43m af 11 morn. ——— aft.	— 7	This saint was born A.D. 1480. He associated himself to the confraternity of the Love of God. He afterwards joined the Order of the Theatins, of which he was made general for three years; in 1530. The life of this saint is recorded as an example of piety and zeal. 1799. Expired on this day, the celebrated sculptor John Bacon, ÆT. 59. There is hardly any of our cathedrals or public edifices but what are enriched by the talented and skilful performances of this great master of his art. A knowledge of this artist's excellence may be attained by viewing his monument to Earl Chatham, in Guildhall, and those to the memory of Howard, the Philanthropist, and our great Lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, in St. Paul's.
— 8	Frid.	St. Cyriacus. Sun ris. 31m aft. 4 —sets 29m. —7	— 8	St. Cyriacus was a deacon at Rome during the pontificate of the Popes Marcellinus and Marcellus. He suffered martyrdom A.D. 303. 1540. Henry VIII. on this day married his fifth wife, Lady Katherine Howard, niece to the Duke of Norfolk, and daughter of Lord Edmund Howard. This unfortunate Queen, like her cousin-german Anne Boleyn, was beheaded for incontinence.
— 9	Satur.	St. Romanus, High Water, 1m af. 1 morn 25——— 1 aftrn	— 9	St. Romanus was a soldier in Rome at the time of the tormenting of St. Lawrence, and from beholding the firmness with which he suffered, he embraced the faith, for which he was beheaded the previous day to that saint's martyrdom. 1593. Born on this day at Stafford, Izaak Walton, the author of that well known and curious book, the "Complete Angler," of which gentle art he was a passionate admirer. This work, as well as his lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Bishop Sanderson, is written in a plain and entertaining manner, and interspersed with a variety of curious anecdotes.
— 10	SUN.	10 Sunday after Trinity. LES for the DAY 21 c. Kings, 1 B. morn. 22 c. Kings 1 B. even. St. Lawrence. New Moon, 42m aft 4 aftern.	— 10	St. Lawrence was a native of Huesca, in Spain. Valerian caused him to be broiled on a gridiron, for refusing to deliver up the treasure of the church, which he imagined was in his custody. His martyrdom took place A.D. 261. 1557. The Battle of St. Quintin, a town in Picardy, was fought on this day, when the French Constable, De Montmorenci, was signally defeated by the Spanish forces, commanded by Count Egmont. 1589. The marriage of James I. of England with Anne, the daughter of Frederick, King of Denmark, took place on this day.
— 11	Mond.	St. Tiburtius. Sun ris. 36m aft 4 sets 24 — 7	— 11	This saint was beheaded in the third century, by order of Fabian, on the Latician road, three miles from Rome. 1715. Nicholas Rowe, the poet and dramatist, was made poet laureate on this day, on the accession of George II.
— 12	Tues.	St. Clare. High Water, 4m af. 3 morn 19 —— aftern	— 12	1712. Jonas Hanway, the eminent philanthropist, and principal founder of the Marine Society and the Magdalen, was born on this day at Portsmouth. 1762. Anniversary of the birth of our gracious sovereign, George IV.



See Page 68.

Illustrated Article.

SIR GABRIEL VESTYNDEN.

A FRAGMENT.

“Nowe shalle mye goode swerde doe mee justyce on thy villaine bodie !” — OLD PLAY.

THE bell at even-song tolled loudly, and the surrounding cottages were one by one involved in darkness, as a weary traveller crossed the well known Salisbury plain on his way to the town. The sun had sunk behind the distant hills, and the *ignis fatuus* danced o’er the swamp, as if rejoicing in its departure. The peasant returned to his hut, the shepherd led his flock to the fold, and the bee and the beetle flew humming to their cells, while the deer-stealer cautiously issued from his hovel, with his cross-bow concealed beneath the ample folds of his coarse mantle, and sought the neighbouring forest. The stranger moved on, although his weary step and dusty sandals plainly told that he had travelled far that day. He bore upon his back a small

harp, and supported himself on a stout oak staff; his venerable beard descended to his girdle, in which was stuck a small horn-hafted whittle. He passed those huge monuments of antiquity, which were then, as they are now, the wonder and admiration of all who visited them; and in a short time had crossed the plain. The road to the town now lay before him, when the turrets of a strong castle overshadowed it, and the sound of merry was-sail struck on the stranger’s ear. Resting on his staff, he paused awhile, not knowing that he was observed by a man on the walls; he listened to the rude shouts of mirth and laughter which sounded within; when he was suddenly awakened from his reverie by a voice near him—the traveller looked up, and perceived the man who had been watching him, who accosted him with—

“Well, old Sir Pilgrim, hast had thy musing fit out? Art an honest man, or a thief? Or wilt have a goodly bolt through thy hide?”

The stranger replied,—

“Methinks if thou do’st desire a mark, there is a fairer one in the merry green

wood ; there was better quarry at Cressy and Poitiers."

" Ah ! ah ! say'st thou so ? then thou can'st sing of such ; I see thou hast a harp at thy back ; wait awhile, and I will admit thee ; by my fackins, this is no time for hard blows and broken coxcombs."

As he said this, he disappeared whistling, and in a few minutes the heavy draw-bridge fell, and the stranger crossing it, entered the castle. His companion led him through the vaulted passages, and entering one of the rooms, placed on a table some venison and a loaf of bread, together with a stoup of ale. The stranger ate little, which the man observing, said,

" Hast thou no stomach for such cheer, old Sir ?"

" Little, indeed, my son, for I have walked far, and am sore weary."

" Then thou shalt have a good litter of clean rushes anon ; but thou must needs give my master and his guests a ballad ; they are making merry in the hall, for he weds the fair Lady Beatrice to-morrow ; and I, Launcelot Dowbiggin, am appointed her ladyship's falconer. Art fond of hawking, old Sir, or can'st draw a bow,

or play backword, or—?" Here Launcelot paused, as he perceived the stranger was much moved on hearing his news ; but the latter, recovering himself, replied,

" I was a proper hand in all these pastimes ; but those days are gone by : there was a time when Dick Moncley could hit the white, or rein a horse, or throw the bar with any youth in Gloucestershire,—but 'tis past. I have seen many strange countries since then ; my youth is gone, and I am now a withered and sapless tree ; but I have lived to see French pride humbled, and have seen our brave king's banner floating in the breeze on their highest towers."

" Ah, 'tis a goodly sight ; can'st sing of these same things ?" enquired Launcelot.

" Some few lays and ballads," replied the stranger.

" Then follow me," said Launcelot, taking up a torch, " I warrant thou wilt find company who will well repay thee for thy minstrelsy." As he said this, he led the way, followed by the stranger.

As they passed through one of the passages, the large mantle and frock in

which the stranger was enveloped caught by a nail, and Launcelot hastily turning round, saw to his astonishment that his companion wore a jazerant of steel under his vestments. Launcelot, though somewhat daunted at this discovery, plucked out his dagger, when a well known voice startled him.

“ My dear master, my much honoured Sir Gabriel,” cried he, flinging himself at the feet of the harper, who had plucked off his sham beard, “ by what miracle art thou arrived here?—I thought thee dead—Say, art thou my honoured master, or do mine eyes deceive me?”

“ Thou see’st him here alive and well,” replied the knight; “ but prithee restrain thy joy, (if joy it be,) and help me to attire myself in this disguise, for I would not have my being under this roof known.”

Launcelot instantly led his master into a small room, and while he helped him with his disguise, the knight related to him some of his adventures, and in return begged to be informed of what had taken place during his absence.

“ I have heard,” said he, “ that my honoured father is dead, and that my cousin Ralph Vestynden has been left in care of the castle. How fares the Lady Beatrice?”

“ Sorrily, I fear,” replied Launcelot, shaking his head. “ There was a report that thou wert dead, and sadly has she grieved. Heaven forbid that I should say aught against your kinsman, but I fear good lies not under that heavy brow of his.”

“ He is a villain!” passionately exclaimed Sir Gabriel, “ he is a villain and a murderer! He has murdered the father, and would destroy the son; but Heaven has reserved me to hurl destruction on him. I will tell thee, Launcelot, when near Poitiers, I was one of the advanced guard; we were marching in the dead of night, when an arrow struck me: my trusty coat was proof against the shaft, and a voice cried, ‘ Ralph Vestynden greets thee.’ I spurred my horse to the place where the voice seemed to come from, and there beheld by the light of the moon two men crouched among the underwood; I slew one with a blow of my mace, and my men secured the other villain. He confessed that ’twas my kinsman who had hired them.”

“ Then he is the villain I thought him,” said Launcelot; “ often have we had messengers here, rough fellows whom we never saw before, who, after having seen and spoken with Sir Ralph, have ridden off again: trust me there are many lying in ambush for thee, my master.”

“ I doubt it not; but did’st thou not tell me Sir Ralph would marry the lady Beatrice to-morrow? Does she consent to the match?”

“ I know not, but she always looks pale and sad, and will sometimes weep when she hears your name mentioned; and Sir Ralph has forbidden us to speak of you in her presence.”

The knight’s eyes flashed fire; he bit his lip, and seemed to be maintaining a violent struggle with his feelings.

“ Launcelot,” at length he said, “ this marriage must be prevented: are thy fellows still attached to me?”

“ Attached!” cried Launcelot, “ they would all fight for ye; nay, would render up their lives to do ye service; but caution must be used, for Sir Ralph has several ruffianly fellows always at his command, whose hands know as well the way to the sword hilt as to their neighbour’s purses; we like them not, but grumbling would surely bring us to the oak branch. There is Rough Robin to be sure, and Will-le-Dale, and Jack the Miller, with his five sons; all good men and proper, and shrewd hands at the long bow; and there are some half score of us here, who would stand by ye. The miller says that your worthy father died somewhat sudden, and Sir Ralph threatened; but as he is not his vassal, the miller laughs at him.”

“ Enough,” said the knight, “ lead me to the hall, and say I am a wandering minstrel, who would fain enliven them with a tune.—Lead on.”

Launcelot led his young master to the door of the hall, and bidding him wait awhile, proceeded to ask Sir Ralph if he would like to have the minstrel admitted. He soon returned, and led Sir Gabriel into the hall. There, at a large table, sat Sir Ralph, totally unconscious of the presence of his greatly wronged kinsman. He and his companions sat over their cups, and their unsteady hands and inflamed eyes told that their draughts had been deep and frequent. The hawks, perched on the rafters above, were startled by the boisterous mirth below them, and Sir Ralph was in the act of calling on one of his companions for a song, when Launcelot led forth the minstrel.

“ Well, Launcelot,” said Sir Ralph, “ what old grey-beard hast there?—whence comes he?—Speak, Sir Minstrel, from whence comest thou?”

“ From France and the low countrie. I have travelled far and wide.”

“ Ah! France do’st thou say? Hast ever heard of one Sir Gabriel Vestynden, who fought in the English army?”

“ ’Tis said he was murdered just before the battle of Poitiers,” replied the

minstrel ; “ but whether it be true or false, I know not.”

Sir Ralph’s heavy brow was raised for a moment, and a grim smile illumined his dark countenance, as he thought that his kinsman had probably fallen beneath the hands of his hired assassins, and he replied—

“ Then the heavy tidings we received last week are true : God rest my kinsman’s soul !”

As he said this, he took a deep draught of wine, and setting down the empty goblet, he desired the minstrel to begin. Sir Gabriel, after a short prelude, sung the following song, accompanying it with his harp :—

Friar Ambrose, that right merrie elf,
Bids ye keep in your pouches your pelf ;
For the flaggon and bowl,
Endangers the soul ;
But he loves wine and wassail himself.

He tells us he knows full well,
That Sathan, that foul fiend of Hell,
Has a bait in each lass,
Who may chance to pass,—
But we know who was found in his cell.

And fat Abbot Boniface says,
Wine will certainly shorten our days ;
But we’ll tell him he lies,
And that wine and bright eyes,
In spite of them both, shall have praise.

“ By the coals that grilled St. Lawrence,” exclaimed Sir Ralph, “ ’tis a right merry song !” and he poured out a goblet of wine with his own hand, and presented it to the minstrel. Sir Gabriel felt as though he could have dashed the goblet and its contents at the face of his kinsman ; but he checked himself, and muttering,—“ Gramercy, Sir Knight,” (though well aware, that if Sir Ralph knew whom he had offered it to, he would have wished it a cup of hemlock,) he drank off the wine, and placing the goblet on the table, drew his hood closer to his face, and watched his kinsman narrowly.

Sir Ralph observed him not, and after a few moments had elapsed, he said, “ Hast thou any love-tale, fit for a fair lady’s ear ?”

“ Many, noble Knight,” was the hasty reply of Sir Gabriel ; for he divined the reason of the question, and was not mistaken, for Sir Ralph desired one of his men to bring the Lady Beatrice into the hall.

She shortly after entered, and Sir Ralph rose and handed her to a seat, with as much gallantry as he was capable of. He then commanded the minstrel to play another air. Sir Gabriel saw with sorrow the altered appearance of his beloved

Beatrice. She was pale and sad, and sat with her head resting on her hand, apparently unconscious of all that was passing,—she heeded not Sir Ralph when he spoke to her, but caressed a small spaniel which sat looking in her face, as if it felt its mistress’s sorrows.

Sir Gabriel sat intently gazing on his lady-love and her spaniel, which he had presented to her just before he left England, when his kinsman bade him play another air. Sir Gabriel struck his harp again, and commenced playing a ballad, which he had often sung to Beatrice before he left England. As her ear caught the first notes, she was sensibly affected, and ere he had finished one stanza, she covered her face with her hands, whilst the tears fast flowing gushed between the interstices of her fair fingers.

Sir Ralph rose, and staggering up to her, attempted to put his arm round her waist, when Beatrice repulsed him, and Sir Gabriel forgetting his disguise, threw down his harp, and grasped the handle of his whittle ; but at the same moment Launcelot whispered in his ear,—“ For our Lady’s sake, do not discover yourself, or you are lost !”

Sir Ralph, however, observed the minstrel’s anger, and hurling a goblet at him with all his force, he commanded his men to seize the harper, and hurry him to one of the dungeons below the foundation of the castle. The men rose, and staggered up to Sir Gabriel to obey their master, when Launcelot interfered,—

“ Hold !” cried he, “ the knave has deceived *me* ; therefore the securing of him rests in me ; leave him to my care, I will teach him to respect his betters.”

As he said this, he seized Sir Gabriel, (whose pretended age gave Sir Ralph no fear that he would escape,) and hurried him out of the hall. Launcelot spoke not till he had led his master into one of the deepest dungeons of the castle.

“ This,” said he, “ is a sorry room, but wait till to-morrow, and I will then release you.”

“ To-morrow !—to-morrow to me will be an age,” cried the knight. “ Hast thou not said that my villainous kinsman weds the Lady Beatrice to-morrow ? Do’st thou think I will live to see this ?”

“ Softly, softly, my dear Sir Gabriel,” cried Launcelot, “ compose thyself, and I will unfold to thee a plan by which we may prevent this marriage, and seize your kinsman. To-morrow the castle gates will be thrown open, and all the country will come to partake of the good cheer. You will be forgotten in this dungeon, and ere the hour arrives that makes the Lady Beatrice your vile kinsman’s bride,

I will bring in the stout miller and his sons. Fear not, but wait patiently."

Launcelot left his master, and shortly after brought in a litter of straw, with which he strewed the floor of the dungeon. He then produced a flask of wine, bidding Sir Gabriel hide it amongst the straw if he should be visited by any of the other domestics; and leaving a lamp burning, he quitted his master, promising to visit him early the next morning.

On the following morning, Launcelot failed not to wait on his master in the dungeon. He brought with him a stout sword, together with a bugle. The knight was soon ready, and Launcelot bidding him be of good cheer, desired him not to venture out till he came to him. In a short time all was ready, and Launcelot returned.

"Now," said he, "my dear master, the wished-for moment has arrived for you to sally forth. The vile Sir Ralph is in the hall with the Lady Beatrice—the Abbot has arrived—the company are flocking in, and may God speed ye!"

"I will," said Sir Gabriel, "but I would fain go in the same disguise as I had on yesterday. In that I will enter the hall, and when thou and thy fellows hear the blast of my bugle, be ready to rush in with thy aid."

All was life and bustle in the great hall of the castle. Sir Ralph thought he had all now within his grasp. The Abbot entered, and took his stand at the temporary altar. Shortly after Sir Ralph entered the hall, leading the Lady Beatrice. Five of his followers stood near him, and seemed to exult in the sacrifice which was about to be made. Beatrice advanced a few steps towards the altar, then paused, as if she had formed a sudden resolution, when Sir Ralph cried—

"Fair lady, this ill-bearing becomes not a damsel at such a time as this; advance, and let the holy Father Abbot proceed with the ceremony."

Beatrice replied not; her eyes filled with tears, and she was near falling, when one of her maids supported her. All pitied her, though they durst not avow it, as they feared Sir Ralph and his grim followers. Enraged at the delay, Sir Ralph seized her arm, and rudely dragged her towards the altar, when Sir Gabriel entered the hall disguised as on the preceding night: and observing the violence of Sir Ralph, he said,

"Forbear thy rashness! do'st thou not fear the just anger of offended Heaven?"

"Ah!" cried Sir Ralph, as he stamped on the marble floor of the hall, "do'st thou come to beard a knight in his own

castle!—Away with thee, or by my father's crest I will have thee flayed alive."

"Villain!" cried Sir Gabriel, tearing off his false beard, and throwing aside his disguise, "thy hour is come; draw, and look upon thy death!"

Sir Ralph was thunderstruck at the apparition of his kinsman; he stood motionless for some moments, as if struggling for an utterance, then turning to his followers, he bade them seize him, saying, at the same time, in a tone of bitter irony, "Cousin, thou art welcome to my wedding!"

But ere they advanced to lay hands on him, Sir Gabriel blew a loud blast on his bugle; it was answered instantly, and Launcelot and his friends entered the hall.

"Death to him who moves to the rescue!" cried the miller, drawing his shaft to the head; "throw down your weapons—the first who stirs has a cloth-yard shaft through his doublet."

Sir Ralph's men, finding that the odds were against them, gave up their swords; while Sir Ralph, finding all lost, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Turning to his kinsman, he said, in a voice almost choked with rage—

"Gabriel Vestynden, thou hast not saved thy bride yet."

And he aimed a blow at the breast of Beatrice. Sir Gabriel parried the stroke, and his kinsman turning, attacked him with great fury. Beatrice closed her eyes, and fell almost senseless into the arms of one of her maidens. She heard the hurried tramp of feet, and the clash of steel, and she called aloud on the Virgin to succour her true love, Sir Gabriel. Her prayers were not unheard—Sir Ralph fell covered with wounds, and while he lay in the throes of death, Beatrice flung herself into the arms of her lover, and sobbed out his name.

Need we add, that Sir Gabriel was soon after wedded to his true love; need we tell our readers that honest Launcelot was rewarded for his attachment and courage; or need we tell how many knights and their "lady faire" graced the wedding feast? Such rejoicings were long remembered by all. Sir Gabriel and his Beatrice lived many years in uninterrupted happiness, while the body of his false kinsman mouldered in its tomb in the Cathedral at Salisbury. That tomb bore only this inscription:—

Of your Charitie Praye for ye
soule of Raufe Vestynden.

TABLETS FOR ACTRESSES.
FIRST SERIES.

Miss F. H. Kelly, No. 1.

' O here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one !
Is't not a goodly presence ?—
A gallant lady.' PERICLES.

Thalia and Melpomene
Hold undisputed right to thee ;
So much of both thou dost express
Neither can make thee ' more nor less :'
Yet in a light and serious strain,
Dost thou for each the cause maintain,
Produce a smile, a sigh, or tear,
In Nature's dark, or bright career.

Madame Pasta.—No. 2.

' Mark'd he your music ?' IBID.
An eye of fire—the planet of the soul
Dazzling the waves of melody which roll
Out of thy nature. A superior skill,
Shedding a lustre o'er the human will ;
A charm in which a serpent might repose
And shelter innocence, as thorns—the rose.

The Misses Tree.—No. 3.

' O ye are choice attractions !' IBID.
' As twigs are bent, so they to trees incline :'
Planted right early by a sister's hand,
The fruits by growth to excellence will shine,
And grace the Thespian temples of the land.

Mrs. Glover.—No. 4.

' Call'd you, my Lord ?' J. CÆSAR.
Unrivall'd in the portrait of a wife,
Whose wedlock, like thine own, is fraught with
strife :
Thy scornful brow—severe and apt retort,
Most keen, when most ironic, most in sport ;
Yet sweet good temper in thy features smiles,
And proves the woman, though the actress
guiles.

Mrs. Waylett.—No. 5.

' Now pretty one,—how long have you been at
this trade ?' TITUS.
A tricky figure, suited well
For operatic casts ;
A voice in chat that bears the belle,
And in love ballads will excel
While woman's teasing lasts.

Mrs. Knight.—No. 6.

' Much rounder, but not taller.' ANON.
' Ophelia's' sorrows gave her tone,
' Jack and the Bean-stalk ' raised her fame :
So sweet a POVEY ne'er was known,
'Till she the bird of 'night' became. P.

VOCAL MENDICANTS .

THEIR ALLUSIVE AND DIGRESSIVE ACCI-
DENCE.

Pds—Specimens and Pretensions.

' Then should you be nothing but musicians,
for you are altogether governed by your hu-
mours.—K. HEN. IV.

IN the days of the elder Dibdin, who,
like our Charles Matthews, was a host in

himself, street singing was marked with character and feeling. The sailor, the primrose girl, the old soldier, and the matchwoman, warbled their several ditties in *propria personæ*. With few exceptions, since those days street singing has been, and is, at the lowest pitch ; for, besides the Derry Downs, the harmonised songs of Burns, the melodies of Moore, and some others, Scotch, Irish, and English, with the never-dying ' Rule Britannia' of Thomson, Bull's ' God save the King,' and the Downfall of Paris,' but little worth preservation is saved from lip to lip, and conveyed after the season to posterity. The favourites of Ranelagh, and their successors of Vauxhall, have had, and continue to have, but an ephemeral career, and the streets are supplied with no other novelties than those which become popular by the medium of triumphant actresses and concert vocalists. Here,—what an obvious difference!—difference in tone, execution, personal advantage, and abstract personation!—The sex too, like the key, is transposed, and a man is heard killing a song written expressly for a woman, and *vice versa*. To say but little, or nothing, in praise of the poetry as the vehicle for tunes of elaborate, or simple harmonic composition, —poetry, if it can scarcely be called so ; for it is mostly devoid of national pathos, and almost invariably of inspiration, and suited, like the plan of Infant Instruction, for all capacities. How poetic is the parenthesis—' Buy a broom !' or, as it is pronounced, ' Puy a proom !' It really does seem as if nonsensical simplicity, and the absence of genius, are essentially eligible for the prevailing taste of English people of this generation, who imagine themselves so much wiser than the last. But puerile as are the poetries and tunes of the mechanic gentlemen (exceptions of course) who deign to lead the national choirs as it were by steam, with piston and boiler, and the French engineer's secret moving principle, they have a composing effect, and, like opium, create slumbers and temporary ease ; but which leave the patients coveting stronger potions and more eager cravings for substantial harmony and poetic food. The point, however, for its abstract liberty of refinement requires detailed investigation, and must, in parliamentary language, either stand over, or lie on the table *sine die*. This object is with street representatives reviewed, like books past through several editions, and which are never ' out of date.'

Most popular songs, like their singers, are subjected to the humour of parody. After Miss Stephens sung, ' We are a'

nid, nid, noddin', in her most sweet taste, Batchelor, in Long Alley—Catnach—the bards in Long Lane, and the printers in Seven Dials, who set out a last dying-speech and a first crying song with the same facility, produced quires of 'Nid, nid, noddins.' Old men and women, boys, girls, and nondescripts, awoke the avenues of London with their gin-seasoned lips, to the discomfiture of the unfortunate Thistlewood and his fellow sufferers. Thus the parody 'We're a' hang, hang, hanging,' was suggested in the ears of death, the executioner, and the gibbet. Having run the gauntlet here, it spread over the metropolis. Then variations were used, as 'We are a' mag, mag, magging,' applied indiscriminately to gossips, statesmen, barristers, and costermongers; to beauties, quidnuncs, and dancing-masters; to clocks, whitesmiths, and patten-makers, 'clack, clack, clacking;' or, 'fudge, fudge, fudging;' and to any extent of appliance. By the bye, poor Joey Grimaldi! gave life to an earlier parody, in the 'Moggie Adair,' in replication to Braham's 'Robin Adair;' and, with Joey's leer, squint, sidelong lapping tongue, while asking 'Who made the sauncepans shine?' the parody, in allowance of Braham's energy and pathos, was inimitable.

The interessionals have been many, from the 'Over the water to Charley,' in allusion to the residents in the 'King's Bench,' and 'Charley is my darling,' to the Vauxhall 'Polly Hopkins,'—and the 'Unfortunate Miss Bailey' to the 'Fortunate Youth,'—the 'Don Giovanni,' at the Surrey, to the 'Don Giovanni in London' of Madame Vestris,—Incedon's 'All's well!' to — 'Billy Lackaday's Lament,' as 'sour as wargers.'

But since that time, in the absence of wit, songs are brought out with flourishing identities in front, like the insignia and marshalry of heralds, as 'Paul Prys,' 'Broom Girls,' 'Flowers,' 'Insects,' and 'Sheep's Hearts,' offered for sale. Something of this fashion prevailed a century back, and every noted music-book contained pictorial descriptions of the nature and inclination of the words and music. Like Quarles' emblems, they represented the 'changing scenes of life,' their love and their issue. Von Weber's Hunting Chorus, in the present age, set hand and mouth organs into life, and those underbread fellows, bakers, whistled the burden through their rounds. Horn no sooner sent 'Cherry Ripe' into the theatre, (notwithstanding cherries were out of season, except those on ladies' lips,) than 'Mutton Chops! Mutton Chops!' was resounded to every butcher's cleaver in

Clare and Carnaby and Whitechapel markets. Duets, trios, and quartets have also spread their way in the Dutch rotundities of sun-burnt Flemings; and the wails of the Kidderminster carpet weavers and Cobbettonian blanketweavers have shrunk into utter silence. The next version is, however, bringing us to a tangent, as we daily observe in the emphatic and apropos effort drawn in every street curve: for instance,

"I'd be a butterfly."

Of this specimen we attempt a short description of the person wishing to be put into chrysalis *de novo*.

"I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower!"

Wou'dst thou, indeed, poor lorn disciple of itchiness and lazar poverty! 'Yes—I'd be a butterfly!'—(Down falls a penny from an elderly near-sighted lady, listening and sympathising that her butterfly days are over, when she used to warble 'The Rosebud of Summer' to her spinnet)—'Born in a bower!'—(Heaven preserve you, Ma'am.) 'Born in a garret,' strums a tailor's apprentice, as he stands by the yard, counting his nails, near the 'Goose and Gridiron.'

Poor butterfly fancier! thy birth must have been from an old invitatory song—'Will you come? WILL! you, come to the bower.'

Ay, this is the crumbacked, crumpet-faced, knock-kneed, wretched of the destitute man that would be a butterfly. There might, too, be reason in his desire to be a Lord Byron's 'Deformed Transformed,' or a Glo'ster aspiring to a crown, for he is only three feet and a half high, with a proboscis, or feeler, that would not disgrace an entomological Linneas, or to adorn a glass case, with a pin through his body, at the British Museum. One of his eyes, like one of his feet, is directed inwardly. His lips, from between which the honied sentence should flow, like the cadence of a stream in Castaly, are compressed, and the sound is driven through the nostrils diapasoned and clogged with snuff. Ovid's Metamorphoses are not in vogue, or this desolate fellow would run a chance for wings; but he has them already in part:—his coat is divided across his shoulders, and his elbows are out of reach. The plumage, too, on his face, and over his breast, is thickly strewn, and, like a sofa-seat, well curled. Reader! if thou hast heard a wasp in a sugar tub, a hog in the wind, an inn signboard in a storm, a chimney's throat in agony, a creaking truck in distress, a machine half in water, a forge in half fire, thou wilt

have a comparative idea of one that squeaks with the phiz of wee-begone ghastliness, a man that 'would be a butterfly, ranging the beautiful realms of nature.'

The next 'I'D,' in view of a presentation, is a compassionate, scraggy, white-washed, lily-livered, unscraped cheese-paring, sliced out of double Glo'ster, a blue-veined woman, a Moll Flaggon, Liston-looking specimen of the fair sex, with twin girls in her arms, and a Dutch truckle, her snub-nosed boy in the hood of her cloak, hanging in jeopardy behind like a samphire gatherer over a precipice. As you see her creep into a street, in which Alexander the coppermith's hammer is not noised abroad, nor her rivals, the blind clarionet players in soldiers' jackets, with their bass associate, are obambuling his Majesty's highway,—she sings,

"I'd be a nightingale, beautiful bird!"†

This is the wish of a woman that would be a nyctalops, transmigrated into a sort of feathery Pasta. She who has set St. Martin's Lane in uproar—danced a capriole in Dyot Street, bartered her songs for a garment in Petticoat Lane, divided the noise in Cutler Street, and pronounced a finalé to the hurdygurdy performers in Saffron Hill. Well, indeed, might she desire to be a nightingale, since she has startled the gale every night for the last month. As to her being a 'beautiful bird!' she cannot much improve her national qualities, Malthus deciding that beauty is merely a matter of taste, and Lanark Owen proving it a matter of fact. Bless us!—if beauty were without paint, which cannot be proved in the circles of rank elevation, and properties of the the 'ides' could be realized, we might see pretty dispositions fluttering away in janty efforts. The Lady of the Exchequer Chancellor would resolve herself into a 'Tinker Budget'—Mrs. Crockford assume a 'Pigeon'—a stockjobber's mistress become a waddling 'Duck'—the premier's Duchess be a 'Kingfisher'—a bookseller's wife be a 'Puffin'—and the prime nobility of St. Albans become a 'Bank Bird.'

"I'd be a bee."

Here is a pretty specimen of a dark thief-looking fellow, six feet high, strong as Hercules, and with colossal strides, clears the roads and furlongs by feet—

† It is the cock bird which sings.

"I'd be a bee with a honeyful hive."

Ay, ay; this vagabond that will neither take a fork in the hayfield, a sickle in the harvest, a pail in the dairy, nor get a job on any terms—he, forsooth, would impress his auditors with the idea that he would be a 'BEE!' Does the varlet know how this admirable insect, which he libels by the slightest allusion, is, of all created tribes, one of the most industrious; and yet hums the hours away withal in the most grateful and seasonable manner, teaching all, and even the best of mankind, some little treatise of a good and enduring quality. 'Give the man a penny, Polly,' says her timid mistress, fearing by his leer into the kitchen, and impertinent stare over the parlour blinds, that he meditates mischief to the larder or the family. The idle-knave ought to sing this parody—

"I'd be a vagabond tramping the streets."

Could not our talented scribes send out appropriate ditties for the lazy fraternity, whether they warble the pious notes from Rippon's or Walker's Collections, or those of Moncrieff or Bishop? They might then take their stands, like hackney-coachmen, or parole the courts, alleys, and lanes, like Bow Street officers, in the way of business—organise at Hockley-in-the-Hole, or that larger aperture, the Hole-in-the-Wall.

At all events, there is room enough for classification and improvement in the several departments of street singing; but to slay harmony is 'Killing no Murder,' and it remains in mangled proportions. O! for the days of the 'Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green,' and the sylvan cadences of 'Sweet Nan of Hampton!' If something of these will not return, 'Let us all be unhappy together!'

P.

A SIGH.

List to me, maidens!
Oh! haste not to fly!
Think not I'll harm ye,
I'm only "a sigh!"
Round the creation,
In pleasure I rove;
But my best couch of rapture's
The bosom of Love!

The stars catch my breathing,
The moon loves my lay;
Fairy songs wreathing,
I garland my way:
My home is the ether,
The sea-breeze my car,
The zephyr the music
I whisper afar.

I bask in the sun-beam,
And float on the dew,
And mount on the vapour
That dims the sky blue:
Round the red forest breeze,
Gaily, I play;
Hide in the leafy trees,
Dance on the spray.

I peep through the eye-lids,
And leap to the heart;
Break the soft slumber,
And feeling impart;
But I sow, where I enter,
A harvest of bliss,
Softens the parting,
And sweeten the kiss.

I circle all Nature,
And wildly may rove;
But give me to dwell in
The bosom of Love!—
List ye then, maidens!
Oh! haste not to fly!
I have pleasures will charm ye;
My name is "a sigh!"

R. JARMAN.

STANZAS.

There is a moment of delight,
A star amid the gloom of night,
A spell to guide us on,
'Tis when we feel that there is one
Whose eyes will brighten when we come,
And mourn when we are gone!

How fair it is at eve to meet
The maid we love, and, oh, how sweet
A tale of love to tell,
To fondly kiss where no rude eye,
May mark the soul's deep ecstasy,
The bosom's mutual swell.

Oh, woman, formed to curse or bless!
Thou source of joy or wretchedness!
This earth indeed would be,
A dreary waste, a vale of tears,
A dull return of mournful years,
If it were not for thee.

EB. COLLINS.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF RESIDENT CLERGY IN ENGLAND.

"HOVEDEN is the first historian, I believe, who gives an idea of any clerical parochial residences in the time of the Normans. I must not omit that Weever adds (from whom I quote) parish churches were built at a far earlier period, long before the time of Honorius; but the very same page disproves the assertion, for it is said in the year 490, when Dubritius was made Archbishop of South Wales, 'divers churches,' with their endowments, were appropriated to *him*, the said Dubritius, and his successors!

"The expression 'divers churches' gives no idea of parish churches; and to

whom were the titles appropriated? not to any resident clergyman, 'ubique per Angliam,' but to him, 'the said Dubritius, and his successors!' After the small but regular subsistence had been granted by the bishops, and most *unwillingly* by the convents, the itinerant minister became a kind of curate, called the 'vicar.'

"There were two kinds of these vicars, the one endowed by the bishop, with a certain portion of the products of the land, the other employed by the convents. The obligation indeed was imposed on the convents to employ their *curates* after the same manner, and with the same liberality; but their *vicar* had only what is called 'Portia congrua,' that is, as much of the tithes as the abbot thought fit.

"In this parish we find the first presentation by the bishop to have been in 1299, when a church was probably built, and the desultory service from the abbey discontinued, after some contention with the abbots, on the part of the bishop. In the thirteenth century we find, all through England, a minister regularly and generally instituted, to his particular parish. So gradually grew up our parochial establishments, from the increasing idea of their moral and civil utility.

"We see the gathering of the storm that afterwards swept away the more ancient and illustrious establishments from this remonstrance of the Commons, in the fifteenth year of Richard the Second:

"The spiritual patrons of benefices, namely, the religious men, through divers colours and pretences, *mischievously* apply and appropriate the same benefices, and grievously throw *down the houses* and *edifices* of the same to the ground, and cruelly take away and destroy Divine service, hospitality, and other marks of charity, which were accustomed to be done in the said benefices, to the poor and maimed,' &c.

"When the '*spiritual patrons*,' that is, those of the convent, thus became equally traitors to duty, religion, and charity, it is no wonder that the lords of the convent were exposed to satirical scoffs and public scorn. Among such sounds, the deep voice of Wycliff was now heard, denouncing abuses, and heralding, but still afar off, the dawn of the approaching Reformation. William of Wykeham, to whom I am indebted for holding the pen, and other illustrious prelates, founded seats of education instead of cloisters for oscitancy; and thus struggling, step by step, the English parsonage establishment, from the umbrage of the ambitious con-

vent, stole into more interesting light, and moral beauty.

“ Long before the Reformation, the fostering munificence was gradually withdrawn from the abbeys. The taper spire, or embattled tower, marked every retired village: nor must we ever forget, that the first sounds of that storm which fell on the ancient establishments, and at last shivered them to fragments, issued from the rectory. Still, before the Reformation, the parsonage house was as cheerless as the Cenobite’s cell.

“ The more readily to account for the slow progression of an establishment so useful, it must always be remembered, that soon after William the Conqueror’s accession, and during the reign of his immediate successors, as I have shewn, such was the public ardour towards monastic devotion, that most of the *advowsons*, or right of presentation to parochial churches, through the kingdom, became the property of conventual societies.

“ Whatever might have been the painful and precarious revenue of a parish priest, even this was often monopolized by the monks of the neighbouring convents, so that in the course of nearly three hundred years from the conquest, a very great part of the property, which would have supported a resident minister, was absorbed by those who thus neglected the duties, whilst they grasped with avidity the enormous wealth of the church.

“ A *perpetual* vicar was at length appointed by the Bishops, (Henry the Fourth,) with a *permanent* and adequate allowance, which was the *first step* to the resident clergyman, with full rights, where those rights had not been before vested in the abbeys or convents. The provision for a vicar, (that is, for him who performed the church duties, and resided among his parishioners,) now was as follows,—ample enough it will be allowed:—‘ Every week twenty one loaves of bread, forty-two gallons of convent ale, seven loaves of the finest bread, of the same weight as those made for the canons, twenty-three smaller loaves, fifteen marks of silver *every year*, six cart loads of hay, seven bushels of oats weekly for his horse; he was to have a house and curtelege, and two quarters of wheat from the prior’s granary.’ This endowment was in 1308, and it is no great wonder that, with such allowance, the vicars became more generally resident!—(Lyson’s View of the Condition of the Parochial Clergy.)

“ Our blithe country vicar, with ‘ his curtelege,’ (small garden plat,) regardless of his baronial prelate, or the princely

abbot, might now be said to be in the condition so facetiously described by poor Tom Warton—

————— ‘ Content he *taps* his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbour not to quarrel;
Thinks that church-wardens have discerning,
Both in good *liquor* and good learning.’

“ He who now had an independent and ample ‘ *provisæ frugis in annum copia*,’ though only ‘ *fifteen marks of silver*,’ owed this liberal allowance, part of which must have been for the poor, to the bishops, and to the views entertained of the importance of the service of a resident functionary. But even here, on the part of the convent, the attempt was often made, not unsuccessfully, to get rid of the scale of produce for that of a fixed stipend. Thus, however, resident vicars were first established by the bishops, whilst the convents sent out a weekly or monthly priest, with a stinted allowance of five marks per annum, where there were no resident vicars, called *capellari*, or assisting curates.

“ It was not before the year 1439, (Hen. VI.) that the vicar was placed in permanent respectability and property above the convent missionary; and it was provided that he should never have less than twelve marks, making his vicarage, according to the value of money in 1704, (when Kennet wrote,) upwards of seventy pounds, now possibly about the value of, in our currency, 120l.

“ In looking back, for a moment, on the reigns of Richard and John, we shall perceive other obvious causes, besides that of the grasping monastery, for the little attention paid to the humbler parish church. The parish church might well be forgotten in Richard’s reign, when all thoughts were devoted to the crusade; and when Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, and his ‘ venerable’ squire, the Archdeacon of Minevia (St. David’s) Geraldus, beat up for recruits through the wildest districts of Wales. In the reign of King John, the public attention was occupied by the stern and inflexible barons on one hand, and the crafty ambition of the Roman Pontiff on the other. But, in the reign of Henry III., regular institutions being given, we find the injunction issued, ‘ that all clergymen shall reside at their benefices!’

“ The great tithes, however, were still in the hands of most of the convents. The fruits of this misapplication were, not long after, so visible, that it led the way to that universal language of contempt and satire with which the cloistered clergy were assailed. At length that cry ‘ reformation,’ ‘ reformation,’ in morals as

well as doctrines, never ceased, till it was taken up, and echoed from the press through the greatest part of Europe. It was not LUTHER, but the OPEN BIBLE, and the ART of PRINTING, which produced this great work. These, united at an era of awakened energies, of which they were the cause and consequence, let in a light on the discomfited conclave of human infallibility, which, till the press itself becomes the corrupted herald of darkness, as it once spread knowledge and light—never can be quenched.

“ Since that time the resident parochial priest has become a silent, but not unimportant member of the state, and the state finds the advantage of having such a character placed in every part of the kingdom, with such an independence that he may never be induced to become a traitor to the Gospel he holds in his hand, or to the state which gives him that independence. The advantages of a resident clergy becoming so important, the bishop tacitly relinquished his claims, and, almost simultaneously, from one end of the kingdom to the other, the opulent landed gentry bequeathed part of their possessions. The incumbent, appointed by the bishop, or by the possessor of the chief estate, (who, in consequence of endowment, was allowed this privilege,) became rector, independently, ‘et loco episcopi.’ This was the origin of parishes with independent jurisdictions, and of that order established throughout the remotest villages,—the generally learned and exemplary parochial clergy.”—*Bowles's Hist. of Bremhill, Wilts.*

THE KISS.

TO MISS C—.

What pleasure can move
The youth that's in love,
To such pure sense of heavenly bliss,
As, ere he depart
From the girl of his heart,
To receive the sweet pledge of a kiss.

How flutters her breast,
If with rapture he press,
To the charge which no lover will miss ;
And seizes the chance,
Which love does enhance,
To return the dear pledge of a kiss.

The loves pure fire burns,
In each bosom by turns,
While their lips bear true test to their bliss,
And while love each heart steals
The flame he reveals,
They impart to each other in a kiss.

S.

THE DOG DAYS.

I wonder not that dogs are mad,
That cats destroy their kittens ;
That the sun bakes us red and brown,
And hay-girls wear their mittens.

These days of thunder, cloud and flame,
Of drenching rain and water,
Produce to all the produce round,
And havoc make and slaughter.

Sirius the Dogstar rules the roast,
The ‘planets loves’ delighting ;
Fish, flesh, and fowl are dress'd with heat,
And eager,—keenly biting.

The gudgeon gulps the gudgeon worm,
Man feasts on calves and salmon ;
The hawk his cousin sparrow plucks
With eyes like those of Mammon.

The ‘dog and duck’ are ducked and drowned,
The mad-bull raves and bellows ;
The foaming boys prolong the chase,
With cruel-hearted fellows.

These are the ‘Dog Days !’—Heaven forbend
A cooler to the passions ;
Or, like mount Etna, they will rise
And vomit ‘Worlds of Fashions.’ P.

Nautic Phrases, (No. 2.)

To stream the Buoy.—Is to drop the anchor while the ship has way.

To spring a Butt.—Is when a plank of a ship is loose at one end.

To pay cheap the Cable.—Is to put it out apace.

To lie cambering.—Is when a ship does not lie level, but higher in the middle than the ends.

Carling Knees.—Are the timbers athwart a ship, from her sides to the hatchway, and which bear up the deck on both sides.

Round House.—Is the uppermost room or cabin in the stern of a ship, where the master lies.

Sea Gate.—When two ships are brought close to each other, by means of a wave, the sailors say, “They lie one aboard another in a *Sea Gate.*”

Set the Ship by the Compass.—Is to observe how the land bears upon any point of the compass; or upon what point of the compass the sun is; or when two ships sail in sight of one another, to mark upon what point the chased bears, which is termed,—“To set the chase by the compass.”

Charge your Touch-hole.—This phrase originated with Lord Exmouth, at Algiers, who, during the engagement there, took an immoderate quantity of snuff. The seamen crying,—“Go it,

my brave messmates," (while loading the guns,) "now charge your touch-hole!"

Drop your Jaw.—Is when the anchor wimbles in the waves, and settles reluctantly in the bottom.

Shew him the Back Door.—When a sailor is quarrelsome and will not on any terms make his peace either above or below deck with his brethren, they tell the cabin boy to 'shew him the back door,' meaning, he had better walk over-board than annoy them.

Take and Leave.—Sailors say, "a ship can take and leave upon her, when she will," when she sails so well that she can come up with another, or outsail her at pleasure.

Taunt.—When the masts of a ship are too tall for her, "she is taunt-masted."

Tax his Pouch.—If one sailor is without a splice of pig-tail, to chew, another advises him to apply to a third, who has plenty, and to "tax his pouch," that is, crib his box for a loan.

JOIDA.

ENGLISH PROSPECTS.

ENGLAND—England—let us go where we will, how are we struck with its splendour, its rich comfort when we return! The Clyde and the Forth, you say—Yes; and I acknowledge it, they are very beautiful, and abounding in spirit-stirring objects, but still there is some slight touch of the "Caledonia stern and wild," which makes them still more dear to a native, but less gorgeous, less emblematic of social strength and peace, and huge prosperity. How many steamers did we meet going up to Clifton? Some twenty, I suppose, crowded with people, streamers flying, and bands playing on the decks, and then would come occasionally a big West Indiaman, its tall masts rustling the leaves of the trees which overhang the deep and narrow river. The magnificent terraces of Clifton, too, the residences of British merchants, who can keep houses, appearing without, and furnished within, like palaces, these were in view, and supplied the imagination with additional material to swell the idea of British greatness.

I don't suppose the Bristolians could exist at all without Clifton. Bristol seems to me a horrid place. I could as lief live in a sugar hogshead—what a thick, dingy, sluggish atmosphere, and black toilsome streets! Did not Southey or Coleridge, or both, once lecture there? I wonder they did not choke: but poets are a race by themselves, and not subject to all the rules of ordinary humanity.

Now we are at Bath—delicious retreat of ancient ladies and invalid gentlemen. Fair Bath, how pleasant are thy chairs, how eloquent of carefulness and quietness is the gentle pace of thy chair-porters! I could almost fain be sick—not *very* sick, but have a gentle ail-overness—a tranquil debility, a mild necessity for the waters, and a soft and silent roll along the circus and through the gardens. And then the evening, the quiet confab, and the game at whist,—sixpenny points, no higher,—and that benevolent old lady for a partner, who does not get cross, notwithstanding that you have played the last game most atrociously, while listening to that beautiful girl with the soft blue eyes, her daughter, who has been playing on the harp, and singing in the next room.

What a glorious fine country it is, the most part of the way from Bristol to London. Rich in woods—substantial, ancient woods—enormous timber magnificently going to decay—huge and hollow, and beautifully useless. I like them not the less; we'll think about utility another time. What farming, too! the land is tilled like a garden. Look at that huge field of thirty acres, with a thick hedge round about it, in which, at every interval of sixty feet, there is a big tree; it has been ploughed and harrowed, until you might almost suppose it had been every bit raked, as if for a flower garden. The soil looks as if it would pass through a riddle, and on the whole of the smooth surface, you cannot discover even the vestige of a weed. Yet the man who occupies that field has no lease. He works away, carrying the ground to the very highest pitch of improvement. He knows his landlord can put him out at Michaelmas, should he be so disposed, but he relies on the honesty, the honour, and the protecting care of his landlord. He feels almost as sure as he is of his own existence, that no extortion will be practised, no unfair advantage taken of him, nor of his children after him. He respects his landlord as his superior in society, but he does not fear him as one who exercises, or wishes to exercise, over him a despotic sway.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

MORNINGS AMONG THE COB-WEBS.

ARCHBISHOP ABBOT'S GEOGRAPHY.

BESIDES being an eloquent preacher, a profound theologian, a zealous polemic, a patriotic politician, and an active philanthropist, Archbishop Abbot was, what few of our readers will suspect him to have been, one of the earliest, and, at the

time he wrote, the best of our systematic geographers: the precursor of the Walkers and the Brookeses of Gazetteer notoriety.

Of the birth of this exemplary prelate a most marvellous story is related by the credulous and superstitious Aubrey. Whilst his mother, (the wife of a poor cloth-worker of Guildford, who had suffered from his adherence to the Protestant faith during the reign of Mary) was pregnant of him, she dreamt, we are told, that if she could eat a jack, or pike, the child she went with would prove a son, and rise to great preferment. This singular dream met (they would wish us to believe) with as singular an accomplishment; for shortly after it had disturbed her midnight rest, in taking a pail of water out of the river Wey, which ran by her house, she accidentally drew up a very fine jack, and thus had an opportunity of at once satisfying her own longing appetite by eating all, or nearly all, the fish, and of securing, on such easy terms, the aggrandisement of her child. This odd prophecy, and its odd fulfilment, soon came, it is said, to the ears of some persons of distinction in the neighbourhood, who made the object of it their special care, standing sponsors for him at the baptismal font, and affording more substantial proofs of their regard, by maintaining him both at school and the university.

Such is the *marvellous* part of the archbishop's history. The *real* is too well known to need more than a brief recapitulation of its leading events. From the school of his native town he was removed to Baliol College, Oxford, where he greatly distinguished himself. He was then successively Master of University College, Vice Chancellor of Oxford, Dean of Winchester, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and Archbishop of Canterbury. In the discharge of his duties as a prelate, he was most exemplary; preaching with great regularity, sermons, which, for that age, were very forcible and eloquent, and on all occasions supporting what he conceived to be the rights, doctrines, and discipline of the church, of which he was metropolitan, with dignified firmness. A proof of this was afforded by his forbidding the king's declaration for permitting sports and pastimes on Sundays to be read in the church of Croydon, where he happened accidentally to be on the day of its promulgation. He appears, however, to have been fond of an amusement rather inconsistent, perhaps, with the gravity of his character and the sanctity of his office, and his in-

dulgence in it was the cause of an accident which embittered the latter years of his existence. Hunting in the park of Lord Zouch, on the 14th of July, 1621, he let fly a barbed arrow from a cross-bow at a deer; but, instead of the animal, unhappily hit one of his lordship's keepers, who bled to death from his wound an hour after its infliction. Four bishops were at this very juncture waiting for consecration at his hands; but, refusing to receive it from even an involuntary homicide, though the king had granted him a pardon and dispensation assailing him from all irregularity, scandal, and infamy, on account of his misfortune, his office was, on this occasion, discharged by four of his suffragans. The accident and its consequences gave rise to much controversy; but the archbishop himself deeply regretted it, and, as a proof of that regret, during the remaining twelve years of his life, always observed a monthly fast on the day of the week on which he met with the misfortune, and settled an annuity of twenty pounds upon the keeper's widow, which soon procured her another husband.

He had been the principal means of introducing Villiers, afterwards the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, to court, and of pushing his interests there. The reward he met with was suspension and disgrace, in consequence of his manly and patriotic refusal to licence a sermon of Dr. Siphthorp's, in justification of the king's right to raise money without authority of parliament. Both the favourite and his master had, however, an old grudge against the archbishop for vigorously opposing the projected union of the latter with a Spanish princess. Though the necessity of calling a parliament compelled Charles the First to restore him to the full exercise of his authority, he was never in any great favour at court again; his politics, for he was decidedly opposed to the arbitrary power of the crown, and the Calvinistic tendency of his theological sentiments, rendering him alike obnoxious there, especially to Laud, the rising favourite, who hated him also on account of some old college grievances. Dying at the archiepiscopal palace at Croydon, on the 4th of August, 1633, he was buried, by his own request, in the chapel of our Lady, in the church of his native town of Guildford, where a splendid marble monument was soon afterwards erected over his grave. To the place of his birth he was a great benefactor, especially by the foundation of an amply endowed hospital. He published several tracts, nearly all of them theological, polemical, or political, with the exception of

that from which we now proceed to give a curious extract, illustrative either of the singular changes which have taken place since it was written, or of the state of geographical knowledge in its right-reverend author's days.

The title of that book is, 'A Brief Description of the whole World. Wherein is particularly described all the monarchies, empires, and kingdoms of the same, with their *Academies*. As also their several titles and situations thereunto *adjoining*. Written by the Most Reverend Father in God, GEORGE, late Archbishop of *Canterbury*. London, printed by T. H., for *Will Sheares*, and are to be sold at the sign of the Harrow in *Brittains Baise*, * 1636.' It is a small volume of three hundred and fifty-five pages, in what we should now call 18mo. We proceed to our extract, which in our opinion is very curious:—

ANTHROPOPHAGI AND MEN WHOSE HEADS
DO GROW BENEATH THEIR SHOULDERS.

A Strange Storie.

“Our men that travelled to *Guiana*, amongst other things most memorable, did report, and in writing delivered to the world, that neire unto *Guiana*, and not far from those places where themselves were, there were men without heads; which seemed to maintain the opinion to be true, which in old time was conceived by the historians and philosophers, that there were *Acephali*, whose eyes were in their breasts, and the rest of their face there also situated; and this our English travellers have reported to be so ordinarily and confidently mentioned unto them in those parts where they were, that no sober man should any way doubt of the truth thereof.

“Now because it may appear that the matter is but fabulous, in respect of the truth of God's creating of them, and that the opinion of such strange shapes and monsters as were said to be in old time, that is, men with heads like dogs, some with eares downe to their ankles, others with one huge foot alone, whereupon they did hop from place to place, was not worthy to be credited, although Sir *John Mandeville* of late age fondly hath seemed to give credit and authority thereunto, †

* This was afterwards called the New Exchange, and stood near Durham Yard in the Strand, the spot on which the Adelphi has since been erected.

† Sir John Mandeville was born at St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, of a family which is said to have come into England with the Conqueror. He left his native country on Michaelmas day,

yea, and long since, he who took upon him the name of Saint *Augustine*, on writing that counterfeit book *Ad Fratres in Eremo*. It is fit the certainty of the matter concerning these in Peru should be known; and that is that in *Quinbaice* and some other parts of *Peru*, the men are born as in other places, and yet by devices which they have, after the birth of children, when their bones and gristles and other parts are yet tender, and fit to be fashioned, they doe crush downe the heads of the children into the breasts and shoulders, and soe with frames of wood, and other such devices, keepe them theire, that in time they grow continuat to the upper part of the trunk of the body, and so seeme to have no necks or heads. And againe, some other of them thinking that the shape of the head is very decent, if it bee long and erect after the fashion of a sugar-loafe, doe frame some other to that forme by such wooden instruments, as they have for that purpose, and by binding and swathing them, doe keep them so afterwards. And that this is the custome of these people, and that there is no other matter in it, *Petrus de Cieca* † who travelled almost all over *Peru*, and is a grave and sober writer, in his description of those countries doth report.”

1322, and visited Egypt, Turkey, Persia, and other eastern countries; for some time carrying arms under the Cham of Tartary, after an absence of thirty-four years, he returned to the place of his birth, and found that he had outlived all his relatives and the friends of his youth; finding himself entirely forgotten, he retired to Liege and there died, on the 17th of November, 1371, and was buried in the Abbey of the Gulielmites. Sir John Mandeville informs us in the prologue to his travels, (“which treateth of the way to Hierusalem; and of the Marvaylles of Inde, with other Islands and Countreyes,”) that his detail of this singular race of beings he translated from the Latin into French, and from French into English; the account was first printed when the typographical art was in its infancy at Zwill, in 1483. The following is the passage in Mandeville alluded to by the Archbishop. “In *Etheope* ben many dyverse folk, and *Etheope* is clept *Cusis*. In that country ben folk, that han but o foot; and thei gou so fast, that it is marvaylle; and the foot is so large, that it schadowethe all the body azen (again) the same, whanne thei will lye and reste hem.”

‡ The words of Cieca, as translated by Stevens, are, “Another Province lies above this vale of Cali, to the northward, bordering to that of *Anzerma*, the natives whereof are called *Chancos*, a people so large, that they look like giants, broad-back'd, strong, very long visag'd, and broad headed; for in this province, in that of *Quinboya*, and other parts of *India*, as I shall observe hereafter, they shape the child's head, when first it is born, as they please, so that some have no nape of the neck, others the forehead sunk, and very long; which they do with little boards when they are just born, and afterwards with ligatures.”—*Lon. Mag.*

Sketches of Orators.

No. 10.

HERMOGENES.

HERMOGENES appears to have ripened much earlier into perfection than any of his predecessors, for he wrote a book of rhetoric when only eighteen years of age. His fame, by this surprising production, reached the ear of Antony, who condescended to receive his instructions in the art of eloquence. And Musonius, one of the most sedate philosophers of his time, considered it an honour to be taught by him. Hermogenes, however, did not continue to illuminate his sphere; at the age of twenty-four, he lapsed into morbid inactivity, and ceased to write or instruct. Taking advantage of this, Antiochus, in a spirit of irony, said, "He was among the boys as an aged man, till he became among the aged men, a boy." But Vossius said, "If you regard his name, he might be considered as Mercury, the Father of Eloquence!" P.

Customs of Various Countries.

BALTAN, OR BALTIEN DAY. CALLANDER AND PERTH CUSTOMS.

UPON the first day of May, all the boys in the township meet on the moors. They cut a table in the green sod, of a round figure, by casting a trench on the ground of such circumference as to hold the whole company. They kindle a fire, and dress a repast of eggs and milk in the consistence of a custard. They knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up, they divide the cake into so many portions, all over with charcoal, until it be perfectly black. They put all the bits of cake into a bonnet. Every one blindfold draws out a portion. He who holds the bonnet is entitled to the last bit. Whoever draws the black bit is the devoted person who is to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favour they mean to implore in rendering the year productive of the sustenance of man and beast.

Baltein signifies the fire of Baal.—Baal or Ball, is the only word in Gaelic for a globe. This festival was probably in honour of the sun, whose return in his apparent annual course they celebrated on account of his having a visible influence, by his genial warmth, on the productions of the earth. That the Caledonians paid a superstitious respect to the

sun, as was the practice among other nations, is evident, not only by the sacrifice at Baltien, but upon many other occasions. *Beal Teinidh* is of similar import with the people in Ireland, commemorated with similar views. JOIDA.

Science and Art.

Hints to Tea Drinkers.—The injurious effects of tea, more particularly of green tea, arise from its containing a considerable quantity of free gallic acid. This may be rendered evident by adding to an infusion of the leaves a few drops of a solution of green copperas, which will turn the liquid black. This acid is a powerful astringent, and in peculiar habits of body occasions all the inconveniences arising from obstinate constipation. To prevent these evils, I have found a few grains of carbonate of soda, mixed with the tea, an infallible specific. A neutral salt, the gallate of soda, is thus formed, which is a mild aperient, and renders those medicines which the strong tea drinkers so frequently require unnecessary. The quantity of acid contained in tea may be fairly estimated by noticing the effervescence which occurs when carbonate of soda is added to the infusion. The deep colour of the infusion is greatly increased by the alkali, and its taste is wholly uninjured by it, if not actually improved.—*Reg. of Arts.*

Pyrophorus.—A new kind of pyrophorus has been invented, formed by calcination of sulphate of potash with charcoal. This composition is said to be much more inflammable than any pyrophorus hitherto known.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Anecdotaliana.

ANCESTRY.

An ingenious French writer, observes, that those who depend on the merits of their ancestors, may be said to search in the *root* of the tree, for those fruits which the *branches* ought to produce.

EPITAPH,

In the Church-yard of Bury St. Edmund, Suffolk.

Here lies Jane Kitchin, who, when her glass was spent,
Kick'd up her heels—and away she went.

EPIGRAMS.

Bill thinks his book has fancy shewn—
It has—Bill *fancies* it his own."

"Why tax not asses?" Bob does say,—
"Why, if they did, you'd have to pay. S.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Aug. 13	Wed.	St. Radegonda. Sun ris. 40m af. 4 —sets 20 —7	Aug. 13	This saint was the wife of Clotharius I. She is said to have been a princess of great virtue and piety; after she had been a wife six years she retired to a nunnery at Poitiers, at which place she founded the Abbey of the Holy Cross, and died 587. 1786. Died, Dr. Gilbert Stuart, the learned historian. Among the many valuable productions of this able writer, his Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the British Constitution; the History of the Reformation in Scotland; and his History of Scotland from the Reformation to the Death of Q. Mary, stands pre-eminent. For the former of which he was complimented with the degree of doctor of laws. 1792. Anniversary of the birth-day of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Clarence.
— 14	Thurs.	St. Eusebius. High Water 1m af. 4 morn. 14 — 4 aft.	— 14	St. Eusebius was decollated in Palestine during the reign of Dioclesian and Maximian, for refusing to sacrifice to idols. The event happened in the third century. 1795. On this day the French forces defeated the Spaniards, and became possessors of Vittoria.
— 15	Frid.	Assumption of the Virgin Mary. Sun ris. 43m aft. 4 —sets 17m.— 7	— 15	This is a festival in the Greek and Romish churches, commemorative of the supposed miraculous ascension of the Virgin Mary into the kingdom of her son. 1599. Born at Bridgewater, Somersetshire, the gallant admiral, Robert Blake. The victories gained by this brave man, were of such a wonderful nature that the Dutch and Spaniards, whom he had so often defeated, used his name by way of terror, to still their children.
— 16	Satur.	St. Roche. High Water, 7m af. 5 morn 25 — 5 aft.	— 16	St. Roche. This saint was celebrated for effectually curing the sick and diseased, which he did by touching and blessing them. Hence the saying, "Sound as a Roach." 1822. Died, the celebrated engraver, J. Mitan. Among the best performances of this clever artist, are the engravings of Smirke's designs for Don Quixote; Gerard Dow's Musician; and Leslie's sweet picture of Anne Page, the excellence of which entitle him to a conspicuous place among the eminent engravers of the English School.
— 17	SUN.	11 Sunday after Trinity. LES. for the DAY 5 c. Kings, 2 B. morn 9 c. Kings, 2 B. even. St. Mamas.	— 17	St. Mamas. The martyrdom of this saint took place in the time of Aurelian, about the year A. D. 275. 1786. Died, Frederic II. king of Prussia, ÆT. 74, commonly called the Great. This monarch was a warm patronizer of literature, and a passionate admirer of music. His attachment to these branches of science in the early part of his life, incurred the severe displeasure of his father, who despised learning as beneath the dignity of a monarch. To Frederic's other attainments we may add, that he was an acute politician and a skilful general. 1786. Birth-day of the Duchess of Kent, the widow of his majesty's late third brother.
— 18	Mond.	St. Helen. High Water, 38m af. 6 morn 6 — 7 aftrn. Moon's first quar 46m af. 2 aftrn.	— 18	This saint, who is termed the Holy Empress, was the wife of Constantius and mother of Constantine, who when about to engage in battle with Maxentius, fluctuating what deity to invoke was inspired to address the true God. He gained the victory, and from that time protected the Christians with all his power. His mother, St. Helen, is said to have been the discoverer of the Cross on which our Saviour died. Her death happened A. D. 328. 1803. Died, the celebrated Dr. Beattie, ÆT. 68, author of the sublime poem, the Minstrel, and the Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth. The latter work was an attack upon the philosophy of Hume, the historian, who was so much affected by it, that he never heard the author's name afterwards without uneasiness.



See Page 83.

Illustrated Article.

THE CONVENT OF CATANIA.

I thought thy bride bed to have deck'd, sweet
maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Hamlet.

THE stranger who, for the first time, visits that district of Sicily, of which Catania is the principal town, will find as much to delight him in the ruins of art, as in the freshness and luxuriance of nature. An Eden in all but its insecurity; the base of Etna is beautified by flowers of every hue, and forest-trees of all climates; the hamlets that peep out from the clusters of rich wood, give to that prospect a liveliness which more populous tracts of level scenery can never attain; and the Arcadian look and dresses of the peasantry, complete the picture, which might have served for the model of a poet's fairy-land. But the fertile beauty of St. Adata, or Tremisteri, moved not my wonder more strongly than an object of a very different nature, which used to

greet me on my rambles with the solemnity of a spectre. It was a ruin—not a storied pile, with venerable ivy, and columns of scrupulous architecture—a place of no primæval note or superstition, but a confused mass of fallen walls, and unsightly fragments, which, at no distant period, seemed to have been the prey of a dreadful conflagration. Around me were scattered the blackened stones and crumbling timbers, and here and there an ornamented freize or other gorgeous relic, that seemed to have belonged to an edifice sacred to some uses of the Catholic Church. I wandered, without knowing why, for hours, amid this desolation, and its image haunted my mind, and would not be driven away from it.

Thou art gone from this world of sorrow, old Carmelo, my merry host of the Elephant! I may not hear that garrulous tongue of thine again; thy customary seat is vacant; but I remember well the accents and purport of thy voice, and in no matter more faithfully than when our converse was about this tenantless old ruin. How thy lip quivered to tell its history, and the eye not dimmed by seventy winters, lost

something of its brightness, when so sad a tale was to be recounted. If an interval of some half dozen years, and the treachery of all human recollections, be not too severely estimated, I may, even now, be able to present a detail of those occurrences, which were so eloquently described by thee, to a listener neither uninterested nor forgetful.

In the vicinity of Catania, where the links of family descent are preserved with such jealous care, there existed no prouder or more noble house than that of the Alessi. The old count, in whom were now vested all the hereditary dignities of his race, felt for his daughter Rosina, a love deeper and more solicitous than might have been expected from the sternness of his general character. But her mother, with a dying injunction, charged him to be gentle as herself to the deserted girl; and in that hour, when all his manly spirit was broken, these words wound themselves around his heart, beloved as the earthly farewell of his dear companion, and sacred as the counsel of one so soon to be divine.

And for Rosina, did she not merit all

the tenderness that the most affectionate parent could bestow? What eye was brighter, whose smile could return a readier expression of love, than that of his only daughter? She was the most "gracious creature born;" with all the light-hearted innocence and prattle of a mere child—matured by the first dawning of womanhood. Grave, or gay, according to her mood, disguising nothing, affecting nothing, but by her father's side ever to be found, like a ray of sunshine in his path. It was beautiful to see the fair thing with all her gentleness and feminine timidity, contrasted with the rugged old soldier, whose frowns, multiplied by long trials in a world he hated, were scarcely ever softened by aught else around him. He had a son—not such a one as a father's hopes had portrayed—and Rosina was the only staff of his declining years.

It happened that a young Neapolitan was at this time a visitor on their island. He came with no passports of admission into the principal families, and was, therefore, held as an adventurer, or one of doubtful blood. He had wandered

over the beautiful scenes of Sicily, and by chance encountered, in one of the most lovely of them all, that innocent girl, who had hitherto known nothing of life but its smiles. It were needless to recount by what accidents they met again, and by what expedients they afterwards repeated their interviews; still more needless would it be to say how the stranger at first amused, then attracted the companion of many concealed meetings, which *were* concealed, not from any fear on her part, but because he so desired it; and the experience of young love soon showed them that these stolen moments were the "sweeter for the theft." The light-hearted girl lost something of her natural deportment; her mood was not so variable, nor her step so light as formerly. In her solitude, she mused or looked on all things wistfully. With her father she had lost the quick speech, and listening look, of former days, and she, who had been as the shadow of river-trees, thrown upon the water, ever moving, and restless, and uncertain, but still the image and companion of her sturdy sire, was now become solitary and abstracted, and fixed, as though her young spirit had been already blighted.

The old man watched this decay, and a sigh, or an unusual tremor of voice, was all the counsel he could give. He felt that his own support was gone, but he checked not the strong impulses that led away from him the fond heart of his daughter. It was a severe pang that accompanied the dismissal of his proud plans, and interested hopes. He could not see his child taken from him without a selfish sense of sorrow; but that her love should be given to an unknown foreigner, looked upon with suspicion, and credited as one of gentle birth, only on the faith of his unsupported word; this was the woe that struck hardest on his heart, and when he affianced her to young Montalto, the prejudices of an old patrician lingered long after the regrets of a desolate and lonely father. They were affianced; but one necessary preliminary was yet to be accomplished. The heir of the Conte d'Alessi had not hitherto been acquainted with the occurrences of his own family, and his presence, from a distant part of the island, was required before the ceremony of his sister's nuptials. A messenger was despatched, and the summonses were answered in an uncourteous strain by the dissolute young nobleman; who, while expressing his disapproval of the alliance, intimated that his reasons were more than he could state, otherwise, than as he intended, by

a personal conference. In a few days he arrived, but positively refused to see the stranger to whom he so mysteriously objected. He conversed with his father in an unintelligible manner, but gave glimpses of a serious meaning, in the half imputations he threw out against Montalto. Still no entreaty or remonstrance of the old man could gain from him an explicit accusation. The charge, incoherent and left to his conjecture, conjured up a thousand phantoms before his eyes; he feared he knew not what,—his dear daughter might be the prey of a criminal or a dishonoured outcast;—there might be the brand of public guilt, or personal shame, on this young foreigner. He appealed, he implored his son, to reveal what he had to disclose; but no answer came, but in dark looks and equivocal hints.

It was during one of these conferences that the object of suspicion, by accident, found his way into the apartment of the count. He entered, ignorant of the purpose and parties of the conversation; but his eyes no sooner fell on the countenance of *one* of these, than a change, violent and terrible, convulsed his features. The placid expression of the young lover was agitated with all the passions of astonishment and rage; his eye beamed with fury, and as the colour deserted his cheek, it was with an emphasis of deadly purpose that he uttered his first words.

"Villain," he exclaimed, "thou tremendous villain! art thou come at last to satisfy me? Thank God for this!"

He paused—but the eye of the young count fell, and no answer came from him, as his father, with vain earnestness, sought for an explanation of this strange address.

"Wretch!" continued Montalto, "would you ask him to confess his villainy—to convict himself? No, no: he has not that honesty; one thing only I entreat to know, by what base acts he wormed himself here. Oh! Sir, trust him not with the confidence of a moment. I know too horribly how he will betray it. Yet, once again, I ask, how came the monster here?"

"Are you mad, Montalto?" answered the old count. "Would you, by this paroxysm, attempt to change my whole nature? would you, by your wild speech strive to overcome the warm feelings of a father?"

"A father!" shrieked the other; "Gracious Heaven! forbid it!—It cannot be that one so vile has sprung from that noble root.—Oh! no, I have mistaken your words—say not you are his father."

“And wherefore not, Montalto?—What madness urges you to these excesses?” The voice of the other was checked, he softened the violence of his look, and after a pause, proceeded in a milder tone.

“Sir, you have known me long enough to be assured that I am not wantonly disturbing your quiet; it was not with any foresight of this catastrophe that I came hither;—I could not guess that this man called you by the honoured title of parent—I can hardly now believe it:—but my words have awakened your fears, and I cannot rest without satisfying them.” He stopped, and for a moment appeared to undergo a conflict of various emotions: then directing his gaze fixedly to the quailing countenance of the young Alessi, he continued in these solemn words—

“Enrico, your own conscience written on that cheek, will tell far better than my words, that I have not been raving.—As I look at you now, I cannot recognize the courtly and accomplished nobleman, to whom a seat at my paternal table was offered with all the frankness of unsuspecting hearts, and disgraced by ingratitude, blacker than malice could have painted. The result of our hospitality is known in the country which I left despairing, and the infamy which you threw on the fair sister of my heart, has been followed by the dispersion and wretchedness of our whole house. You left her in the hour of seduction, afraid to meet the resentment you had earned. But the remembrance of the hateful time is strongly enough perpetuated by the tears of an undone family; and your escape from retribution is not now effected. You will understand me.”

These words, uttered in a deep tone of subdued emotion, will indicate sufficiently some of those circumstances that were the forerunners of this tale. The young Alessi had betrayed the daughter of a Neapolitan noble; and to the baseness of a seducer, united also the meanness of a coward. He fled from the scene of his guilty pleasure, and was overtaken in Sicily by Montalto; who, partly from a desire to wipe away the local associations of personal and family sorrows, partly in the faint hope of meeting with the author of them, had wandered from his home, without a companion, without a plan.—These words may also lead to a surmise of many consequent events. The distraction of the old count, the hesitation and subterfuges of his son, were but natural issues of so unexpected a disclosure. By the latter, no species of vindication could be urged; and he stood

before his father as a man guilty of all that he would have imputed to the injured Montalto, had his boldness been equal to his deceit.

And, for Rosina, what was the sorrow which this event entailed?—Her young heart still beat high with the expanding hopes of her betrothal; her brow was not overcast with any new care—she heard not the history of her brother’s disgrace; and when he departed from his home, sufficient was the slight pretext used to account for his untimely disappearance. With a burning heart, Montalto let him go, doubting, in pain and perplexity, whether the revenge he had so long coveted was not too precious to be lost, though he thereby remained master of another jewel, and respected, as his duty bade him, the parental intercession of the Conte d’Alessi.

Four days had elapsed, and Rosina was attending one of the ceremonies of her religion, in the principal church of Catania. Her eyes were bent on the ground during the holy service of Vespers, and the obscure light scarcely marked out a little roll of paper that had fallen, she knew not how, at her feet. She was on the point of rising from her devotions, when the object first caught her attention. She gently took it up, and, to her surprise, found it directed to herself. It was opened and perused without loss of a moment; the contents were these:—“If you are wise, warn Montalto against disaster; let him be wary, and act in nothing without foresight and preparation;—there is some one at his elbow.” The girl started, and reperused the paper; her senses almost forsook her, as the apprehension of an unknown danger floated before her; she looked fearfully about her, and hurried homewards with a wildness of step and look, that were strange to her graceful demeanour. That night she slept, not as she had done, but her dreams were disturbed and fantastic; and she arose from her feverish couch, not the airy and happy creature who had always blest her father’s eye with a brightness more cheerful than that of the sunny morn. The morning came, and the customary hour of meeting Montalto; but he tarried longer than usual. Time passes heavily in the solitude of young lovers; but Rosina started as the mid-day bells rang out their peal, and an apprehension of some mischance flashed upon her mind at the instant. She connected his delay with the warning of the little note, and with an anxious voice, she begged her father, that some messenger might be

dispatched to see what hindered the young Montalto, that he came not, as was his custom. The old man smiled and comforted her fears, which yet he thought not utterly groundless, and lost no time in complying with her wishes. Alas! what was the result!—The messenger returned, but no answer could he give to their inquiries. Montalto had been absent from his lodging during the night, and had not since been heard of. His apartment was left in disorder, and no clothing or other part of its furniture removed. He had been expected, and watched for from the hour of midnight, but no tidings of him had reached them. Who shall describe the agony of the young girl, who became now too well convinced of the truth of the secret counsel? What cries of anguish, what natural laments fell from her in that moment of suspense, deepened almost into the horror of certainty.

In vain were the sympathy of the father and admonition of friends applied to mitigate her grief. Each hour, as it brought a sort of confirmation of her fears, left her more determined in her conviction—more complete in her despair. Montalto came not again, and all his virtue, and beauty, and manly attractions had passed away, none could tell where; and only were recorded in the gossip of busy bodies, and in the heart of a fond girl, where they were embalmed as in a faithful sepulchre.

Yet the course of her pious tears was destined to be checked. It was about a month after this occurrence that a letter was put into her hands, whose superscription seemed to be written in familiar characters, which only her fears would have distrusted. It was from the beloved Montalto,—he was yet alive! She hurried through the contents, with a heaving bosom, and brightened countenance, and with an inarticulate burst of joy, fell into her father's arms, exhausted and senseless. The happy communication was to the following effect:—

(To be Continued.)

PAST.—PRESENT.—FUTURE.

(For the Olio.)

The past,—a shadow—or a mournful dream,
A tale of sorrow, with a transient ray
Of sunshine flitting o'er its chequered front,
Shewing more visibly its darkened parts.
The past!—born as the rushing wind—we know
Not whence it came, its source, or whither
gone;

It has swept past us on time's rushing pinions,
And it has brought us,—what? the present
moment.

The present,—yes of all the myriad moments,
Allowed by God unto this passing world,
But one—one only doth remain with us.
The present moment! like the arched rain-

bow
Of divers hues composed, and all as fleeting,
More rapid than the forked lightning's glare:
And oh! once gone—the wealth of Indies,
told

Ten thousand times, can never call it back.

The future—oh, how deep the barrier
Placed between us, and that which is to
come!

'Tis veiled in darkness from us, by a cloud,
A mist, which we would vainly penetrate.
'Tis big with a strange mystery,—'tis fraught
With interest to man—yet wisely hidden
From the eager glance of curiosity,
By him who views them all—*the present, past,*
And future—and of all—*the present only*
Hath to frail man allotted as his own.

E. F.

LINES.

(For the Olio.)

I stood and gazed upon the grave of one
Who in life's early day had been all blest,
But who had died neglected; for the world
Had, in the evening of his changing day,
Forsaken him when all his joys were gone,
And like the treacherous waters of the deep,
Shipwreck'd his hopes when most he trusted
them,

Leaving him in his misery forlorn,
All desolate and stranded on life's shore:
And as I mused upon that humble turf,
It showed to me the common lot of all;
For still the thought which soothes our latest
hour

Is, that some being, whom we once have lov'd,
Will keep a sorrowing vigil o'er our tomb;
And though it can impart no warmth or joy
Unto the cold and withering form beneath,
Still, it is sweet to think there is an eye
Will shed a tear of pity o'er our sleep!
That some fair hand, which we have fondly
press'd,

Will cull some flowers to strew them o'er our
bed,
And the soft voice which we through life have
lov'd,

Murmur a prayer for our eternal bliss!
And yet how vain such hopes must ever prove,
That cold neglected grave too plainly told.
Perchance some faithful dog, too often spurn'd,
Denied the soul which man so proudly boasts,
May still remember where his master lies,
And moan in anguish for the friend he lost:
But man, with heart far colder than the dust
In which he lays the weary to their rest,
Forgets in one short hour all former ties,
And passes heedless to his own dark doom.

S.

ON THE GENIUS OF ERASMUS.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

DE ARTE POETICA.

IT is a subject of some surprise that
the writings of Erasmus should be so

little known to the general reader, whether his fame and worth have been partially obscured by the malignity of his contemporaries, who having too justly felt that severity of censure and ridicule, with which he exposed the errors of Catholicism, the tenets and strictures of which were deemed as sacred by the philosopher as the peasant, it cannot now be easily determined, although the supposition is highly probable.

The name of Erasmus has been classed with that of Grotius or Malebranche, and his writings were thought to possess no excellence beyond that of information or authority to the theologian, and a subtlety of argument interesting to none but the Aristotelian.

It was after a perusal of his volumes that our Lexicographer spoke of him as the "great Erasmus," a sentiment that must be expressed by all who are conversant with this elegant and animated writer; that Johnson should have excelled most of the *literati* in his praise, must have resulted from the discovery of a genius so kindred to his own, for he did not less resemble Erasmus than Cicero, with whom he has with great justice been compared. As a moralist and divine he demands a high veneration. Although he possessed a profound knowledge of the theology of his era he conceded to none of its errors; he was free from the prejudices of every corrupted system, both civil and ecclesiastical—he employed his great talents to promote virtue and learning, and no earthly obstacle could shake the ardour of his intentions, or tend to dim the brilliance of his success.

His writings every where evince the research of the scholar, combined with a wit and humour that has been scarce surpassed by Lucian or Voltaire; as specimens of elegant Latinity, they are perhaps unrivalled; he has not adopted the abstract brevity of Pliny, nor the consular dignity of Cicero. If the Latinity of an European can be justly compared with that of the Roman Classics, his style may be said to have approximated more to that elegance and ease so peculiar to Horace.

The characters of the satirist and moralist have in every age been combined, although it might appear that those ethical dogmas, the truth of which could not be denied, and their virtuous tendency uncontroversial, did not need a combination with wit or ridicule to insure their approbation; but as the knowledge of human passions, like the various properties of the physical world; can only be the consequent of protracted

study and deep observation, it was found that the moralist who merely assumed the language of the divine, was a character not so essential to the reformation of a degenerate age as the satirist, who employed sarcasm to deprecate that vice, which remained invincible to the arguments of truth; to depict vice as a foe, and to employ reason and sophism as weapons for its destruction, gives it an importance and an energy it has no right to assume; but when it became the object of contempt, it blushed at its own worthlessness, and although inexorable to the precepts of a Cicero, it trembled before the satire of a Juvenal.

If we reflect upon the fearful ravages of vice, and its baneful influence, which has threatened that kingdom with desolation, which its proudest foe could never hope to conquer, it must be seen how essential were such satirists as Lucian, Persius, or Juvenal. The Dialogues of Lucian were more capable of enlightening and enhancing the liberty of the Athenians, than the most valuable of their justiciary pandects. A nation devoted to idolatry must be constitutionally depraved and servile: such was Athens, when it felt the severity of the sternest of their censors; and no greater proof can be given of the temerity of Lucian, than by adducing from his dialogues the censure of Diogenes, who is supposed to have met Alexander in the shades immediately after his death.

'Wilt thou Annubis or Osiris be?

Too careful are thy keepers, heaven-born prince!

To let thee 'scape their power so easily;
But tell me how thou bear'st the grievous loss
Of all that thou hast left i'the upper world,—
The satraps, body-guards, and elephants,
The bending nations, and the treasured gold;
The spoils of Bactria and Babylon;
And Fear and Glory waiting at thy side.
When in thy lofty car thou proudly rod'st,
Clad in the gorgeous purple of the East,
And wearing in thy brow the kingly crown,
Does it not grieve thee to remember these?
Oh, fool!—why dost thou weep?
Are these the lessons Aristotle taught?

I will suggest a medicine for thy sorrows,
For here there grows no antidote to madness—
Drink oft and deep of Lethe's placid stream.

But look where come that Clitus, and the rest
Of those thy tyranny hath basely wronged;
They call for vengeance on thy guilty head.
Go—get thee to another place—begone!
And drink as deeply as I bid thee do.'

Erasmus lived in an age when Catholicism displayed its specious grandeur, and exacted from all the most servile idolatry. Crusaders wore upon their breasts the emblem of peace and devotion; their

swords were stained with the blood of a defenceless people, yet they dared to uphold the cross as the talismanic signal of destruction, and as a sacred authority that privileged massacre; pilgrimage was considered the greatest proof of piety that the Christian could evince, and such was their frequency that cities became comparatively tenantless, the ties of kindred and every civil dependence were forgotten in the delirium of bigotry.—These were the scenes that called forth his virtuous indignation, and demanded the patriot to stay the progress of ruin and desolation, which a legislature had not power to oppose.

His Colloquies are not tainted with that virulent *expose*, so peculiar to the writings of Persius and Juvenal, nor has he altogether conceded to the stoical precepts that are to be found in the paradoxes of the Roman Orator; he has pursued an intermediate path, more natural to humanity, and more faithful to the laws of moral rectitude. In his Essay, “De Colloquiorum utilitate,” he ingeniously extolls the excellence of colloquial writings:—‘*Et haud scio an quicquam discitur felicius, quam quod ludendo discitur est hoc nimirum sandissimum fallendi genus, per imposturam dare beneficium, laudatur enim medici, qui sic fallunt ægrotis.*’

That an author possessing so many excellencies should be so little known to general readers, must be a subject of regret, though not of any great surprise, since most of our classic writers remain in partial obscurity, because either they have been tortured by inefficient translators, or wholly neglected by those who have possessed a genius kindred to their classic inspirations. G. M. B.



SONG.

It is night, and the wearied are sleeping,
And the world is hush'd in repose;
Whilst the soft, noiseless night-winds are
creeping,
To sigh round the first open'd rose.—
Be thou free as the light air from sorrow;
As the rose from each dark tint of gloom;
And may ev'ry succeeding to-morrow,
Find thy happiness still in its bloom.

O'er the blue distant hills just appearing,
See the light of the broad brilliant moon;
Whilst the light fleecy clouds are careering
O'er her brow, but they pass away soon.
Oh! thus may each dark cloud of sorrow
Pass by thee, nor rest on thy brow;
And may ev'ry succeeding to-morrow
Find thy happiness cloudless as now. K.

The Note Book.

CRITICISM.

THE Earl of Orford, in one of his letters, says:—“It is prudent to consult others before one ventures on publication—but every single person is as liable to be erroneous as an author. An elderly man, as he gains experience, acquires prejudices too; nay, old age has generally two faults—it is too quick-sighted into the faults of the time being, and too blind to the faults that reigned in his own youth; which having partaken of, or having admired, though injudiciously, he recollects with complaisance.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

A gentleman's title suggests to him humility, courtesy, and affability; to be easy of access, to pass by neglects and offences, especially from inferiors; neither to despise any for their bad fortune or misery, nor to be afraid to own those who are unjustly oppressed; not to domineer over inferiors, nor be resty and disobedient to superiors; not standing upon his family's name, wealth, honour of his kindred or ancestors, but striving to equal himself with those that began their reputation in civility, industry, gentleness, and discretion.

THE Jews in Great Britain and Ireland are not supposed to be more than from ten to twelve thousand, very many of whom are foreigners and migratory.

THE QUICK MARCH OF COMMUNICATION.

SUCH now is the facility with which friends at a distance can shake hands, that England is only forty-eight hours long, and thirty-six hours broad; and you accomplish in a day what your grandfather could not have accomplished in a week. The saving which this has produced is immense. In former times, if you had but one short journey across the island,—a twelfth part of your year—a four-hundredth part of your active life—was gone; but now you return in four days, and have the seven-and-twenty for other occupation. Much of the wealth of England has been made by journeys across the country, and if the time of them has been reduced to one month, the value—the power of producing wealth has been multiplied by nine. Nor is that all: people are enabled to do their business themselves—to add the knowledge, the comfort, and the security of personal acquaintance and friendship, to the transactions of business; and here again the advantages are immense.—*Lon. Mag.*

UMBRELLAS.

“HERE will I mention a thing,” says Coryat, in his ‘Crudities, 1611,’ “that although perhaps, it will seem but frivolous to divers readers that have already travelled in Italy, yet because unto many that neither have been there, nor ever intent to go thither while they live, it will be a mere novelty, I will not let it pass unmentioned,” &c. “Many of them doe carry other *fine things* of a great price, that will cost at least a duckat, which they commonly call in the Italian tongue, ‘*umbrellas*,’ that is, things that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heat of the sun. These are made of leather, something answerable to the forme of a little canopie, and hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoops, that extend the umbrella in a pretty large compasse. They are used *especially by horsemen*, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs, and they impart so long a shadow unto them, that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper part of their bodies.”

STRANGE IDEAS OF THE JEWS.

IN Russian Poland the Jews bury their dead hastily, judging them to be such when no steam appears on a glass applied to the mouth. If the joking of the eart recalls life and action, they believe that it is a devil who occupies the body, and deal with it accordingly: thus says a very respectable Jew, an eye-witness, born and bred there. He adds, that they are armed against our reasonings on the Old Testament, (of which, however, they know very little,) by the assurances of their rabbis, that the Almighty has placed many things in the text, as stumbling-blocks to the Gentiles, but that the truth is to be found in the marginal notes from the Targum, which are given as infallible guides to the Israelites alone. They are taught, that the seven nations of the land of Canaan were Christian, and that Jesus Christ was a magician. How deeply they feel the want of a mediator, is evident from a part of a prayer used by them on the day of the atonement, which runs thus: “Woe unto us, for we have no mediator.” The Jew on the bed of death can see nothing in his God but an inexorable judge, whose wrath he cannot depreciate, and whose justice he cannot satisfy. At all times, but in sickness especially, the thought or mention of death is terrible to him; the evil eye, ever an object of horror, is then peculiarly so; they then fear their nearest and dearest friends looking at them.—*Quar. Rev.*

WINGED BUGS.

BISHOP HEBER, in his Narrative of the Journey he performed through the Upper Provinces of India, gives the following account, and says,—“that one of the greatest plagues he met with was the encountering of Winged Bugs. In shape, size, and scent, with the additional faculty of flying, they resemble the grabbatic genus too well known in England. The night of our lying off Barrackpoor, they were troublesome; but when we were off the Rajah’s palace, they came out, like the ghosts of his ancestor’s armies, in hundreds and thousands from every bush, and every heap of ruins, and so filled our cabins, as to make them barely endurable. These unhappy animals crowded round our candles in such swarms, some just burning their feet and wings on the edge of the glass shade, and thus toppling over; others, more bold, flying right into the crater, and meeting their deaths there, that we really paid no attention to what was the next day a ghastly spectacle; the mighty army which had settled on the wet paint of the ceiling, and remained there, black and stinking, till the ants devoured them.”

THE BAD WITH THE GOOD.

WHEN a friend told Johnson that he was much blamed for having unveiled the weakness of Pope. “Sir,” said he, “if one man undertake to write the life of another, he undertakes to exhibit his true and real character: but this can be done only by a faithful and accurate delineation of the particulars which discriminate that character.”

THE NEWSMONGER.

THE character of a newsmonger is very ridiculous and contemptible: they generally deal more by conjecture than almanac-makers, and out-lie Chancery-bills and epitaphs. Yet such petty foggers and retailers of news and politics, such poor reptiles as these, before they have learnt so much as to obey, pretend to teach their rulers how to govern, and presume by the baseness of their own genius, to judge of princes, and censure ministers of state.

ICE A MEDICINE.

The custom of taking ice, in Italy and Sicily, is considered as an indispensable refreshment, and as a powerful remedy in many diseases. The physicians of these countries do not give many medicines; but frequently prescribe a severe regimen, and prevent the baneful effects of various diseases by suffering the sick, for several days, to take nothing but water cooled

with ice, sweet oranges, and ice fruits. They ascribe much efficacy to the external and internal use of water. They do not, as in England, use ice as a cooler, but snow; which is not only more easily preserved than ice, but is supposed by them to be more healthy. It is preserved partly in natural clefts of the rocks, and partly in caverns, which they dig in the mountains towards the north. In these, the snow is closely packed together; and to give it a durable consistency, mixed with straw, sand, or, in volcanic countries, with ashes. H. B.

INDIAN PHYSICIANS.

The physicians of the interior of North America, generally treat their patients in the same way, whatever may be their disorder. They first inclose them in a narrow cabin, in the midst of which is a stone red hot, on which they throw water till the patient is covered with warm vapour, and is in a profuse perspiration, when they hurry him thence, and plunge him into the next river. This is repeated as often as they consider necessary; and by this method extraordinary cures are sometimes performed: but it also frequently happens that persons die in the very operation, especially where they are afflicted with the new disorders brought to them from Europe, and it is partly owing to this manner of proceeding, that the small-pox has proved so much more fatal to them than to other nations. It must, however, be acknowledged, that they have the use of some specifics of wonderful efficacy, the power of which, they however attribute to the ceremonies with which they are administered. H. B.

Heads.

THE GOOD WOMAN, (WITHOUT A HEAD.)

The oil-jar seen over the oilman's shop is supposed to represent a 'Good Woman,'—a satisfactory reason for which has *not* been given, why a woman should not be good with her head. If her tongue be the unruly member objected to, her head could remain in a representation, without a tongue. The sign might apply to the story of the 'Forty Thieves,' or more probably, it being at an oil-man's exclusively, (I believe,) be nothing more than an oil-jar, drawn vulgarly like a female decapitated, with her arms *a-kimbo*.

In *Saint Arnaud* there are two wine-houses in one street, bearing the sign of *La Bonne Femme*. This is supposed to inform passengers requiring rest and jol-

lity, that—'no Xantippe is within,'—therefore walk in gents, and enjoy yourselves. The *Femme sans tete*, is often a delicate figure, with her arms *pendent*.

ARROW HEADS.

Origin of the broad R.

1. Stat. 7. Hen. 4. 7. All heads for arrows and quarrels shall be well boiled or brazed, and hardened at the point with steel, in pain to forfeit them, be imprisoned, and make fine at the King's will.

2. Such arrow heads and quarrels shall be marked with the proper mark of the maker.

3. Justices of the peace shall have power to punish such as make defective arrow heads and quarrels.

A PIG WITHOUT A HEAD.

Those persons who have travelled through France must have observed this sign. It is generally understood to have a reference to the Israelites; who, if they walk in and taste, they may eat the *white veal* in safety, for the pig without a head cannot expose them by unlawful squeaks to the Rabbi. P. R. J.

BALLOONING.

Haste, then, and wheel away a shatter'd world,

Ye slow revolving seasons! we would see
A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet:—
How pleasant in itself what pleases him!

THE TASK.

Mr. GREEN's hundredth ascent took place on the 15th August, from the 'Conduit;' but the unfavourable state of the weather the two previous days prevented the attraction such an event was calculated to give, when the additional traveller and fellow comforter through the aerial way was announced to be a pony, but which proved in the sequel a mere mortal man, like ourself. Men, women, and pigeons ceased to draw; it, therefore, was matter of policy to get a docile and four-legged animal, though it might not leave a trace behind to keep John Bull in harness on *terra firma*, at his gazing expence, and something in his own line, without the risk of his neck, or any of his commodities, to accompany the aeronaut to poise in elements 'where angel visits are few and far between.'

That Mr. Green is an enterprising person, it cannot be denied, and that he has carried himself and others with tolerable safety through untrodden regions, is true; but what does the hundredth ascent mean,

otherwise than he has risked his life as many times, and is a miraculous instance of preservation. Now that he has passed the century of his trials, let him take heed he does not 'go once too often.' Utility there is none in his ærostation, or he might have made some kind of discoveries out of so many efforts: deduced some new ideas of clouds, airs, or gravities. As to his taking up a horse—why does he not take one of Whitbread's drays, compared to the moon? That 'fat, fair, and forty' faced Diana, we imagine, would be unaccountably smitten with one of the Endymion-like draymen, that would lift off an entire butt for the acceptance of her moonship; and the man with the fagot on his back would give him a hearty shake of his delicate hand at being appointed the Boniface of the lunar (Lunardi) climate. Mr. Green should, really, if he intends to thrust himself through another century, before the time of others arriving to it, make some new experiments, such as trying the breed of geese in some of the planets, ascertaining the value of Long Annuities and Life Assurances, and establishing 'Savings Banks.' He should open auction marts—commemorate Lord Mayors' shows in the Georgian Sidus—induce Gog and Magog to take possession of Saturn—form a circulating Medium in his Ring, and a circulating library of useful knowledge in his belt for Life Guards. Persuade the smith, Vulcan, and his satellites of Jupiter, to erect a shrine to Hymen, and cut a quicker way without *Mc Adam*, and to unite the young and giddy daughters of *Eve* in the bands of marriage. Gretna is going out of vogue—askings are out of fashion—christenings are antecedently popular.—The planet Venus, ever looking on us with dewy eyes, would, no doubt, encourage so adventurous an Adonis as Mr. Green. Cobbett might be appointed editor of 'Mercury,' as it is nearer the sun and centre of information. Hunt might be the blacking-maker to the Eclipses—the Duke of Wellington president of Mars—the dissatisfied farmers take their centrifugal and centripetal force to Ceres—the Minerva Press create novels and romances in Pallas—the Infant, with Napoleon in its eyes, might be conveyed to 'Argus'—disobedient daughters and Jupiter-loving convicts be transported to Juno—the opera dancers find refuge under the protection of Vesta—the 'gigantic woman' be removed to 'Ursa Major'—the 'dwarf man' take his post at the orbit of 'Ursa Minor.' The morning and evening stars, like our mails, might have their bags and horns, and all kinds of

birds might be better employed with Mr. Green, the greengrocer's superintendance, as envoys extraordinary, than by chirping on housetops and in bushes. Dogs, with saucepans at their tails, might course up to 'Canes.' How pleasing the idea of breakfasting on beams less weighty than those which fell in the Brunswick Theatre!—of dining, *sans a la fourchette*, with 'Aquila,' on a complainless 'Corvus,'—drinking tea in company with 'Arion,' and supping with 'Bootes.' The pieman would be found baking his *moutons* over the heat of 'Mercury,' and 'Hesperian' apples would be roasted in 'Cobbett's Register.' Real thunder and lightning might be procured for the use of the drama, and 'Eolus' arrange a never-failing band. Mr. Punch and his delectable Judy, might be transposed from one sphere to another, and Mr. Green take the benefit.

If such schemes as these were projected, the æronaut might gather something to his personal advantage, which he does not in the old way; and it is not questioned but he would derive as much pleasure, not with more risk than by continuing an ascension out of his own element, for no other obvious purpose than drawing people into a focus, and a pittance insufficient for his outlay. P.

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AN ANTIDOTE FOR INTOXICATION,
AND A MUD BATH PANACEA FOR
ALL COMPLAINTS.

—

THE circumstance in France recently of a man drinking a quart of Brandy, is an absurdity so great, that it is no wonder he expired shortly after it: but a still greater absurdity is the custom of *putting inebriated persons in a heap of dung up to their chins to restore them.* This brings to mind the schemes of the notorious Dr. Graham, who cut so great a figure in this country, particularly in Bath about 40 years ago. Persons visited by scrofula, indeed, any 'incurable disease,' were submitted to the wonderful mud bath operation, and by the assistance of animal magnetism being worked upon them, supposed, (at least, they were to suppose themselves,) as 'sound as a roach.' The worthy Doctor took care of the purses of hundreds of dupes, after which they were left more ailing than before. They paid, as all rich persons should pay, for their folly. But it is to be hoped, no man or woman, that drinks for wagers, will expect to be released from the fangs of death by so preposterous a custom as being set in a dunghill like a

mushroom with an animated head; or, ever again be able like a cock, 'to crow on his own dunghill.'—The effects of the Bath waters cold, tepid or hot, like the waters of Lethe, may, after the above surprising remedies, roll quietly into oblivion.

P. R. J.

Biography.

MEMOIR OF MR. HARRY STOE VAN DYK.

THE late Mr. Harry Stoe Van Dyk, whose literary productions have been so universally admired, was born in London about the year 1798. His father was a native of Holland; his mother of the Cape of Good Hope. They came to reside in London about the year 1797. Mr. Van Dyk was principal owner and captain of a ship, in which he made voyages between London and Demerara. On the passage home of his last voyage, he was boarded on the south-west coast of England by a French privateer, commanded by the celebrated Captain Blacke; and after making considerable resistance, in which he was severely wounded, was taken, carried to France, and confined in one of the French prisons, where he ultimately died. Shortly after this event, Mrs. Van Dyk quitted London for Demerara, with her family, to take possession of a plantation there, which was, in consequence of her husband's death, involved in some difficulty. She, however, succeeded in her undertaking, resided there for some years, married in 1817 Dr. Page, a gentleman of the medical profession, and died not long afterwards; when the subject of this notice left the Colony for Holland, and resided at Westmaas, near Rotterdam, about three or four years, with a clergyman who was intimately acquainted with his father and mother, and of whom he acquired his knowledge of the Latin and French languages. He often related anecdotes of "the Dominie," and spoke of him with much esteem and affection. He returned to London about the year 1821, depending for his support on remittances from his brother, who after the death of his mother, occupied the plantation in Demerara, which, owing to many untoward circumstances, afforded him very precarious and insufficient means; and for the three or four last years of his life it is presumed he did not receive any supplies from this quarter. At an early

period of his life he evinced a strong and decided predilection for the stage—was well acquainted with every character that Shakspeare has drawn, and almost as well with those of every other celebrated dramatist since his time. He would indeed have tried the buskin, but his own opinion was, that his figure was not suitable—as he considered himself to be too tall and thin.

He commenced writing poetry at an early age. Some of the small pieces published with his Theatrical Portraits are among his earliest productions. When urged to attempt something of a considerable character,—something that might establish his claim to poetical fame,—his answer was, that his means would not admit of his sitting seriously down to such a pursuit:—he had to look abroad daily to earn his daily bread. He was engaged during the two or three last years of his life in writing songs for the publishers of music; but did not find it a profitable employment: his songs, however, are written with great good taste and delicacy—certainly very far superior to the trash which is too generally dispensed to the public in this way. Byron and Moore were his models; and although these great men had never a more sincere worshipper, he kept clear of plagiarism: he had a way of thinking and of expressing his thoughts, quite his own, as the poetry in his little work called the Gondola, published in 1826, by Relfe of Cornhill, unquestionably evinces.

In 1825 he translated, in conjunction with Mr. Bowring, Specimens of the Dutch Poets, in one volume, entitled *Batavian Anthology*, for which each obtained a very handsome medal from his Majesty the King of Holland, through his ambassador in London, with a flattering letter, acknowledging the receipt of the copies which were forwarded by the translators to his majesty.

A few months previous to his decease, Mr. Van Dyk expressed his intention of arranging his MSS. for the publication of another volume of poems; but, as before observed, it would have consisted of short pieces only—principally of the legendary kind.

His illness, which terminated his earthly career, commenced on the 25th of December last. Symptoms of consumption were visible in the course of two or three weeks from that day, and there never seemed to be a chance of recovery. He remained at his residence at Walworth until about the middle of May, when his friends removed him at his own request to Brompton, where he died on the 5th of

June, and was buried in Kensington churchyard on the 12th.

Few persons ever possessed more disinterested and affectionate friends than Mr. Van Dyk. They watched his illness with anxious care; and through their instrumentality, he had the best medical assistance: and at last, when all proved unavailing, they assembled together to see the last sad solemnity duly and suitably performed.

Mr. Van Dyk composed his verses apparently with much ease; and his habit of writing was so correct, that he seldom had to make any alterations. He was thoroughly master of the Latin tongue, and possessed considerable knowledge of the French. He had also paid so much attention to his own language, that it was scarcely possible for him to commit an error in grammatical construction or orthography; and no man had a quicker eye for the discovery of the one or the other in the compositions of others. He had certainly many rare qualifications for an author: and it seems much to be regretted that he did not use his pen more industriously.

As a companion he was indeed a choice spirit,—“a fellow of infinite whim, most excellent fancy.” If his spontaneous witticisms could be penned, they would make a large show in the annals of wit and pleasantry. Alone, the inclination of his mind was very romantic, and rather melancholy;—the reverse of his character and disposition when excited by company. He was singularly quick in catching the precise meaning of any one with whom he conversed—a most agreeable endowment; and equally quick in detecting a falsehood: he often expressed abhorrence of the character of an habitual liar. His publications are the *Gondola*; *Songs set to Music*; and miscellaneous contributions to several periodical works.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Customs of Various Countries.

THE HERMIT OF ESKDALESIDE; A LEGEND OF ST. HILDA'S MONASTERY.

AMONG the many curious legends connected with the Monastery of Whitby Abbey and its vicinity, which have been variously said and sung in prose and verse, the following of the Hermit of Eskdaleside, will be found to draw attention to a strange but pleasing tale, connected with the noble families of Bruce and Percy, once seated there; the hermitage

of Eskdaleside, the boar-hunt in the forest of Eskdale, and consequent fatal death of a hermit; the singular penance enjoined upon the hunters and their successors for ever, and which is still annually performed in the haven of Whitby. The story runs thus.

On the 16th day of October, in the fifth year of Henry the Second, the lords of Ugglebarnby and Sneaton, accompanied by a principal freeholder, with their hounds, staves, and followers, went to chase the wild boar, in the woods of Eskdaleside, which appertained to the abbot of Whitby. They found a large boar, which on being sore wounded and dead run, took in at the Hermitage of Eskdale, where a hermit, a monk of Whitby, was at his devotions, and there the exhausted animal lay down. The hermit closed the door of the cell, and continued his meditations, the hounds standing at bay without. The hunters being thrown behind their game in the thick of the forest, followed the cry of the hounds, and at length came to the hermitage. On the monk being roused from his orisons by the noise of the hunters, he opened the door and came forth. The boar had died within the hermitage, and because the hounds were put from their game, the hunters violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar-staves, and of the wounds which they inflicted he subsequently died. The gentlemen took sanctuary in a privileged place at Scarborough, out of which the abbot had them removed, so that they were in danger of being punished with death. The hermit, being a holy man, and at the last extremity, required the abbot to send for those who had wounded him; and upon their drawing near, he said, “I am sure to die of these wounds.” The abbot answered, “They shall die for thee.” The devout hermit replied, “Not so, for I freely forgive them my death, if they be content to be enjoined to a penance for the safeguard of their souls.” The gentlemen bade him enjoin what he would, provided that he saved their lives.—The hermit then enjoined that they and theirs should for ever after hold their lands of the abbot of Whitby and his successors, on this condition, that upon Ascension Eve, they, or some for them, should come to the wood of the Strayhead, which is in Eskdaleside, the same day at sun-rising, and there the officer of the abbot should blow his horn, that they might know where to find him, who should deliver to them *ten stakes, ten strout-stowers, and ten yedders*, to be cut with a knife of a penny price, which were to be taken on their backs to Whitby before nine of the clock on that day; and

at the hour of nine o'clock, so long as it should be low water (if it be full sea the service to cease), each of them to set their stakes at the brim of the water, a yard from one another, and so make a hedge with the stakes, stowers, and yedders, that it stand three tides without being removed by the force of the water. And the officer of Eskdaleside shall blow his horn, "Out on you! out on you! out on you!" Should the service be refused, so long as it is not full sea at the the hour fixed, all their lands should be forfeited. Then the hermit said, "My soul longeth for the Lord, and I do as freely forgive these gentlemen my death as Christ forgave the thief upon the cross." And in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said, "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum: a vinculis enim mortis redemisti me, Domine veritatis. Amen." And then he yielded up the ghost on the 18th Dec.

Grose, in his *Antiquities*, has given a representation of the Chapel or Hermitage of Eskdaleside, with a detail of this story, and pleads strongly for its authenticity.

The building still exists, but roofless and in ruins. The "penny hedge" still continues to be annually planted on the south side of the Esk in Whitby harbour on Ascension Day, within high water mark: it has not yet happened to be high water at the time fixed. The bailiff of Eskdaleside attends to see the condition performed, and the horn blows according to immemorial custom, *out on them!*

This romantic legend has been pleasingly paraphrased by the author of *Marmion*, in the second canto:—

"Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How to their house three Barons bold
Must menial service do;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry, 'Fye' upon your name,
In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew.'
This on Ascension Day each year,
While labouring on our harbour pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."
Gents. Mag.

Illustrations of History.

THE BILL GISARME, OR GLAIVE. † (For the Olio.)

Some made strong helmets for the head,
And some their grisly *Gisarings* grind.
Ballad of Flodden Field.

THIS weapon was made of various forms; some had blades more than two feet long, while others were not more than half that

† Many romance writers use the word glaive as an equivalent for sword, though it is evident it signified a bill or gisarme.

length. They were generally shaped like the ordinary hedge-bill, with the addition of a strait blade at the top, which could be used as a spear; and a fluke or hook at the back, to drag the men-at-arms and other mounted soldiers from their horses. The precise time of their adoption in England is not known; but it is evident they were used by the English prior to the Norman conquest, for at the battle of Hastings, it is said that the Normans suffered dreadfully from the bills of the Kentish men. I attribute the invention of this weapon to the Italians, who were once celebrated for the manufacture of armour and warlike implements. Whole troops of the English infantry were armed with bills, and bore the name of "bill-men." In entering a breach, or in scaling walls, it was found a formidable weapon, as the length of the blade made it quite impossible to grasp it. At the battle of Flodden Field, the slaughter made by the bill-men on both sides was frightful.

Mention is made in many of the ancient inventories of arms and armour, of brown and black bills. Grose supposes the name of the latter to be derived from its being blackened or painted, to preserve it from rust, but assigns no reason for the other name. The Venetian bills of the fifteenth century were most elegantly engraved, and the staffs were covered with velvet, and studded with gilt nails: the blades differed in shape from those of other nations, by their curving in a contrary way, somewhat in the manner of a sabre blade.

From the reign of Henry VII, to that of James I, bills were much used, and they frequently occur in the inventories of arms kept in the different wards of London. It does not appear that bills were much used in the civil wars between Charles I and the Parliament; indeed after that time, they were thrown aside, either from their being considered clumsy and unwieldy weapons, or, more probably, from the great improvements which had taken place in the manufacture of fire-arms, which was the cause of the disuse of many hand weapons hitherto in repute. Grose, in his treatise on ancient arms and armour, gives an engraving of a bill, with a number of small bills attached to the back, which was no doubt contrived for the purpose of frightening the horses of the enemy. J. Y. A.—N.

Sketches of Orators.

No. 12.

QUINTILIAN.

QUINTILIAN, by birth a Spaniard, accompanied the Emperor of Galba to Rome,

where he was afterwards made tutor to the nephews of Domitian. He was the first who taught in a public free-school, and for which he received a large stipend from the public exchequer. He was the most witty and acute declamator in the Roman empire, yet his writings are esteemed for their purity and elegance. As a critic, he was hyper-critical, and a quick discerner of faults; but so just, that he overlooked not the beauties of other's works. His oratory was famous and instructive, and he proved himself a most efficient scholar. Martial and Juvenal both mention him as the moderator of youth, and the glorious regulator of age.

P.

Science and Art.

Preservation of Eggs.—Various experiments have at different times been made to ascertain a sure process for preserving eggs from putrefaction; it was discovered a short time since, that chloride of lime was effectual for the purpose.—This substance, being manufactured in England on a very large scale, may be obtained at a very trifling expence, and it is only necessary to dissolve one ounce of it in a pint of water.—*Old Mon.*

BUOYANT BOOTS.

A German paper states that a Dr. Von Mayerly has lately invented a pair of boots, made of block tin, and surrounded by a hollow body, by means of which he can pass over the most rapid river. He has lately exhibited his contrivance at Pest, at which place he walked upwards of 500 fathoms in the Danube, where it is very rapid and deep, in the presence of a vast multitude of spectators.

Gooseberry Acid.—A French chemist, M. Tilsoy, has succeeded in preparing a vegetable acid, equal in quality to the citric or lemon acid, from bruised green gooseberries. The process is somewhat complicated, depending on saturating the rough malic acid with carbonate of lime, which is to be again decomposed by the addition of sulphuric acid, and the remaining liquor, containing the citric acid, to be evaporated to crystallization. The new acid, it is said, can be manufactured and sold for less than half the price of the citric acid of the shops.—*Jour. de Phys.*

Railway Coach.—The first Railway Coach constructed in Scotland, for the conveyance of passengers, made a trial

journey in the neighbourhood of Airdie lately. It is dragged by one horse, and is to ply on the Kintilloch railways in carrying passengers to boats on the canal. It is intended to carry twenty-four passengers, but started in high style with no less than forty persons within and without.

Anecdotaliana.

SACRED AND PROFANE SONGS.

Minister Kirkton, preaching on hymns and spiritual songs, told the people, "There be four kinds of songs, profane songs, malignant, allowable, and spiritual songs. Profane songs:—

' My mother sent me to the well,
She had better gone hersel;
What I got I dare not tell,—
But kind Robin loves me.'

Malignant songs; such as, 'He, Ho, Gilliechrunkie,' and 'the King enjoys his own again,' against which I have not much to say. Thirdly, Allowable songs, like, 'Once I lay with another man's wife,' ye may be allowed, sirs, to sing this, but I do not say that ye are allowed to do this, for that's a great deal of danger indeed. Lastly, Spiritual songs, which are the Psalms of David; but the godless prelates add to these, 'Glory to the Father,' the worst of all I have yet spoken of.

WILSON, THE PAINTER.

Towards the close of Wilson's life, annoyed and oppressed by the neglect which he experienced, it is well known that he unfortunately had recourse to those temporary means of oblivion of the world, to which disappointed genius but too frequently resorts. The natural consequence was, that the works which he then produced were much inferior to those of his former days; a fact of which, of course, he was not himself conscious. One morning, the late Mr. Christie, to whom had been intrusted the sale by auction of a fine collection of pictures belonging to a nobleman, having arrived at a *chef d'œuvre* of Wilson's, was expatiating with his usual eloquence on its merits, quite unaware that Wilson himself had just entered the room. "This gentleman is one of Mr. Wilson's Italian pictures,—he cannot paint any thing like it now." "That's a lie!" exclaimed the irritated artist, to Mr. Christie's no small discomposure, and to the great amusement of the company, "he can paint infinitely better!"

CIVILIZATION.

It may be said, that the *ways* of the country are among the great sources of its *means*—that as roads are the first elements of society and civilization, so they may be improved with their improvement without end. What first changed the brave population of the Highlands of Scotland from breechless banditti to peaceable cottagers? the lines of military road, constructed under the direction of General Wade; and, whatever may be the merits of this form, the substance of ‘the Laird’s distich’ has been demonstrated by experience,

“Had you but seen these roads before they were made,
You would hold up your hands, and bless
General Wade.”

Yes, any one who saw how very soon the sides of those roads, in districts where there was not previously a hovel, became spotted with villages and cottages, would bless any man, or any means, that had so certainly laid the foundation of a better system.

FRIENDS.

Hudibras says, *a sincere friend* is—

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon!

And another observer of human frailty adds,—

“A *false friend* is like the shadow on a sundial, and vanishes at the smallest cloud.”

A WALL FLOWER.

Constantine the Great being envious of Trajan’s buildings, called the *Trajan Parietaria*,—WALL FLOWER! because his name, (like the Blacking-maker’s, the Cameron’s, and Eady’s,) was on so many walls.

LYING ON BOTH SIDES.

In Chancery at one time, when the counsel of the parties set forth the boundaries of the land in question by the plot; and the counsel of the one part said,—“*We lie on this side, my Lord.*” And the counsel of the other part said, “*And we lie on this side.*” The Lord Chancellor Hatton, rising, said, “If you lie on both sides; whom will you have me to believe?”
JOIDA.

A JUNIOR TO AN ELDER BROTHER.

(Translation.)

If I am poor, the fault lies not not with me;
If thou art rich, the wealth belongs to thee:
But that the eldest and the youngest might
Be like,—divide;—and set the balance right.
P.

OUT OF DEBT.

You say you nothing owe, and so I say,
He only owes who something has to pay.

A NOVELTY.

‘Make us a picture of the Crucifixion to place in our church,’ said a deputation of poor labourers from a village in the south of France. ‘Do you choose the figure of Christ to be represented dead or still living,’ demanded the artist. This was a question on which the projectors of the painting had never thought, but after consulting together for some moments, they replied to the painter: ‘You had better make it living, because, if it does not please us so, it can be killed afterwards.’

GERMAN BEDDING.

The Germans think it conducive to health, that the upper bed clothes should never be so long as to hinder protrusion of the feet beyond, and sometimes they sleep between two beds. The following anecdote is told of an Irish traveller, who upon finding a feather bed thus laid over him, took it into his head that the people slept in *strata*, one upon the other, and said to the attendant, ‘Will you be good enough to tell the gentleman or lady that is to lie upon me, to make haste, as I want to go to sleep.’

SINGULAR MARRIAGES.

A circumstance of some novelty in the annals of matrimony occurred a short time ago at Rugely, in Stafford; it was the union of two couple, whose previous relative connexion was such as to produce consequences, in the sequel, of a most extraordinary and ludicrous description. An old man, of the name of Martin, of Longdon, aged 76, appeared at the altar with a girl of seventeen as his intended bride; while her sister, two years older, was led thither by the grandson of Martin, aged 19. The curious results of these alliances are as follow:—The old man recognizes a brother in his grandson, and a sister in his wife; his spouse must submit (how much soever against her inclination), to the venerable epithet of grandmother from her elder sister; and the young man may address the damsel of 17 as his grandmother or sister at pleasure; while his wife may claim, as her just right, by reason of maturer age, the submission of her sister, or to be called upon to exercise all the respectful docility of a grand-daughter towards her.

TO MR. DEATH, ALDGATE CHURCH.

From Houndsditch to Aldgate whenever I pace;
I am warned of the grave, for Death stares in
my face.
P.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Aug. 19	Tues.	St. Timothy, Agapius, and Thecla, martyred at Gaza. Sun ris 50 m aft 4 — sets 10m — 7	Aug. 19	1823. Died Robert Bloomfield, the Suffolk poet, <small>ÆT.</small> 57, author of the <i>Farmer's Boy</i> , <i>Wild Flowers</i> , &c. It is to be regretted that the beautiful productions of this talented individual, though written under peculiar circumstances and universally read, admired, and eulogised by his countrymen for their great merit, did not receive sufficient patronage to prevent the writer from sinking a prey to hypochondriacism.
— 20	Wed.	St. Bernard. Sun ris. 52m aft. 4 —sets 8m.— 7	— 20	This saint was born at Fontaines in Burgundy, A. D. 1091, he was abbot of the monastery of Citeaux: for his pious zeal and prudence he is recorded as one of the ornaments of the eleventh age. His death happened in his 63rd year. St. Bernard is said to have founded the monastery of Great St. Bernard, in Switzerland, so well known for its hospitable character. 1750. Died at Dublin, Mrs. Letitia Pilkington, <small>ÆT.</small> 38. This lady's literary ability was considerable as may be seen by consulting her letters, which are lively and sensible, her poetical effusions are also far beyond mediocrity.
— 21	Thurs.	Sts. Bonussus & Maximilian. High Water, 5m af. 10 morn 45 ——— 10 aft.	— 21	Sts. Bonussus and Maximilian. These saints were cruelly tortured, and afterwards beheaded by order of Julian the Apostate, A. D. 363. 1765. Birth day of H. R. H. William Henry Duke of Clarence. 1808. The battle of Vimiera was fought on this day, when the French, under General Junot were signally defeated by the British commanded by Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the loss of 3000 men, and thirteen pieces of cannon. In this conflict the flower of the French troops fell before a division of the English army like a line of grass from the mowers scythe.
— 22	Frid.	St. Hippolitus. Sun ris. 56m af. 4 — sets 4 ——— 7	— 22	This saint according to St. Gregory of Tours, was martyred during the persecution of Decius, A. D. 251, several oriental calendars say he was drowned. 1485. Anniversary of the death of the tyrant Richard III, who was killed at the battle of Bosworth-field, near Leicester. 1642. King Charles the First on this day set up his standard at Nottingham at the commencement of the civil wars, which terminated in the destruction of himself, and the constitution.
— 23	Satur.	St. Philip Beniti. High Water, 1m af. 0 morn 33 ——— 0 aftn.	— 23	This saint was vicar-general, and superior of the convent at Sienna, and rendered himself famed for the discourses which he delivered at Avignon, Toulouse, Paris, &c. He died A. D. 1685, and was canonized by Clement X. 1553. Beheaded on Tower Hill, Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, for causing Lady Jane Grey, the wife of his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, to be proclaimed Queen.
— 24	SUN.	12th Sun. after Trinity. LESS for the DAY 10 c. kings 2 B m. 18 c. ——— ev. St. Bartholomew	— 24	St. Bartholomew. This saint was flayed alive by order of Astyages, King of Armenia. The word Bartholomew means the son of Tolmai or Tolomæus, a family among the Jews, mentioned by Josephus. 1572. On the night of St. Bartholomew, 70,000 Protestants or Huguenots, were massacred by the secret orders of Charles IX, King of France, at the instigation of the Queen Dowager, Catharine de Medicis, his mother.
— 25	Mond.	St. Louis, King of France. High Water. 6m after 2 n o. 30m ——— 2 aft. Full moon. 28 after 5 mo.	— 25	St. Louis was enrolled in the holy wars, and died A. D. 1270, whilst waiting the arrival of the King of Sicily, with his fleet, to assist in laying siege to Tunis. He was the founder of the Chartreuse at Paris, as well as other religious places and hospitals. 1796. The City of Munich was taken on this day by the French army under Moreau.



See Page 100.

Illustrated Article.

THE REVENGE OF HUGOLINE.

(For the Olio.)

“Does no one approach, Ethelwulph? Is there no spear or pennon in sight?—Alas! mine old eyes ache with watching: pray heaven the Norman has not gained the day!”

Thus spoke Redwald the Saxon, as he sat in one of the turrets of his castle, which stood on an almost inaccessible rock on the coast of Sussex. The sun was fast sinking in the west, and poured a flood of golden light on the waters of the Channel; but the scene had no charms for the aged chief: his four brave sons had joined Harold, their king, and this was the day on which the Norman’s power would be tried. For three hours had Redwald sat in torturing suspense, awaiting the issue of the combat. Twilight had spread its thin veil over the surrounding country, when, as the chief descended in despair from the turret, the clattering of horses’

hoofs was heard, and four horsemen rode into the court-yard. Their steeds were jaded, and their armour was hacked and splashed with blood.

“Ah! Hugoline, my brave boy!” cried the aged Redwald, as he received in his arms the foremost horseman, who had dismounted with all haste. “Art thou returned scathless?—is the Norman driven back, or slain, or—”

“Harold is down!” cried the youth wildly, “and the blood of Gurth and Leofwynne crimson the turf! Father, we are lost—the Norman lion triumphs!—And, oh, my brethren are—”

“Ha!” cried Redwald eagerly, “what would’st thou say?—Not dead—no, thy tongue dares not utter that word. Thou would’st not tell me that, and stand here unharmed.”

“Father,” replied the youth, “they *are* dead, my kinsmen here saw them fall. The Norman host has scattered all our force; but there is time to save thee from their vengeance.”

“Away with thee!” shrieked the old chief—“Away, or bring me back thy brothers! Where’s Edwin, Kenrick, and Ella?”

oward, hast thou deserted them in the hour of peril? Hence with thee!—Oh! that I could wield weapon again!”

“This is madness, my father,” replied Hugoline; “I did all that man could do for them: the shaft that slew Edwin grazed my face. See you this hacked buckler? it opposed a vain resistance to the axe of a Norman knight, who, with his followers, slew Kenrick and Ella.”

“’Tis false! dastard as thou art,” cried the old chief. “By the soul of Hengist! thou art no son of mine—hence with thee. Now, now the Norman may come, and do his worst, for all I loved is lost. My monarch slain, and my brave boys too!”

“Father,” said Hugoline, “I am no coward; ask my kinsmen here if I flinched from the fight till my brethren fell. King Harold thought me no craven when I struck my javelin through the giant Dane, who kept the bridge at Stamford. I left the field to save thee, for the Norman’s cry is up, and woe to the armed Saxon that escapes not his clutch. Quick, let me convey you to the water’s edge, a boat lies behind yon rock.”

At this moment a horn was sounded at

a short distance, and loud shouts were heard.

“Ah!” cried the gallant youth, “the blood-hounds have followed at our heels. Look to the gate, Waltheof—we will die here!”—Then, turning to his aged sire, he continued—“Father, I have not deserved this; had it not been for thee, I would never have left that bloody fatal field alive.”

In obedience to the command of Hugoline, his kinsmen and serfs had secured the gate, and prepared the engines on the walls, determined to resist their pursuers to the last. The aged Redwald, somewhat appeased by the protestations of his son, encouraged his followers to hold out the castle against the Norman soldiers, who were now arrived at the gate. They were headed by a knight of gigantic stature, mounted on a horse corresponding in size with its rider, whose surtout of azure, on which was embroidered a wolf’s head, erased, now splashed with blood, gave evident token that the wearer had not been idle in the day’s strife.

“Saxon,” said the knight, addressing Hugoline, who stood on the ramparts with his followers, “resistance is vain; open

your gates, or, by the light of heaven, ye shall all swing in the night air."

"Norman dog!" shouted Hugoline, "we fear thee not—do thy worst, we can but die!"

"Boy," replied the knight calmly, "thou art working thine own destruction; once more I command thee to admit us, or thou shalt see that Lupus keeps his word."

"Thy word, base plunderer!" said Hugoline. "The men thou see'st around me shrink not from the swords of your followers; think ye then that idle threats will fright them?"

The Norman's countenance lowered, and it was sometime before he replied to this speech; at length he spoke, not however to Hugoline, but to his father, who had been an attentive listener to the colloquy.

"Old man," said he, "has this malapert boy thy countenance? Bethink thee of thy peril, and give us entrance. Woe to him who provokes the vengeance of the Duke of Normandy, now your King!"

"Norman!" replied the old chief, as his dim eye kindled with ire, "think ye that in one battle the force of England can be crushed? No! kinsmen of the slain Harold yet live, and will avenge his death—for me, I can die here!"

Lupus ground his teeth with rage, and replied fiercely—

"'Tis well for thee, grey beard, to vaunt thus; but know, that if your castle be not rendered up ere moon-rise, thou and thy kinsmen shall be consumed in it."

He pointed to the horizon as he spoke, which was beginning to brighten, though the moon had not yet appeared. A pale light glimmered on the Channel, which served to distinguish the sails of those fugitives who had quitted their native shore, after escaping from the disastrous conflict.

The Norman soldiers, in the mean time, kindled a fire, and lit several torches. Hugoline watched them intently, and perceived that they were bringing forward a quantity of dry underwood from a neighbouring copse. They advanced to the gates, against which they placed the wood, and appeared to be only waiting for the signal from their leader. The moon rose above the horizon, and threw her red glare on the scene. Lupus advanced, and in a threatening tone demanded instant admittance. Hugoline replied by loosening his bow at the knight, whose hauberk of proof protected its wearer: the arrow snapped, and fell to the ground harmless. Lupus calmly seized a torch, and threw it into the midst of the wood; which blazed fiercely, and the gates were instantly in flames, when the aged Redwald, at the highest pitch of his voice, cried—

"Hold, Norman! hold, for the blessed Virgin's sake have mercy, and the place shall be given up—but spare my boy!"

"Fear not, my father," said Hugoline, "let us die in the flames which consume our hall, for they are more merciful than the Norman who has kindled them."

"Oh! for our Lady's sake, take pity!" cried the aged chief, who heeded not his son's remonstrance—"Have mercy, and all we have is yours!"

"Then quickly open thy gates, or thou and all thy household shall perish!"

Lupus, as he spoke, perceived the old chief giving orders to unbar the gates, when Hugoline spoke.

"Are we," said he, "to pass free? or do'st thou purpose keeping us to make sport for thy fierce leader?"

"Boy," replied Lupus, "'tis witless to parley thus—open your gates, or, by my father's soul, I'll have thee flayed alive, if the flames should spare thee."

"Never!" shouted Hugoline. "None but cravens fear to die. Hence with thee, dog, or wait and see us perish; for, by the soul of Hengist, whose blood runs in my veins, I will not yield to thee, or twice thy force."

"Then die in thine obstinacy," said the knight. "Behold the flames are kindling round your gates, another moment makes you ours."

A loud yell of despair arose from the Saxon followers, in the midst of which the Norman soldiers let fly a shower of arrows, which killed three of them, and wounded several others. The rest, seeing the hopelessness of their case, flew to the gates, which they threw open, and the Normans, rushing forward with a shout, entered the castle, and disarmed the feeble garrison. Redwald was instantly seized. His son, springing forward, slew the foremost of the Norman soldiers; but the rest closing round him, he was struck to the ground and secured.

"Away with him to the next tree," said Hugh Lupus; when Redwald threw himself at the feet of the knight.

"Oh, Norman," he cried, "thou hast not heart to do a deed so vile—spare him, or let me suffer first, but do not kill my only boy!" At this moment the eye of the old chief rested on a youth splendidly dressed, who stood by the side of Lupus. "Oh," continued Redwald, "if thou would'st not have that child meet as dreadful a death, spare Hugoline, whose only crime is that he has this day fought for his king and country!"

"Saxon," replied the knight, "thy son has sought his own death: bears he sword or lance, and knows not that to defend an untenable place is to forfeit

the lives of the garrison? He shall die!"

"Nay, nay," cried Redwald, "say not so—revoke your sentence! Here at thy feet I entreat thee to spare him!" and he clasped the knees of the knight, while the perspiration stood in large drops on his aged brow.

The countenance of Lupus lowered.—"Old man," he said, "ye plead in vain, by my father's soul he shall die! What! shall a Norman knight be bearded by a wretched Saxon slave like him? Hence! or I may forget thy grey hairs, and do thee violence."

"Then take thy quittance fierce Norman!" cried the old chief. He started on his feet, and quick as thought plucked a small dagger from his bosom, and struck with all his force at the breast of the knight; but one of the soldiers with a pole axe struck Redwald a blow on the head, which stretched him lifeless at the feet of his conqueror.

Hugoline beheld it; a groan of agony burst from his overcharged bosom, and the cords with which he was bound snapped as though they had been rushes. In an instant he sprung forward, and seized in his arms the youth who stood by the side of Lupus, and rushed up the stairs of one of the towers. Several of the Norman soldiers followed him; but he quickly closed an iron door upon his pursuers, and the next moment appeared on the top of the tower. A dozen bows were bent, but he held before him as a shield his innocent victim.

"Norman," he cried, or rather shrieked out, "my revenge is complete! Look on thy darling boy!—thy heir!—Hast thou no prayer," he continued, as he watched the speechless agony of the knight, "no entreaty for the life of thy child?"

"Oh, Saxon!" cried the knight—"spare my boy, and thou shalt not be harmed."

"Ah!" shouted Hugoline, "dost thou offer terms now?—Give me back then my father and my brothers—raise up that old man, whom your followers have murdered!—restore him, I say, and thy boy is free! What! dost thou hesitate?—Nay," looking at his victim, "struggle not, child, I will not torture thee," he clutched the throat of the boy as he spoke, and the stifling breath and convulsive struggle told that death was nigh.

"Shoot! shoot the Saxon dog," screamed Lupus; but at the same moment the body of his child, hurled from the fearful height, fell into the court-yard a mutilated mass; while a dozen shafts transfixed the Saxon, who leaped convulsively from the tower, with a shout of

triumph quivering on his tongue. The crash of his armour, as he fell, echoed the fall of the unfortunate child.

J. Y. A—N.

ODE TO THE MOON.

(For the Olio.)

Sun of the sleepless melancholy star.

BYRON.

Lamp of the even,
Sorrowful star,
Meteor of heaven,
Shining afar!
Beacon of blisses,
Taper of love,
Witness to kisses
Seen else but above.

The stars shall confess thee
The empress of night,
The lover shall bless thee,
Thou mistress of light,
The bard shall extol thy
Pale silvery horn,
And sighing, condole thy
Faint exit at morn.

For sweet are the hours
Mid poesy spent,
In fairy-lit bowers,
With solitude blent;
And hallowed the moment
At what time thy pale light
Illumes beyond comment
The grey gloom of night.

O, queen of the ocean!
That awful abyss,
Whose waves with wild motion
Loud bellow and hiss,
On whose watery pillow
Full many a head
Borne down by the billow,
Rests now with the dead.

Gazes *she* on thee?
The pride of my soul!
Those orbs which have won me,
Say, canst thou control?
O, then, when she gazes
With love-searching eyes
On thy mystical mazes,
Chaste orb of the sky.

Then, be thy beams volumes
Whose every page—
Whose close-crowded columns
My love shall presage,
That reading she cherish
The precepts there taught,
Which never can perish
When 'graved on the thought.

Then, be thy rays gladness
To sooth her soft soul,
Banishing sadness,
Diffusing the whole
With tales of affection,
Soft whispers of love,
Sweet thoughts, by reflection
Engendered above.

Exert all thy powers,
Sweet sorrowful orb!
Let thy tears fall in showers,
Her soul to absorb;
Tell, tell her I love her,
Tell, tell her the whole,
Which thyself can discover,
The depths of my soul.

Lamp of the even,
Sorrowful star,
Meteor of heaven,
Shining afar,
When thy love gazes on thee,
Then, swear by thy light—
By the tear that's upon thee—
My life's in her sight.

S. RIVETT.

A SCENE ON THE ROAD.

WHAT a piece of work is man! In every situation he is infinitely inferior to the softer sex,—except, indeed, as we remarked before, upon the road. Here a man of the minutest intellect is fifty degrees more sensible than the trotting, plodding, weary looking woman by his side. Do you see that bunch of red rags swaying from side to side on the back of that wandering Camilla? In it repose two chubby children, while the nine others, of all shapes and sizes, are straggling along the way. The insignificant individual, with the tail of his coat (for it has only one) dangling down nearly to the junction between his battered stocking and his hard brown shoe; that mortal with but the ghost of a hat upon his head,—a staff within his hand,—his shoulders not distinguishable beneath the ample sweep of his deciduous coat; that being is the husband of the woman, and, in the estimation of the world, the father of the eleven children. A gig sweeps on, containing some red-nosed, small-eyed Bagman, with his whip stuck in the arm-rod, a book in his hand, and the reins dangling in easy flow over the long bony back of his broken-knee'd charger. Hey! hey! cries the conveyer of patterns. The paternal vagabond slips quietly to the side, but guineas to sixpences the woman creeps steadily on, or even if she be on the right side, diverges into the path, as if on purpose to cause the Bagman's apprehension for careless and furious driving along the King's highway. Often and often in our own young days, when mounted in our friend Seekham's most knowing Stanhope, bowling along the beautiful road between Bicester and Summertown, at the easy rate of thirteen miles an hour, have we halloed till our throats ached again to the female part of a pedestrian cavalcade,—but all in vain. And then,

when we were inspired, partly by Deakins's imperial port, and partly by wrath at the impediment to our course, have we slang'd till our very self was frightened at our vehemence, and our sleeping friend has awakened and stared with mute horror in our face! But there the insensate termagant stands flatly in your way, and unless you have the eloquent vituperations of Jon Bee or Mr. Brougham to aid you, your best plan is to lay your whip on the right flank of your restive horse, and trot out of hearing of her abuse, (celerimo curse you!) Once and once only, were we happy at such an interruption. It was in that beautiful tract of country between Stirling and the Trosachs. We were slowly driving our old horse, Tempest, in our quiet easy shandrydan, admiring, as all who have hearts and souls must do, the noble vistas which open every moment upon the sight. Far down we heard the gurgling of the joyous river leaping over rock and stone, yet saw not the glittering of its bubbling course for the thick leaves which clustered on its precipitous bank. Then at a winding of the way we saw a smooth calm reach, circling with its limpid waters round a projecting point, and just below us the tiny billows glistening to the noonday sun, half-seen, half-hid by the brushwood which decked with greenness and beauty the rocky ledge over which we gazed. We gave Tempest a gentle hint to proceed, and not far had we gone, when, gliding before us in solitude and loveliness, we beheld a form,—and by the quickened pulses of our heart—we knew whose only that enchanting form could be. Immersed in "maiden meditation," she heard not the rolling of our chariot wheels. Nearer and nearer we approached, and at last, as if roused from a dream, she started and turned round. The large brown eye, glistening in its lustrous beauty, till it appeared almost in tears,—the dark arched eye-brows, the glowing cheek, and then the enchanting smile,—it was—it was our Ellen! Three years were passed since we had seen the fawn-like maiden. We had seen her in the lighted hall, where she was the cynosure of every eye—the loadstone of every heart. We had gazed on the ringlets of her dark auburn tresses that floated in many a curl along the pure marble of her snowy neck; we had followed with admiration every movement of her graceful form, and looked with more than rapture on the twinkling of her small and fairy-like feet, and we had wondered that a flower so fair was still left alone, and was not gathered to bloom on in blessedness, the

ornament and delight of some faithful and loving bosom. And here we saw her in this romantic region, communing with her own pure spirit.

We spoke in the words of overflowing friendship. And old as we were, our heart yearned with kindness and affection to a being so young, so beautiful. Again we heard her voice as we used to delight to hear it, gay, joyous, free. She spoke with an enthusiasm, which made her still more lovely, of the beauties of the wild scene round us. "Go on, blessed creature," thought we, in the fulness of our heart, as we descended from our vehicle, and trusted Tempest to his own discretion up the hill,—“Go on, blessed creature, spreading light with thy pure smiles upon the darkness of a clouded and care-disturbed existence,—be the pride of some youthful bosom, that will beat only as thy wishes point! For ourself; we are old and failed, but thy beauties have scattered a leaf of the tree of happiness upon the dull and lagging course of our thorn encircled thoughts.” We wondered, but inquired not the reason of her being solitary in so desolate and wild a scene; our thoughts were otherwise employed, and we were regretting that we had fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf, and picturing scenes of happiness and delight, had fate and fortune willed it otherwise. Even yet, could we win the heart of one so beautiful, we might be happy; attention would atone for disparity of years,—and Ellen, the lovely, the accomplished Ellen, might deign—

“——— to bless
With her light step our loneliness.”

Yet why for our vanity or selfish gratification doom a creature so young to waste her best years in the dull and joyless society of an infirm old man?—perish the ungenerous thought!—but would not she herself laugh at the mere idea! Perchance even now she is musing on some young and betrothed admirer; perchance she is dreaming of her future happiness, when the wife shall make it her pride to compensate for the coyness of the maiden. In the midst of our reverie and regrets, a carriage swept up the hill; a venerable old man looked out of the window as it stopped, and said, in an almost surly tone,—“We have got the shoe replaced—how fast you’ve walked; come in.” And Ellen, the young, the pure, the innocent, the beautiful, was the wife of a man older by a good dozen years than ourself! We handed her in without a word, bowed, as she said farewell, and

stood gazing after the carriage long after a turning of the road concealed it from our view. We remembered, that on remounting our shandrydan, we caught ourself muttering something, which we are afraid sounded almost like an oath.—

Blackwood's Mag.

UNREQUITED LOVE.
(For the Olio.)

Say in love

What faith is to be found in every part,
’Tis boasted of, but little is preserved

METASTASIO.

She told him she lov’d, and he fondly believed,
Nor cherished the thought that his Mary deceived,

As he gallantly dash’d o’er the wave;
The kiss she imprinted still ardently burned,
And he hoped, fondly hoped when to home he returned,

That the meed of his danger and toil would
be earn’d,

For he trusted the plight that she gave.

In the mid-watch on deck, or with messmates
below,

Was ever his Mary forgotten? ah! no;
Not a morning that dawned o’er the deep,
But to heav’n for Mary his orisons rose;
And when night with her mantle of darkness
would close,

His heart was uplifted for Mary’s repose,
Ere he sank on his pillow to sleep.

He returned, and right joyfully wended his way
To clasp and enfold, ere the close of the day,

The idol and hope of his heart;
He had pictured the mirth of his own happy
home,

With the element’s glare and the billows of
foam,
And had vow’d ne’er again from his Mary to
roam,

They would meet and they never would part.

And saw he the idol and hope of his heart?
And did she the love of her bosom impart?

Did they fondly caress when they met?
Ah, no!—to another her heart she had given,
The bonds of her love and her promise were
riven,

She had broken the troth that she plighted to
heaven,

Nor betrayed she one look of regret.

He did not upbraid, for he loved her too well,
But flown was the vision, and broken the spell,
Hope sickened in deadly despair;

In sorrow far far from the false one he fled,
Again o’er the mountainous billows he sped,
With Cochrane he fought, and with Cochrane
he bled,

But the image of Mary was there.

Oh! talk not of woman—for say does she feel
Half the anguish the tough heart of man can
reveal,

When once its strong chords hath been jar’d;
Can the twig feel the storm like the wide-
spreading oak,

Altho’ ’twill up-rise from the thunderbolt
stroke,

While the trees noble sinews for ever are broke,
For ever ’tis blighted and seared.

All writhing he fell on the blood-streaming
deck,
And vainly, alas! they endeavoured to check
The blood as it gushed in a tide;
The guns sounded hoarsely his funeral knell,
And ere he had bidden a messmate farewell
He thought on the fair one he loved but too
well,
He murmured her name, and he died!

EB. COLLINS.

THE TOWER OF LONDON. (For the Olio.)

THE erection of this fortress is attributed to William Rufus, though some contend that it was built at a much earlier period: it, however, appears to have been a place of no consequence, until the reign of Richard I., when Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, took from the Hospital of St. Catherine its mill and granaries, to make room for the fosse, which at the present day surrounds the buildings. This proceeding gave great offence to the monks, who, with many of the citizens, were loud in their complaints against the prelate. So violent, indeed, was their conduct, that Longchamp, dreading the consequences, took refuge in the Tower, but, a short time after, surrendered upon certain conditions. It had at this time become a place of considerable strength, and contained a tolerable garrison. The subsequent events connected with this building are well known to the readers of English history. Though some of its towers are topped with brick-work, and many of the walls are covered with a new facing, still enough remains to awaken thoughts on days of old, when its vaulted passages rung with the clatter of the hoofs of the war-horse, or the heavy tramp of the mailed warrior; or, when the traitor, hurried to his prison, started and shuddered as the heavy portcullis dropped behind him.

To those who can call up these scenes, the Tower of London has many attractions. They view the gate through which the brave and patriotic Wallace was conveyed to meet a traitor's doom, for defending a land unworthy of him. They turn to the tower, which tradition says was fatal to the two princes. The small chapel, and the space before it, are not forgotten, where youth and beauty, rank and power fell before the grim headsman. Often have I visited this ancient fortress, and the contemplation of its massive walls, the remains of its circular towers, and its Gothic windows, with their iron gratings, has never failed to awaken a long train of reflections. Fancy has pictured the scene with Gloster and the weak-minded Henry:

I have heard the deep hollow groan of his victim break the stillness of the night, and the stifled cry of the poor youths while struggling under the ruffian hands of their murderers, has in my imagination resounded awfully through its vaulted passages. It is an interesting spot, though the scene of numberless crimes; for as we think of the many acts of lawless violence and murder that have been committed within its walls, we at the same time remember there was a halo of enchantment round those days of old. There was the knight and his train, the fantastically clad cross-bowman, and the glittering mail of the men-at-arms;—ay, and there were fair forms and bright tresses, and brighter eyes to temper the stout heart and the iron hand. The hermit in his grot, and the monk in his cell, were alike objects of veneration and regard. There was a charm even in fanaticism in those rude days: the deep tone of the vesper bell was grateful then to the weary traveller's ear, for it told that rest and refreshment were nigh; and the solemn chaunt of the lauds, or midnight service of the church, soothed the breast of him whose conscience had made his couch a bed of thorns, and tuned his soul to repentance.

Alas! how many of the noblest and the bravest have been cut off within the walls of this ancient structure!—not to mention the hill to which it gives its name, where the traitor and the bar to ambition have been violently removed from the stage of existence, and where, by a most unjust sentence, that bright star, the gallant and accomplished Raleigh, was obscured for ever!—But the splendour of feudal days has vanished; the pennon and the Banderol have mouldered to dust; the hauberk is a heap of rust; the mailed warrior sleeps in peace, and nought now remains to tell of the rude splendour of our ancestors, save the stupendous structures they once inhabited. J. Y. A.—N.

ANATOMY OF THE EARTH.

On the created boundaries of Space,
The Earth is fashioned like the Human Race:
Stones are the Bones which bear with ponderous strength;
Metals the Nerves of height, breadth, depth and length;
Crust is the Skin which various Textures wears;
Grass is the Hair and with its wreaths appears;
Water's the Blood which runs through every part;
Wind is the Breath and Fire the Spirit's heart:
The Seasons are the Passions Nature gives;
And Time conveys both that which dies and lives:
Thus, in the Universe the Fabric rolls,
And God, the Author, sexual powers controls.

P.

LINES ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF
HIS MAJESTY'S CORONATION.

A stranger from some distant land,
Crosses the waves to Britain's shores,
Soon as he gains fair Freedom's strand,
Ere yet the lofty vessel moors,

Sudden he hears in tuneful peals,
The gladsome sound of chiming bells,
The cannons roar at intervals,
And loud th' inspiring music swells.

He views the flag triumphant wave,
Streaming from ev'ry gilded spire ;
And where old Thames' waters lave,
Thus does his wond'ring soul inquire.

What mean those bells' enliv'ning strain,
And those long-echo'd shouts between ?
And why on yonder holy fane
Does that bright trophy grace the scene ?

Stranger, a voice replies, to-day
We join to praise a king revered ;
We hail the hour that gave him sway,
By rolling years still more endear'd.

For not more firmly he sustains
That throne which Truth and Law surround,
Than in his subjects hearts he reigns
By ties of love and honour bound.

Though deep that cannon's lengthened peals,
Still deeper shall our praises live,
And sweeter than those chiming bells
Shall Gratitude her tribute give.

Amid the pride of Eastern kings,
Go paint a happy scene like this,
The joy from faithful hearts that springs,
A country's love, our Monarch's bliss.

M.

LIVE EELS!—LIVE EELS.

' Lord bless you, Ma'am, 'tis nothing to *them*
when they're used to it.'

THE cry of ' Live Eels' never comes to the door, but I feel an instinctive horror. When I see the fair representress of Billingsgate approaching me with the basket on her head, I cross over, and haste on. There is, indeed, but the keen edge of her knife betwixt the lives and deaths of the curling creatures, which she is crying with heart and voice to execute their defenceless quietus. The moment she is beckoned to by a lover of fry and stew, waiting on the threshold with the pence in one hand and the plate in the other, I guess that the work of death is near ; for she bustles to the door, lifts down the basket, takes her orders ; thrusting her fingers among the eels to give them a brisk stir up, and praising their vivacity, she clips up the scales, and picking up a promiscuous quantity to bear down the dead weight, she soon decides the fates of the allotted portion, and their sand, alas ! in which their latter moments were spent,

is brought to the end ; for a board is placed across the top of the basket, and skinning one by one, front to front, she cuts them into slices about an inch in length, till the butchery is completed.

' You would not eat them alive, would you ?' — By no means ; but might not mercy be dealt fairly with those whom Nature hath not gifted with a voice, save that of ' expressive silence !' If their lives be sacrificed at the gustative shrine of appetite, the mildest death might be administered as a ransom. ' How squeamish ! What affected sensibility !' — Well ; let me be thus accused of it. I can never meet the woman that cries ' Live Eels,' or look her in the face, but her voice touches my nerves so sensitively, and I wish myself out of its reach ; and I should prefer solitary bondage to the daily seeing her deliberately and chatteringly chop up life with less concern than the patent sausage-making machine. P.

CURIOUS COINS.

Growth Halfpenny is a rate paid in some places for tithe of every fat beast.

Head Pence—The sum of 5*l.* which the sheriff of Northumberland anciently exacted of the inhabitants of that county every third and fourth years, without any account to be made to the King.

Herring Silver—Money formerly paid in lieu of a certain quantity of herrings for a religious house.

Hundred Penny—A tax raised in the hundred by the sheriff.

Julio—A piece of coin at Leghorn and Florence, in value about sixpence sterling.

Laures—Gold coins of K. James, A. C. 1619, with his head laureated.

Lundress—Because coined in London, a silver penny, weighing thrice those of the present weight.

Mamothy—A piece of money at Ormus, value eight-pence sterling. P.

THE CONVENT OF CATANIA,
(Continued from page 85.)

ON the last night of their meeting, which her forebodings had protracted beyond the usual hour, Montalto had returned by the customary road to the house of his lodging. In a solitary place he was suddenly surprised by the appearance of disguised men, who, rushing from their concealment, deprived him of the means of defence, pinioned, and blind-

folded him. He was raised into a sort of litter, to which he was fastened, and thus conveyed along, until he heard the roar of the sea waves, and found himself deposited in an open boat. Here one of the party, after giving some orders, left his companions, and in the feigned tones, he could recognize the hated voice of his enemy—the young Alessi. They presently made sail, and having restored to him the use of his limbs, and relieved him from the bandage thrown over his eyes, he was enabled to discover that they were coasting in a northerly direction, though for what purpose he could not gather. The crew consisted of six men, rough and hard featured mariners, who replied to his interrogations with sullen brevity, and seemed to be acting under the orders of one whose mein might, indeed, be distinguished from that of his companions; but was, nevertheless, such as could only belong to a person of subordinate rank. During the night, they kept close into shore; but with the first beams of morning, pushed further out to sea, without materially verging from their former course. The next night they glided through the straits of Messina, and made for the island of Stromboli. It was a placid and delicious scene; the wind just verging onward the little bark without motion or irregularity: Montalto lay on the deck, but uncertainty of his fate prevented slumber; around him were grouped the forms of the lusty mariners, perfecting the allotted sleep which yet remained to them before the more active season of daylight;—only the helmsman continued at his ordinary work, and the *one* seaman, to whom the direction of the vessel was entrusted. The deep meditations of Montalto were arrested by the approach of this officer. He came near, and without noise, requested him to move to the fore part of the deck, as he had something of importance to communicate. His injunction was obeyed. In a moment they were to be seen in the glorious light of that Southern Morn, side by side, as if in conversation. The sea-captain, in a quick low tone, might be heard recounting his secrets, and the breathless interest of his hearer might prove that it was no common subject of confidence. Ever and anon the eyes of the narrator turned anxiously around to catch the first movements of a disturbed sleeper, or prevent the curiosity of the steersman at his post. The tale he told was strange. He had been the chosen servant of the young Alessi for some years; he had aided him in his enterprizes, he had shared in his counsels. At Catania, he had learnt the story of Montalto, and—he knew not

why, his pity had been moved. From the first threat of danger, whispered by his master, he had resolved to befriend the destined victim. His intimation to Rosina, at her prayers, had failed; and the evil which could not be prevented, he had now determined to remedy. To him was intrusted the guidance of the present scheme. None else knew the object or system of his measures. His orders were to despatch or get rid of their prisoner in any way that might be most convenient; but he defied the wicked command, and was resolved to save him. They could not return to Sicily, for his re-appearance would be the signal for the most atrocious acts of barbarous revenge. Neither could they long be absent, for already had sufficient time elapsed for the execution of his master's orders, and suspicion would be excited by their long continuance at sea. All he could do would be to land his prisoner on some point of the continent, and leave him with a recommendation to make the best of his way to Naples. His only condition was, that an immediate return to Catania would not for a moment be contemplated by him, as he valued the life of his benefactor.

This was the substance of his disclosure. Montalto, in mute gratitude, heard the extraordinary tale, and without evincing any change of deportment, watched with impatience the progress of the vessel as it changed once more its course in an easterly direction, and favoured by the wind, at last safely reached the headland on which rises the town of Argentina. In the interval between the above conversation and their arrival in the harbour, all his efforts had been applied to liberate Antonio, the servant of Alessi, from the thralldom of his villany. His endeavours proved successful. When he quitted the boat, he went not alone, but was accompanied by his preserver. The next in command was charged with the safe conduct of the vessel to Catania, as though this had been part of a premeditated plan. As they took their leave of Argentina, on the road to Naples, they could discern the white sail of their bark filling with the side wind, and pursuing its silent way towards the south. Montalto's letter was despatched from his father's palace. He had intreated for permission and means to return immediately to his love, but the old nobleman doubtfully listened, and required that his son should serve one campaign in the wars of his country, before his benediction could be gained for the nuptials. To this parental wish he had reluctantly acceded. He should for a short time, in obedience to his father,

deviate from the path of his inclination ; but he owed something as an equivalent for the heart which she had given to him, and his laurels, could he win any, might in some sort be a compensation.

This was the substance of that letter, which gave a revival to the hopes, and animation to the fading beauty of Rosina. We will leave her for awhile, and observe the proceedings of young Alessi after the night when he carried off Montalto. In concealment he still lurked about the neighbourhood of his father's house, anxiously awaiting the return of his boat, and the announcement of his enemy's destruction. The boat came—Antonio's place was filled by another—and to their master's almost delirious questions, the unwelcome answer was given, which assured him of all that he now for the first time foreboded. His wicked mind was instantly agitated with schemes of fresh revenge. He despatched confidential agents to track the movements and communicate all the actions of Montalto ; he learnt his present occupation, and in a spite that seemed to have no premeditated plan, he circulated, through various channels, a rumour that Montalto, upon the first collision with the foe, had fallen in the field. This, corroborated by the assent of many hired witnesses, did not fail to reach the ears of Rosina. Disbelief, shadowed sometimes with a fear of its authenticity, caused in her mind a conflict of the most opposite and terrible emotions. But conviction was at length urged upon her by the receipt of a despatch purporting to be from the father of Montalto, in which all particulars of his son's death were painfully detailed. For a time, the poor girl's agony broke forth in paroxysms which seemed to convulse her whole system. She was wild, tumultuous, and wayward in her grief. She refused the solace of friends, she listened to no alleviation of her calamity. She was "like sweet bells jingled harsh and out of tune," and never did it appear that their order and beauty would come again. Oh ! how dreadful was the violence of her sorrow, which seemed a thing strange to one of such gentleness. The songs which she had sung to him were forgotten, or only remembered in fragments to add intensity to her suffering. The ringlets, of which the fairest lay, as she supposed, upon his clay-cold heart, now fell unarrayed upon her shoulders. Weeping, and recounting the valour and attraction of him whom she could see no more, up and down the lonely corridors she wandered like a ghost—in vain appealed to, in vain hindered.

But this season passed away ; and when the voice of the thunder-clap no longer rang in her ears, but was remembered

only in a serener moment, the sorrow which had been almost frenzy, was tempered to an honourable regret. Her eye had lost its brilliancy, and she cared not for the world :—for it was a desert to her, though all its sweetness, and grandeur, and eternal beauty were there, and only *one* of the countless creatures gone from its surface.

But her dejection was equable and rational ; and it was from a settled purpose, rather than at the impulse of an uncertain fancy, that she resolved to abandon her home and kindred, and in perpetual seclusion give to her God that broken heart, which might have been too much given to a mortal being. She took the veil, and in the convent of which I spoke at the opening of this paper, was enrolled a member of the holy sisterhood.

Time passed on ; the Neapolitan warfare suffered a pause, and in the interval Montalto lost no time in returning to Catania. Upon his arrival, what was his dismay and astonishment, when informed of his supposed death, and the effect it had produced in the life of poor Rosina ?

Uncertain what steps to pursue eventually, it was his first natural impulse to inform her of his safety, and still enduring attachment. In an evil hour the announcement of this unexpected news visited her in her solitude. In an evil hour the chords of her mind were once more unstrung, and the harmonies newly heard were turned into dissonance. The sorrows of the past came upon her afresh, but under another aspect. For she had estranged herself from her love, and by her own act, had effected that sad reverse, that horrible privation, which had been more tolerable, whatever else had been the cause.—What remedy now remained ? With all its original force the tide of her love rolled in its former channels ; and the infirmity of human resolution could not now withstand the strength of the current. Her spirit was weaned from her holy occupations. Sickened with her garb, her daily duties, her associates, her very thoughts, she longed to cast off the self-imposed thralldom. Never to the eye of enthusiastic childhood, did the distant hill-tops gleam with such a beauty as now that she contemplated them—a love-sick prisoner. The hopeless schemes of relief, which such a condition suggested, were all that now remained for her meditation and her solace. To abandon her rigid profession was impossible : to desert it and escape, seemed more practicable. By day, as she gazed through the grated windows at the fair prospect before and around her, this was the vision which came with every object and beautified the whole. By night, it

filled the long interval between her faint slumbers;—and as she slept, the more obscure and rude conceptions, still occupied her fancy with the same theme, the same never varied purpose. It was, perhaps, in a midnight hour that the dreadful project was formed, which surely must have been the last resource of the despairing maid, when, by constant agitation, the turbulence of her spirit had become a sort of phrenzy. Then it was that her reckless and determined love found itself a way; and by an effort more appalling, perhaps, than any that history can furnish, grasped at the attainment of its coveted end. Without admitting into her counsel one of all those on whose fidelity she might have reposed, the measures for this awful expedient were deliberately concerted. She planned, she determined, she prepared it in secrecy and alone.

It was in the mid-watches of the night, that the sisters were aroused from their rest, by the cry of "Fire!" from some one hurrying along the dormitories. It was Rosina who urged them to fly—it was Rosina who discovered the danger—it was Rosina who plotted the conflagration! The flames were rushing wildly and high up the outer walls of the building, but she would not yet retire. From cell to cell, she went quickly along, calling on all to escape, yet not daring to think of her own safety until assured that no living creature could be left in peril. She went like a beneficent being, amid the havoc and ruin that she had achieved. Not yet would she desert the dangerous place, for she shuddered to think there might still be some one whose blood if shed, would fall so surely on herself. At last the huge edifice was deserted and voiceless, and secure of the preservation of her innocent associates, she passed along the passages and apartments, now almost undistinguishable. As she went, the sheets of fire flashed hotly and fiercely around her. The heat became more intense, the hideous enemy approached her, and half enveloped in flame she fled precipitately, but too late, from the tottering ruin. Overtaken in her flight, she yet had strength and surviving consciousness to move in the premeditated track, and when the morning dawned it showed her lying a disfigured corpse under the doorway of her beloved Montalto.—*Old Mon.*

The Note Book.

A CONTRAST—BOHEMIAN HACKNEY-COACHMEN.

THE drivers of the fiacres in Prague are

a race of hackney-coachmen that have this notable distinction in their moral constitution—they are always satisfied with their fares. One of these people, whom I hired, undertook the task of explaining what was worthy of notice in the churches, a piece of supererogatory benevolence shewn to me purely out of complaisance as a stranger. I stared when he made the proposition, forgetting for the instant that he was one of those whose consciences are seared and feelings indurated by wet weather and gin drinking. It was not the genius of gruffness, who, in England, descends from a coach-box in a pair of old dank boots, his hat wreathed with a wisp of straw, in a series of great-coats, which nourish his discontent without adding to his vivacity.

A Musical Tour in Germany.

SWEARING.

THE following ironical remark is made in one of the essays in 'The Microcosm,' upon this hateful habit of our countrymen:—"So universally indeed does this practice prevail, that it pervades all stations, from the peer to the porter, from the minister to the mechanic. It is the bond of faith, the seal of protestations, (the oaths of lovers indeed are a theme too trite to need discussion here,) and the universal succedaneum for logical or even rational demonstration.

COPENHAGEN.

THE Danish capital is, upon the whole, one of the handsomest cities of northern Europe; and, in proportion to its extent contains fewer houses that can be reckoned mean or paltry than any town in the world. The population, according to the return made in 1806, was 25,000 souls. At present it is near 100,000. Copenhagen possesses one of the finest harbours in Europe, the vessels within it being moored in the heart of the town, with their bowsprits above the windows of the houses.

SCOTTICISMS.

THE following peculiar expressions are used by the common people of Edinburgh. "If you will gang after that man with the *tree* leg," said a labourer to a person enquiring the way to a street, "he will take ye to it." The man pointed to had a *wooden* leg. A servant at an inn expressed himself thus—"Oh! Sir, it has been a terrible wet and *fiery* night,"—meaning, that there had been much rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning. They also say, "It rains so hard to-day, that I fear I shall not *get walked*." In

the north they emphatically say, "He was a good man; for he could see from his door a hundred *smokes* rise on his grounds." And again—"He cannot thrive; for he *put out* fifty *smokes*;"—meaning that a landlord had removed so many tenants.

LAZZARONI OF NAPLES.

THIS unfortunate race of wretched beings have a much worse character than they deserve; they are branded with the name of robbers, thieves, and cut-throats; whereas their conduct is inoffensive and peaceable. Their chief employment is porter's work, and they will carry the heaviest loads for the most trifling sums, seeming contented with whatever you offer them. It is difficult to say how they contrive to exist on the scanty means their labours afford; their food, indeed, is not costly—a slice of black bread, with a few onions, stinking olives, or the fruit of the prickly pear, is their common diet. A mess of pasta or stockfish is a feast. How would our London porters relish such a regimen? There is, however, another species of vagabonds, from the neighbouring villages, who, under the pretence of seeking employment, infest the city and commit all sorts of plunder: they are called, "I lazzaroni di Campagna," and are held in the greatest contempt by their brethren of the city. Such are the gradations of society.—*Notes of a Tour in Italy.*

PEDIGREE OF OUR IMMORTAL DRAMATIST.

SHAKSPEARE'S pedigree is known solely by the entries on the Court Rolls of Rowington. It there appears that John Shakspeare, the eldest son of Richard, died in 1609, and that Thomas Shakspeare was admitted to the Hill Farm, as his son and heir. This Thomas, from his will, which was made in 1614, appears to have been a mealman or baker, and lived at Moulsey End, in Rowington, May 5, 1614: his widow was admitted in the Court Baron to her free bench, and afterwards surrendered to her son John, who was then admitted accordingly. He died in February, 1652-3, leaving two sons; William, who died in 1690, and John, who died in 1710—no less than five descents in this instance on the Copyhold Court Rolls: there may possibly be further particulars upon them.—*Origines Genealogica.*

OLD INHABITANTS.

THE descendants of Purkis, the man who carried William Rufus's body out of the New Forest, after he was slain, still reside in the New Forest, and are called Purkis.—*Ibid.*

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

It is not only ridiculous, but unjust, to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interest, education, and means by which men attain their knowledge are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has as much reason to be angry with you as you with him.

Illustrations of History.

(For the Olio.)

THE HALBERD, OR HALBERT.

THE invention of this weapon is attributed to the Swiss, but there are many early specimens of the halberd, evidently of Italian workmanship. They were generally borne by the porters and guards of persons of distinction in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Some of them were most exquisitely pierced and chased, and in many instances richly gilt. Though we find mention of troops of halberdiers, the pike was certainly preferred, as it was better adapted for protecting the foot from the charge of the horse. I have seen Venetian halberds of most beautiful workmanship, the lances of which were more than eighteen inches long. The blades were in the shape of a crescent, curiously pierced and chased. Halberds of this description were generally termed 'sword-blade-halberds,' from the length of the lance, which projected from the top.—Many beautiful halberds were manufactured in France, from the time of Francis I., to that of Lewis XIV.: they resembled much those made at Venice both in shape and ornament. In the wars of the low countries, the halberd was used by the Italian and German mercenaries,* but it is evident the pike was considered the better weapon. It does not appear that many halberds were manufactured in England, as most of those which have been preserved in this country are evidently of foreign workmanship. Those of English make could not boast of that elegance of form or finish for which the French and Italian halberds were admired. In an ancient painting of the celebrated interview between Francis I. and our Henry VIII., in the 'Champ de drap d'Or,' most of the foot guards in the train of the English monarch are armed with halberds.

J. Y. A.—N.

* In the battle before the town of Newport, in Flanders, so disastrous to the Catholic forces, the arch-duke Albertus was wounded in the head with the random blow of a Halberd.

Sketches of Orators.

No. 13.

LUCIAN SAMOSATENSIS.

THIS orator, who lived in the reign of Trajan, by his apostacy to the faith he once professed, fell into disrepute, and brought disgrace on himself thereby. If credit be given to Suidas, 'he was torn in pieces by fierce and greedy dogs, as a just judgment for his derision of the Christian faith.' He was certainly surnamed *Blasphemus* or *Dysphemus*, and styled a derider both of gods and men, and one who spared neither God nor man; but composed naturally for merriment, and to provoke laughter, was incontinent of laughing.

Caspar Barthias says—'Concerning the philosophy of this writer, I dare affirm that it was never well apprehended and known by any, even to our very selves: neither is it impious, but where it opposes Christianity, and that it looketh higher into the consideration of divine things than is commonly imagined by the vulgar.'

P.

Anecdotaliana.**SENECA, THE REPROVER.**

Seneca, that wrote so incomparably well upon the subject of moral virtues, and the praises due to it, yet allowed his pupil, Nero, to commit incest with his mother, Agrippina; wrote against tyranny, and yet was a tutor to a tyrant; reprov'd others for haunting the Emperor's court, and yet himself was scarce a day absent; reprov'd flatterers, while he meanly stooped to those base offices himself; inveighed against riches and wealthy men, and yet heaped up himself a vast deal of treasure by usury and oppression.

The following anecdote is copied from an old and very scarce history of France.

SINGULAR PRAYER.

The celebrated La Hire, on the point of entering a besieged city, met a priest, and demanded of him absolution. "Confess yourself, Sir," said the priest. La Hire replied that he had no time to lose; that in general terms he had made all the confession that people in his profession were accustomed to make; upon which the priest gave him absolution, such as it was. The penitent then addressed to God this prayer: "God, I beseech thee, that thou wouldest do for La Hire this day, what thou wouldest that La Hire should do for thee if he was God, and thou wast La Hire." G. S. S.

JOHN PHILPOTT CURRAN.

One morning, at an inn in the south of Ireland, a gentleman, travelling upon mercantile business, came running down stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stage-coach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. - Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning against the door post, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him, and ordered him to brush his coat. The operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveller cursed the lazy valet for an idle, good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot, if he did not make haste and finish his job well before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed the coat, and then the trowsers, with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar, and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend, the quondam waiter, seated snugly in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances, to be sure that his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity; but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming, "Oh, never mind—make no apologies; these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way. I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job. My name, Sir, is John Philpott Curran—what is yours?" The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction to the most celebrated man of his day; but the irresistible wit and drollery soon overcame his confusion, and the traveller never rejoiced less at the termination of a long journey, than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of the setting sun. This deserves to be recorded among the many comical adventures into which Curran was led by his total inattention to personal appearance.—*Week. Rev.*

DR. A—Y AND HIS FEE-PATIENT.

A youth, on leaving a celebrated, but uncouth physician, in Bedford-row, a few days since, on receiving the prescription tendered a half sovereign for a fee. The Doctor took it, and turning round said, "My lad, can you *really* afford to give me this for my advice?"—"Why, not *very well*, Sir," the youth replied.—"Then what a d—d fool you must be to offer it me," retorted the Doctor, dropping the fee into his pocket, and walked away in the ecstasy of one of his galvanised grins.

P.

ADVICE TO A YOUTH.

Would'st thou the nat'ral ills of men avoid,
Be not by Pleasure's siren lures decoy'd:
Thy passions govern in Discretion's school,
And make the end subservient to the rule.

' I grant th' assertion,' he replied, ' is true ;
' We've neither *vice* nor *evil* learn'd of you.'

P.

P.

EPITAPH ON A QUARRELSOME MAN.

Beneath this stone, lies one whose life
Was spent in quarrels and in strife ;
Wake not his spirit from its rest,
For when he slept the world was blest.

G. S. S.

AN APT REPLY.

A man of Athens to a Spartan said,
' Ye Spartans are unlearn'd and meanly bred.

SEPTEMBER.

THE ninth month of our year is compounded of *Septem*, seven, and a contraction of *imber*, a shower—the wet season usually commencing at this period of the year. It originally stood in the Roman Calendar as the seventh month, as its name imports, and became the ninth, as it at present remains, in the reign of Numa Pompilius. The month was considered under the protection of Vulcan; and at different times it received the following various names from the Emperors and Senators of Rome. In compliment to the Emperor *Tiberius*, the Senate wished it to bear his name; but he declined acceding to it. We are told by Suetonius, in his life, that Domitian named it *Germanicus*, in honour of his subduing the Germans. The senate, according to Julius Capitolinus, gave it the name of Antoninus, to commemorate their wise and good emperor, Antoninus Pius. Herodian informs us that the infamous Commodus had it called Hercules, in honor of Hercules; and the emperor Tacitus, if the Syracusan historian Vopiscus is correct, had it named after him, because he was born and became emperor in this month; but in opposition to all its christenings, it still retains the name which Numa gave it. By our Saxon ancestors it was called *Gerst-monat*, from barley being produced this month, which bore the ancient name of *Gerst*. The reason given by Verstegan for its being called thus is from the excellence of the beverage made therefrom, called *beere*. The word barley is derived from *beerelegh*, from a corruption of which comes *berlegh*, and from *berleg*, barley. “So in like manner *beereheym*, to wit, the overdecking or covering of *beere* came to be called *berham*, and afterwards barme, having since gotten I wot not how many names besides.” “The excellent and healthy liquor called *beere*, anciently called *Ael*, (they being in effect both one) was the invention of the Germans, who brought it into general use.”

The Romans celebrated the following festivals during the progress of this month. On the first day was a festival in honour of Neptune; sacrifices were also offered on this day to Jupiter Maimactes, to obtain propitious weather. The next day was a *Feria*, or holyday, to commemorate the victory which Augustus gained at Actium over Antony and Cleopatra. The *Dionysiaca*, a festival dedicated to Bacchus, was held on the third. On the fourth the celebration of the Roman games commenced and lasted eight days. They were instituted by Tarquin the elder, and dedicated to the great gods, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, to render them propitious to the people. On the sixth a black ram and ewe were offered up as a sacrifice to Erebus. The eighth was considered a remarkable day, from its being the one on which Vespasian took Jerusalem. The thirteenth was the day of the dedication of the Capitol, and on this day the Prætor performed the annual ceremony of driving the nail into the wall of Minerva's Temple, to denote the number of years that the Roman Empire had existed, writing at that time being but imperfectly known and understood. Afterwards the ceremony of driving the nail became a religious rite, to avert the plague and other public calamities, and was conceived to be of such vast importance, that dictators were often created expressly to perform it. The great Circensian games began on the fifteenth, and lasted five days. These games were borrowed by Romulus from the Greeks, and on their first institution they were held in the Campus Martius. They were not called Circensian games till Tarquin the elder constructed the great circus between the Aventine and Palatine Mounts. Five sorts of exercises were performed in these games, namely:—chariot-racing, their chief divertisement; leaping; the pitching the discus; wrestling; and boxing. On the day appointed for beginning these sports, the populace went to the Capitol and received the decorations for their plays, from whence they proceeded in good order to the Circus. At the head of the

march appeared the chariots which contained the statues of the gods, and the most illustrious Romans. All the children of the knights came on horseback distributed by squadrons, and the others on foot, ranged in battalions. Next came those who led the horses; then the combatants, naked, succeeded by dancers, musicians, and slaves bearing censers of gold and silver, and other sacred vessels.

The procession having arrived, the consuls and prætors made the accustomed sacrifices, the people took their seats, and the sports began. The twentieth, the birth-day of Romulus was celebrated; and on the twenty-third that of Augustus, by the Roman knights, who performed for two days Circensian games. Sacrifices were offered on the twenty-fifth to Venus, to Saturn, and to Mania, the mother of the Lares; to the latter it was the custom to sacrifice young children, until Brutus abolished the inhuman practice, and ordered that poppies and onions should for the future be offered instead. On the twenty-seventh sacrifices were offered to Venus *genitrix*, and to Fortuna *redux*. On the thirtieth was held two festivals, one of which was consecrated to Minerva, the other being the celebration of the Medritinalia, held in honour of the goddess Meditrina, who was supposed by the ancients to preside over medicaments, on which occasion the Romans first drank their new wines mixed with the old, which was to serve them instead of physic.

During this month the sun is in the signs Virgo and Libra.

The month of September is often a very pleasant one, yet when it arrives we perceive the open face of nature has undergone a material change; a veil is drawing fast over the all-attractive beauty of summer, the youth of the year is gone, and with it most of its inviting pleasures; no longer can we look on the produce of those fields which the eye rested on so late with a feeling of intense delight, viewing its advancing to maturity, now, alas! bare and arid. The trees of the forest appear discoloured, and are fast shedding their verdant and pleasant umbrageous canopy. The hedge-rows too have lost their tapestry of flowers, and are softened down to one monotonous hue; the flowers of the garden have become scarce, though many still remain which were flowering last month, and a few gorgeous ones are opening, among which are the passion flower, the several species of sun-flower, the aromatic scabious, and the beautiful dahlia; with the Michaelmas daisy to unfold the almost inexhaustible variety of the Flora. The fruit garden and orchard at this period is one scene of profusion, tempting the willing palate. "Against the wall the grapes have put on that transparent look which indicates their complete ripeness, and have dressed their cheeks in that delicate bloom which enables them to bear away the belle of beauty from all their rivals. The peaches and nectarines have become fragrant, and the whole wall where they hang is musical with bees. Along the Espaliers, the rosy-cheeked apples look out from among their leaves, like laughing children peeping at each other through screens of foliage, and the young standards bend their straggling boughs to the earth with the weight of their produce."

The vintage of England, cider or apple wine making, takes place this month, which may be said to be the only kind of wine made that is deserving of the name of British.

On the first of this month partridge shooting commences, when the sportsman returns full of alacrity to his destructive diversion, to furnish the table of his friends with an additional luxurious dainty. On the same day hunting commences, when all around rings with the music of the hounds, answered by the sound of distant guns in every part of the country where game abounds. Milton, in his *L'Allegro* speaks of the custom of beginning the chase at day-break, instead of the late hour at present adopted, and says, now

The Hounds and Horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
To the wild woods echoing shrill.

Having been as diffuse in our observations on the natural appearances of the season under notice as space permits us, we here close our remarks with the following brief but pleasing poetical picture of the month, which tells of the treasure Providence has so bountifully provided for us:—

Suspended on each bough
Rich Autumn's mellow gifts abound,
The vineyards yield their clusters now,
And Ceres is by Bacchus crown'd.
Ah! idle names of heathen lore:
'Tis Israel's God alone can give
The Spring's green bud, th' Autumnal store,
The dawn of life, and means to live.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Aug. 26	Tues.	St. Zephyrinus. High Water, 55m af. 2 morn 11 — 3 aft.	Aug. 26	This saint was a native of Rome, and succeeded Victor in the papacy A. D. 202. He died in the time of Severus, 219. 1346. Anniversary of the memorable battle of Cressy, fought between Philip de Valois, king of France, and Edward III. The signal defeat of the French army in this conflict, which amounted to upwards of 100,000, has been attributed to the great judgment and valour of Edward the Black Prince. After this battle the three <i>Ostrich</i> feathers, with the motto <i>Ich Dien</i> , were added to the arms of the Prince of Wales.
— 27	Wed.	St. Cæsarius. Sun ris 5 m aft 5 — sets 55m — 6	— 27	This saint became archbishop of Arles, A. D. 501. His great learning and amiable qualities gained for him the esteem of Pope Symachus, who bestowed the <i>Pallium</i> on him. His death happened in 542. 1748. Died on this day, James Thomson, the celebrated author of the Seasons. In this unrivalled and beautiful performance the poet has displayed the whole magnificence of nature whether pleasing or dreadful.
— 28	Thurs.	St. Augustine. High Water, 5m af. 4 morn 24 — 4 aftrn.	— 28	St. Augustine was a native of Thagasti, in Numidia. His conversion took place A. D. 386. He was a judicious divine, and the most voluminous writer of all the Latin fathers. He died in the seventy-seventh year of his age, in 430. 1645. Died at Rostock, Hugo Grotius, one of the most learned writers of any age or country, æt. 62. Among the numerous works produced by this talented man, his Treatise on the Truth of the Christian Religion; his Book on Peace and War; and his Scripture Commentaries, are lasting monuments of learning.
— 29	Frid.	The decollation of St. John the Baptist. Sun ris. 9m af. 5 —sets 51 — 6	— 29	This day is a festival held in remembrance of St. John's being beheaded. 1483. Died on this day, Louis XI. king of France. This monarch has left behind him a character of the most odious nature. He was a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father, a bad master, and a tyrannical sovereign.
— 30	Satur.	St. Felix and Adanetus martyred A. D. 303. High Water. 24m after 5 m o. 48m — 5 aft.	— 30	1422. Died at Paris, where he had settled his Court, the hero of Agincourt, Henry the V. æt. 34, of a fever while engaged in war. This monarch was so bent upon pushing his conquests, that he pledged his regalia for 20,000 <i>l.</i> to enable him so to do.
— 31	SUN.	St. Romanus Nor- matus. 13th Sun. after Trinity. LESS for the DAY 19 c. kings 2 B mo 23 c. ———ev.	— 31	St. Raymond was born at Portel, A. D. 1204. He took the habit in the order of our Lady of Mercy, and was admitted to his profession at Barcelona, by the founder, St. Peter of Nolasco. Pope Gregory, for his holiness, made him a cardinal, and called him to Rome that he might be near his person, but our saint died on his journey at Cardona, in the year 1240. 1683. Died on this day in London, of a fever, John Bunyan, æt. 60, author of the singular religious allegory entitled <i>Pilgrims Progress</i> . The sale of this book has been immense, for one of his biographers some years ago stated that it had gone through 60 editions.
Sept 1.	Mond.	St. Lupus. Moon's last. qua. 38m after 4 mo.	Sept. 1	This saint was archbishop of Lens, and is said to have died A. D. 623. 1807. The surrender of Copenhagen to Lord Gambier took place on this day, when the citadel and batteries were invested by the English. Eighteen ships of the line; fifteen frigates; and several smaller vessels being captured and brought to England.
— 2	Tues.	St. Stephen, king of Hungary, d. æt. 60, 1038. Sun ris. 16m af. 5 —set 44 — 6	— 2	This day commemorates the Burning of London, which began on Sunday morn, Sept. 2, 1666, o. s. The burning continuing for five days and nights, impelled by strong winds, which caused it to rage with irresistible fury.

Stanzas written after reading Don Juan, by R. Jarman, and Bards and Guards by Jesse Hammond, in our next.



See page 114.

Illustrated Article.

THE TREASURE-SEEKER.

At Warmbrun† there lived a sober and industrious tradesman, who occupied a lonely house. His appearance bespoke great poverty: it was seldom that he entered into conversation with any person: and report alleged, that he occupied himself in chemical researches, with the hope of discovering the golden essence, and suddenly amassing great treasures. He would often wander forth alone into the wild district behind the Kynast,‡ where he would bury himself for hours together in the dark woods, and only return to his hut in the twilight. To one person alone had he intrusted the secret of that spell which attracted him so frequently to this wild region,—he had told him in an hour of confidence, how his heart was stirred

within him while wandering in its lonely ravines, and how there lay concealed for him in its dark rocks, the long worshipped mystery of his life, and treasures inexhaustible.

One day, as he took his way in a more melancholy mood than usual up the mountain, he perceived, while wandering under the dark fir boughs, a clear light shining at a distance, and on approaching it, discovered an iron gate, which seemed to defend the entrance to a lighted-up cavern, full of open chests containing untold treasures of gold, and silver, and jewels, which all seemed to smile upon the dazzled beholder. As he stood gazing on the red gold, a gigantic figure suddenly appeared at his side, who addressed him in these words:—“All those treasures are yours; only mark well the place when you return hither three days hence, yonder gate shall be standing open.” The forest had an opening at this spot, which allowed a clear prospect into the valley beneath; towards the left of the Kynast, the steeple of Hermsdorf was just seen rising above an intervening eminence; above the Kynast rose the steeple of

† Warmbrun is a watering-place in the Silesian mountains, celebrated for its warm springs which were discovered in the beginning of the 12th century.

‡ One of the peaks of the Giant Mountain.

Warmbrun, and Hirschberg lay in the back-ground of the scene. The gigantic figure pointed out the bearings of the spires, and the principal objects in the landscape: "Fix the picture well in your mind," said he; "when you shall have returned three days hence, and recognized this spot by all those marks, then will you perceive the cavern lighted up as it now is, and the gate standing open; enter and your happiness is secured." The astonished and enraptured chemist endeavoured, by every means in his power, to fix the locality of the wondrous spot; he went away,—returned again,—hesitated,—renewed his observations, and at last satisfied himself that he could not fail to recognise the identical spot from which he had beheld the riches of the cavern. "There is a piece of money for you," said the mysterious figure, "that you may not persuade yourself that you have seen all this in a dream;" he gave him a gold coin inscribed with strange characters, and then vanished from the chemist's sight. When the poor man looked around him, the cavern also had disappeared, and he would have believed all that had pas-

sed to have been but an illusion, had not the piece of gold, which he still held in his hand, satisfied him of its reality.

Thoughtfully he went home, carefully observing every step of the path by which he returned, and marking the neighbouring trees. On the third day he hastened with impatience up the mountain,—he found the trees which he had marked,—he recognised the foot-path,—he beheld the dark rocks at a distance,—and now he tried to place himself on the appointed spot by observing the bearings of the distant objects. The steeple of Hermsdorf already appeared on the left of the Kynast, but he looked in vain for the steeple of Warmburg rising above the ruins which crowned it. At last, after long and toilsome search, he reached a spot from whence he could perceive the latter object:—but then the steeple of Hermsdorf had sunk behind the mountain. The treasure seeker became feverishly anxious,—he shifted his position,—now he moved lower down, now climbed farther up the ascent,—now he advanced towards the right, now towards the left,—sometimes he got two objects in the right position,

but on looking round for the others they had vanished; the perspiration streamed over his agitated features,—his eyes rolled wildly—he threw his strained looks across the country,—“There now, I have it!” he would exclaim, and for a moment his countenance brightened up, but on looking again the deceitful landmarks had shifted their position. Thus tortured by the dreadful agony of high wrought but perpetually disappointed expectation, he continued gazing wildly across the distant country, till the dusky twilight had concealed every object from his sight, and despair had risen to a pitch of madness. The poor wretch’s brain began to burn wildly, he descended from the mountain a raving maniac; but every third day, during the rest of his miserable life, he sought to trace the position of the objects pointed out to him by Rubezahl, with the same indelible anxiety and baffled expectation.—*Week. Rev.*

A HINT TO RETIRING CITIZENS.

YE Cits who at White Conduit House,
Hampstead or Holloway carouse,
Let no vain wish disturb ye,
For rural pleasures unexplored,
Take those your Sabbath strolls afford,
And prize your *Rus in urbe*.

For many who from active trades
Have plunged into sequestered shades,
Will dismally assure ye,
That it’s a harder task to bear
Th’ ennui produced by country air,
And sigh for *Urbs in rure*.

The cub in prison born and fed,
The bird that in a cage was bred,
The hutch-engender’d rabbit,
Are like the long-imprisoned Cit,
For sudden liberty unfit,
Degenerate by habit.

Sir William Curtis, were he mew’d,
In some romantic solitude,
A bower of rose and myrtle,
Would find the loving turtle dove
No succedaneum for his love
Of London Tavern Turtle.

Sir Astley Cooper, cloy’d with wealth,
Sick of luxurious ease and health,
And rural meditation,
Sighs for his useful London life,
The restless night—the saw and knife
Of daily amputation.

Habit is second nature—when
It supersedes the first, wise men
Receive it as a warning,
That total change comes then too late,
And they must e’en assimilate
Life’s evening to its morning.

Thrice happy he whose mind has sprung
From Mammon’s yoke while yet unwrung,
Or spoilt for nobler duty;—
Who still can gaze on Nature’s face
With all a lover’s zeal, and trace
In every change a beauty.

No tedium vitæ round him lowers,
The charms of contrast wing his hours,
And every scene embellish:—
From prison, City, care set free,
He tastes his present liberty
With keener zest and relish.

New Mon.

Portraits.

THE ANGLER AND THE FOWLER.

THERE the new-breeched urchin stands
on the low bridge of the little bit burnie!
and with crooked pin, baited with one
unwrithing ring of a dead worm, and
attached to a yarn-thread, for he has
not yet got into hair, and is years off
gut, his rod of the mere willow or hazel
wand, there will he stand during all his
play-hours, as forgetful of his primer as
if the weary art of printing had never
been invented, day after day, week after
week, month after month, in mute, deep,
earnest, passionate, heart-mind-and-soul
engrossing hope of some time or other
catching a minnow or a beardie! A tug
—a tug! with face ten times flushed and
pale by turns ere you could count ten,
he at last has strength, in the agitation of
his fear and joy, to pull away at the mon-
ster—and there he lies in his beauty
among the gowans on the greensward,
for he has whapped him right over his
head and far away, a fish a quarter of an
ounce in weight, and, at the very least,
two inches long! Off he flies, on wings
of wind, to his father, mother, and sisters,
and brothers, and cousins, and all the
neighbourhood, holding the fish aloft in
both hands, still fearful of its escape,
and, like a genuine child of corruption,
his eyes brighten at the first blush of
cold blood on his small fishy-fumy fin-
gers. He carries about with him, up
stairs and down stairs, his prey upon a
plate; he will not wash his hands before
dinner, for he exults in the silver scales
adhering to the thumb-nail that scooped
the pin out of the baggy’s maw—and at
night, “cabin’d, cribb’d, confined,” he
is overheard murmuring in his sleep, a
thief, a robber, and a murderer, in his
yet infant dreams!

From that hour Angling is no more a
mere delightful day-dream, haunted by
the dim hopes of imaginary minnows,
but a reality—an art—a science—of which
the flaxen headed school-boy feels him-
self to be master—a mystery in which he
has been initiated, and off he goes now,
all alone, in the power of successful pas-
sion, to the distant brook—brook a mile
off—with fields, and hedges, and single

trees, and little groves, and a huge forest of six acres, between and the house in which he is boarded or was born! There flows on the slender music of the shadowy shallows—there pours the deeper din of the birch-tree'd waterfall. The sacred water-pyret flits away from stone to stone, and dipping, disappears among the airy bubbles, to him a new sight of joy and wonder. And oh! how sweet the scent of the broom or furze, yellowing along the braes, where leap the lambs, less happy than he, on the knolls of sunshine! His grandfather has given him a half-crown rod in two pieces—yes, his line is of hair twisted—platted by his own soon instructed little fingers. By heavens, he is fishing with the fly! and the Fates, who grim and grisly as they are painted to be by full-grown, ungrateful, lying poets, smile like angels upon the padler in the brook, winnowing the air with their wings into western breezes, while at the very first throw the yellow trout forsakes his fastness beneath the bog-wood, and with a lazy wallop, and then a sudden plunge, and then a race like lightning, changes at once the child into the boy, and shoots through his thrilling and aching heart the ecstasy of a new life expanding in that glorious pastime, even as a rainbow on a sudden brightens up the sky. *Fortuna favet fortibus*—and with one long pull and strong pull, and pull all together, Johnny lands a twelve incher on the soft, smooth, silvery sand of the only bay in all the burn where such an exploit was possible, and dashing upon him like an Osprey, soars up with him in his talons to the bank, breaking his line as he hurries off to a spot of safety twenty yards from the pool, and then flinging him down on a heath surrounded plat of sheep nibbled verdure, lets him bounce about till he is tired, and lies gasping with unfrequent and feeble motions, bright and beautiful, and glorious with all his yellow light, and crimson lustre, spotted, speckled, and starred in his scaly splendour, beneath a sun that never shone before so dazzlingly; but now the radiance of the captive creature is dimmer and obscured, for the eye of day winks and seems almost shut behind that slow sailing mass of clouds, composed in equal parts of air, rain, and sunshine.

Springs, summers, autumns, winters,—each within itself longer, by many times longer than the whole year of grown up life, that slips at last through one's fingers like a knotless thread,—pass over the curled darling's brow, and look at him now, a straight and strengthly

stripling, in the savage spirit of sport, springing over rock-ledge after rock-ledge, nor heeding aught as he splashes knee-deep, or waist-band high, through river-feeding torrents, to the glorious music of his running and ringing reel, after a tongue-hooked salmon, insanely seeking with the ebb of tide, but all in vain, the white breakers of the sea. No hazel or willow wand, no half-crown rod of ash framed by village wright, is now in his practised hands, of which the very left is dexterous: but a twenty feet rod of Phin's, all ring-rustling, and aglitter with the preserving varnish, limber as the attenuating line itself, and lithe to its topmost tenuity as the elephant's proboscis—the hiccory and the horn without twist, knot, or flaw, from butt to fly, a faultless taper, “fine by degrees and beautifully less.” the beau ideal of a rod by the skill of a cunning craftsman to the senses materialised! A Fish—fat, fair, and forty! “She is a salmon, therefore to be woo'd—she is a salmon, therefore to be won”—but shy, timid, capricious, headstrong, now wrathful, and now full of fear, like any other female whom the cruel artist has hooked by lip or heart, and, in spite of all her struggling, will bring to the gasp at last, and then with calm eyes behold her lying in the shade dead or worse than dead, fast-fading and to be reillumined no more the lustre of her beauty, insensible to sun or shower, even the most perishable of all perishable things in a world of perishing!—But the salmon has grown sulky, and must be made to spring to the plunging stone. There, suddenly, instinct with new passion, she shoots out of the foam, like a bar of silver bullion; and, relapsing into the flood, is in another moment at the very head of the waterfall! Give her the butt—give her the butt—or she is gone for ever with the thunder into ten fathom deep! Now comes the trial of your tackle—and when was Phin ever known to fail at the edge of cliff or cataract? Her snout is southwards—right up the middle of the main current of the hill-born river, as if she would seek its very course where she was spawned! She still swims swift, and strong, and deep—and the line goes, steady, boys, steady—stiff and steady as a Tory in the roar of Opposition. There is yet an hour's play in her dorsal fin—danger in [the flap of her tail—and yet may her silver shoulder shatter the gut against a rock. Why, the river was yesterday in spate, and she is fresh run from the sea. All the lesser waterfalls are now level with the flood, and she

meets with no impediment or obstruction—the course is clear—no tree-roots here—no floating branches, for during the night they have all been swept down to the salt loch—in *medio tutissimus ibis*—ay, now you feel she begins to fail—the butt tells now every time you deliver your right. What! another mad leap! yet another sullen plunge! She seems absolutely to have discovered, or rather to be an impersonation of, the Perpetual Motion. Stand back out of the way, you son of a sea-cock—you in the tattered blue breeches, with the tail of your shirt hanging out. Who the devil sent you all here, ye vagabonds?—Ha! Watty Ritchie, my man, is that you? God bless your honest laughing phiz! What Watty, would you think of a Fish like that about Peebles? Tam Grieve never gruppit sae heavy a ane since first he belanged to the Council. Curse that colley! Ay! well done Watty! Stone him to Stobbo. Confound these stirks—if that white one, with caving horns, kicking heels, and straight up tail, come bellowing by between me and the river, then, “Madam! all is lost, except honour!” If we lose this Fish at six o’clock, then suicide at seven. Our will is made—ten thousand to the Foundling—ditto to the Thames Tunnel—ha—ha—my beauty! Methinks we could fain and fond kiss thy silver side, languidly lying afloat on the foam, as if all farther resistance now were vain, and gracefully thou wert surrendering thyself to death! No faith in female—she trusts to the last trial of her tail—sweetly workest thou, O Reel of Reels! and on thy smooth axle spinning sleep’st, even, as Milton describes her, like our own worthy planet. Scrope—Bainbridge—Maule—princes among Anglers—oh! that you were here! Where the devil is Sir Humphrey? At his resort? By mysterious sympathy—far off at his own Trows, the Kerss feels that we are killing the noblest Fish, whose back ever rippled the surface of deep or shallow in the Tweed. Tom Purdy stands like a seer, entranced in glorious vision, beside turreted Abbotsford. Shade of Sandy Givan! Alas! alas! Poor Sandy—why on thy pale face that melancholy smile!—Peter! The Gaff! The Gaff! Into the eddy she sails, sick and slow, and almost with a swirl—whitening as she nears the sand—there she has it—struck right into the shoulder, fairer than that of Juno, Diana, Minerva, or Venus—fair as the shoulder of our own beloved, and lies at last in all her glorious length and breadth of beaming beauty, fit prey for giant or demi-god angling before the Flood!

“The child is father of the man,
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety!”

So much for the Angler. The Shooter again, he begins with his pop or pipe gun, formed of the last year’s growth of a branch of the plane-tree—the beautiful dark-green-leaved and fragrant-flowered plane-tree, that stands straight in stem and round in head, visible and audible too from afar the bee-resounding umbrage, alike on stormy sea-coast and in sheltered inland vale, still loving the roof of the fisherman’s or peasant’s cottage.

Then comes, perhaps, the city popgun, in shape like a very musket, such as soldiers bear—a Christmas present from parent—once a Colonel of volunteers—nor feeble to discharge the pea-bullet or barley-shot, formidable to face and eyes; nor yet unfelt, at six paces, by hinder end of play-mate, scornfully yet fearfully exposed. But the shooter soon tires of such ineffectual trigger—and his soul, as well as his hair, is set on fire by that extraordinary compound—Gunpowder. He begins with burning off his eyebrows on the King’s birth-day—squibs and crackers follow—and all the pleasures of the pluff. But he soon longs to let off a gun—“and follows to the field some warlike lord”—in hopes of being allowed to discharge one of the double-barrels, after Ponto has made his last point, and the half-hidden chimneys of home are again seen smoking among the trees. This is his first practice in fire-arms, and from that hour he is—a Shooter.

Then there is in most rural parishes—and of rural parishes alone do we condescend to speak—a pistol, a horse one, with a bit of silver on the butt—perhaps one that originally served in the Scots Greys. It is bought, or borrowed, by the young shooter, who begins firing, first at barn doors, then at trees, and then at living things—a strange cur, who, from his lolling tongue, may be supposed to have the hydrophobia—a cat that has purred herself asleep on the sunny church-yard wall, or is watching mice at their hole-mouths among the graves—a water-rat in the mill-lead—or weasel that, running to his retreat in the wall, always turns round to look at you—a goose wandered from his common in disappointed love—or brown duck, easily mistaken by the unscrupulous for a wild one, in pond remote from human dwelling, or on meadow by the river side, away from the clack of the muter mill. The corby crow, too, shouted out of his nest on some tree lower than usual, is a good flying mark to the more advanced class, or morning magpie, a-chatter at skreigh of day

close to the cottage door among the chickens, or a flock of pigeons wheeling over head on the stubble-field, or sitting so thick together that every stook is blue with tempting plumage.

But the pistol is discharged for a fowling piece—brown and rusty, with a slight crack probably in the muzzle, and a lock out of all proportion to the barrel. Then the young shooter aspires at half-pennies thrown up into the air—and generally hit, for there is never wanting an apparent dent in copper metal; and thence he mounts to the glancing and skinning swallow, a household bird, and therefore to be held sacred, but shot at on the excuse of its being next to impossible to hit him, an opinion strengthened into belief by several summers' practice. But the small brown and white marten wheeling through below the bridge, or along the many holed red sand bank, is admitted by all boys to be fair game—and still more, the long-winged legless black devilet, that, if it falls to the ground, cannot rise again, and therefore screams wheeling round the corners and battlements of towers and castles, or far out even of cannon-shot, gambols in companies of hundreds, and regiments of a thousand, aloft in the evening ether, within the orbit of the eagle's flight. It seems to boyish eyes, that the creatures near the earth, when but little blue sky is seen between the specks and the wallflowers growing on the coign of vantage—the signal is given to fire, but the devilets are too high in heaven to smell the sulphur. The starling whips with a shrill cry into his nest, and nothing falls to the ground but a tiny bit of mossy mortar, inhabited by a spider!

But the Day of Days arrives at last, when the school-boy—or rather the college boy returning to his rural vacation—for in Scotland college winters tread close—too close—on the heels of academies—has a Gun—a Gun in a case—a double barrel too—of his own—and is provided with a license—probably without any other qualification than that of hit or miss. On some portentous morning he effulges with the sun in velvet jacket and breeches of the same—many buttoned gaiters, and an unkerchiefed throat. 'Tis the fourteenth of September, and lo! a pointer at his heels—Ponto of course—a game bag like a beggar's wallet by his side—destined to be at eve as full of charity—and all the paraphernalia of an accomplished sportsman. Proud, were she to see the sight, would be the "mother that bore him;" the heart of that old sportsman, his daddy, would sing for joy! The chained mastiff in

the yard yowls his admiration, the servant lassies uplift the pane of their garret, and with suddenly withdrawn blushes, titter their delight in their rich paper curls and pure night-clothes. Rab Roger, who has been cleaning out the barn, comes forth to partake of the caulker, and away go the footsteps of the old poacher and his pupil through the autumnal rime, off to the uplands, where—for it is one of the earliest of harvests, there is scarcely a single acre of standing corn. The turnip-fields are bright green with hope and expectation—and coveys are couching on lazy beds beneath the potatoe shaw. Every high hedge, ditch-guarded on either side, shelters its own brood—imagination hears the whirr shaking the dew-drops from the broom on the brae—and first one bird and then another, and then the remaining number, in itself no contemptible covey, seems to fancy's ear to spring single, or in clouds, from the coppice brushwood, with here and there an intercepting standard tree.

Poor Ponto is much to be pitied.—Either having a cold in his nose, or having ante-breakfasted by stealth on a red herring, he can scent nothing short of a badger; and every other field, he starts in horror, shame, and amazement, to hear himself, without having attended to his points, inclosed in a whirring covey. He is still duly taken between those inexorable knees; out comes the speck and span new dog-whip, heavy enough for a horse; and the yowl of the patient is heard over the whole parish. Mothers press their yet unchastised infants to their breasts; and the schoolmaster, fastening a knowing eye on dunce and ne'er-dowel, holds up, in silent warning, the terror of the tawse. Frequent flogging will cow the spirit of the best man and dog in Britain. Ponto travels now in fear and trembling, but a few yards from his tyrant's feet, till, rousing himself to the sudden scent of something smelling strongly, he draws slowly and beautifully, and

"There fixed, a perfect semi-circle stands."

Up runs the Tyro ready-cocked, and in his eagerness, stumbling among the stubble, when mark and lo! the gabble of grey goslings, and the bill protruded hiss of goose and gander! Bang goes the right hand barrel at Ponto, who now thinks it high time to be off to the tune of "over the hills and far away," while the young gentleman, half-ashamed and half-incensed, half-glad and half-sorry, discharges the left-hand barrel, with a highly improper curse, at the father of

the feathered family before him, who receives the shot like a ball in his breast, throws a somerset quite surprising for a bird of his usual habits, and after biting the dust with his bill, and thumping it with his bottom, breathes an eternal farewell to this sublunary scene—and leaves himself to be paid for at the rate of eight-pence a pound to his justly irritated owner, on whose farm he had led a long, and not only harmless, but honourable and useful life.

It is nearly as impossible a thing as we know, to borrow a dog about the time the Sun has reached his meridian, on the First Day of the Partridges. Ponto by this time has sneaked, unseen by human eye, into his kennel, and coiled himself up into the arms of tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. A farmer makes offer of a colley, who from numbering among his paternal ancestors a Spanish pointer, is quite a Don in his way among the cheepers, and has been known in a turnip-field to stand in an attitude very similar to that of setting. Luath has no objection to a frolic over the fields, and plays the part of Ponto to perfection. At last he catches sight of a covey basking, and leaping in upon them open-mouthed, dispatches them right and left, even like the famous dog Billy killing rats in the pit at Westminster. The birds are bagged, with a gentle remonstrance, and Luath's exploit rewarded with a whang of cheese. Elated by the pressure on his shoulder, the young gentleman laughs at the idea of pointing, and fires away, like winking, at every uprising of birds, near or remote; works a miracle by bringing down three at a time, that chanced, unknown to him, to be crossing; and wearied with such slaughter, lends his gun to the attendant farmer, who can mark down to an inch, and walks up to the dropped pout, as if he could kick her up with his foot; and thus the bag in a few hours is half full of feathers, while to close with eclat the sport of the day, the cunning elder takes him to a bramble bush, in a wall-nook, at the edge of a wood, and returning the gun into his hands, shows him poor pussie sitting with open eyes fast asleep! The pellets are in her brain, and turning herself over, she crunkles out to her full length, like a piece of untwisting Indian rubber, and is dead. The posterior pouch of the jacket, yet unstained by blood, yawns to receive her—and in she goes plump, paws, ears, body, feet, fud and all—while Luath, all the way home to the Mains, keeps snoking at the red drops oozing through—for well he knows in summer's heat and winter's cold, the

smell of pussie, whether sitting beneath a tuft of withered grass on the brae, or burrowed beneath a snow wreath. A hare, we certainly must say, in spite of haughtier sportman's scorn is, when sitting, a most satisfactory shot.

But let us trace no farther, thus step by step, the Pilgrim's Progress. Look at him now,—a finished sportsman—on the moors—the bright black boundless Dalwhinnie Moors, stretching away, by long Loch-Erricht-side, into the dim and distant day that hangs, with all its clouds, over the bosom of far Loch-Rannoch. Is that the pluffer at partridge pouts who had nearly been the death of poor Ponto. Lord Kennedy himself might take a lesson now from the straight and steady style in which, on the mountain brow, and up to the middle in heather, he brings his Manton to the deadly level! More unerring eye never glanced along brown barrel! Finer fore-finger never touched a trigger! Follow him a whole day, and not one wounded bird. All most beautifully arrested on their flight by instantaneous death! Down dropped right and left, like lead on the heather—old cock and hen singled out among the orphan's brood, as calmly as a cook would do it in the larder—from among a pile of plumage. No random shot within—no needless shot out of distance—covered every feather before stir of finger—and body, back, and brain, pierced, broken, scattered! And what perfect pointers! There they stand still as death—yet instinct with life—the whole half dozen—Mungo, the black-tanned—Don, the red-spotted—Clara, the snow-white—Primrose, the pale yellow—Basto, the bright brown, and Nimrod, in his coat of many colours, often seen afar through the mists like a meteor.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

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TABLETS FOR ACTRESSES.

SECOND SERIES.

MADAME VESTRIS.—No. 7.

Now I will lead you to the house, and shew you
The lass I spoke of. ALL'S WELL.

The actress and the actor on the stage,
Fit for Macheath, a Broom-girl, or a Page;
A dandy soldier with an awkward squad,
A Don Giovanni and a Lord in quod;
An opera heroine, or a primrose girl,
A quizzing flirt, or hoyden flaunt and twirl;
Unrivall'd yet in acting with a song,
Soft as a captive, or a hero strong;
With dark bright eyes and deep wrought
powers; alike
They charm both sexes, but with sparks they
strike.

MISS CHESTER.—No. 8.

What majesty is in her gait!
Remember—she lately look'd on majesty.
ANT.

In figure—*en bon point*,—a lovely face,
Quick utterance, but not always clearly
heard:
Lady, wife, widow, she performs with grace,
And is in scenes of Comedy preferr'd.

MRS. FITZWILLIAM.—No. 9.

You have done our pleasures much grace, fair
lady!
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind:
You have added worth unto it and lively lustre.
TIMON,

The 'actress of all-work!'—so versatile,
A child, a maiden, lover, or a boy;
So sprightly that the gravest face will smile,
And bring the nerves by laughter into joy:
Melo-dramatic, sad and gay by changes,
Pathetic now, then comic, droll, and smart;
Acting and singing far as nature ranges,
Wreathing romantic visions round the heart.

MISS STEPHENS.—No. 10.

My chastity's the jewel of our house!
ALL'S WELL.
Of simplest manners and the sweetest tones,
A virtuous life well spent and well repaid;
A good example, in theatric zones
Too little followed, and too much in shade.

MRS. C. JONES.—No. 11.

If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further.
IBID.
A vixen that might Socrates alarm,—
A Hostess, Boniface would quick obey;
A Lucy for Macheath,—a natural charm
In banter, laughter, song, and comic play.

MRS. ORGER.—No. 12.

Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will overpay.
IBID.
Loquacious, bustling, sketchy, scheming,
The servant in or out of place;
A Lady's-maid with manners seeming,
Or peasant of a simple race:
A Madame skill'd in French intriguing,
For Scotch, or Irish, free and fit;
Contriving for elopes and leaguings,
If bribed with flattery, gold, or wit.
P.

FOSSIL REMAINS.

Which thus alternating with death, fulfil
The silent mandates of the Almighty's will;
Whose hand, unseen, the works of Nature
dooms,
By laws unknown,—Who gives and who
resumes.

THE following interesting account of
the fossil bones of animals not now in ex-

istence, is given by Mr. Bakewell in his
introduction to Geology:—

“*The Megalosaurus*.—The bones of
this animal, found at Tilgate, are similar
to those discovered by Mr. Buckland, in the
Stonefield strata. The *Megalosaurus* is
supposed to approach nearer to the form of
the Monitor†, than to any other species
of living lizard; but its size is so enor-
mous, that Cuvier says, if we supposed it
to have possessed the proportion of the
monitor, it must have exceeded seventy
feet in length.

“*The Iguanodon*.—A nondescript
herbivorous reptile, which Cuvier pro-
nounces to be the most extraordinary
animal yet discovered. Its structure
approaches to that of the Iguana, a
large species of lizard in the West Indies;
its length was between ninety and seventy
feet, which is double that of the largest
crocodile. But the great peculiarity of
the *Iguanodon*, is the form of its teeth,
which bear a striking resemblance to the
grinders of herbivorous mammalia, being
evidently intended for mastication, in which
respect it differs from all living animals of
the lizard family. The herbivorous am-
phibian gnaw off the vegetable productions,
but do not chew them.

The gigantic *Megalosaurus*, and yet
more gigantic *Iguanodon*, to whom the
groves of palms and arborescent ferns
would be mere beds of reeds, must have
been of such prodigious magnitude, that
the existing animal creation presents us
with no fit object of comparison. Ima-
gine an animal of the lizard tribe, three
or four times as large as the largest cro-
codile, having jaws, with teeth equal in
size to the incisors of the rhinoceros, and
created with horns; such a creature must
have been the *Iguanodon*!

It is to the indefatigable and enlightened
labors of Baron Cuvier, that we are in-
debted for a knowledge of the different
genera of remarkable land quadrupeds,
belonging to a former world, found in the
gypsum quarries; they differ from any
genera of living animals. These land
quadrupeds were herbivorous, they belong
to the order which Cuvier has denomi-
nated *Pachydermata*, or thick-skinned
non-ruminant animals. One of the ge-
nera called *Palæotherium*, (or ancient
animal,) appears to bear some relation to
the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and
horse, and, in some respects, to the pig and
the camel.

Of this genus there are eleven or twelve

† The Monitor,—a species of lizards, which
are supposed to give warning of the approach
of the crocodile by a hissing noise.

species ; five of them have been found in the Paris gypsum ; the largest was of the size of a horse, but its form was heavy, and its legs thick and short ; its grinders resemble those of the rhinoceros ; and the daman it had six incisive, and two canine, like the tapir, and, like that animal, had a short fleshy trunk : it had three toes on each foot, and is supposed to have inhabited marshy ground, and to have lived on the roots and stems of succulent marsh plants. One species, however, possessed the size and the light figure of the antelope, and is supposed to have browsed on aromatic plants, or the buds of young trees in dry situations, like other light herbivorous animals. Probably, says Cuvier, it was a timid animal, with large moveable ears, like those of the deer, which could apprise it of the least danger ; doubtless its skin was covered with short hair, and we only want to know its colour, in order to paint it as it formerly lived in the country, where, after so many ages, its bones have been dug up.

The *Anoplothirium*, or animal without defensive teeth, has only been found in the gypsum quarries near Paris. It has two very distinctive characters : the feet have only two toes, which are separated the whole length of the foot ; the teeth, of which there are six incisive in each jaw, a canine tooth of the same height, and six molares or grinders, all form a continued series without any interval, which is the case with no other known quadruped. The most common species is of the height of a boar, but much longer.

W. G. C.

BARDS AND GUARDS ; OR, THE DAY OF PEACE.

(For the Olio.)

BARDS.

Oh where are the war-men that frighten'd the world ?

And what are they after I wonder ?

For we have not an ensign in Europe unfurl'd,

We hear not the loud British thunder :

Oh where is the chieftain that led you to fame,

And gain'd such long titles in story ?

And the Prussian (I really can't think of his name,)

Ever green, and yet grey in his glory ?

GUARDS.

Why our leaders may quaff till all is blue,
And Wellington whistle at grand review ;

'Tis the dull day of peace, and we 've nothing to do,

But to smoke and sing songs about Waterloo.

BARDS.

What ! the stern sons of war live idly in peace,

And have no bed of glory to die on ?

What ! carnage and conquest for ever to cease,

And the lamb be the mate of the lion ?

Is vengeance with victory glutted at last ?

Is the tempest of fury abated ?

Is Ambition, destroying angel ! gone past,

With the slaughter and sacrifice sated ?

GUARDS.

Yes ; the great Master Spirit that startled the brave,

Sleeps as soundly as Abershaw does in his grave ;

'Tis the dull day of peace, and we 've nothing to do,

But to smoke and sing songs about Waterloo.

BARDS.

And is the grass green on that valley of blood ?

Are flowers on that sepulchre growing ?

Where slumber the brave does the olive tree bud,

Round their laurels its arms fondly throwing ?

May the minstrel and bard join a less savage lay ?

May the war-song be changed to the sonnet ?

Of the famed Belgic field may we sing all the day,

As if man had ne'er perish'd upon it ?

GUARDS.

Yes ; the deeds of the dead may be chaunted for years,

To waken our triumphs as well as our tears,
For the heroes that fell left us nothing to do,

But to smoke and sing songs about Waterloo.

BARDS.

What ! is there no tyrant to hurl from his throne,

Is there no proud oppressor must perish ?

No patriot people, struggling alone

The spirit of freedom to cherish ?

Is there no haughty despot, whose unhallow'd hand

Would the fetters of slavery rivet ?

And does liberty flourish in every land

Where the soldiers of freedom could give it ?

GUARDS.

Yes ; the deeds of a day have set Europe free ;

And Liberty smiles from her throne in the sea ;

Our toil is all o'er, and we 've nothing to do,

But to smoke and sing songs about Waterloo.

BARDS.

Then, oh, let us hear the loud trumpet no more,

Since Peace is her holiday keeping ;

Let the spear plough the soil it fatten'd with gore,

And the sword be a sickle for reaping :

Let the red-cross banner no more be outspread,

Away with the tinsel and feather ;

With a cheer for the living, a tear for the dead,

Let us get in the harvest together !

GUARDS.

Yes, we 'll 'bind up the wounds' of the nation that bled,

And, like Wellington, learn to bustle for bread ;

And when the toil's o'er, and we 've nothing to do,

We can smoke and sing songs about Waterloo.

JESSE HAMMOND.

MELANCHOLY.

(For the Olio.)

Oh, Melancholy!

Whoever yet could sound thy bottom? Find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish
carcase
Might earliest harbour in. SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is nothing so inexpressibly affecting to the heart of man, as melancholy in excess; it is a spirit, which, if we indulge, will imperceptibly steal upon us; like eating time, and weaken the active and rational springs of life. How weak and imprudent it is for mankind to indulge in silent and pensive grief, since it is far more prejudicial to the constitution than the most turbulent passions, and so dangerous, that, when once it becomes habitual, it is often attended with fatal consequences. Were we to exercise our reason, as is incumbent upon us, we should never suffer sable and sullen melancholy to enter into our mortal tabernacles, but resist and oppose it with a becoming fortitude and christian-like courage.

While man is under this despicable and unhappy condition, the fugitive hours will drag heavily upon him, nor will he have an adequate and perfect idea of the Almighty, the universe, and himself; and instead of having a just idea of things, every thing on this, and on the other side of the grave, will bear to him a tremendous and dismal aspect, till slow and lingering grief departs from him.

Beneficent Providence never ordained man to pass through this transitory valley of life, in a state of that unremitting perplexing solicitude that is consequent to despair, or her dejected sister, melancholy; nor to tread in the paths which lead to irrecoverable perdition; but that we might live in full enjoyment of that peace and tranquillity that virtue ever meets with, and with the full possession of the balmy hopes that ever enliven her here, of enjoying hereafter uninterrupted felicity in the mansions of her merciful God. K.

FORBEARANCE OF NAPOLEON.

THE following event, related by the Duke of Rovigo, in his Memoirs recently published, we think will be found highly interesting to most of our readers, as a correct view of the vigilance of the French police, leaving alone its depicting the late Napoleon in a favorable light.

“The Emperor’s kindness even towards his personal enemies was always carried to excess. I will cite an instance of it which came under my own observa-

tion, and occurred immediately after the affair of the priesthood.

“I was informed in the course of the winter, that a family of great distinction in Dresden felt extremely uneasy at the resolution formed by a young man of twenty years of age, connected with it by the ties of relationship, who had suddenly left the university of Halle or of Leipsic, where he was prosecuting his studies, and had taken his passport for Frankfort-on-the-Maine, from whence he would probably penetrate into France.

“I was also informed that this young man was very light-headed, and had quitted the Lutheran creed to embrace the Catholic religion.

“The notice was short, and the information extremely vague. I should have failed to make any discovery, had not one of my agents written by the same courier, to apprise me of the passage through that town of a young Saxon named Wonder-sale, on his way to Paris. He added, that the Saxon had taken up at Frankfort a letter of credit upon Paris.

“I could plainly see, that he distorted the name of the young man, who, according to my calculation, must have been two days in Paris; and I caused every search to be made after him by the prefecture, as well as by the ministry of police.

“I issued this order on a Sunday morning, at the hour of ten, and ordered an application to be made at all the banking houses which were understood to correspond with Germany, for the names of all those in whose favour they had been directed to open a credit for the last five or six days.

“I was immediately furnished with a list of names, and remarked, among the rest, the German name of Von der Sulhn having a credit from Frankfort of such a date, with the name of the street and hotel where he was to be found.

“He was accordingly met at his hotel towards five o’clock in the evening of the same day. Four pair of pistols and a dagger were discovered in his apartment, and he had confessed himself, and received the sacrament.

“When he entered my apartment, I was much more disposed, as I looked at his handsome countenance, to speak to him of balls and amusements, than of more serious matters.

“I had, besides, nothing but suspicion to act upon, and was forced to assume a disguise in order to get at the truth. I spoke morality to the young man, and forcibly dwelt upon the irreparable disgrace which attended a wicked action, especially when committed by a person

of his distinguished birth. He coloured, became embarrassed, and with that candour of mind which indicates innocence from guilt, he at last acknowledged what had been his intention in coming into Paris. He had resolved to kill the Emperor, in order, by coupling their names together, to immortalise his own. I asked him how it happened that he was not arrested by the difficulties which he must have foreseen, and of which he now had a clear proof. He calmly replied, that whether he succeeded or not, he knew that his own death was certain, that he had prepared himself to render an account of his actions to God; and that if he had missed his aim, another would have followed his example, and by profiting of the experience which had been wanting to him, would avoid the obstacles in the way of success.

“He added, that Henry IV, had been missed on twenty-two occasions, but the twenty-third attempt was successful. The Emperor had only been missed three or four times; this failure was not enough to arrest a man of courage, who only reckoned his life as of any value so long as he could render it useful, his own life would have been sufficiently well employed, in so far as it would have promoted, by one more chance, the probabilities of success for those who might wish to tread in his footsteps.

“It was difficult to carry to greater lengths, than this young man had done, the readiness to sacrifice one’s self in order to commit a criminal action.

“I made a written report to the Emperor of whatever had preceded and followed the arrest of the young Saxon, whose intentions admitted no longer of any doubt.

“The Emperor wrote in the margin of my report, by the hand of his secretary.—‘This affair must be kept concealed, in order to avoid the necessity of publicly following it up. The young man’s age must be his excuse; none are criminal at so early an age, unless regularly trained to crime. In a few years his turn of mind will alter, and vain would then be the regret of having sacrificed a young madman, and plunged a worthy family into a state of mourning, to which some dishonour would always be attached.

“‘Confine him in the castle of Vincennes; have him treated with all the care which his derangement seems to require, give him books to read, let his family be written to, and leave it to time to do the rest. Speak on the subject with the arch-chancellor, whose advice will be of great assistance to you.’

“In consequence of these orders, young

Von der Sulhn was placed at Vincennes, where he was still confined on the arrival of the allies at Paris.”

The Note Book.

THE PERROVOLADOR, OR FLYING DOG.

CAPT. STEDMAN, in his Narrative of an Expedition to Surinam, relates the following singular circumstance:—“On waking one morning about four o’clock in my hammock, I was extremely alarmed at finding myself weltering in congealed blood, and without feeling any pain whatever. Having started up, and run for the surgeon, with a fire-brand in one hand, and all over besmeared with gore; to which, if added my pale face, short hair, and tattered apparel, he might well ask the question—

‘Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn’d,
Bring with thee airs of heaven or blasts from
hell!’

The mystery, however, was, that I had been bitten by the vampire or spectre of Guiana, which is also called the flying-dog of New Spain, and by the Spaniards *perrovolador*; this is no other than a bat of an enormous size, that sucks the blood from men and cattle, when they are fast asleep, even sometimes till they die; and as the manner in which they proceed is truly wonderful, I shall endeavour to give a distinct account of it.

“Knowing by instinct that the person they intend to attack is in a sound slumber, they generally alight near the feet, where while the creature continues fanning with his enormous wings, which keeps one cool, he bites a piece out of the tip of the great toe, so very small indeed that the head of a pin could scarcely be received into the wound, which is, consequently, not painful; yet through this orifice he continues to suck the blood, until he is obliged to disgorge. He then begins again, and thus continues sucking and disgorging until he is scarcely able to fly; and the sufferer has often been known to sleep from time into eternity. Cattle they generally bite in the ear, but always in such places where the blood flows spontaneously, perhaps in an artery—but this is entering rather on the province of the medical faculty.

“Having applied tobacco ashes as the best remedy, and washed the gore from myself and from my hammock, I observed several small heaps of congealed blood all around the place where I had lain, and upon the ground; upon examining which,

the surgeon judged that I had lost at least twelve or fourteen ounces during the night.'

H. B.

THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS.

THE pretended Ear of Dionysius is one of the *latomiæ* or stone quarries, of which there are more in Syracuse. There still exists a very laughable tradition of Dionysius having given this prison the form of an ear; and of his having constructed it with so much acoustic art, that he, unseen, could hear the wailings and groans of the prisoners, or listen to their conversations. That this place was no other than a stone quarry, like the other *latomiæ* of Syracuse, and that it was afterward used as a prison, is beyond all doubt. Holes may be seen in the hewn stones; through which probably rings were rivetted, to which the fetters of the prisoners were attached. The imagination may easily give the form of the bend of the ear, the end of which was directed upward to the entrance of this place. This might be the origin of the name, and afterward of the false interpretation.

H. B.

THE COCHINEAL INSECT.

THE cochineal insects, as soon as they acquire their full growth, remain quite motionless; in which state they are gathered off the plants for use, by the natives of Mexico, who soon convert them into cochineal by a very simple process; but if, in corporal sufferance, the poor beetle feels a pang as great as when a giant dies, this process is not more simple than it is cruel. The insects being collected in a wooden bowl, are thickly spread, from thence, upon a flat dish of earthen ware, and placed alive over a charcoal fire, where they are slowly roasted, until the downy covering disappears, and the aqueous juices of the animal are totally evaporated. During this operation, the insects are constantly stirred about with a tin ladle, and, sometimes, water is sprinkled upon them, to prevent absolute torrefaction, which would destroy the colour, and reduce the insect to a coal; but a little habit teaches when to remove them from the fire. They then appear like so many dark round reddish grains, and take the name of cochineal, preserving so little the original form of the insect, that this precious dye was long known and sought in Europe before naturalists had determined whether it was an animal, vegetable, or mineral substance. The garden at Rio does not produce annually above thirty pounds weight of this commodity; though, by proper treatment, from the same number of plants, ten times the quantity might be obtained. The

insects breed, and are collected in dry weather, from October until March.

H. B.

THE CARALETTO PUNISHMENT.

THE infliction of this punishment, as practised at Rome upon culprits, is as follows. A kind of stage is erected, with a chair placed thereon, without a back, across which the delinquent is made to bend forward; an officer then holds down his hands forcibly, while he receives flagellation; after this, his feet are loosed from the stocks in which they had been placed, and he is permitted to walk down the steps of the stage, but no farther, some of the soldiery then seize him, and fasten upon his breast a board, on which is written, in prominent characters, the crime he has committed. When this board is fastened, he is placed upon an ass, with his hands tied behind him, and conducted through the streets. After having endured this punishment, if imprisonment is not attached to it, he is liberated.

STEAM VESSELS.

THE giant power of the steam-vessel gives an almost supernatural facility to the means of changing place. We cannot but feel a certain awe, mixed with admiration, in looking to the future changes which this great motive agent may effect in the state of the world. The main object of the busy age in which we live, is to shorten distance and to save time. For this, hills are levelled, and vallies filled up, canals dug, rivers spanned, and the steam-engine made in a thousand ways to supply the offices of human hands. From the most trivial improvement in the spoke of a wheel, to the gigantic projection of the Menai Bridge, all the efforts of human invention have this end more or less in view. Seconding this restlessly energetic spirit, the steam-vessel has come forth upon the seas, a floating bridge, as it were, between remote lands; curtailing distance, and giving speed and certainty, where, before, time and safety were at the mercy of the winds. We have already seen the effects of this great discovery in time of peace. It remains yet to be known what may be its influence upon the condition of war; for that such a power can be inert or neglected, that the steam-vessel can sleep upon the ocean when the passions of men are awake, and the rivalry of nations called forth, may well be deemed impossible in the present state of the world.—*Quar. Rev.*

THE CAUSE OF ABSENTEEISM.

AMONG the causes which have led of late to the protracted residence of English

families abroad, one especially we are bound to notice—we mean, the desire of avoiding those changes in the mode of living at home, which a lessened income makes expedient or necessary. Every one knows to what extent this motive has had effect. The high agricultural prices and commercial profits during the war, raised the scale of living generally among the higher classes, and even much lower down in society. The present altered rate of profits on every branch of produce and industry has revoked this effect, and created the need of considerable expenditure: though, by no means, we believe, to the same level at which it stood twenty or twenty-five years ago. It is the struggle against this retrenchment, the ‘paupertatis pudor et fuga,’ which has caused hundreds of English families, of property and consideration, to desert their family places, and to pass year after year in residence abroad.—*Ib.*

VERONA.

A late resident at this place says, it is the finest of the second-rate cities of Italy. The Duomo is a noble building. The amphitheatre, built in the reign of Trajan, is in a perfect state of preservation in the inside, and is capable of containing 22,000 spectators. The arena is made use of every evening for some theatrical representations, the profits of which are expended in keeping the building in order.

Nearly a mile from the town is situate the stone sarcophagus, wherein the body of the sleeping Juliet was laid. In the side of the stone a hole has been perforated to admit light and air. The tomb stands in a garden or seminario, where once was a Franciscan convent. Shakspeare has rendered immortal the tragic end of the unfortunate lovers, which healed the breach between the families of Montagu and Capulet.

AN AUSTRIAN LAND STORM.

A land-storm in the neighbourhood of Vienna is *unique* in its display of the effect of wind upon dust, and he who has only encountered a March gale on a high road in England, knows but little what those unfortunate Austrians endure, who leave the walls of their city in dry and dusty weather. The effect of the visitation is curious: through the closed windows of a carriage, one may be admiring the sparkling sunshiny morning, the gaiety of the equipages on the road, the buildings in the distance, but in an instant, by one rending blast, the roads are swept clean of every atom which a square foot of dust, to every foot of road

may contain; the day's work of thousands of scavengers is done at a *blow*, the whole is upwhirled, a solid, dun-coloured mass rises against the windows, and gives the idea of solitary imprisonment, or of being buried alive.

A Musical Tour.

THE AGE OF LITERATURE.

Literary tastes, literary pursuits, and literary friends are now so universal, that it is a distinction to be without them. The days are past when to know a person who had seen a poet, raised a man above his fellows; and to write a book (no matter about what) made the author a lion for life. Indeed authorship has become such a mere every-day occupation, for mere every-day people, that it is rather hazardous to point out any one of your acquaintance, as a person who you are sure has no thoughts of publishing.

Illustrations of History.

HISTORY OF BELLS.

ANY attempt to trace the origin of bells would be useless, those of a small size being very ancient. According to the Mosaic law, the lower part of the blue robe worn by the high priest in religious ceremonies was to be adorned with pomegranates, and gold bells, intermixed at equal distances, which, it is conjectured, was meant to give notice of his approach to the sanctuary, and thus escape the punishment of death, annexed to an indecent intrusion. At first, bells seem to have been appropriated to religious purposes, and were common in all the heathen temples; afterwards the Greeks and Romans used them for civil and military purposes.

Saint Paulinus, who, about the year 400, was bishop of Nola, in Campania, is said to be the first who introduced bells into churches, previous to which the Christians made use of rattles, “*sacra ligna*,” to call the congregation together, no bells being allowed by government to a proscribed sect; hence bells were called by the Romans, *notæ*, and sometimes *campanæ*.

It is said that bells of a large size were applied to ecclesiastical purposes, in some of the monastic societies of Caledonia, so early as the sixth century: they are noticed by the venerable Bede in 670, and appear to have been common, from the first erection of parish churches in this

kingdom. Ingulphus informs us that Terketulus, abbot of Croyland, who died about the year 870, gave a great bell to the church of that abbey, which he named Guthlac, and it is stated that St. Dunstan, about the year 970, cast two of the bells of Abingdon Abbey, with his own hands.

The Chinese were formerly celebrated for the magnitude of their bells: at Nankin there was one twelve feet high, seven and a half in diameter, and twenty-three feet in circumference; but this has been greatly surpassed by one made at Moscow, by order of Anne, late Empress of Russia, which is stated by Mr. Cox to have been nineteen feet high, sixty-three feet eleven inches in circumference, and twenty-three inches thick, and weighing 432,000 lbs.

Brand says the custom of *muffling* bells was introduced into this country soon after the restoration; and that the use of bells in the time of mourning was formerly prohibited.

The *passing-bell*, according to Mabilion, anciently served two purposes: one of which was engaging the prayers of all good people for departing souls; and the other was, driving away the evil spirits which were supposed to haunt the bed and house, and ready to seize their prey, but kept at a distance by the ringing of this bell. Durand, in his Ritual, written about the end of the twelfth century, speaks of it as an old and well-established custom:

When thou dost hear a toll or knell,
Then think upon *thy* passing-bell.

The bell of St. Sepulchre's commenced tolling for prisoners, on the morning of their execution, in 1605.

The custom of *baptizing* bells is very ancient: before bells were hung, they were washed, crossed, blessed, and named by the bishop, generally after some saint, that the people might think themselves summoned to divine service by the voice of the saint whose name the bell bears. This practice was, however, prohibited by Charlemagne, in 789; but was soon afterwards revived, and on the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, the bell of the church of Notre Dame at Paris, was regularly baptized, and received the name of the Duke and Duchess of Angouleme, on the 15th of November, 1816.

The practice of *ringing the bells in changes*, or regular peals, is said to be peculiar to the British nation—whence Britain has been termed the ringing island. This custom seems to have originated with the Anglo-Saxons. Ingulphus states, that besides the large bell before noticed,

as having been given by Terketulus to Croyland Abbey, he also, some time afterwards, gave six other bells, all of which rang together, and were the first tunable bells in England; and it is certain this diversion was common in England long before the Conquest. There are now several societies of ringers in London, particularly one known by the name of the College Youths, of which Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, was in his younger days a member.

The uses of bells are summed up in the following Latin distich:—

Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego
elerum,
Defunctos plero, pestem fugo, festa decoro.

The Mahometans make no use of bells, considering them as profane; but the people are summoned to the mosques by the voice of the public crier, from one of the towers, or minarets.

Customs of Various Countries.

CEREMONY OF BLESSING HOUSES.

At Pisa the week before Easter the ceremony of blessing the houses by the rector of the parish takes place: it is performed as follows:—Every house is visited by the clergyman, dressed in a little white cassock over his black clothes, accompanied by an inferior priest, in the same costume, by way of an attendant. The former pronounces the blessing in the name of the Trinity, on the house and its inhabitants, repeating the same ceremony up stairs and down stairs, in every hole and corner. The ceremony ended, every house makes a small offering; the poor of eggs, and the more genteel of chocolate, those who wish to be thought of the latter class are generally very munificent.

JEWISH SUPERSTITION.

The Jews at Pisa, which place has a tolerable sprinkling of them, have a superstition, that when a dead body is carried out for interment, if a dog passes under the bier, the funeral must be postponed for the day, and the body is conveyed back from whence it was brought. The people of the town being aware of this false piece of devotion of the despised race, take pleasure in hunting dogs in such a direction as to make them pass under the bier, as soon as they discover a Jew's funeral, to the discomfiture of the Jews, and the diversion of the people.

Sketches of Orators, (No. 14.)

ÆLIAN.

ÆLIAN, born at Præneste, in Italy, was the auditor of Pausanias. He taught rhetoric at Rome, soon after the death of Adrian. For the sweetness of his speech he was called the 'honeyed word.' He wrote of living creatures, of various history, and of military things. His writings were distinguished by an Athenian spirit, and his purity of the Greek tongue. Gesner, speaking as to his history, says, 'In Ælian's books of living creatures, there is, I say, a certain temperament and harmony of either philosophy, moral and natural.' And another critic adds, 'In his narrations, what is there that is not egregiously and excellent? What, not fit either to be known, or to imitate, or to be declined? What is there that is not neat, elegant, polite, and attic? Who shall give sweeter savour to the taste, or create *morceaux* more fit for mental repast? Like a hyblæan hive, his honey is inexhaustible.'

Science and Art.

AMERICAN MAGNIFYING POWER.

A solar microscope is prepared for exhibition at Hartford, which is said to possess a magnifying power of 3,000,000, and may be raised to 4,000,000, if the room is sufficiently large, and the light strong. By its assistance, the white mealy particles on the surface of figs appear living objects of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length; the sting of the common honey-bee appears 14 feet in length; and hundreds of snakes of the enormous extent of six to eight feet may be discovered in two drops of vinegar.—*New York Paper.*

METHOD OF CLEANING PICTURES.

To clean old pictures painted in oil colours, wash them well with a sponge dipped in warm beer; let them become very dry, and then wash them with liquor of the finest gum-dragon, steeped or dissolved in fair water; never use blue starch, which tarnishes, and eats out the colouring; or white of eggs, which casts a thick varnish over the picture, and only mends bad ones, by concealing the faults of the colouring.—*New Mon.*

Anecdotaliana.

ANAXARCHUS.

Anaxarchus, the philosopher of Abdera, enjoyed the confidence of Alexander the

Great, and being one day at dinner with him, was asked by the conqueror, how he liked the entertainment? "It is excellent," replied the guest. "It wants but one dish, and that a delicious one, the head of a tyrant." If the philosopher meant the head of Nicocreon, he paid severely for his saying, for by the orders of the tyrant of Salamis, he was pounded in a mortar.

RELIEF OF DELHI BY AN ACTOR.

When Nadir Shah, the usurper of the Persian throne, lay before Delhi with a powerful army, the besieged endured all the miseries that a want of food entails. Within the walls famine began to rage every day more fiercely, but the Shah was deaf to the miseries of mankind. The public spirit of Tucki, a famous actor, deserves to be recorded upon this occasion. Touched with compassion for the sufferers, he exhibited a play before Nadir Shah, which so delighted the monarch that he commanded the actor to ask for what he most desired. Upon hearing the Sultan's words, Tucki immediately fell upon his face, and said, '*O King! command the gates to be opened, that the poor may not perish.*' His request was granted, and half the city poured into the country, and the place was supplied in a few days with plenty of provisions.

DR. BERKELEY.

As Berkeley, the celebrated author of the immaterial theory, was one morning musing in the cloisters of Trinity College, Dublin, an acquaintance came up to him, and seeing him wrapt in contemplation, hit him a smart rap on the shoulder with his cane. The Doctor starting, called out, '*What's the matter?*' His acquaintance looking him steadily in the face, replied, '*No matter, Berkeley.*'

GENERAL CHURCH.

THIS officer owed a thousand pounds to his tailor, who came to dun the General even in his tent. Unable to pay, and desirous of getting rid of an importunate creditor, General Church offered him a Captain's commission, promising to make him an aide-de-camp to a general officer. The tailor's vanity was greater than his avarice, he took the commission, and set out to join the army.

CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.

In a barber's shop window in a court in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, is the following inscription. "Gentlemen shaved without incision or laceration."

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Sept. 3	Wed.	Gregory I. Pope Sun ris 18m af 5 —sets 42 — 6	Sept. 3	Pope Gregory the first, surnamed the Great, was by birth a Roman. In the year 590 he succeeded to the papacy, on the death of Pelasgius the second. To pope Gregory we are indebted for the introduction of Christianity in Britain. He died A. D. 604. 1189.—Anniversary of the coronation of Richard Cœur de Lion, which took place at Westminster: while the ceremony was performing the mob fell upon the Jews, and murdered many of them and plundered their houses.
— 4	Thurs.	St. Rosalia High Water 13m af 10 morn 42 — 10 even	— 4	This saint was the daughter of Sinibald, lord of Roses and Quisquina. Despising the cares of the world she retired to a cave on Mount Pelegrino, where after living a life of devotion and penance, she died A. D. 1160. 1658.—On this day Richard Cromwell, the son of the protector, Oliver, was proclaimed Lord Protector of England.
— 5	Fri.	St. Bertin Sun ris 22m af 5 —sets 38 — 6	— 5	St. Bertin was abbot of the abbey of St. Bertin, near the town of St. Omers, in French Flanders. He died A. D. 709, beloved for his sanctity and humility. 1066.—William, Duke of Normandy, arrived at Pevensey with his army on this day, to contest his right to the kingdom against Harold, who had assumed the crown in opposition to the will of Edward the Confessor, who had bequeathed it to him, as being a descendant of Canute.
— 6	Satur.	St. Eleutherius High Water 0h 0m morn 0—9 aftern	— 6	This saint, who is said to have been a man of great virtue and piety, and gifted with many miracles, was abbot of St. Mark's, near Spoleto. 1768.—Anniversary of the grand Stratford jubilee, instituted by David Garrick, the English Roscius, in honour of our immortal Shakspeare. This design, noble in itself, whatever might be the motive, met with a vast deal of ridicule and opposition from the envious and malicious, but, notwithstanding, it was carried into execution with universal approval.
— 7	SUN.	St. Evurtius 14th Sun. after Trinity LES. for the DAY 5 c. Jeremiah. m 22 c — ev	— 7	St. Evurtius was bishop of Orleans about the year A. D. 340. 1665.—The plague of London. This fearful and devastating contagion commenced on this day; the pestilence raged with such vast fury, spreading in all directions, and sweeping away no less than 68,000 of the inhabitants. 1709.—Born at Litchfield, Dr. Johnson, the Colossus of Literature; his works are too well known and esteemed to need comment.
— 8	Mond	Nativity of the Virgin Mary. Sun ris 28m af 5 —sets 32 — 6	— 8	This festival is celebrated in the church with great prayer and thanksgiving; it was appointed by Pope Servius about the year 695. Innocent IV. honored this feast with an octave in 1244, and Gregory XI, about the year 1370, with a vigil. 1474.—Born on this day, the celebrated Latin poet, Ludovico Ariosto, at the castle of Reggio, in Lombardy; for his excellence as a writer he was crowned with laurel by Charles V. His most admired piece is the Orlando Furioso, which has been twice translated into English; the first time by Sir John Harrington, in 1634; and the last time by Mr. Hoole, 1783.
— 9	Tues.	St. Omer New Moon 34m af 8 morn	— 9	This saint gave the name to the city of which he was bishop. He died A. D. 607. 1513.—The battle of Flodden Field was fought on this day, between the forces of Henry VIII, and those of the king of Scotland, who commanded in person. The Scotch in this conflict were signally defeated by the English, and their king slain, and with him the flower of the Scottish nobility. The victorious earl of Surrey, who led the English, was restored by Henry to the title of Duke of Norfolk, forfeited by his father.



See Page 131.

Illustrated Article.

ROWLAND STANLEY :

A TALE OF THE LOW COUNTRIES.

(For the Olio.)

It was a strange order that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced
out.

BYRON.

It was on a cold winter's evening in the last year of the reign of Elizabeth, that a party of gallants sat enjoying themselves in the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street. The various liquors on the tables before them, plainly shewed that they were determined to fortify their stomachs, while within doors, against the effects of the cold without. There was Malmsey, Burgundy, and Sherris sack in plenty, and it was easy to perceive that they had gone far to rouse the spirits of the company, though without making them absolutely uproarious.

"Well, Frank Marley," said one of the gallants, slapping the shoulder of him who sat on his right-hand, "by cock and pye, it glads my heart to see thee here ;

and hast thou left thy books, and quitted the close air of the Temple, for the good cheer of mine host of the Devil? By mine honour, Frank, thou art regenerated: thou shalt be baptized in sack, and admitted again into the society of Christian men."

"Christian men!" retorted the student, "why, callest thou thyself Christian, Ned, while carousing under the sign of the very Devil himself? I'll wager a pottle o' Malmsey thou hast not seen the inside of a church since last Pentecost-tide."

"Thou wilt lose thy wager, Frank: ask Barnaby, the sexton of St. Martin's, if I was not the most devout of the congregation on Sunday last."

"Ay, truly," cried another of the company, "thou wert there doubtless; but it was Mistress Bridget Barlow, the rich goldsmith's widow who attracted thee—Here's to thy success!"

He drank off a glass of wine as he spoke, and his example was followed by the rest of the company, when the student called for a song. The first speaker (who was the son of one of the richest mer-

chants in the Chepe) after giving a few preparatory hems, sung as follows :—

Merrily, merrily drain the bowl,
If Care ye would not dree;
Here's Malmsey, Sack, and Hippocras,
Sherris and Burgundy.

Come, ye spiritless wights, who are wedded
to scolds,
Those shrews who are match for the Devil,
'Tis wisdom to flee from their music I trow,
So join in our merrie revel.

And ye gallants, who scorch 'neath your
maiden's dark glance,
Who swear that your souls are like tinder,
O hasten away from such kirtle durance,
If ye would not be burnt to a cinder.

“By this light!” exclaimed the student,
“thou hast a marvellous proper voice,
Ned; have ye no love tale to tell us?
thou hadst once a store.”

“Marry, I have forgotten them; thou knowest my father likes not my travelling, so that I have small chance of hearing the adventures of love-sick damsels and gallant knights; but yonder sits a gentleman who has methinks seen service.”

The person alluded to by the young

merchant was a stout hale man, about the middle age, whose bluff coat and broad belt, sustaining a sword and dagger of Spanish workmanship, plainly indicated his profession; he had lost an arm, and the empty sleeve of his doublet was fastened by a point to his breast.

“Gentlemen,” said he, on being pressed to join the party, “I have, as you suppose, seen some service, and have left an arm in the low countries. I commanded a body of pikemen at the siege of St. Getrudenberg, in Brabant; 'twas there I became acquainted with an Englishman of good family, whose unhappy fate I shall ever lament. I will, with your permission, relate the history of our acquaintance, and his death.”

To this the company gladly assented, and the Captain, emptying his glass, began as follows.

“On my arriving in Brabant, Prince Maurice was before St. Getrudenberg, which he had assaulted several times without success. The company under my command were picked men, and I was soon actively engaged, for the besieged made frequent sallies, and it re-

quired some of the best troops to repulse them. In one of these sallies, I was posted, with my troop, to support the charge of a regiment of English pistoliers. The action was short, but bloody. The enemy's harquebussiers and cross-bowmen made sad havoc amongst our horse; at their first discharge full twenty saddles were emptied, and a fresh body of their bill-men rushing in, completed the overthrow of our cavalry—they broke ground and retreated. A desperate charge of the pikemen under my command checked the pursuit of the enemy. In the midst of the rout, I suddenly beheld a horse galloping by, and dragging its rider, who lay upon the ground, his foot having become entangled in the stirrup. I flew to his assistance, and with some difficulty succeeded in extricating the stranger from his perilous situation. He pressed my hand with great warmth, and thanked me a thousand times for my timely assistance. He had, luckily, received only a few slight bruises, from the effects of which he recovered in a few days, and a friendship was cemented between us, which nothing but death could terminate. I learnt that his name was Roland Stanley, and that he was the youngest son of a rich family in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

“ I will not tire you, Gentlemen, with an account of the many affairs we had with the enemy, which were attended with various success. Near to the town of St. Getrudenberg is the little village of Steulo, in which was a fort of some consequence. Prince Maurice was resolved to get possession of it, as it commanded a weak quarter of the town. It chanced that Stanley's troop and my own were ordered upon this expedition, together with six culverins; but it totally failed: the enemy sallied out, and in spite of the most obstinate valour on the part of our troops, we were beaten back, with the loss of many men. Stanley's horse fell under him, pierced by a harquebuize shot, and he was seized and dragged into the fort by the enemy, while our shattered troops made good their retreat. Judge of the mortification and sorrow I felt at being thus deprived of my friend; indeed I had some fears for his safety, for the prisoners on either side oftentimes experienced rough, and in many instances cruel, treatment, at the hands of their captors.

“ The alarm we were kept in the few succeeding days diverted my melancholy; but the enemy, weakened by the continual checks we had given them, became less venturous, and kept within their walls, and I was again left to deplore the loss of my friend.

“ One night, while sitting in my tent absorbed in thought, I heard the hasty challenge of the sentinel, and at the same moment Stanley entered. I am not naturally superstitious, but this sudden apparition of my friend, whom I had considered lost to me, staggered my senses. His dress was wet and disordered, and covered with green weeds, and his long dark hair was dripping with moisture. The warm pressure of the hand with which I was greeted, convinced me that it was he, and I eagerly inquired how he had escaped?

“ ‘ We will talk of that anon,’ said he; ‘ but first give me a cast of your clothes, for I have been playing the otter, and am wet to the skin.’

“ I complied with this request, and when he had changed his dress, he gave me an account of his escape.

“ ‘ Howard,’ said he, ‘ am not I a lucky wight, to make a conquest while a prisoner in yonder fort?’

“ A conquest! echoed I, incredulously—What mean you?—I cannot solve your riddle.

“ ‘ Marry, no less than this: the governor of that fort has a niece, as fair a maid as e'er set free a captive knight. Would'st thou believe it, while I lay this evening in my dungeon, mourning the loss of my freedom, and moreover my coat of mail and Bilboa blade, which those Walloon dogs have despoiled me of, the door opened, and that sweet girl entered my prison. She bore a small lamp, and was followed by a dwarfish figure, who carried a small basket.

“ ‘ Stranger,’ said she, ‘ this conduct may seem to thee unmaidenly, but you are an Englishman, and will not judge me harshly for my rashness. You must hasten from this place, or your head will be set on the walls by sunrise, a sad spectacle for your gallant countrymen.’

“ ‘ Had'st thou been there, my friend, thou would'st ha' thought me eloquent; for methinks I never poured out my thanks so freely—no, not even when I experienced thy kind and timely assistance. To be brief, she enjoined silence, and the dwarf was ordered to file the fetters which secured my legs, and in a few minutes I was free.

“ ‘ Now,’ said my fair deliverer, ‘ follow, but be silent—your life depends upon it!’

“ ‘ We passed from the dungeon with stealthy pace, and after passing through several passages, we ascended a flight of steps. Here the measured tread of a sentinel was audible. The dwarf was dismissed, and I neglected not to improve the opportunity. Short as it was, I suc-

ceeded, and my fair deliverer promised to be mine. A hasty kiss sealed the compact, and I solemnly swore to bear her away from the fort to-morrow evening. The sentinel, whose steps I had heard, produced a rope, which he fastened to the wall, and I quickly lowered myself into the fosse which surrounds the fort, swam across, and arrived here without molestation.

“Such, Gentlemen, was the account he gave me of his escape. I listened to him with serious attention, and though I saw clearly the danger of the attempt to carry off his mistress, I resolved to aid him in the enterprize. Not to tire you with an account of our preparations, I will proceed with my story. Night arrived, and found us with about fifty men, near the walls of the fort. A raft, constructed with light timber, served us to cross the ditch. Stanley and myself crossed, and a postern gate admitted us, with five men. The sentinels were bribed, and all was still, save the howling of the dogs within the fort. Leaving our men at the gate, we proceeded on tiptoe along a dark passage. The soldier who had admitted us then cautiously unlocked a small door in the wall, and ascended a flight of steps: we followed him, and on gaining the top, were told to wait awhile. He then left us, but returned in a few minutes, and desired Stanley to follow him. This proceeding somewhat alarmed me. What if it should be a concerted plan to betray us? However, I resolved to meet my fate, if it should prove so; and after cocking my petronels, which I had taken from the holsters of my saddle, I placed them again in my girdle, and loosening my sword in its sheath, I stood prepared for any attack that might be made upon me, looking cautiously round on all sides. The room in which I stood had three doors; the one opposite to that by which I had entered stood open, and on looking through it I perceived that a flight of stairs descended into a dark and gloomy passage. At this instant I was somewhat startled on hearing a noise as of cautious footsteps, and looking down into the space below, I perceived a man approaching; he had a torch in his hand, and I saw him cautiously step over the bodies of two soldiers, who lay sleeping upon the floor. Their calivers † lay on the ground, with their lighted matches at a little distance. Drawing my cloak around me, and shading the light of the lamp I held, I waited the approach of this person, whose footsteps I soon heard ascending the stairs, and

† *Caliver*—a short matchlock hand-gun, fired without a rest.

the next moment he entered the room. He was a man of tall and commanding stature; his hatless head was bald, his forehead high, and he glanced round the room with an air of mistrust. I had retreated into a corner, in the hope that he would pass without perceiving me; but I was deceived, for he demanded to know who I was, and at the same time cocked a pistol. I drew my sword, and rushed upon him; he snapped his pistol, but it missed fire, and my thrust was broken by the cloak which he had thrown over his left arm. This gave him time to draw his sword, and he pressed upon me with great vigour. The clash of our weapons would have certainly alarmed the guards who slept beneath, had not their liquor been drugged. The noise, however, roused Stanley, who entered with his mistress. I conjured him to fly instantly, while I kept my adversary at sword's point. He obeyed me, and instantly left the apartment, though he had already drawn his sword to assist me. My antagonist swore deeply on perceiving his niece. This sight probably threw him off his guard, for a thrust striking him on the breast, he reeled, and staggering backwards, fell down the stairs. His coat of mail saved him, and shattered my sword to pieces, but the fall was terrible, and I heard his armour ring as his body bounded from step to step till he reached the bottom. Not a moment was to be lost; I quickly secured the door so that he could not pursue us, and flew to Stanley, who had borne off his prize. We had reached the gate, when the loud ringing of a bell told that the garrison was alarmed, and in an instant a roar of voices was heard within the fort. The men who had remained at the gate, seized with fear, jumped on the raft—Stanley followed with his fair burden,—and that moment it upset! That night will never be effaced from my memory! One loud shriek of mortal agony burst from the unfortunates, whose armour did not allow them a chance of escape! The fosse was deep—they sunk down, and the next moment the raft rose to the surface of the water! A heavy fire from the troops, who now lined the walls, rendered any attempt to save them impracticable,—indeed, I was in much danger myself; but having cut with my dagger the straps of my corslet, I threw it off, and swam across the fosse, uninjured by the shower of balls which was rained from the fort, and regained my troop, overwhelmed with sorrow for the fate of my young friend. The fort was taken a few days afterwards, when a shot from a culverin took off my left arm.

“Gentlemen, pardon these tears for the

untimely fate of a valued friend and comrade. The recollection of it has rendered me unfit for your company.—Give you good night.”

The Captain rose as he spoke, and throwing his cloak around him, bowed to the company, and notwithstanding their entreaties, departed.

J. Y. A——N.

STANZAS WRITTEN AFTER READING
BYRON'S DON JUAN.

(For the Olio.)

Oh, surely! had the Muse foreseen
This vice-engend'ring theme;
To thee, oh, Byron! then had been
Denied her fairy dream:
Or, when Apollo gave to thee
His verse of matchless melody,
Could he have read the page,
On which his numbers were to shine,
Bedecking sin with robes divine,
He would have stay'd thy glowing rhyme,
The wonder of the age!

Full many a chord of sweetest sound
Thy breathing song awakes;
And many a smile of feeling round
Its heart-own'd music breaks:
The earliest love's most charming bliss—
The young embrace—the first fond kiss—
Affection's moon-lit bow'r—
These meet the eye, and touch the soul,
And through the youthful senses roll,
Bending to love's divine controul
Th' emotions of the hour!

But with these honey'd sweets combined,
A deadly poison flows
Unheeded to the op'ning mind,
And blights it as it blows;
There heartless passion has the taste
Of virtuous love, though wide the waste
Its havoc scatters round,
And, tempting, to the youthful heart,
Insinuates its rankling dart,
Round which a troubling gnawing smart
Is ever constant found!

Though joy would fain thy lines enfold,
Too surely yet we know,
The lawless pleasures thou hast told,
For thee had only woe!
That recklessness of others hearts
Thy hero's wild career imparts,
To thine no Lethe gave:
And other hearts than thine can feel
For wounds bestow'd, remorse can't heal:—
False was the hour that bade conceal
The depth of passion's wave!

Oh! if to virtue, constant, thou
Hadst tuned thy giant lay,
Then from thy fame the myrtle bough
No envious hand could stay!
But thou art gone! and o'er thy grave
'Twere cruel ev'ry fault to wave
That dims thy mem'ry bright:
Let pity stay the voice of blame,
And future ages o'er thy name,
Emblazon forth thy well-earn'd fame,
Of Poesy the light!

R. JARMAN.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A
BUONAPARTIST.

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

(For the Olio.)

WHEN the failure of the Russian campaign had reduced the dominions of Napoleon to the narrow boundaries of the Isle of Elba, I still retained my commission, although the return of Louis had compelled many of the principal and more distinguished officers to fly their country.

The colonel of the regiment to which I belonged, had with others retired into Italy, and a fierce royalist emigrant was appointed to the command; at the same time that every vacancy was filled up by men of the same spirit, who had returned in crowds with the exiled Bourbon.

These intruders were viewed with a jealous eye by all who had served under the emperor; nor did they fail to repay us with haughty coldness, and restless suspicion. Thus frequent occasions were given for quarrel, of which both parties were eager to avail themselves. Scarce a day passed without some dispute happening at the mess, which invariably terminated in a duel.

The Buonapartists, who gloried in an opportunity of wreaking their political hatred on the enemies of their great captain, and who were in general the more expert swordsmen, in most cases, slew their antagonists.

Many were the unfortunate royalists, who returned to their native countries, after a long and dreary exile, to be hurried to a premature grave, victims of that same party spirit which had already caused them so many sufferings. But the feeling which then prevailed was so powerful, that it seemed to neutralize humanity; so much so, that in following these unfortunates to the grave, satisfaction rather than sorrow sat on the countenances of their brother officers, while whispers of the following import passed around:—
“another Bourbon has returned home;”
“who will be the next?”

Such was the state of affairs among us, when we received orders to prepare for a review, at which the king was to be present, on a plain near St. Cloud, about four miles from Paris, on the borders of which our barracks were situate.

We passed the review with much éclat, and received many flattering compliments on our appearance and condition, considering the campaigns we had lately been engaged in; but few were the cheers which greeted the Bourbon in return; for sullen reserve closed the mouths of the

soldiery. This he would not see, and to conciliate them in some degree, directed that each man should receive a double ration, and a bottle of wine, to drink his health. This order raised a momentary shout of applause, which however soon died away.

It was the climax of bad policy in his majesty's advisers to cause him to hold a field-day so soon after the restoration, because nothing could more powerfully recal the image of their beloved leader to the recollection of the troops, than a display of this kind, in which he was wont to appear so generous, great, and noble.

On the return of the soldiers to the barracks, having received their extra rations and wine, the first toast proposed was to the health of "Le Grand Capitaine, † Le petit Corporal, and may he again return to lead us to victory," and as the influence of the wine increased upon them, shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" began to be heard in various quarters, which quickly echoed through the building.

I was at this time on guard at the north gate, and an order was brought to me from the colonel, to draw out a party of men, and to arrest all rioters, who named the Exile, under whatever appellation. In consequence of this order, I immediately turned out my men, and proceeded to the quarter where the greatest uproar prevailed. My appearance in most places quelled the disturbance, and when it had not that effect, I rebuked the parties, in such a manner, that for my sake, not for that of the authority by which I acted, they became silent and orderly, knowing me to be well affected to the good cause. In short I made no prisoners, being well aware of the severity with which they would be visited in the present disturbed state of the community.

The next day at mess the conversation turned on the review and its results, and many curious disquisitions were made on the conduct of the soldiery, according to the different sentiments of the several speakers, into which I entered warmly.

The royalists were outrageous against the troops,—no epithet was bitter enough for them,—no punishment commensurate with their ingratitude.—"They deserved not the honour of serving so good and great a king."

To one who addressed some rhapsodies of this kind to me in particular, I replied:—"Their conduct does not appear to me in such dark colours, for it at least shews them not ungrateful for past favours."

He reddened with anger at this direct allusion to forbidden subjects; which having drawn the attention of the whole mess upon us, he was compelled to resent. At first he knew not what to say on so delicate a point, but collecting himself, with a sarcastic grin, he observed, "It is a new principle of gratitude, to repay favours received from one master, by the neglect of duty to another, which a brother officer of mine adopted last evening."

The contemptuous epithet "Canaille," escaped me at this moment; which he no sooner heard, than seizing a bottle of wine, he aimed it with much violence at my head. It however happily did not take effect. I instantly sprang on the table, and should have run the dastard through, but for the interference of our brother officers. After the first transports of passion had subsided, we coolly resumed our seats, a future meeting on the subject being understood by all parties.

In the evening I sent a friend to communicate with my assailant, and early the next morning, wrapped in my roquelaure, and accompanied by a surgeon, who was likewise a Buonapartist, repaired to a wood on the south side of the barracks to meet my adversary.

No words of recrimination past between us,—we immediately took our ground,—measured swords, and after a short but fierce encounter, my weapon pierced his vitals, and he fell a corpse at my feet. I left him in the hands of his second and the surgeon, and returned to my quarters; when on entering the south post, the captain of the guard, who was my intimate friend, stepped up to me, and said—"You have sent the Bourbon to a better world, I suppose?" A nod confirmed his supposition.

"You must not," continued he, "go to your apartment, if you value your safety; a guard is placed there to arrest you as soon as you arrive. Your only resource is in immediate flight. Your conduct on a late occasion, and last night's conversation, have been reported to the authorities. Fly directly to Paris, and thence out of the kingdom as speedily as possible. If you get into prison now, you may never come out again. I warn you as a friend."

Startled at this information, I was for a moment lost. "I have no money," I replied, "and there are nearly two hundred Napoleons in my boudoir."

"Here are twenty," said he, "at Paris you can get more;—the delay of a few minutes may prove fatal—give me the keys of your apartment: whatever I can recover, I will transmit to you, if you

† Names by which Napoleon was universally known and spoken of in the French Army.

will inform me of your address when once in safety."

Hastily bidding my friend farewell, I mounted the first conveyance to Paris which presented itself, called a fiacre, and visited my brother and two or three friends, who gave me letters of introduction and credit for London:—thence, by means of an old passport altered, with all secrecy and dispatch I reached Calais, where I had been instructed to remain concealed in the house of a distant relation of my family, until a favourable opportunity should permit me to embark for England.

But it appearing to me, that if I made any delay, a description of my person would arrive, and the gens d'armes would be on the alert to arrest me, I resolved to attempt to extricate myself at once by a bold manœuvre.

I was duly informed of the time at which the packet departed for Dover; but my old passport, though it had served me thus far, was not sufficient to gain a free departure from the kingdom, and I hesitated to subject it to the scrutiny of the authorities, lest the imposture should be discovered. I consequently determined to attempt the impudent manœuvre, which fortunately for me succeeded so well.

Some time before the vessel got under way, I went down to the beach, dressed in my regimentals, with the appearance of perfect ease and self-possession, not even deigning to cast a look upon the few officers of custom, who were loitering about; and entering a boat, pushed off for the packet, which was shortly after thronged with passengers.

Here I paced the deck with great sang-froid, until I perceived the gens d'armes coming off to examine the passports. I then retired into the cabin, which was entirely empty, the passengers being on deck to secure their luggage. I instantly secreted myself with all possible care and snugness under the bedding of one of the berths, and lay motionless, and almost smothered, scarcely daring to breathe. Several persons entered, and again left the cabin—every footstep alarmed me. At length I heard the gens d'armes with oaths descending the accommodation ladder;—my heart sunk within me; I did not doubt but that suspicion was raised concerning me, and that a strict scrutiny was about to be instituted. But, as fate would have it, they made no particular search, and simply casting a slight glance into each berth, passed on to the other parts of the vessel,—then I breathed again.

No sooner was I assured of their departure, and that we were under way, than I sprang from my concealment, and

with all the vivacity of a happy Frenchman joined the cheerful conversation of the passengers, who seemed almost as delighted at the idea of revisiting their native country, as I was in escaping from mine.

J. M.

FRUITS OF SPORTING.

(For the Olio.)

Since the first of September in town has occurred,
Not a chaffinch is seen, not a sparrow is heard;
Ev'n the watercress girls, the scare-crows of the morning,
Really seem as if shot at—mortality scorning:
Blunderbusses and pistols, stocks, guns without flints,
Empty barrels, (not Meux's) but touch-holes with hints,
That let fly like the ginger-pop bottle-imps boiling,
For unqualified people in dusty heat toiling:
And the elders of workhouses—alms—in decline,
That were wont 'to snuff air' when the sun is in shine,
And the parrots in cages—those mimics of tattle,
Are kept in from the out-of-door powder-spent battle.

Like clothesmen *shots*, bag all the game they can get;
Like the fishermen 'all are fish that come to their net';
And like fowlers—malays, bantams, polands and chicken,
They slave home with the 'olla' for pickling and picking:—
Clamps of bricks are bespatter'd, posts equally mark'd,
Stables, pig'ries and barns, elms and ashes unbark'd;
And the point scenting dogs that went outward with yelling,
Are returned as dead game to the cockney-shire dwelling:—
Hosts of friends are collected, large presents are made,
And they joy in the sport which has lost them their trade;
'Tally ho?' for such sportsmen!—'Hark forward!' rewarded,
In the Bench, or the Fleet, they are carefully guarded. P.

SONNET.

(For the Olio.)

'Tis sweet to see the rose's glowing hue,
Blooming like Beauty in her hour of pride;
Sweet the laburnum's tresses bright to view,
Drooping like ringlets from the blushing bride;
But sweeter, softer to the vision far,
Is the young water lily rearing high
Her form of love, like Venus, evening's star;
While dance the waves around her merrily,
And swift the fish glide through the silvery stream,
Like stars that gem the breast of evening's sky;
Or like the attendant spirits of a dream,
Or the bright sparkle from the lover's eye!
While Nature all around in calmest mood,
Invites us to her banquet, solitude.

Holloway.

J. F.

THE WEST END OF PICCADILLY :
MAY, 1828.

PERSONS who have London continually under their eye do not see it. Perhaps it is best seen by those to whom it is new, and who are accustomed to view only fields, trees, and hedges. If such be the case, I may boast of having seen London from my windows near Hyde Park Corner; for I have looked at it with the eye of a stranger: and, at home, I am in a wood.

All London is in a hurry. Peers and senators drive as if the welfare of the state depended on the speed of their horses. Butcher's boys drive as if famine reigned in the community, and the people were not to eat till the meat they carried reached their mouths. Hackney coachmen drive as if their fare were proportioned to their haste. Stage coachmen drive, because their time is laid down to a minute. Ladies recline on cushions, in open carriages, looking as if all energy of body and mind were lost; yet they are driven with the same fury of expedition. Horses pay for all.

Ladies there are who drive their own grooms; and noblemen and gentlemen there are who drive their own stage-coaches: taking their friends behind, and on the roof, as outside passengers. Some dandies dash along on horseback; others modestly conceal themselves in a small carriage, neatly covered with leather, and called a *cab*. This word etymologists derive from the French *cabriolet*, and young gentlemen consider it as an improvement upon the original term. To complete the equipage, a little embryo groom, in a close brown coat and topped boots, stands behind the leather. The endeavour to conquer time and space is still the same. Ladies in the Park excite my compassion; they suffer, rather than enjoy the drive; and the general air of lassitude convinces me, that the display of elegant equipages, superb liveries, and bonnets adorned with many coloured ribbons and flowers, could alone support them under the fatigue. Servants who stand behind the carriages undergo a still harder penance.

My grandmother was in London fifty years ago, and I have heard her say, that at that time all was grand and stately. Gold and silver lace appeared commonly in the streets, on the hats and waistcoats of walking gentlemen. Carriages had curtains of silk, fringed and drawn up in festoons; they were driven at a steady and moderate pace; they were never opened at the top, and an open carriage of any description was rarely seen. Some

remains of dignity are still observable in the stately horses and solemn motions of the drays, and in those ponderous machines, the travelling waggons.

Nothing has made a more rapid progress during the last fifty years than the facility of travelling. I have been told, by an old friend of our family, that, fifty years ago, a diligence, which conveyed three inside, and no outside passengers, nor any apparent luggage, and which performed a journey of 118 miles in twenty-two hours, was considered as a miracle of speed. And well it might be so; for, about thirty years before this period, the only stage coach from Litchfield to London, went through Birmingham, and worked its way to the metropolis in three days.

Now, public coaches are passing along Piccadilly every minute of the day, covered with people, boxes, trunks, and baskets, and flying at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour. Nothing would be more easy for me than to step into one of these if I should choose to do so, and I am at Falmouth or Portsmouth, Southampton or Pool, Caermarthen or Holyhead, at a given moment, and without any effort of my own. Coaches pass, which engage to set me down at Jersey, Guernsey, the Isle of Wight, or Havre de Grace; and though I know that hills have been lowered, valleys have been raised, and stones have been broken, to facilitate travelling, I confess I felt some surprise at these undertakings. However, when I reflected that people were going to drive under the Thames, and to be driven along the usual roads by coal, instead of being drawn by horses, I thought a stage coach to the continent might be a very natural conveyance.

Stage coachmen are important personages; not only are the lives of passengers, and the fate of packages, in their hands, but the whole lading of the vehicle is their's during the journey. They are so sensible of this proprietorship, that I have heard one of these gentlemen, on looking into his coach, and finding it empty, cry out, with a high tone of authority, "Where are my insides?"

In general, horses in London neither walk, nor trot, nor gallop, which paces were formerly considered to be those of a horse: they are here taught to run, and run they know they must, till they can run no longer. They are commonly well fed; but food beyond the natural appetite, is an incentive to labour beyond the natural strength, and the whip is the agent which takes care that the stimulus is not lost.

When night closes on the works of

creation, and gives the signal for repose to all but animals of prey, ladies and gentlemen, servants and horses, are still awake and employed. Nature never formed man or beast for such continued exertion. Horses, the most beautiful of their species, for such are here, sink to that last stage of degradation, the hackney coaches, while their labour is increased, and their food diminished, and they drop down, and are seen no more. Sleep seems to be the grand desideratum of all ranks of people. The great may indulge in it at home—if they can find it; the lower ranks could find it everywhere, and they seize every opportunity to lay hold of it. The footman sleeps in his seat behind the carriage, if he is fortunate enough to have one; the groom sleeps by the side of his master, while the master is driving: the hackney coachman sleeps on his box while his coach is out the stand, and sometimes when he is driving it himself; the carman sleeps equally on his load of hay or of manure; and the gardener on his load of fresh cabbages.

While one part of London is riding or driving in Bond Street, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and the Park, another part is pushing and striving behind the counter; but, amidst all the seeming confusion, there is the greatest regularity. The coachman, whether amateur or coachman by profession, measures with his eye the space before him, and knows exactly whether it be sufficient for his wheels. The haberdasher measures his customer with the same precision, and the attention paid her is proportioned to her station in life. I go into a fashionable shop; I pass through the region of linens and cottons, then through that of gloves and stockings, and I arrive at the emporium of taste, where are displayed ribbons, silks, and goods of fancy. I stop here, without proceeding to the jewellery, which closes the exhibition, and I ask for a trifling article. My appearance is plain, and I am consigned to one of the junior officers of the establishment, who neither knows where to find the article in question, nor can tell its price, without consulting one of his superiors. This superior finds there is something in my manner which deserves his services, and he waits upon me himself. I ask for other articles, and the master, who has had his eye upon me during the whole time, takes me out of the hands of his deputies, and, when I have made my purchases, attends me to the door of my carriage.

But a stranger, like myself, has not the means of knowing to which shop she

ought to go. One displays the costly articles of fashion, and is beset by carriages and guarded by footmen; another, the cheapest of all shops, as is proved by the prices marked on the goods in the window, hangs its cotton of "Only 6d. a yard" over the door, and the poor woman stops to look at it with her fingers, as many people look at engravings. But there are so many best shops and cheapest shops, and the superiority of each is so well attested by the proprietor, that it is not easy to decide where one may best lay out one's money. If I wore leather shoes, I should be quite at a loss whether to "Use Warren's," or "Hunt's Blacking." *La Belle Assem.*

The Note Book.

HINDOO MODE OF SINKING WELLS.

THE Hindoos construct their wells, according to Bishop Heber, in the following singular manner:—

"They build a tower of masonry of the diameter required, and twenty or thirty feet high from the surface of the ground. This they allow to stand a year or more, till its masonry is rendered firm and compact by time, then gradually undermine and promote its sinking into the sandy soil, which it does without difficulty and all together. When level with the surface, they raise its wall higher, and so go on, throwing out the sand, and raising the wall till they have reached the water. If they adopted our method, the soil is so light that it would fall in on them, before they could possibly raise the wall from the bottom, nor without the wall could they sink to any considerable depth.

NIGHT-BLINDNESS OF THE INDIANS.

THE disease of night-blindness, that is, of requiring the full light to see, is very common among the lower classes in India, and to some professions of men, such as soldiers, it is extremely inconvenient. The Sepoys ascribe the evil to bad and insufficient food, and it is said to be always most prevalent in a scarcity. It seems to be the same disorder of the eyes, with which people are afflicted who live on damaged or inferior rice, in itself a food of very little nourishment, and probably arises from a weakness of the digestive powers. *Ibid.*

OSTEND.

A place may be very agreeable to look about oneself in, even for a whole day, without having any thing worth describing, or even remembering; and such a

place is Ostend. Like Dunkerque, it is built for the most part on a regular plan, its streets intersecting each other at right angles. But it wants that air of mingled liveliness and comfort which makes Dunkerque the most agreeable looking town in all this part of the continent. There are some spacious open squares in Ostend, that in which the Lion d'Or is situated is the chief. There is also a good elevated walk looking on the sea. But upon the whole, Ostend is somewhat *triste*, and by no means attractive to any but those who love quiet, and their own company more than all other things. Above all, there is one fault about Ostend, which cannot be forgiven to any town, even though it were El Dorado itself, namely, the grass grows between the stones of some of its streets. *Au reste*, it is one of the cheapest dwelling-places that can any where be pitched upon, and its position gives it many advantages in this respect.—*Old Mon.*

CHEERFULNESS DEFINED.

AN overflow of high animal spirits alone do not constitute cheerfulness, because they are variable and evanescent; whilst cheerfulness, in its true sense, rests upon a more solid foundation. It may be defined as subdued mirth, as the union of contentedness and complacency, the medium between gaiety and gloom, the point at which the mind is no longer perpetually turning round on the pivot of circumstances, but resting on the centre of its own resources, acquires a settled stationary being; as the result of correct principles, active habits, and benevolent dispositions. The habitually cheerful man neither contemplates the world through the gloom of misanthropy, nor the bright haze of imagination, but taking a calm and sober estimate of things as they really are, his mind is sufficiently braced, for active usefulness without becoming too refined for sober enjoyments. He is contented also to receive his pleasures through the medium of his duties; and blessed with a capacity for being happy without the aid of high excitements, he is not driven to seek refuge in ideal creations. His mind is healthy.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER PRINTED IN SCOTLAND.

THE following extract from the "Historical Sketches of Charles the First," &c. recently published, commemorates the first establishment of a newspaper in Scotland:—It is a remarkable fact, which history was either too idle to ascertain, or too much ashamed to relate, that the arms of Cromwell com-

municated to Scotland, with other benefits, the first newspaper which had ever illuminated the gloom of the north. Each army carried its own printer with it, expecting either to convince by its reasoning; or to delude by its falsehood. King Charles carried Robert Barker with him to Newcastle, in 1639; and General Cromwell conveyed Christopher Higgins to Leith, in 1652. When Cromwell had here established a citadel, Higgins reprinted in November of the same year, which had been already published at London, "A Diurnal of some passages and affairs for the English soldiers." *Mercurius Politicus* was first reprinted at Leith, on the 26th of October, 1653. The reprinting of it was transferred to Edinburgh, in November, 1654, where it continued to be published till the 11th of April, 1660, and was then reprinted under the name of *Mercurius Publicus*.

ARABIC SAYINGS.

Reside where thou wilt, acquire knowledge and virtue, and they will stand thee in the place of ancestors: the man is he who can say, "See what I am," not he who says, "See what my father was."—When God would display in broad day a virtue hidden in the shade, he excites against it the tongue of the envious. If the flame did not catch every thing surrounding, the exquisite perfumes of the aloes would be unknown.—This life is but a fragile fragment, senseless is he who attaches himself to it: what is passed is dead; what is to come is hidden; thou hast only the moment in which thou breathest. Thy life is divided into two portions: consider well what they are: that which is gone, is a dream; that which remains, a wish.—*Lit. Gaz.*

DESOLATE APPEARANCE OF ST. SEBASTIAN AFTER THE SIEGE.

St. Sebastian, after the siege, exhibited a scene sufficient to blanch the hair, and wither the heart. Many of the streets were blown up in hills of rubbish, not a house was left entire; not a living thing was to be seen; nor a sound heard through the lonely streets, save the wind as it moaned through this city of the dead, which stood in all the blackness of recent ruin, far more appalling than the grass-grown and ivied walls. Around the trenches, the dead, in some instances, had been buried, but so partially, that their feet and hands were frequently to be seen above the turf, with the flesh mouldering away, and the bones whitening in the air. Along the ramparts and streets, they lay in groups, even as they had been mown down; and innumerable heads, legs, and

arms, were strewn around, in the various stages of decay, and mangled and half-devoured by birds of prey. Numbers of dead bodies, also, were floating beneath the walls, followed by swarms of fishes, the effluvia arising from which was dreadful.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

The building *Improvements* in the metropolis, and in the principal towns throughout the country are amongst the most characteristic evidences of the active and enterprising spirit of our generation—and, what is of far more importance, of the habits of cleanliness, the desire for comfort, the abhorrence of close and crowded streets, which distinguish us from our forefathers. The huddling together of London, at a time when land was of much less value, making every allowance for the difference of the currency, than at present, is a singular instance of the influence of habit, however inconvenient and ridiculous, upon the folk of “the good old times.” The narrow streets of all ancient towns of England were constructed principally with regard to the facilities which this crowded arrangement offered for defence, in a period when property was either exposed to the depredations of border foes; or when it was necessary for almost every town to take a part in the horrible civil contests that prevailed for two centuries amongst us. What was at first necessity, in progress of time became choice;—and thus London, after the fire, was restored upon the old inconvenient and unhealthy principle. But we are getting wiser. Property in the city is too valuable for its owners to give up their shops and warehouses in close and dingy thoroughfares; but they are more careful of their comforts and enjoyments than their fathers; they come to their houses of business in the day, and retire in the evening to their snug and happy villas. The same rational system is pursued in most of the great manufacturing towns; and thus the altered habits of the people have as much contributed to the extension of cities and their suburbs, as the increase of the population. While this increase has been in twenty years at the rate of 31 per cent., the increase of houses has only been at the rate of 30 per cent. But the improvements of the metropolis, within the last ten years, have been especially directed to the great object of clearing the important, because wealthy and fashionable parts of the town of wretchedly-crowded hovels, to substitute for them splendid private residences and shops. Whatever may be Mr. Nash’s architectural defects, in matters of detail,

this country is under great obligations to him, for the conception and execution of Regent Street, and the Regent’s Park. He has done something to redeem London from the imputation of being the ugliest capital in the world; and few cities, even those of Italy, of which we speak as wonders of architectural magnificence, can present a drive equal to that from the Opera House to the Zoological Gardens.

Lon. Mag.

Illustrations of History.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF GLASS.

THE word glass is supposed to be derived from the German *glessum*, the name for amber, which it was thought to resemble in its transparency and brightness. Some imagine glass to have been invented before the flood, and that Moses alluded to the sands that glass was made of, when he said to Zebulun—“They shall suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand;” for in the inheritance of that tribe, or very near the frontier of it, ran the little river Belus, where a particular kind of sand was to be found, of great use in the manufacture of glass; which Pliny corroborates by informing us that glass was first accidentally discovered in Syria, at the mouth of the river Belus, by certain merchants driven thither by the fortune of the sea, who being obliged to live there and dress their victuals by making a fire on the ground, collected some of the plant kali, of which there was an abundance on the spot, for that purpose; this herb being burnt to ashes, occasioned a vitrification of the sand and stones that adhered to it, thus producing glass, and affording a hint for the fabrication of it.

The period when this discovery was made, is involved in considerable obscurity; for it seems to be the general opinion, that what has been denominated glass in the Old Testament, as well as in some of the translations from ancient Greek authors, ought rather to have been termed crystal: however, our knowledge of this invention is principally derived from the Romans; though Theophrastus, who lived about 300 B. C., has given us some account of glass, which he also describes as being made of the sand of the river Belus.

The first glass-houses were erected at Sidon near the mouth of the Belus: but the glass-houses of Alexandria, were most celebrated among the ancients, for the skill and ingenuity of the workmen em-

ployed in them; and from these the Romans for a long time procured all their glass-ware.

Lucretius, who wrote about 60 B. C., is the earliest among the Latins who make any mention of glass, which appears to have been brought into use at Rome in the time of Augustus; and, if the following anecdote be true, the manufacture of it, under his successor, was carried to a far greater degree of perfection than the moderns are capable of.

It is related that, in the time of Tiberius, an artificer in Rome, made a glass vessel of so tenacious a temper, that it was as difficult to break as if it had been made of metal; and which being thrown with great violence on the ground, in the presence of the emperor, was not broken, but bruised, and was immediately beaten into its former shape, by an instrument which the artificer had ready for that purpose. The emperor, who appeared to have been rather more alarmed than pleased with the experiment, inquired of the inventor if any other person besides himself was privy to this method of tempering glass, and rendering it malleable, and being answered in the negative, he ordered the unfortunate artificer to be put to death, saying, that if the art should become generally known, gold and silver would be of as little value as dirt.

Pliny observes, that in his time glass was made with the sand found at the mouth of the river Vulturnus, between Cunnæ and the Lucrine Bay. This sand was very fine, and, being mixed with three parts of the fossil alkali, and fused, was conveyed in a liquid state into other furnaces, where it was formed into a mass called ammonitrum, which being again melted, became pure glass, and was brought to the shape required by blowing with the breath, though some pieces were ground on a lathe, and others embossed in the same manner as gold and silver; he further notices, that no substance was more manageable in receiving colours, or being formed into shape, than glass. And it appears from Martial, that glass was not only in common use for drinking vessels, but was likewise formed into bottles, in which wine was kept; and a regular company of glass manufacturers was soon afterwards established, near the Porta Capena, at Rome; but the Romans in general, preferred silver and gold, to glass, for the composition of their drinking vessels.

Some square panes of a *glazed window* were discovered at Herculaneum, which proves that the Romans made use of glass, as well as of the lapis specularis

and phengitas, noticed by Seneca, for the admission of light into their rooms.

It is presumed, that the *manganese* was made use of to purify glass in the time of Pliny, as he more than once remarks, that the magnet was employed in glass; and under this name the ancients comprehended manganese, though the term itself was first used by Albertus Magnus.

The art of manufacturing glass into such ornaments as beads and amulets, was known to the ancient Britons, long before the arrival of the Romans; they also, according to Strabo, made vessels of glass, which were generally of a blue-green cast; but, as no notice is taken of this manufacture during the period of the Roman government, it was, probably, one of those arts which, being only known to the Druids, was lost on the extermination of that people by Suetonius Paulinus.

The venerable Bede informs us, that the Abbot Benedict, about the year 674, first brought from Italy, artificers skilled in making of glass for the purpose of glazing the church and monastery at Wermouth; and as St. Jerome, who wrote early in the fifth century, and Gregory of Tours, in the sixth century, make mention of windows formed of glass melted, and cast into thin plates, being used in their time, it would seem that this was one of the few arts, which, from its great utility, was able to withstand the shock of Gothic devastation; yet glass windows were but rarely used on the continent, even in the twelfth century. Among Madox's collection of the 49th Henry III, is an abstract of a roll marked Woodstock, evincing that so long ago as 1265, glass windows were used in his palace, at that place, as also at Westminster; and that Chaucer's chamber windows were glazed we gather from his *Dreame*:—

“ My windows wherein shet echone,
And through the glasse the sunne yshone,
Upon my bed with bright bemis,
With many glad gildy stremis.” l. 333.

In a charter of Richard II., 1386, mention is made of glass, together with the manufacture of it for windows. The glass for Warwick Chapel, in the time of Henry VI., was procured from abroad, at two shillings a foot; and it seems to be the general opinion, that most of the windows in this country were made of lattice, and not of glass, till the commencement of the sixteenth century. William Harrison, who wrote in 1577, observes, “ that of old time, our cuntry houses, instead of glass, did use much lattice, and that made either of wicker, or fine rifts of oke, in checker-wise; I read also, that some of

the better sort, in and before the times of the Saxons, did make panels of horne, instead of glasse, and fix them in wood calmes, but as horne in windows is *now* quite laid down in every place, so our lattices are also growne into lesse use, because glasse is nearly as cheape, if not better, than the other." But glass windows were not introduced into the better sort of farm-houses in the country, till the commencement of the seventeenth century.

The Venetians, about the commencement of the fourteenth century, became celebrated for their glass manufactories at Mureno; and from that time till the middle of the seventeenth century, they generally supplied the rest of Europe with this article. Our ancestors generally drank out of cups made either of wood, horn, or metal; cups of crystal glass were imported from Venice during the reign of James I., and were placed in recesses, as objects of value and curiosity, along with the china and plate, in the time of Charles II. A manufacture of glass was first established in London, in 1557, and was considerably improved in 1635, by the adoption of pit, or sea-coal, instead of wood. Soon afterwards, a monopoly was granted to Sir Robert Mansell, to import the fine Venetian flint glasses for drinking; the art of making which was not brought to perfection before the reign of William III. In 1670, the Duke of Buckingham, having procured some artists from Venice, introduced the manufacture of fine glass into England, with so much success, as, in the course of a century, to have surpassed the productions of the Venetians themselves.

The art of casting glass in plates was invented by Abraham Thevant, a Frenchman, in 1688, and first practised in this country at Prescott, in Lancashire, in 1773.

The art of tinging the glass with various colours, was known to the ancients, and practised at Alexandria; for we read that cups manufactured at that place, were presented to the emperor Adrian, which sparkled with colours of every kind, and Strabo says, this was effected by a peculiar earth which was only to be met with in Egypt. In some collections of antiquities at Rome, are pieces of glass so perfectly coloured and transparent throughout, that they were frequently taken for jewels.

What materials the ancients had for colouring glass is unknown; but it is certain that metallic calces must have been employed, as these pigments alone are capable of withstanding the heat of the glass furnaces.

The process of tinging glass and enamels, by preparations of gold, is first detailed by Neri, in his *Art of Making Glass*, published in 1611, which was improved upon by the gold calx or precipitate, invented by Kulkel, who, about the year 1680, made a cup of ruby glass for the Elector of Cologne, weighing not less than twenty-four pounds, a full inch in thickness, and of an equally beautiful colour throughout. Drinking-glasses with gilt edges, were first manufactured at Bohemia and other places in Germany.

Painting on glass and in enamel may, in certain respects, be considered as branches of the art of colouring glass; originally it consisted in the arrangement of pieces of glass of different colours, in some sort of symmetry, constituting a kind of Mosaic work; afterwards, when an attempt was made to represent figures, and to delineate the different shades of their draperies, the figures were drawn in black, with water colours, and the draperies attached to it by separate glasses of the colour required. About the year 1500, a French painter at Marseilles, discovered a method of incorporating the coloured drawings themselves on the glass, by exposing it to a proper degree of heat after the colours had been laid on; and this invention was considerably improved upon, by Albert Durer, and Lucas, of Leyden.

This art is supposed to have been introduced into England in the reign of John, and was at first exercised by ordinary tradesmen, from plans drawn by artists. Walpole produces instances of it in the reign of Henry III.; and he traces the history of it from the Reformation, (when misguided zeal destroyed most of the monuments of it in our churches,) through a series of professors to the present time.

The art of cutting or engraving on glass by means of the lapidary's wheel, is noticed by Pliny, and was revived by Caspar Lehmann, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The diamond is first mentioned as being applied to this purpose by Francis I. of France; soon after which, festoons and other ornaments, cut with a diamond, became extremely common on the Venetian glasses. Previous to this discovery, emery, and sharp-pointed instruments of hard steel, and sometimes a red-hot iron, were used by the glaziers for the purpose of dividing the glass.

A method of forming glass to resemble *porcelain*, by reducing it to a less vitrified state, was invented by Reaumur, about 1740.

Musical glasses are of German origin, and were introduced into England in 1760.

Customs of Various Countries.

FUNERAL GARLANDS.

IN this nation, as well as others, by the abundant zeal of our ancestors, virginity was held in great estimation, so that those which died in that state were rewarded at their death with a garland or crown on their heads, denoting their triumphant victory over the lusts of the flesh. This honour was also extended to a widow, provided she had been wedded but once. The garlands or crowns used for the ceremony, were beautifully wrought in filagree work, with gold and silver wire, in resemblance of myrtle, with which plant the funebral garlands of the ancients were always composed, whose leaves were fastened to hoops of larger wire of iron, lined with cloth of silver.

Besides these crowns the ancients had also their depository garlands, the use of which continued till of late years, and may perhaps still continue in some parts of England. These garlands, at the funeral of the deceased, were carried solemnly before the corpse by two maids, and afterwards hung up in some conspicuous place within the church. They were made in the following manner:—the lower rim, or circlet, was a broad hoop of wood, whereunto was fixed, at the sides, part of two other hoops, crossing each other at the top, at right angles, which formed the upper part, being about one-third longer than the width. These hoops were wholly covered with artificial flowers of paper, dyed horn, and silk, and more or less beautiful, according to the skill or the ingenuity of the performer. In the vacancy of the inside from the top, hung white paper, cut in form of gloves, whereon was written the deceased's name and age, &c. together with long slips of various coloured paper or ribbons; these were many times intermixed with gilded or painted empty shells of blown eggs, as farther ornaments, or it may be, as emblems of bubbles or bitterness of this life; whilst other garlands had only a solitary hour-glass hanging therein, as a more significant symbol of mortality.

Sketches of Orators.

No. 15.

ARISTIDES ADRIANENSIS.

ARISTIDES ADRIANENSIS was much affected with contemplation, who not being

naturally prompt to oratory, yet through his painful industry, he attained to an incomparable strain of elocution. When Mark Antonine, the Emperor, was at Smyrna, where he had been for the space of three full days, before this orator would afford him his attendance; at length coming to wait on his princely Majesty, it was the Emperor's first question,—‘Why so late before we saw thee?’ The Rhetor's reply was, ‘We were, O King! taken up with a theorem, but the mind being under meditation, must not be withdrawn from that it seeketh.’ Antonine being well pleased with this return, put this question also to him, ‘When shall I hear thee?’ whom the orator thus answered, ‘Propound to-day, and you shall hear to-morrow; for we are not of those that vomit forth things, but of them that do all things accurately!’ Philostratus calls him the builder of Smyrna; for that city being destroyed by a most fearful earthquake. Aristides wrote a lamentable letter to the Emperor,—such a letter as made him weep; and it so far prevailed with him, that in the end he condescended to rebuild it.

Aristides is said to have possessed the sublimity of Thucidides, the sweetness of Herodotus, and the force and gravity of Demosthenes. The triune beauties concentrated into a treasurable confection for the mind, were worthy of imitation, and remain monuments of genius, by which all may be taught. P.

Science and Art.

NOVEL ARTILLERY.

A gentleman of the name of Sievier, has recently invented a method of projecting shot, which consists in making the shot with a cylindrical chamber, so as to pass freely on to a maundid or bar, fixed on trunnions, a powder chamber being formed at the bottom of the cylindrical cavity in the shot. The powder is inflamed by means of a touch-hole in the shot, in the usual way. A charge of powder thus used is found to produce effects very much surpassing those of a shot of equal weight thrown from a cannon; and thus accounted for, by supposing that the force of recoil, which in a cannon is so great as to throw it a considerable distance backwards, is added in the new form of shot to the usual quantity of projectile force. The experiments made with shot weighing up to twenty-five pounds were successful both as to force and direction, and the advantage gained as to lightness in the apparatus is extraordinary.

ANCIENT INK.

Lamp-black, or the black taken from burnt ivory, and soot from furnaces and baths, according to Pliny and others, formed the basis of the ink used by old writers. It has also been conjectured, that the black liquor of the scuttle-fish was frequently employed. Of whatever ingredients it was made, it is certain, from chemical analysis, from the blackness and solidity in the most ancient manuscripts, and from an inkstand found at Herculaneum, in which the ink appears like a thick oil, that the ink then made was much more opaque, as well as encaustic, than what is used at present. Inks, red, purple, and blue, and also gold and silver inks, were much used; the red was made from vermilion, cinnabar, and carmine: the purple from the *murex*, one sort of which, named the purple encaustic, was set apart for the sole use of the emperors. Golden ink was used by the Greeks much more than by the Romans. The manufacture both of it, and of silver ink, was a distinct and extensive, as well as lucrative business, in the middle ages: and another distinct business, was that of inscribing the titles, capitals, as well as emphatic words, in coloured and gold or silver inks.—*Week. Rev.*

Anecdotaliana.

A TALL EMPEROR.

Maximinus, Emperor of Rome, was eight feet and a half in height; he wore his wife's bracelet as a ring upon his thumb; and his sandal was longer by a foot than any other man's. He was a Thracian, barbarous, cruel, and despised of all men; and fulfilled the proverb, "That high rooms are always ill-furnished!" for

The greatest virtue often lies
In bodies of the middle size.

FRENCH BRAVERY AND GALLANTRY.

In the midst of the most dreadful carnage before the walls of Messour, the Count of Soissons, jeering and laughing, addressed himself to Joinville.—"You and I," said he, "shall talk over this day's exploits hereafter among the ladies."

IN CORNEUM.—(Translation.)

I give thee three precepts to carry through life:
'Hear, see, and say nothing,' if thou hast a wife. P.

TIME AND LIFE.

Thou askest what is Time? I'll tell thee friend:
Life that conveys each mortal to his end. P.

DR. PARR.

The rudeness of the Doctor to ladies was sometimes extreme. To a lady, who had ventured to oppose him with more warmth of temper than cogency of reasoning, and who afterwards apologized for herself by saying, "that it is the privilege of women to talk nonsense," the Doctor replied, "No, madam, it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could, but nature suffers them only to *waddle*."

LADY INGLEYBY'S RECEPTION OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

After the battle of Marston Moor, Cromwell, returning from the pursuit of a party of royalists, purposed to stop at Ripley, the seat of Sir William Ingleby; and having an officer of his troop a relation of Sir William's, he sent him to announce his arrival. Having sent in his name, and obtained an audience, he was answered by the lady, that no such persons should be admitted there; adding, that she had force sufficient to defend herself and that house against all rebels. The officer, on his part, represented the extreme folly of making any resistance, and that the safest way would be to admit the General peaceably. After much persuasion, the lady took the advice of her kinsman, and received Cromwell at the gate of the lodge, with a pair of pistols stuck in her apron strings; and having told him she expected neither he nor his soldiers would behave improperly, led the way to the hall, where, sitting on a sofa, she passed the whole night. At his departure, in the morning, the lady observed,—"It was well he had behaved in so peaceable a manner; for that, had it been otherwise, he should not have left that house alive."

EPIGRAM.

Quod satiare potest, dives natura ministrat.
PETRONIUS.

We are more indebted to our health,
Than to voluptuous taste;
Temp'rance insures the body wealth,
Misfortunes cannot waste. P.

IMPROMPTU,

On reading a Couplet in Number 34 of the 'OLIO,' on the name Death, signed P.

Your contributor P. seems hard ridden with evils,
Stared by *Death* in the face, and assailed by Blue Devils;
Let his dumps henceforth cease, for the reason I'm giving,
As in Chancery Lane he may laugh with the *Living*.†

† Mr. Living is a Tallow-Chandler residing in Chancery Lane.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Sept. 10	Wed.	St. Pulcheria. Sun ris 12m af 5 —sets 28 — 6	Sept. 10	St. Pulcheria was the daughter of the Emperor Arcadius. She shared the sovereignty with her brother Theodosius, the younger; but some difference arising between them, she left the imperial court and became Deaconess. After the death of her brother, A. D. 450, she espoused Marcian, and associated him in the government. She convened the general council of Chalcedon in 451, and died in her 54th year, 454. Pulcheria was a munificent patronizer of learned & religious men. 1827.—Died Ugo Foscolo, an Italian gentleman and scholar, long a resident in London: during which period he wrote a great deal on miscellaneous subjects, and contributed essays and criticisms to most of our eminent periodicals. He was author of the celebrated <i>Essays on Petrarch</i> , so greatly admired by every lover of that delightful poet. Signor Foscolo left behind him at his death, an edition of <i>Dante</i> , with able commentaries, for publication.
— 11	Thurs	Sts. Protus and Hyacinthus. High Water, 16m af 3 morn 31 — 2 even	— 11	These saints suffered martyrdom in the persecution of Valerian, A. D. 257. 1709.—The ever memorable battle of Malplaquet, chronicled as one of the hottest and most obstinate battles contested during the whole war, was fought on this day. In this conflict success attended the Duke of Marlborough and his brave brother in arms, Prince Eugene, who entirely defeated the French. For this signal victory the British nation gave the Duke the princely mansion of Blenheim and its wide domains as a reward for his services.
— 12	Fri.	St. Eanswide. Sun ris 36m af 5 —sets 24 — 6	— 12	This saint, who was daughter to St. Ethelbert, the first Christian king among the English, died in the 7th century. She was abbess of a monastery founded by herself, on the sea coast, near Folkstone, in Kent. On this day Oliver Cromwell made a triumphal entry into London from Scotland.
— 13	Satur.	St. Eulogius. High Water 17m af 4 morn 34 — 5 aftern	— 13	St. Eulogius was made Bishop of Antioch by the Patriarch Anastasius; and was raised to the patriarchal dignity A. D. 583. He died in the year 506. 1759.—Died at Quebec, the gallant general James Wolfe, in the moment of victory, from a wound received in the breast whilst encountering the enemy on the heights of Abraham. This hero in his last moments being told the French were flying, exclaimed, "Then I die contented," and instantly expired.
— 14	SUN.	15th Sun. after Trinity LES. for the DAY 35 c. Jeremiah, m 36 c ——— ev Exaltation of the Holy Cross.	— 14	This festival was first celebrated A. D. 615, when Heraclius, emperor of Rome, after having subdued Chosroe, king of Persia, and recovered the Holy Cross from him, which he had previously plundered Jerusalem of, carried it back to the city barefoot. The Greek church on this day perform the ceremony of kissing the cross. 1544.—The city of Bologne surrendered on this day to the arms of Henry VIII.
— 15	Mond	St. Nicetas. Sun ris 42m af 5 —sets 18 — 6	— 15	This saint was burnt by order of Athanaric, king of the eastern Goths, in the year A. D. 370. 1812.—The memorable abandonment and conflagration of Moscow took place on this day, under the direction of Count Rostopchin, to prevent the city being invested by Buonaparte and his army. This dreadful burning lasted till the 19th, when the entire city was reduced to a heap of ruins.
— 16	Tues.	Sts. Cornelius & St. Cyprian. Moon's fir. quar. 27m af 11 night.	— 16	These saints are recorded as martyrs, St. Cornelius was chosen pope in 251. St. Cyprian was archbishop of Carthage, his native city. Their martyrdom took place A. D. 252, during the persecution of the Christians by Gallus. 1824.—Died on this day, Louis XVIII, king of France, æt. 68. Louis in his early days bore the reputation of being an elegant scholar, and a man of wit.



See Page 143.

Illustrated Article.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Malorum est esca voluptas, qua homines capiuntur, ut hamo pisces. CICERO.

No river in Europe can boast of more romantic beauty than the Rhine: vestiges still remain on its banks of the halls and castles of those rude barons whose deeds have furnished subjects for numberless works of fiction. Many of these places were the strongholds of men, whose swords were ever at the service of the highest bidder. In the long and devastating wars of the Low Countries, hundreds of these reckless spirits were engaged on either side. The daring conduct of the tenants of these castles was continually a subject of complaint, for they scrupled not to attack and plunder the traveller, when war did not allow them a chance of obtaining booty in another way. These outrages at length roused the indignation of the Emperor, and some of the leaders of those desperate bands paid the forfeit of their temerity with their lives.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, there lived, near to the town of Ober-Wessel, a German Baron, named Albert Von Stauffenburgh, who, from the part he had taken with the Duke of Alva, in the wars of Flanders, had rendered himself exceedingly obnoxious to his neighbours. At the time our tale commences, he had returned home, satiated with plunder and bloodshed, and accompanied by a lady of most exquisite beauty, whom he had wedded while absent. She was the daughter of a Spanish captain of foot, and had accompanied her father into Flanders, where the Baron first saw her. Her beauty made a strong impression on the iron heart of her admirer, who demanded her hand of her father. The Spaniard considered the match as most advantageous; and, though his daughter shrunk from it, he persisted in his determination that she should become the bride of the Baron. Resistance to this mandate was vain,—their nuptials were solemnized immediately, and Von Stauffenburgh returned to his castle on the Rhine.

During the first few weeks, the castle was a scene of gaiety and splendour; but

it shortly resumed its former appearance, and its lovely mistress was often left to meditate on her lonely situation, while her stern lord was engaged in the chase, or carousing with the neighbouring barons.

The castle was a stupendous and gloomy structure, and its dark shadows were reflected in the clear waters of the Rhine. It stood on an almost inaccessible rock, and was considered impregnable before the invention of artillery. Such was the place to which Von Stauffenburgh brought his beautiful bride. But the dull abode of her lord was not her only cause of sorrow. There was one to whom she had sworn eternal love and constancy,—one who had loved her with all the warmth of early passion,—whom she still hoped was ignorant of her marriage. But it was a vain hope: the news had reached the ears of Guzman di Vigliar, whose grief may be more easily imagined than described.

It was on a lonely evening in the month of June, that two horsemen were observed proceeding along the banks of the Rhine, in the direction of Ober-Wessel. The rich half armour of the fore-

most rider, consisting of back and breast, with the pauldrons and vambraces, and the jack boots of tough and pliant leather, reaching to the middle of the thigh, shewed that the wearer was above the rank of an ordinary trooper; and the remains of a red plume, which waved in his dented burgonet, plainly indicated that he had lately been where blows had fallen thick and fast. The second horseman had the appearance of a servant or follower, and though he appeared weary from hard travelling, his countenance partook not of that deep melancholy which was stamped upon his master's, whose hands scarce held the bridle of his jaded steed, but rested heavily on the saddle bow, while the tired animal was suffered to proceed at its own pace along the rugged road. At length a sudden turn brought them in view of the town; when the foremost rider, apparently with an effort to shake off his melancholy, plunged his spurs into his horse's flanks, and pushed forward with a rapid pace. The appearance of an armed stranger was a circumstance that attracted but little observation in those unsettled times, so

that the travellers entered the town, after replying to a few questions, without difficulty, and repaired to one of the best inns it afforded, where they took up their abode.

It was not long, however, before the conduct of the strangers was watched. The means they had taken to screen themselves from observation, drew the attention of the townspeople to them, and many uncharitable hints were given to the host regarding the strangers. Their outgoings and their ingoings were narrowly watched; for it was not until the evening had advanced that they ever left the inn, and they were then not long absent. Some gossips set them down as part of a gang of banditti, while others were inclined to think them spies; but many went still farther, and judged from their swarthy complexions that they were no others than his Satanic Majesty and his Prime Minister; indeed so firmly persuaded were the latter that the strangers were not of this world, that as they rode down the street, suspicious glances were cast on each side of their steeds, no doubt in the hope of discovering a cloven foot, or some other devilish appendage. But these gentlemen were doomed to experience disappointment, and nothing appeared to warrant their uncharitable suspicions.

Since the arrival of the strangers, they had never held communion with any of the townspeople, but appeared to shun observation as much as possible. It, therefore, occasioned some surprise, when one evening a horseman, who was known to be one of the retainers of the Baron Von Stauffenburgh, arrived at the inn, and inquired for the stranger Knight. He was immediately shewn into an apartment where the Knight sat, and after closing the door, he said, in a low gruff voice,

“Bear ye the name of Guzman di Vigliar?”

“I do,” was the reply—“What would'st thou have with me?”

The grisly messenger drew from his belt a long petrionel—and with the ramrod took out the charge, from which he produced a small piece of paper, clumped up as though used for the wadding. This motion somewhat startled the Knight, whose hand was already on the hilt of his sword, when the messenger waving his hand, presented the paper.

“Fear not,” said he; “here is a billet from one ye have long sought—quick, read it, and let me have your answer; for my head will be forfeit if the Baron should discover my absence and suspect.”

With hands that quivered with emotion, the Knight spread the paper, and as he read its contents the cold drops started

on his forehead, and his countenance assumed a livid hue. The messenger beheld it,—a devilish smile played for a moment upon his meagre countenance, and then settled down into a low and repulsive scowl. The Knight in the mean time, penned a few lines, and putting the paper into the hands of the messenger, together with several gold pieces, he said—

“Carry this, good fellow, to thy mistress, and say I will be punctual.”

“The messenger took the paper, and bowing, departed. After draining a glass of Geneva, he mounted his horse, and in half an hour stood in the presence of Von Stauffenburgh.

“Well, Herman,” said the Baron,—“what success hast had?”

Herman unsheathed his long rapier, and held it up—it was covered with blood.

“Ha!” cried Albert, “wert thou forced to use cold iron?”

“Nothing less! My lady's messenger was firm, and drew upon me—but he'll tilt no more.”

“Hast thou killed him?”

“Ay.”

“Where hast thou bestowed the body?”

“In the bed of the river—a fragment of a rock sunk it deep enough.”

“And the Galliard—where is he?”

“At Ober-Wessel—here is his billet in reply.”

The Baron took the paper, and his eye glanced over the contents.

“'Tis well,” said he, with an air of fiendish triumph; “but how shall it be delivered?”

“Leave it to me, my Lord,” said Herman; “'twill be easy to say that Leopold gave it me, with strict orders to deliver it to none but my lady.”

“Good—here is something for thy faithful services,” placing a purse heavily charged into Herman's hand—“Go and deliver the billet.”

The evening came. The Baroness Von Stauffenburgh sat in her chamber in torturing suspense: she looked from her latticed window down on the clear stream, which washed the rock on which the castle stood. The sun was descending fast, but the swallows skimmed over the surface of the waters, and the finny tribe shewed their golden scales as they jumped to seize the sportive gadfly, which danced within their reach. The stream flowed on unruffled, save when at times the coot or teal dived beneath its surface. The song of the fisherman was heard as he rowed home, and the eagle winged her flight through the clear blue space, and sought her resting place among the highest rocks which bordered the Rhine.

The Baroness looked on the scene—how beautiful!—how tranquil!—But a fierce war raged in her bosom, which heaved like a billow. She wept not—her hand pressed her burning brow, which throbb'd wildly against her long and alabaster fingers—no tears relieved her mind's anguish. She gazed long and intently on the stream, when a small boat was seen approaching, rowed by two figures. A signal from the Baroness was answered, and the boat advanced rapidly. She sank on her seat, overpowered with contending emotions. She had planned the meeting she now dreaded, at great hazard—and little wot she of the storm that was gathering over her head.

The Baron had become acquainted with the arrival of Guzman at Ober-Wessel—their messages had been observed, and Herman was employed to intercept the letter which appointed the meeting. He had done this, though not without taking the life of the messenger; and the Baroness was deceived by the excuse which Herman made for her page's absence.

In the side of the rock on which the castle stood was a cave, which communicated with a subterraneous passage, leading to the chamber of the Baroness. Guzman and his servant arrived at it, and entering the passage described in the Baroness's letter, he ascended the narrow stairs which ran between the wall, passed through the panel which she had already drawn aside, and stood before his mistress. Who shall describe their meeting?—She rose from her seat,—tottered towards him, and sank senseless into his arms.

“Inez,” said the Cavalier, in a half-stifled voice, “look up, I conjure thee.”

She seemed to revive at the sound of his voice, and opened her eyes. A burst of bitter scalding tears came to her relief, and roused her to a state of consciousness.

“Oh! Guzman,” she said, “do not upbraid me,—my father!”—At the same instant a sound as of cautious footsteps was heard near the panel—“Ah! we are lost,” faintly shrieked the wretched Baroness,—“Fly, Guzman, fly!”

The Cavalier flew to the door of the chamber,—it was secured!—he turned to the panel, and was about to enter, when the gaunt form of Albert Von Stauffenburgh barred the entrance!

The Baroness threw herself at the feet of her lord, and clasped his knees, but her tongue denied its office.

“Away, woman!” said the Baron, calmly, spurning her from him, and she fell on the floor of the chamber.

“Monster!” cried the Cavalier, unsheathing his sword,—but at that moment

the Baron discharged a pistol full in the face of Guzman. The deadly shot passed through his brain,—the Cavalier sprang convulsively from the floor, and instantly expired.

It was some moments before the smoke which filled the chamber cleared away, when the Baron strode forward and fixedly regarded, for some moments, the body of his foe. So intently was he engaged, that he forgot, for a moment, his wretched partner; when on looking round him, she was no where to be seen. He attempted to pass out by the door of the chamber; but it was still fastened, as he had directed, on the outside. He drew aside the tapestry which covered the walls, but she had not concealed herself; when, on a sudden, the horrid truth flashed across his brain. He flew to the window and looked down. There, on a rock, whitened with age, lay the body of the Baroness. He gazed, with fallen jaw and distended eye-balls, on the dreadful spectacle. She moved—she waved her arm—as if in token of forgiveness,—her eyes were once turned on her fierce lord, and then closed for ever. J. Y. A—N.

—◆—

COLUMBUS.

AN ELEGY.

—
(For the Olio.)
—

Revered Alphonso, wise Anselmo's son,
Through rich Iberia's vast domain was
known;
Heroic deeds his peerless glory won,
When Charles and Philip toil'd to fill the
throne.
While envious Gaul reluctant heard his name;
Affrighted Austria, trembling, own'd him
brave;
From ancient chivalry he form'd his fame,
Nor more aspir'd to conquer than to save.
Yet when the sons of thund'ring war were
chain'd,
And peace to Philip gave the wish'd-for
crown;
The jealous king his captain's pleas disdain'd,
And paid his merits with a distant frown.
Alphonso, fraught with virtue's conscious
pride,
The hope of power, that soul of courts re-
sign'd;
He sought his native towers near Tagus' side,
Bright in the air their glittering honours
shin'd.
Here rural joy in ev'ry shape he sought,
Learning's sweet lore, or music's soothing
strain;
Still rose the rankling, the obtrusive thought,
And smiling nature shew'd her charms in
vain.
One eve as wand'ring by the crystal flood,
He thought of thankless friends and van-
quish'd foes,
Unusual murmurs shook the neighbouring
wood,
And from the parted ground a spectre rose.

His brow majestic naval honours graced,
 One hand a chart and guiding compass held,
 A golden helm the other close embrac'd,
 His purple vestments in the zephyrs swell'd:
 Dim faded lustre in his cheek was seen,
 By torturing care and disappointment torn;
 Superior virtue dignified his mien,
 But virtue, friendless, desolate, forlorn.
 Majestic he began, "Dost thou complain
 Of unrequited worth and friends ingrate?
 Is not thy country that perfidious Spain.
 From whom Columbus met contempt and
 hate?

At Genoa, happy then in Freedom's sway,
 'Midst arts and arms, I drew my earliest
 breath;

And soon, directed by Ambition's ray,
 On the proud waves I dared fatigue and
 death.

By Genius led new climates to explore;
 By Science urg'd the bold design to try;
 The plan that Reason taught to Spain I bore,
 And won the crafty monarch's fav'rite eye.
 Fearless the undiscovered main I plough'd,
 My crew rebellious, thwarted each design;
 With hellish frenzy my destruction vow'd:
 Think if thou canst, how hard a task was
 mine?

The nearest limit of the world unknown,
 These eyes Iberian chief did first behold;
 That world, whose riches now support your
 throne,

The new world destin'd to transcend the old.
 The sight how rapturous! with religious awe
 I kissed the earth, and bless'd heav'n's guid-
 ing care,

Here beasts and birds unknown and rare I
 saw,

Extensive forests, and Savannah's fair.
 Yet here I rested not,—'twas I descry'd
 Rich Mexico, in wealth without a peer,
 Here Spain in guiltless blood her poignard
 dyed,

From such barbarity these hands were clear.
 The law of kindness taught by God to man,
 In ev'ry action, charm'd my enraptur'd eye:
 Mine was the social, the commercial plan,
 That land to land should mutual wants sup-
 ply.

Where's my reward?"—At this an airy tear
 Stood trembling in his visionary eye:

"My restless foes obtain'd the regal ear,
 Prepared by sordid avarice to comply.
 A mean-soul'd wretch, of courts the scourge
 and shame,

Grac'd with the royal mandate cross'd the
 main:

Now blush Alphonso for thy country's fame,
 In fetters bound, I travelled back to Spain.
 Ungrateful Spain! for thee, though health
 decay'd,

Thy firm adventurer stemm'd the unknown
 sea:

Thy good the claims of nature far outweigh'd,
 Friends, country, kindred, I forsook for
 thee!

Thy perjur'd king my vow'd reward denied,
 His royal gratitude a prison prov'd;

Forgot in dull obscurity I died,
 Though once by millions prais'd, admired,
 beloved.

Let all henceforth beware, where tyrants rule,
 Nor court renown, nor noble actions dare:

Cold fix'd neglect awaits the prosp'rous fool,
 Nor e'en his life shall jealous envy spare.

But gen'rous Britain, still to honour true,
 With liberal hand deserv'd reward bestows;

No slighted sons to thee for justice sue,
 But warm with certain hope each bosom
 glows.

Patient for thee the skilful artists serve,
 To thee the sages shall their toils address;

Secure to gain the honours they deserve,
 Wear them through life, and e'en in death
 possess."

The phantom sunk,—Alphonso, starting cried,
 "When such hard fate repaid such worth
 divine,

Shall I complain?—Avaunt, resentful pride,
 Be conscious merit's silent plaudit mine."
 K.

ADVENTURES OF A CORKSCREW.

(For the Olio.)

"What ho! Drawer!—So, sirrah! a cork-
 screw,
 And never, while you serve, bring wine with-
 out one.

Your wine without, Lackthought, were a
 brain

Without a tongue, to give its bright thoughts
 words;

A casket with no key, to free its pearls;
 A house without a door; a world of wit,
 Within a nutshell crammed, to some poor
 fool

Who has not wit enough to crack it; a bell
 Without a sound; a poet without rhymes;
 An Eden with stone walls, without a gate
 Through which to steal, and pluck forbidden
 fruit.

Your corkscrew, knave, is wine's expositor,
 Expounder, illustrator; his prime minister,
 His sole executor, that makes the old man
 bleed:

His crack chirurgeon, that opens his full veins,
 And lets his best blood out. It is the worm
 Which never dies, though many it doth kill.
 Sirrah! slow knave! if you have any hope
 To palm wine bibber's pence, forget no more
 With your Falernian to bring the key,
 The corkscrew hight. Were I a ready wit,
 Which, thank my purse, I am not, I would
 sing

Or say much in your corkscrew's praise."
Merry Doings at Islington.

I was created in Sheffield; my parent
 was an eminent cutler; but as I was only
 indebted to him for making me, and was
 no sooner made than dismissed from the
 home of my birth, there was no time al-
 lowed for love to grow between us, and
 consequently there was no love lost when
 we parted. Within a week after I was
 perfected, I was despatched away by the
 Sheffield waggon, very neatly and care-
 fully packed up, to that universal refuge
 for the destitute, London, the grand mart
 for merchandize, and the metropolis of
 this manuf'cturing world. Here I was
 left upon liking at an eminent retail cut-
 ler's, who, as I flattered myself, took par-
 ticular notice of me, and was so proud of
 my shewy appearance, that I was ex-
 hibited every day in his window. I was,
 notwithstanding, doomed during many
 months to that neglect "which patient
 merit of the unworthy takes;" but the
 time came at last when I was to have jus-
 tice done to my distinguished qualities: it
 was on the 8th of November, 1825, that

a stout, good-looking, well-fed, and well-behaved genteel sort of a man, in nankeen small-clothes and black silk stockings, picked me out of the tray where I had so long lain neglected, as you would pick out "some bright particular star," and after paying a very handsome consideration for my future services, put me carefully into his pocket, and conveyed me somewhere into the neighbourhood of Guildhall. It seems that I was destined to make my first attempt at usefulness in this useful world on the morrow, being Lord Mayor's day,—a day, as it proved, worthy of my *débüt*; and I felt no little pride that so splendid an occasion had been reserved for my first appearance. The day, "the important day, big with the fate of *turtle* and of *beef*," arrived: and after much unnecessary flourishes of trumpets, beating of drums, waving of flags and banners, and flashing of knives and pricking of forks, all which ceremonies, I flattered myself, were gone through in pure compliment to me, I was, in the twinkling of an eye, introduced to the presence of an assembly of distinguished persons, hardly less brilliant than myself. I was blushing with as many hues as a Damascus sword, at the excessive honours paid to me, when I found myself seized by a dapper fellow with a napkin under his arm, who insinuated my point into something which gave way at my approach with many strange noises, such as I had never till that moment heard; when, finding itself pierced right through its centre, it ceased to resist, and in a moment afterwards was extracted like a tooth, but with a noise somewhat resembling that made by the explosion of a popgun. The sensation was new to me, but not disagreeable, for I then had the first perfect conception of the powers with which I was gifted. I found, upon investigation, that it was a contemptible substance, called cork, which I had thus successfully penetrated; and it seems that this stubborn piece of inanimate matter could not have been dislodged from its position, had it not been for my assistance,—it had so resolutely fortified itself in the fastness of a long and narrow-necked vessel, made of a sort of flint. Achilles was vulnerable only in the heel; my antagonist, it seems, was only accessible in the nose, and truly it gave me the satisfaction of a Cæsar, or any other conqueror, to hear its life-blood gurgle and gush from that organ. I think it was my lord Chesterfield who once remarked, in his usual elegant manner, that "you could not extract blood from a post;" but I began to demur to his lordship's opinion when I beheld it gush from glass!

Whilst I was pluming myself on this my first achievement, imagine my indignation at finding myself on a sudden dropped into the greasy pocket of as arrant a knave as ever clapped a bottle of Burgundy between his rascally knock-knees! In this disgraceful place, I found myself in contaminating communication with two wings of two different fowls, and the drum-stick of a turkey, which he had surreptitiously stowed away in that filthy receptacle for waifs and strays, his coat-pocket. I imagined, too, that I could perceive two or three silver salt-spoons at the very bottom of this heterogeneous mixture of filth, fowls, and felony; but as my den of disgrace was rather dark, I will not swear that they were salt-spoons, they might be soup-spoons; but this I will assert, that they were silver *some things*, for I heard them jingle as he ran about the hall, and I am too well acquainted, from my birth, with the sound of silver to be deceived as to that point. However, I did not lie long in this disgraceful obscurity, for my services were once more indispensable; when I went through the same struggle as at first, and came off with the same honour; and this feat was repeated a hundred times or more during the few hours that I was present at that grand scene of gluttony and glory. I noticed that, upon every fresh occasion that I was used, there followed a few words, which produced the loudest vociferations; but whether these were in honour of my triumphs I could not learn, for I was again plunged into the filthy receptacle I have before complained of, and, like many other instruments of great deeds, forgotten and neglected the moment those deeds were accomplished: this, however, has been the fate of conquerors as well as corkscrews, and it were as idle to complain of the ingratitude of mankind, as it is foolish to put your trust in them. A very tolerable poet has said well enough that

"The path of glory leads but to the grave;"

mine led to a greasy pocket; but no matter,—

"————— all words are idle;
Words from me were vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way against the will."

"To resume the mutton," as the politest of all people express their return to a disagreeable subject. The hundred and fortieth cork was to be plucked from its strong-hold, and I was again brought forward to perform this signal service; when I began to perceive, from certain

suspicious symptoms of fumbling, and from the awkward way in which he laid hold of me, that "honest Joe," as some of the great gentlemen called my master, had been indulging too much in wine-bottoms. Having placed a bottle of Burgundy between his knees, as he stooped forward to apply me in the usual manner, he somehow pitched on his rascally nose: the bottle rolled one way, he another, and I was dropped from his hand. One gentleman, who had a great deal of consideration, but a greater quantity of wine in his head than he could carry, attempted to pick up the rolling bottle, which, as it happened, was not broken; but, unfortunately missing his equilibrium, he too pitched forward, and took up a position side by side with honest Joe; and there we all lay, till the feast and the flask was done and drunk. I was then picked up by a portly-looking man, having very unwittingly stuck into the toe of his extremely thin-soled pump, as he was making the *most* of his way towards the door. He d——d me a bit for the keenness I had displayed at being trampled on; but "tread on a worm and it will turn," says the old proverb, and what less could he expect from me? Having extracted me from his shoe, and seeing, as well as he could see, that I was not more shewy than serviceable, he put me carelessly into his pocket, and, getting into his carriage, flopped himself down on the seat, forgetting that I was so close at his skirts, when (how could I possibly help it?) my acute point pierced him once more, but in a much more ticklish part; when, cursing me more heartily than Dr. Slop did Obadiah, he snatched me out of his pocket, and threw me with brutal force out of the open coach-window, as he thought, but as it happened, I plumped through a piece of plate-glass, which must have cost him some five or six guineas at the least. I was not displeased at this trifling incident, as it in some degree compensated me for the indignities which I had received at his hands.

I was picked up at day-light by a vulgar-looking fellow, who however did me the kindness to rub off the mud which somewhat sullied my splendid qualities; but (oh disgrace! still more sullyng than mud!) ere the day was done, I found myself called upon to open bottled porter (pish!), soda-water (pah!), and other low liquors, (pew!) in a night cellar in the purlieu of Covent Garden. I had not been employed in these humbling duties two hours, before I became absolutely ashamed of my prowess, and began to look back with regret to the day preceding, when I was in the more distinguish-

ed service of "honest Joe," and waited upon gentlemen. The company visiting the cellar consisted partly of men of remarkably dingy mien, when they exhibited any, who sat five hours over one pint bottle of wishy-washy porter, and then could not pay the waiter "till to-morrow," a day which sometimes underwent a great number of rehearsals before it made a final appearance; and partly of parliamentary reporters and other nightly and daily illuminati of this exceedingly enlightened age. These latter gentlemen were so deplorably afflicted with the *cucoethes loquendi*, that they could not call for fresh candles without "taking the sense of the house," in speeches which were anything but English, being a mixture of the jargon and commonest commonplaces of the Commons, with scraps of barbarous Latin most barbarously quoted. If they drank the health of the erudite Mr. Murphy without a shirt, or proposed that of the intellectual Mr. O'Shaughnessy without shoes, it was not without afflicting the few sensible persons present with speeches of an hour's length, and of five minutes meaning, which were, of course "replete" with the most vivid coruscations and scintillations of the Aurora Borealis of brilliancy and brightness, and crammed with the most eloquent conglomeration of Covent-garden and Cotton-garden commonplaces. The rest of the motley crew consisted of poor players, with "no small change," but with pockets-full of benefit tickets; of half-pay ensigns, who danced every day in the week "with Lady A. last night at Almack's," and were to "dine with Lord B. to-morrow," all the year round: the first, if they danced at all, danced only at the doors of that fashionable resort; and if they dined at all, it was with a greater man than even Lord B., namely, with a worthy and hospitable member of the noble house of Gloster. With these were mixed up the usual number of smokers, and starers, and single gentlemen too late for their lodgings. I was so sick of these sixpenny loungers, who could not call for their "crust and Cheshire," without previously ringing three bells for the bill of fare, and wondering that there were no cold fowls in the larder; or even sip their nip of Burton ale, without expressing their indignation at the confined choice of wines which the cellar afforded, that I would very proudly have returned into the once-despised hands of honest Joe, who used me, I must say that of him, in the service of gentlemen, who could afford to get drunk like gentlemen.

[To be Resumed.]

RAINY DAYS.

"The rain it raineth every day."

Five-storied flounces by the rain
Are spotted with the hose ;
Floods run in kennels to the main,
And trickle to the clothes :
Trimm'd hats are dripping, and the shawls
Against the wearers' will,
Are letting drops like waterfalls,
In sodden'd shoes distil.

Umbrellas over scarecrows move,
And parasols are wet ;
The clickety clack of pattens prove
That feet abroad are yet :
In the dank scene the coach is hailed,
And hail the faster falls,
But jarvie fared,—like charon maled,
Is deaf to Stygian calls.

The spouts are sending down their rills,
Just by the 'golden three ;'
Laundresses sending up the 'frills'
To get a drop of tea :
The crossings are in streams of mud,
The gateways cramm'd with air ;
And none but cows can chew the cud
With safety in the lair.

Upon the pavement, splashing reigns,
And flannell'd calves are eyed ;
Tradesmen in doors may count their gains
With loss of trade supplied :
Rents, taxes, bills,—are weather proof,
And moments-like jog on ;
Sleeping or waking, 'neath a roof,
Time's payment comes—'tis gone !

Thus are the showers :—the ray once more
Gleams fresh in slant hot light :
The forms that drenching vestures wore,
Are mockeries now to sight ;
A trail through Smithfield with one shoe,
Slipshod and split in half,—
No cab—no coach—no friend in lieu,
The butt of every laugh :—

Just in a hopeless plight,—the wheels
Draw to the curbstone's side ;
And to conceal the shame one feels
Homeward is sped the ride :
Thus seated, life's not worth a groat,
The rider pays for pride ;
And the same day a cold is caught,
And a coughing wrought beside. P.



THE LITERARY ANNUALS.

Feverish symptoms of the "Literary Annuals" are already abroad. The reading public are feeling the contagion ; preparatory hints are scattered by the suppliers of news ; anticipatory eulogiums bespeak the respective effusions ; shop-windows are clearing for new illustrations, and early impressions exhibited, to make more dear and firm impressions on the purses of subscribers.

So far from these official means of prior announcements being beneficial to the health and propagation of "the dear little creatures," a reverse effect is often pro-

duced by their untimely birth ; for at a season when they ought really to be published, and for the real and ostensible object of being made presents, interchanged between personal friendships, and the close ties of love and duty, their contents have spread through the long columns of newspapers and scientific and literary periodicals, "that feed and spin like silkworms on our brains." The greatest charm of a present, is its novelty. As there is "a time for all things under the sun," so the closing of the old, and the commencement of the new year, is a most fit opportunity to express the freedom of the giver in the presentation of the gift to the acceptance of the esteemed and valued acceptor.

It is true, our gifts are not, more than our benevolence, to be limited to periods, but the books of which we are writing, being intended for winter and annual pleasure, their attractions are evanescent when they ought to be most choice and participant, and the flies, which are unwilling to die before their time, deface the ornamental exterior ere the bookseller's shop is hidden in the depth of a November fog. If this getting before hand prevails with the publishers of the Annuals, we shall soon have to make Christmas presents at Midsummer, and be diverted with "Sonnets on Snow," and "Dissertations on the Frozen Regions," as we recline under our willows, or relax on our sofas in a July afternoon. Turkeys must be crammed for August ; and carrots dug in January. Bartholemew Fair standing room will be announced in March. For "Madras" and "Calcutta," will be advertised when the ships are shrouded in the docks, and the approaching crops of mushrooms be raised on St. Valentine's Day. If there ought not to be a censorship over the forwardness of the Annuals, a Stationer's-Hall management should pervade their interests, as it does those of their weather-betokening and prophetically organised contemporaries, the unerring Pocket-books and Almanacks.

More caprice than justice is exerted in behalf of the literary class of the Annuals. In proportion as interest is gained with editorial and other gentlemen engaged in the critical examination and reviewing departments and analysis of books, friendly extracts are made, and recommendations urged to promote the sale more than prove the genius contained in the several compositions. It might be easily ascertained, that in publications of years past, names have been pompously affixed to pieces of very ordinary merit. The truth is, that many of our old poets have grown

idle, and their genius-woof is expended, and they are bankrupt writers in the civil list, whose ideas have been long insolvent. Like old racers, they are inspired by vanity and encouragement to venture again over the course, but they cannot maintain a contest with anonymous strength rising into stature, and vigorously urging forward from obscurity to the "prize of their high calling."

To the graphic illustrations in the "Annuals," the foregoing remarks do not closely apply, as there is more novelty and less mannerism in the delineations of artists, who are supported only in their art by their application to the subject, as their various genius is manifested. The text of the clergyman to his congregation may be in place here with all "New Year" publishers, when being told by a wrecker, a ship had stranded, echoed vociferously over the pulpit,—“Hold, my friends!” (perceiving some of them running out,) “Hold!—Hold, I say,—let us all start fair!” π.

CICERO.

quella fonte,
Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume.—DANTE.

It has often been remarked, that genius has seldom been extolled, or its attributes appreciated, till the individual in whom it existed was no longer capable of directing its agency. This observation cannot apply to Cicero, since he was venerated by his contemporaries as the oracle of Roman jurisprudence, and his orations were studied as models of eloquence. If the comparisons that are made between writers of different countries and æras be admitted a just and true test of criticism, the parallel between Johnson and Cicero may be assumed with more than usual probability. The emphatic and voluble periods of our own writer are by no means unequal to the sonorous cadences of the Roman; they both display a grandeur of conception, and a power of language, that has not been equalled by the writers of this or any other country. Whether it was necessary that Johnson should have remodelled our language from the orations of Cicero, may be disputed. Although the adaptation of Latin words have increased its dignity, there is still to be found a source of great excellence, and capable of much improvement, in the *terra incognita* of Saxon literature, which contains more philosophy and poetry than is generally supposed.

No writer ever made so great a revolution in the language of his country as Dr. Johnson, for among those who had superseded him, many were to be found whose style was trite, ineffective and unharmonious; and which originated from their studied negligence to the philosophy of language, while the most assiduous attention was directed to the acquirement of the minutæ of Greek and Latin measures. Although Johnson improved our language, it was effected by the adoption of a classic vocabulary; and his style possesses no excellence unless associated with that mental power to which it owed its organization; it is like the wand of Prospero, whose virtues became destroyed when transferred to the unskilful hand; and he himself appears to have been aware that the structure of his language displayed a grandeur that was hostile to the native genius of his own country, from the superlative encomium he awarded to the discursive writings of Addison, whose style no more approximates to his than the rapid transitions of Cornelius Nepos and Pliny to the flowing dignity of Cicero, who indeed had done much to improve the volubility of the Latin tongue, whose general conciseness Voltaire considered was more defective than elegant, and which he so wittily calls the "Lapidary Style." Although the Latin possesses great beauty, from the fact of its being a dialect of the Greek, its value is something deteriorated by the number of obsolete and mutilated modes of expression that has been so imperatively adopted by each succeeding writer, that to unfold its complexities a minute knowledge of theology and historical localities is indispensably necessary. Cicero has assured us that its genius is too superficial for the unfolding of science; and it is evident from physical demonstration, that it is comparatively ineffectual to the purposes of epic poetry.

Quintilianus had so great a veneration for Cicero, that he said of him "Ille se profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valde placebit,"—an encomium which was by no means unmerited, since he demanded no less an admiration for his learning than he did veneration for his virtues; and if he should appear to be too much devoted to the dogmas of stoicism, it must be remembered how fatal were the doctrines of the disciples of Epicurus, whose actions he so proudly contemned, and classed them among those 'minuti philosophi,' who deprecated true virtue, and increased the degeneracy of their age.—There are also few who would admit that there were no gradations in virtue and vice, and that the actions of all were

alike meritorious or condemnable—"Nihil recto rectius, certe ne bono quidem melius, quidquam inveniri potest, sequitur igitur ut etiam vitia sint paria."

Although these assumptions are sophistical, they were not incapable of promoting virtuous actions in others; on the contrary the specious doctrines of epicurianism could never establish a moral principle or extend happiness to its deluded advocates. Among the most successful of the 'melodious advocates for lust' were Anacreon and Horace, and the vicious tendency of such precepts as "sapias, vina liques,"—"carpe diem quam minimum credula postero," cannot be denied: they imply at once the rejection of every energy of the mind, for which is substituted a sensual indulgence, which has no pleasures beyond those which exist in the ideal conceptions of the poet, who has too often adopted that specious mode of expression that tends to establish its own hypothesis by subverting every moral law. To so great an extent has this sometimes prevailed, that the censure of Francesca di Rimini, "Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse," as mentioned by Dante, may be applied to some writers of a more modern date, and of a like capacity.

The exclamation of Cicero—"Neque me vixisse poenitet," when compared to the repentance of the Sabine Bard, "Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens," at once displays the silent concession of the deluded sensualist to the superior virtues of the stoic philosopher.

Among the most successful of his orations, we may adduce his philippic against Antony, where he displays that might and majesty of his mind that could overthrow the machinations of the venal statesman, and demand from the tyrant an acquiescence to those virtues he never practised.—No individual more justly deserved his censure than the voluptuous Antony, whose name was inrolled among those "Optimates" who advocated the extinction of liberty, and whose animosity became confirmed by the repeated censures of Cicero; and never was sarcasm and contempt more deserving than that which he threw upon his character when in the presence of the senate—"Tibi necesse esset in conspectu populi Romani vomere postride."

Every age has paid the first tribute to his excellence: he was the universal author in the time of Erasmus, who appears to have been offended with the excessive adoration of his countrymen, and with that wit so peculiar to himself, he ridiculed the importance they assumed from their frequent paraphrastic adapta-

tion of his language—"Qui se per omnem vitam tantum in hoc toriqueat ut fiat Ciceronianus."

Dante displays his veneration for him, by classing him with the most distinguished of his favorites, who dwell in isolated grandeur in one of the regions of his l'Inferno:—

"e vidi orféo,
Tullio, e Livio, è Séneca morale."

Those who have perused his *Somnium Scipionis*, will perceive that his poetic imagination was as brilliant and creative as that of Shakspeare or Dante; and an author who could excel in every thing he attempted, whether contemplated as a philosopher, or admired as a poet, will be honoured with the love and veneration of every age. G. M. B.

GREECE.

Give me the sweetest sounding lyre,
The poet's happiest song,
The warmth of inspiration's fire,
The theme to bear along!
Greece! yet again thy flag shall wave
With all the pride that Freedom gave!

Let all thy martyr'd sons awake
From out their patriot sleep,
To view the happy morning break,
When thou shalt cease to weep:
It was their blood that fed the tree
Of hard-earn'd Grecian liberty.

Could they, who ages past were found
The foes of foreign sway,
Have left the skies, and look'd around
Upon thy dismal day;
What pangs their spirits must have known,
To see proud Greece in slav'ry thrown!

But now the brave-born Spartan band,
Who gave themselves for thee,
Might look upon their native land
Again, and own it free;
And wish themselves among the slain,
Whose blood has made thee free again.

And thou, oh France! though deep the die
Of many a crime of thine;
Thy help to Greece shall reach the sky,
And make thy name divine!—
The world, ere long, shall look on thee,
The God of Grecian liberty.

R. JARMAN.

The Note Book.

ELTHAM PALACE.

THIS palace, which has been long used for the ordinary purposes of husbandry, is to be repaired. Its stately hall has been employed as a barn, and often visit-

ed by the curious. This palace is supposed to have been built prior to 1270. For several centuries it was a favourite retreat of the English monarchs. Henry III. kept his Christmas here in a sumptuous style, accompanied by his Queen, and all the great men of the realm. In the next reign, Anthony Beck, Bishop of Durham, obtained possession of it, and left it to the crown. The Queen of Edward III. was here delivered of a son, who had the name of John of Eltham, from the place of his birth. Henry VIII. gave a grand feast here at Whitsuntide, 1515, when he created Sir Edmund Stanley, Baron Monteagle, for his services at Flodden Field. Queen Elizabeth, who was born at Greenwich, was frequently carried thence to Eltham, when an infant, for the benefit of the air; and this place she visited in 1559; but on the rise of Greenwich, the palace was deserted.

CURIOUS MAXIMS,

Collected from Old English Authors.

No preaching in the world will make a Jew a Christian; and a cut-purse will be at his work when the thiefe is at the galloves.

There is no moment of time spent which thou art not countable for, and, therefore, when thou hearest the clock strike, think there is now another hour come, whereof thou art to yeeld a reckoning.

The end of a dissolute life is a desperate death; there was never precedent to the contrary, but in the theefe in the Gospell: in one, lest any should despaire: in one alone, lest any should presume.

There be foure good mothers have four bad daughters: Trueth hath Hatred, Prosperity hath Pride, Security hath Perill, and Faniliarity hath Contempt.

Age may gaze at beautie's blossomes; but youth climbs the tree and enjoyes the fruit.

No greater comfort than to know much: no lesse labour than to say little.

GYPSIES.

In the year 1531, England was so infested by innumerable bands of these wanderers, that an act was passed to banish them from the realm, on pain of imprisonment and confiscation of goods.—The Earl of Arran, Regent of Scotland, a few years afterwards, took a different method to get rid of these hated vagabonds, by ordering all sheriffs, and other magistrates, to assist John Faw, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, to collect together his subjects, the Gypsies, (many of whom had rebelled against Faw, under the guidance of one Sebastian Lalow), that

he might carry them back to their own country, as he had engaged to do.

EDWARD THE SIXTH.

HENRY VIII. laid strong injunctions on his executors to effect a marriage between Edward VI. and Queen Mary of Scotland. The Scots, however, under the influence of French counsels, having rejected all overtures for that purpose, the Protector formed a resolution of bringing about an alliance and *union by arms*. Upon which a Scottish nobleman said, "I always like the marriage, but *upon my faith I fancy not the wooing*."

POETRY AND MUSIC.

THE end of poetry and music is to acuate upon the passions; and, in all religious composition, to raise the mind to an elevated desire of acknowledging the wonderful mercy and goodness of the divine Being. How far the hymns used in the established church for this purpose are from answering so salutary an end, it is no less painful than unnecessary to observe; in the versification of the very best psalms, all the rapture of the original text is lost; and in order that the music should be no way superior to the poetry, there is hardly any one tune which can create the least emotion but sleep.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is like a debt of honour—the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation.

SEEING LIFE.

To know mankind, and to profit by their follies, is generally the wish of the mercenary; but there are also some who think, that exposing their own follies to public view is the truest means of acquiring an insight into those of others. This method of a man's subjecting himself to voluntary distress, in order to become acquainted with human nature, goes by the name of seeing life; so that, as the phrase runs, the young fellow who is said to have seen the most of life, is he that has experienced through his inconsiderate rashness the most misery.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—(A SKETCH.)

WAS it ever your misfortune, honest reader, to be spectator of a pigeon-match in a country town? It is a dull, drizzly day in January. A tent is pitched in a large open meadow, generally behind the head inn; a precious collection of ragamuffins are skulking round its hedges, each armed with a rusty gun that he has

borrowed or stolen. The pigeons being arrived, and all ready, you march to the scene of action with the gentlemen of the club :—a pert attorney ; a conceited surgeon ; perchance, an impertinent newly ordained curate ; the brewer ; two or three young yeomen ; a slang butcher ; and another shop-keeper or two, who are tolerated as decent shots. The attorney takes the precedence—for he is a knowing fellow in all things, and an especial hand at a speech after dinner. The trap is drawn—the attorney kills his bird. Another victim is ready—the surgeon misses ; and then as the unhappy creature scuds away, the rabble exercise their privilege of firing “ out of bounds,” and the poor bird is at length brought down, after running the gauntlet of fifty shots.—This manly and most intellectual sport continues, without any variation, for several hours ; and then the gentlemen go to dinner. Heavens ! what an exhibition of petty vanity is here reserved for you.—The chairman proposes the health of the curate, and the curate that of the chairman ; the surgeon toasts the brewer, and the brewer toasts the surgeon ; and then they rap the table, and roar, and brag of their individual exploits, and bet upon the next match, and swear that Jones is a better shot than Johnson, and give the lie and fight, and send paragraphs to the county papers, and meet again that day month for the same dignified and humane pursuit.

Lon. Mag.

Illustrations of History.

SIELDS.

Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,
As from a brazen tower, o'erlooked the field,
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds
o'ercast,
Of tough bull hide, of solid brass the last.
POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

WE find mention of shields in the earliest histories. They were of all shapes and dimensions. Those of the ancient Greeks were of a convex form, and some of them were large enough to cover the whole body. When Camillus, the Roman general, marched against the Gauls, whom he defeated with great slaughter, he had the wooden shields of his soldiers bound with brass, to protect them from the powerful strokes of their enemies, swords. When that fierce people attempted to surprise the capitol, which they had nearly affected, Manlius, a patrician, awakened by the cackling of the sacred geese kept in the temple of Juno, ran hastily to the walls, and with his buckler

dashed the foremost of the enemy from the battlement.

A shield of an oval shape was many years ago fished up out of the Rhone near Avignon. By its weight (which was very great), and the beauty of its workmanship, I should judge that it was presented to some general on his return from conquest, as it was too massive to be borne in battle. Most skilful artists were employed upon shields, though by some they were, it seems, considered unnecessary for the defence of a brave man. It is related of the younger Scipio, that when a young man boastingly shewed him a very handsome shield, he replied, “ It is a very fine buckler indeed, but a Roman soldier ought to repose greater confidence in his *right* hand than in his *left*.” The convex shields of the ancients were so large that they would cover a man completely as he lay on the ground, and prevent him from being trampled to death by the cavalry. They were also used to carry off the slain and wounded from the field of battle. It was considered dishonourable for a soldier to lose his shield. The Spartan mothers presented their sons with a shield as they went forth to battle, with these words: “ Bring this back, or let it bring back thee.”

The Normans and French were, I believe, the first who carried shields, the shape of which is retained to this day in the heraldic escutcheons. Some of the shields of the time of Richard the First were in the form of a boy's kite, but the former shape was the most common ; and though some knights bore shields of a circular form, they were the favourite figure until the reign of Henry VII, when they fell into disuse, though targets and bucklers were carried by the common soldiers till a later period. The English archers wore on their elbows small bucklers, not a foot in breadth. Drayton, describing Robin Hood and his followers, says, each had

“ A short sword at his belt, a buckler scarce
a span.”

and Chaucer's yeoman bore,

“ Upon his arme a gaie bracer,
And by his side a sworde and bokeler.”

The apprentices of London were famous for their skill at sword and buckler, which was one of their evening's amusements after the hours of business. Some of the shields of the sixteenth century have pistols projecting from the centre, with a small grating above, ball-proof, †

† There were several shields of this description in the Tower when I last visited the “ Spanish Armoury,” as they term it.

through which the person who bore it could take aim at his adversary. They were, no doubt, found useful in ships, and on the walls of towns, but they could be of little service in an open field. Targets or small bucklers were borne by the Highlanders in the rebellion under Prince Charles Edward. In one engagement, they advanced with great fury upon the left wing of the English army, and warding off the thrusts of the bayonet, made a dreadful slaughter of our troops with their broadswords; but at Culloden, they were met in a different manner and defeated. There is a Highland target in the Tower, cut from the edge to the centre, apparently with the stroke of a broad-sword. Persons of consequence were generally attended by several sword-and-buckler-men when they walked out, which often led to fierce encounters; but by an act of Elizabeth, those who were seen in the streets with sword and buckler, (except on holidays), were liable to fine and imprisonment. No doubt the introduction of fire-arms was the chief cause of the disuse of shields, for after the reign of Elizabeth, we find scarcely any mention of them, and they are now only borne by the natives of the East Indies, and by some of the South Sea Islanders. J. Y. A—N.

Customs of Various Countries.

CHURCH ALES.

THE inhabitants of the towns and parishes of Elvaston, Thurlaston, and Ambaston, have an agreement made between them and those of the town of Okebrook, situate in the parish of Elvaston, Derby, which empowers them to collect money from the people of Okebrook, to be applied to keep in repair their church. This singular instrument Witnesseth (as follows) that the inhabitants, as well of the said parish of Elvaston, as of the said town of Okebrook, shall brew four ales, and every ale of one quarter of malt; and at their own costs and charges, betwixt this and the feast of St. John Baptist next coming. And that every inhabitant of the said town of Okebrook, shall be at the several ales, and every husband and his wife shall pay twopence, every cottager one penny, and all the inhabitants of Elvaston, Thurlaston, and Ambaston, shall have and receive all the profits and advantages coming of the said ales to the use and behoof of the said church of Elvaston; and the in-

habitants of the said towns of Elvaston, Thurlaston, and Ambaston, shall brew eight ales betwixt this and the feast of St. John the Baptist, at the which ales, and every one of them, the inhabitants of Okebrook shall come and pay as before rehearsed, and if he be away at one ale, to pay at the t'oder ale for both, or else to send his money. And the inhabitants of Okebrook shall carry all manner of tumber being in the Dale Wood now felled, that the said Prestchyrch of the said towns of Elvaston, Thurlaston, and Ambaston, shall occupye to the use and profit of the said church.

Sketches of Orators, (No. 16.)

QUINTUS AURELIUS SYMMACHUS.

HE was a man of consular degree, and prefect of the city. He is much commended by Marcellinus for his learning and modesty, and thus characterised by Boethius. "That most precious ornament of mankind, altogether composed of wisdom and the virtues. Endued with wonderful knowledge and eloquence. Elegant in his epistles, in his relation vehement." And Ausonius asks, "Who comes so near the grace of Æsop? — Who, the sophistical conclusions of Socrates? — Who, the enthymems of Demosthenes? Or the opulency of Cicero? Or the propriety of our Maro? Who so affects each as thou fillest all? For what art thou else but collected perfection from the wit of all good arts?" P.

Science and Art.

RECIPE TO MAKE EAU DE COLOGNE.

TAKE of the essence of bergamot, lemon peel, lavender, and orange-flower, of each one ounce; essence of cinnamon, half an ounce; spirit of rosemary, and of the spirituous water of melisse, of each fifteen ounces; strong alcohol, seven pints and a half. Mix the whole together, and let the mixture stand for the space of a fortnight; after which, introduce it into a glass retort, the body of which is immersed into boiling water, contained in a vessel placed over a lamp, while the beak is introduced into a large glass reservoir well luted. By keeping the water to the boiling point, the mixture in

the retort will distil over into the receiver, which should be covered over with wet cloths. In this manner will be obtained pure Eau de Cologne.—*Granville's Travels in Russia.*

AMBER. †

It appears that this substance is found by the inhabitants of the Prussian coast between Pollanger and Pillau, on the Baltic, either loosely on the shore, on which it has been thrown by the strong north and westerly winds, or in small hillocks of sand near the sea, where it is found in regular strata. The quantity found yearly in this manner, and on this small extent of coast, besides what little is sometimes discovered in beds of pit-coal in the interior of the country, is said to amount from 150 to 200 tons, yielding a revenue to the government of Prussia, of about 100,000 francs. As amber is much less in vogue in Western Europe than in former times, the best pieces, which are very transparent, and frequently weigh as much as three ounces, are sent to Turkey and Persia, for the heads of their expensive pipes and hookahs. Very few trinkets are now sold for ornaments to ladies dresses, and the great bulk of amber annually found is converted into a species of scented spirits and oil, which are much esteemed for the composition of delicate varnish. In the rough state, amber is sold by the tun, and forms an object of export trade from Memel and Konigsburg. *Ib.*

COPAL VARNISH.

This varnish may be made by pouring on the purest lumps of copal, reduced to a fine mass in a mortar, colourless spirit of turpentine, till it stands about one-third higher than the copal. The mixture is to be triturated occasionally in the course of the day; next morning it may be poured off into a bottle, and is fit for use. Successive portions of oil of turpentine may be worked off the same copal. Camphorated oil of turpentine and oil of spike lavender will dissolve the copal without trituration; but this varnish, though good for drawings or prints, will not do for pictures, as it dissolves the paint underneath, and runs down while drying.—*New Mon.*

† This is a pellucid and very hard inflammable substance of one uniform structure, a bituminous taste, very fragrant smell, and highly electric; its colours are principally white and yellow: the white is esteemed for medicinal purposes, while the yellow is manufactured. Amber is the basis of varnishes by solution.

ELECTRO-ATTRACTION OF LEAVES.

THE influence of electricity on organised nature, both animal and vegetable, appears to be progressively better understood. The state of the atmospheric electricity is well known to exert a very marked influence on man, in respect of health and disease, and it is a considerable step in the explanation of the sources of this, which has been ascertained, if not discovered, by M. Astier. His experiments have led him to conclude that the leaves, the hairs, the thorns, &c. of plants, tend to maintain in them the requisite proportion of electricity, and, by drawing off from the atmosphere what is superabundant, that they also act in some measure as thunder rods and paragrêles. In one of his experiments, M. Astier insulated the thorns of growing plants, and upon being exposed to the atmosphere when the electrical equilibrium was disturbed, they distinctly affected the electrometer.—*Bul. des Sciences Naturelles.*

PLAN FOR SUPPLYING WATER TO LONDON.

MR. MARTIN has recently republished his plan, with some additional observations, in the course of which he says—"Since this plan was published, the report of the Commissioners appointed to examine the state of the Thames water has been printed, and its utter insalubrity has been sufficiently proved. Two recent visits to the Coln has confirmed the designer in his opinions; he has ascertained the height of the fall from the proposed point of the Coln to the Paddington reservoir, which will be at the rate of a foot and a half to every mile, and can therefore be assured of a rapidity of current sufficient to preserve the water in complete purity. The fall of the New River is said to be at the rate of four or five inches only per mile, and its course is consequently so sluggish as barely to prevent stagnation. One important circumstance, however, the proposer has omitted to remark upon, namely, the necessity of tunneling the hill situated about a mile and a half north of Uxbridge. After this the country would admit of nearly a direct line of route, till the stream should arrive by the canal near Northolt. The whole length of the route proposed would not exceed fifteen miles. It has been asserted that the Coln could not afford a supply of water adequate to the demand; this is, however, erroneous. A personal inspection of the river during a summer of unusual drought, afforded to the present proposer evidence of an ample supply; and inquiries from several persons resident for years upon its banks,

were equally satisfactory. The stream is ample, and the quality is excellent. An objection has also been made by a few persons to the proposed improvements in the parks; but a slight consideration will suffice to prove their propriety. It is absolutely necessary that a quantity of water greater than that considered to be demanded for immediate consumption should be provided; and it is obvious that the superabundant quantity must have a channel whereby to escape. These channels are already almost entirely formed by the beds of the stagnant waters in the park; which, by the accession of this stream, would be at once beautified, cleansed, and made wholesome. A proposed bath would probably make a return for its cost in the small sums raised from bathers; and the remaining expense would be merely for cutting short channels of communication between the stagnant waters. Such an objection to a plan that would at once beautify and render more healthful those parks, which have been happily named *the lungs* of this great city, must therefore surely be abandoned."

Anecdottiana.

REPLY OF SOCRATES.¹

Socrates, the philosopher, was as eminent for the rectitude of his life as the greatness of his understanding. Upon all occasions he maintained the certainty of a future state, where every man was to be rewarded according to his deserts. Being once asked by an impertinent coxcomb, "what he would do, if there was no other world after this?" "What shall I do," returned Socrates, "if there is not another world after this? Why, at any rate, I shall be as well off as you are.—But what will you do if there is?"

SCOTCH MAGISTERIAL LEARNING.

The magistrates of the different boroughs of Scotland, though seldom the most learned of the burgesses, are, nevertheless, often remarkable for their shrewdness, and what the Scotch call *mother wit*.—We recollect an instance in point, of a Baillie in Lochmaben, a small town in the south of Scotland, who, although he could neither read nor write, was possessed of considerable political power. A gentleman, who wished to serve his country, and was generous enough, solely to effect that patriotic purpose to pay for a seat in Parliament, sent his servant, on the eve of an approaching election, with a letter to the Baillie, to procure his in-

fluence. The Baillie opened the letter, but being, from his ignorance, incapable of decyphering top from bottom, was holding the latter uppermost, which his servant perceiving, and not wishing his master's total want of education to be noticed by the messenger of the candidate, said in a whisper, "Sir, you are holding the letter by the wrong end." "Hoot mon, hoot mon," replied the Baillie, "gie yoursel nae trouble about that—I'm nae fit to be Baillie o' Lochmaben gin I canna read a letter at ony end."

LORD PLUNKETT.

While his Lordship was lately engaged hearing a motion in the Commission Court, in Dublin, he was interrupted by the drums of the military outside, and told the learned counsel who was addressing him, that he could not hear him for the noise. Mr. FULHAM observed, that it was the Newgate guard they were *relieving*. Lord PLUNKETT replied—"They may be relieving them, but they are *distressing* us."

A GENTEEL GLASS.

An elderly matron, whose liberality was of an exceedingly confined and nigardly nature, employed a bricklayer to make some alterations, viz. the curtailing the dimensions of her kitchen fire-place. During the progress of the work, John threw out divers very many hints, not to be misunderstood, about the almost suffocating dustiness of the job. The bottle was at length produced, from which a glass of Lilliputian dimensions was filled to a genteel and respectful distance from the brim, and presented to the man of mortar, at the same time making the following observation, "Ye'll not be much the worse of that drop, I'm thinking, John." When the son of labour had finished its contents, he replied, coolly eyeing the dwarfish glass, "The devil a bit, mem, although it had been *vitriol*."

CONJECTURAL KNOWLEDGE.

The following brief but pithy dialogue occurred lately on the Epsom road, between a cockney and a countryman:—

COCKNEY—I say, Bill, my good fellow, vich is the vay to Epsom?

COUNTRYMAN—How did you know that my name was Bill?

COCKNEY—Vy, I guessed it.

COUNTRYMAN—But how did you know that I was a good fellow?

COCKNEY—Vy, I guessed it.

COUNTRYMAN—Then guess the way to Epsom.

Lit. Gaz.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Sept. 17	Wed.	St. Lambert. Sun ris 45m af. 5 —sets 15 — 6	Sept. 17	This saint succeeded St. Theodard in the episcopalsee of Maestricht, A. D. 673 : he was cruelly murdered at the instigation of the grandson of King Pepin I, who he had reproved for plundering the church of Maestricht in 709. He was canonized in 1240. 1771. Died on this day, in Italy, Dr. Tobias Smollet, the historian and novelist, æt. 61. Dr. Smollet's celebrity as a writer was principally acquired by his novels, which contain the most lively and agreeable views of human nature, drawn with the greatest felicity of light and shade, though they are occasionally disfigured by coarseness and caricature.
— 18	Thurs	St. Ferreol. Ember Week. High Water, 42m af. 8 morn. 20 — 9 aftrn.	— 18	This saint suffered martyrdom A. D. 304. St. Ferreol's Day is a great festival in France. At Marseilles a grand procession takes place, consisting of virgins habited as Nuns, and others as Soeurs de la Charite, besides innumerable tradesmen and others, headed by the priests. 1768 Expired in London on this day of a decline, Lawrence Sterne, æt. 55, the author of that singular performance Tristram Shandy ; besides this work of humour and eccentricity he wrote a Sentimental Journey through France, universally admired for its pathetic tales, and some volumes of Sermons and Letters.
— 19	Fri.	St. Eustachius. Sun ris 49 aft. 5. — sets 11 — 6.	— 19	St. Eustachius was made Bishop of Antioch, A. D. 325. For opposing the Arians he was banished by Constantius, and died at Trajanopolis in 360. 1356. The memorable fight of Poitiers took place on this day, between John II, King of France, and Edward the Black Prince, when the former was taken prisoner, and his vast army completely overthrown and dispersed by the gallant Edward, who during the battle performed prodigies of valour.
— 20	Satur.	St Agapetus. High Water, 14m. after 11 m. 50m. — 11 aft.	— 20	St. Agapetus succeeded John II, in the pontificate. He was sent to Constantinople to appease Justinian, who had threatened Theodatus with a war for putting to death Amalasantha, the mother of Athalaric, a woman renowned for her learning and skill in languages. Upon his arrival, Justinian endeavoured to draw him to the Eutychian heresy, but failing to persuade him, he used threats, to which Agapetus replied, " I thought I had come to the Emperor Justinian, but I find I have met with a Dioclesian, however I fear not your menaces." The boldness of his reply had such an effect upon the Emperor, that he became a convert to the orthodox faith. He died A. D. 536. 1643. The battle of Newbury was fought on this day with dubious success, between the forces of Charles I, and the Parliament Army : the royalists were commanded by Charles in person. In this conflict the virtuous Lord Falkland was slain.
— 21	SUN.	16th Sunday aft. Trinity. LESSONS for the DAY. 2 c. Ezekiel mo. 13 c. — even. St Matthew.	— 21	This saint was slain at Nadabœr, in Parthia, about the year A. D. 60. The first institution of his festival took place in the year 1090. 1558. The Emperor Charles V. died on this day, æt. 59. This sovereign, after having been engaged through his life in the turmoil of the battle field, withdrew himself from the world, and ended his days in rigid monastic seclusion, resigning his crown to his son Philip. Charles was a man of learning and courage, though a dissembler that sacrificed all to his ambition.
— 22	Mond	St. Emmeran, bishop of Poic- tiers, A. D. 653 High Water, 53m 0 morn. 21 — 1 aft.	— 22	1586. Died on this day, from a wound in the thigh received at Zutphen, the gallant and accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, fighting in the cause of freedom and religion, against Spanish tyranny and superstition.



See Page 165.

Illustrated Article.

THE THREE GALLANTS,

A TALE OF THE OLD JEWRY.

(For the Olio.)

With holy joy upon his face,
The good old father smil'd,
While fondly in his withered arms
He clasp'd again his child.

Who has not heard of the London Bowmen and their far-famed trials of skill in the well-known Finsburie fieldes, when the citizen and his wrinkled dame, and the youth and beauty of the city, flocked to see the sports? Few indeed there are who have not heard of their exploits, so often recorded in the tales of that time, and sung in their rude though quaint ballads. On those days the tailor left his doublet unfinished, thereby disappointing the young gallant who ordered it to surprise his mistress with its splendour; the smith flung aside his heavy hammer, and doffing his coarse apron betook himself to the scene of action, and the 'prentice taking his bat from its accustomed

nook, spite of his master, trudged off to witness the sports. Then was the far-famed Grub-street known by another name, and inhabited by Bowyers and Fletchers, and the strong walls which girted the city still continued to be repaired, and oftimes, as we read, the good citizens, ere they quitted this sublunary world, forgot not to bequeath large sums towards the repairing and beautifying of its gates and towers. But long since have these famed displays of archery ceased, long since has the cloth-yard shaft, once so terrible to our enemies abroad, ceased to whistle o'er the fields of Finsbury. Upwards of two centuries have passed away, since the twang of the archer's bow was heard on that spot. The harquebuze, the caliver, and the haquebut, all names for the various kinds of hand-guns, took precedence of the long bow, and Elizabeth and her successors tried in vain to revive those sports, which, while they served as a holiday, at the same time perfected the youth of the city in the use of that weapon. But although the long bow was laid aside by some when fire-arms were introduced, still it was by many preferred to the har-

quebuze, which was for some time after a clumsy and unwieldy engine.

In the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, on a fine summer's evening, the youth of the wards of "Vintrie" and "Breade Streete" were met in Finsbury fields, to decide a match at shooting at the target. Such a concourse of people had not assembled for some time before this, the greater part of the inhabitants of the before-named wards had flocked to witness this match; the Chepe was almost deserted, and hundreds of the more wealthy citizens poured out from Moor-gate, with their wives and daughters.

Temporary booths and tents were erected on the spot, and notices were chalked on the outside, stating that wine, ale, and sack were sold within, to tempt those who were weary of the sport. In these places, rude ballads were heard, chaunted by stentorian voices, mixed with jest and oath, and the rattle of the dice box. Seats were let to those who could afford to pay for them, and for which the projectors of these accommodations took good care to exact a fair price. All classes were mingled together; the gallant, with his embroidered doublet and

gaily trimmed mustachios, stood by the gravely clad and spade-bearded citizen, who in his turn was pushed and jostled by the lately washed artificer; all seemed to forget their degree while looking on, though here and there mutterings were heard and fierce words were exchanged, when one would by accident tread on the toes of his neighbour, or rumple the pleat of his starched ruff. But these were not sufficient to break the general harmony, or abstract the attention of the spectators from the sports. If, however, there were some who paid them but little attention, it was the fair forms and bright eyes of the city damsels who were to blame; for though many of the competitor's shafts were delivered wide of the mark, Cupid's never failed. Amongst the spectators, near one of the booths we have spoken of, stood a citizen somewhat advanced in years, clad in a doublet of black velvet, with hose of the same colour; on his arm hung his daughter, his only child. When we say that a crowd of gallants stood near, it will be needless to add that she was beautiful; few indeed could boast of such charms, the envy of the city dames, and the idolatry of all

the gay and youthful gallants from Paul's to Aldgate, she stood shrinking from the gaze of those around her, and blushing at the amorous glances of both old and young, while her father peered through his spectacles, over the heads of the spectators, at the archers who had commenced shooting. Amongst those who eyed the damsel, was a tall gallant looking personage, clad in a rich silk doublet, with peach coloured stockings, and large rosetts in his shoes, with a hat of Spanish felt, in which was stuck a cock's feather. An embroidered belt sustained on the one side a small dagger, and on the other a silver hilted toledo of unusual length. For a long time he stood gazing on the damsel without speaking, but growing bolder on seeing her father's attention engaged, he advanced nearer and attempted to take her hand.

"Fair excellence!" said he, "even as the sun outshineth the lesser planets, so doth thy beauty eclipse that of all other maidens."

On hearing this, the old man turned hastily round.

"Sir Gallant," said he, "there are others who would be more desirous of thy company, get thee gone."

"Under your favour, old Sir," replied the gallant, "I would have some converse with this fair creature; beshrew me, 'tis a pity she should have so old an arm to hang on."

"Sirrah," cried the old man, with his pale and withered cheek flushed with passion, "get thee gone, or by heaven, though my arm be feeble, I'll spoil thy doublet."

As he said this he laid his hand on his dagger; the gallant laughed, and replied,—

"By this light, the warm blood has not left thee yet; but huff it not man, I meant not to offend thee."

"Then get thee gone this instant."

"Wilt thou permit thy fair charge to take the arm of her devoted slave?" As the gallant said this, he took the hand of the damsel, when her father unable to subdue his passion, plucked out his dagger.

"Begone," cried he. "Begone thou whoreson sot! By this good light I would stab thee to the heart, but I wish not to spill the blood of such a Borachio. I see thou hast not long parted with the wine cup."

"Marry, there is verity in thy speech, old Sir, I would fain turn from the wine flask to render homage to peerless beauty."

The old man paused a moment in evident embarrassment; he attempted to move through the dense crowd, but finding this impossible, he turned round and cried—

"Is there no younger arm to rid me of this galliard?"

"There is," replied a voice in the crowd; and at the same moment a young man, attired in a plain doublet, with sad coloured hose, and wearing riding boots much splashed with dirt, strode up, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the gallant, he whirled him round.

"Sirrah," said he, "get thee gone, or pluck out the marvellously long rapier that dangles at thy side."

The gallant, turning round, drew himself up to his full height, and staring in the face of the stranger, replied—

"Sir Grey Jerkin, thou art a marvellously uncourteous knight, thy plebian paw hath rumbled my ruff infernally; dost thou think this silk was bought at a tester the yard, that thou layest such a rough hand on it?"

"I was not bred a mercer," replied the stranger, "nor care I for thy doublet; either ask pardon of this lady and her father, or draw thy fox, I have short time for bandying words with thee."

The gallant smiled. "Dost thou think," said he, "that my bright blade will ever cross thy miserable toasting iron? Ecod! Sir Grey Jerkin, 'twas a gift from the valiant Captain Juan Alzedo, and shall I tilt with such a base groom as thee?"

The stranger made no reply to this, but tearing his rapier from its sheath, he struck the gallant sharply with the flat side of it.

The blow convinced the gallant that he had met with one who would not be trifled with, and having been given with some force, the pain awakened his latent valour.

"Thou untrimmed rustic," cried he, "'tis in vain I would desire to spare thee, thou shalt be indulged with the duello; make room good people."

The stranger threw himself into a posture of defence, and waited for the attack of his adversary, who pressed upon him with great vigour. The maiden clung to the arm of her father, almost fainting with terror, and the spectators linking their hands, formed a ring for the combatants. Both were excellent swordsmen, and shewed great skill at their weapons. The gallant, finding that he could not hit his adversary, desisted, and contented himself by parrying his thrusts, saying as he threw aside the stranger's lunge,

"Well thrust, most skilful rustic! an excellent stoccado by Jupiter! verily thou art a shrewd hand at thy bilbo; my friend the Captain would be delighted with thee, —so—that reversa was not so good—so—so—ha!"—At this moment his sword

flew from his grasp over the heads of the spectators. The stranger dropping the point of his rapier, desired his adversary to ask his life; but, apparently unconscious of what was going on, the gallant cried out—

“There goes my *Durindana*; hold, Sir Rustic! I would not lose it for the worth of my best doublet; a broad piece for the knave who brings it me.”

At this instant a man brought forward the rapier, when the stranger taking it from him, said,

“Sirrah, your blade shall be shivered to pieces, and that instantly, if you delay to ask this lady’s pardon for the insult you have offered her.”

This speech was enforced by the speaker’s placing the point of the rapier on the ground, and putting his foot on the middle of it.

“Hold, Sir Rustic,” cried the gallant, “spare my good blade, I pray thee; though it has been false to me this time, yet we must not part.”

“Thou knowest the way to redeem it,” was the reply.

The gallant hesitated, he bent his eyes on the ground, while the stranger tried the temper of the blade by bending it backwards and forwards; at length, after a struggle with his feelings, the fear that he should lose his rapier predominated, and striding up to the old citizen and his daughter, he muttered an apology, and the stranger delivered him his blade.

The gallant shrunk off amidst the jeers and taunts of the spectators

“There goes my Lord Poppinjay!” cried a fellow in a thrum cap and leathern jerkin.

“Ay, ay,” said his companion, “his *Durindana* and he agree not to-day, he’ll fight better when he has taken another pottle o’sack.”

In the mean while the object of their jokes had got out of the crowd, and the stranger, after bowing to the citizen and his daughter, was about to depart, when the former spoke.

“I thank thee, young friend,” said he, “and would fain show thee that I am not ungrateful; prithee favour us with thy company to the Old Jewry, Zachary Tyndale loves a brave youth.”

The stranger hesitated, and the old man continued, “Come, we will go at once, by my fay you shall not choose.”

The young man hesitated no longer; so proffering his arm to the damsel, he led her out of the crowd, and entering Moorgate, they proceeded towards the Old Jewry, where master Tyndale dwelt. On their way thither Rose was delighted with the frank and easy manner of the

stranger, who addressed her father and herself by turns, till they arrived at Master Zachary’s house. The old merchant learnt from the stranger that his name was Herbert Partington, and that he had put up at the Windmill Inn, almost opposite to his house. Master Tyndale pressed him to stay and sup with him; and this was no difficult matter, for when it grew late Herbert unwillingly took his leave, not however without an invitation for the next day. He tore himself away from the gentle Rose, and betook himself to his lodgings at the Windmill Inn. Though much fatigued with travelling (for he had arrived in London that day) Herbert slept but little, and when he did slumber, his rest was broken by bright and lovely visions in which Rose held the chief feature.

Early on the following morning Herbert failed not to appear at Master Zachary’s, whom he found busily engaged in his counting-house. An invitation to dinner was accepted by Herbert, because it gave him another opportunity of beholding the lovely Rose, with whom we hope not one of our readers will require to be told he had fallen desperately in love. Rose herself was in love too, and her only fear was, lest the handsome Herbert should be already plighted to some other damsel, for she never once supposed that her father would withhold his consent. Fathers and mothers put on the spectacles of discrimination, and be careful how ye invite young gallants to your houses, especially if heaven has blessed ye with handsome daughters. Both our young folks were in love, though their acquaintance had been so newly formed; but Cupid is no sluggard, and after dinner, during the temporary absence of Master Tyndale, Herbert, being left alone with the beautiful Rose, declared his passion, with all the customary vows and protestations. She listened to him with delight, not without a multitude of blushes and hesitations, which it is not our business to record. Nothing now remained but to ask the consent of Master Tyndale, and on a fitting opportunity presenting itself, when Rose had left the room, Herbert at once demanded the hand of his daughter.

“Well, master Partington,” said he, “but I would fain know if thou hast the means to keep a wife, and from whence thou comest?”

Herbert was somewhat embarrassed on hearing these questions, for he had never once thought on his situation since his introduction to the beautiful Rose.

The old merchant perceived his confusion, and demanded somewhat hastily

whether he had a fortune sufficient to aspire to the hand of the daughter of one of the richest merchants in London.

“ Sir,” replied Partington, after some hesitation, “ I will e’en tell ye the truth. I am the only son of a country gentleman, who would have me wedded to age and ugliness, because, forsooth, there is gold in the bargain. I refused to obey him, and quitted his roof with a determination to seek my fortune in another land, when chance brought me to your assistance yesterday. However, I have some few thousand pounds, which I will lay at your daughter’s feet——”

Here he was interrupted by Master Tyndale, whose anger burst forth like a volcano. “ Sirrah!” cried he, “ is it thus thou would’st repay my hospitality? Hence with thee—she shall not be thine! What! hast thou, ingrate, left thy parents, and come abroad to teach others disobedience?—Get ye gone!——”

“ But, Sir——”

“ But me no buts, Sirrah!” cried the old man; “ begone this instant, or I’ll bring those who shall thrust thee out!”

Herbert’s blood boiled on hearing this language, but the thought of Rose checked his indignation.—He arose, and taking his hat and cloak, replied:—“ This language may be used by you, Sir, but had it come from one of younger years, it should have been repaid with cold iron!” He then passed out, and repaired to the Windmill, overwhelmed with surprise and chagrin.

Master Tyndale, as soon as Herbert had left the house, summoned his daughter, and sharply rebuked her for encouraging the addresses of one whom she had become so lately acquainted with. Rose heard her father’s determination with much sorrow, which was increased when he told her that he had selected a husband for her. As he spoke a visitor was announced, and shortly after, a gallant entered the room. Master Tyndale introduced him to his daughter—

“ This gentleman,” said he, “ is the son of my friend, Master Nicholas Twalley.—Receive him as your future husband.”

He left the room, and Rose ventured a look at the person who had been introduced to her. He was a young man of about the middle height, but clumsily made—his features were coarse beyond expression, and his white starched ruff formed a singular contrast to his black hair, which was cut close and turned up in front in the most approved manner; his large lopped ears stuck out from the sides of his head as if they were handles by which it was adjusted; his hose were of

the most fashionable colour; his enormous slops glittered with embroidery, and his doublet shone with gold points: a long sword and dagger completed the equipment of this extraordinary person. Rose viewed him for some moments in silent surprise—had she been in a more merry mood, she would have laughed outright; but her father’s harsh rebuke was not forgotten. Master Christopher Twalley interpreted her confusion into admiration of his dress and person; he essayed to make use of some of the phrases which he had heard from the gallants of his acquaintance; but his memory failed him, and he played with the band of his hat, and cast his eyes on the floor,—when Rose spoke:

“ Fair Sir,” said she, “ may I ask the name of the worthy gentleman whom my father intends for my husband?”

“ Ay, marry thou mayest, fair lady,” replied the gallant: “ Christopher Twalley is the name of your devoted slave; your city gallants call me Kit, but they of the Devil, in Fleet Street, are more courteous. Beshrew me, if these folks of the Chepe know a true Toledo from a Sheffield back-sword. By mine honesty, fair Lady, ’tis a pity so beauteous a damsel should dwell with such doddy pates, who wear doublets of such a sad colour, that it makes one gloomy to behold them; and their rapiers, too, are most barbarous tools. My worthy friend, Adrian Heckington hath said much of these said rapiers, which are so offensive to the sight of every true gentleman.”

“ Doubtless ’tis a noble one you yourself wear, fair Sir,” said Rose, wishing to say something to break off this long dissertation.

“ Marry, you shall be witness of it,” replied he, drawing his rapier, “ ’tis one of most excellent temper, it cost me five gold nobles without the hilt, which I bought of Master Heckington, who had it of a valiant friend of his.”

As he concluded this speech, Master Twalley placed his rapier in Rose’s hand. The hilt was of silver, richly chased with the representation of Hercules destroying the Hydra.

“ Thou see’st, fair Lady,” continued he, “ there are some cleverly conceited emblems graven on the hilt—Hercules and the dragon. Doubtless thou hast read of this same Hercules, and how he threw aside his weapons at the command of his lady-love, to bask in the sunshine of her smiles. I marvel though whether Hercules wore so trusty a blade.”

“ Truly, Sir, it is a noble blade,” said Rose, looking at the rapier.

“ Noble dost thou say, fair damsel?”

cried Master Christopher—" 'Tis a trusty blade, and fit to ride on a gentleman's thigh; by mine honour, 'twould ha' gladdened thee to have seen how I served mine host o' the Devil, who was sore plagued by several gallants: they fled at the very sight of my trusty Toledo."

Rose smiled, and returned the weapon.

"Fair Sir," said she, "I would fain act honestly towards thee; know then, that I cannot give my hand to a noisy reveller, or to one who vapours so highly as thou dost. There are other maidens who would be more proud of your acquaintance; prithee seek them, Sir Gallant.—Farewell."

Rose, as she said this, left the room; and Master Twalley, giving his hat a twirl, adjusted his ruff, then looked down at the large-rossets in his shoes, then at the ceiling, and then on the spot where Rose had lately stood, as if he doubted his senses.

"'Fore heaven!" cried he, "she is a jilt and a malapert quean, yet she has a marvellous comely face.—Heigho! Mistress Tyndall, I wish thee possessed of more courtesy." He turned, and putting on his hat, stalked down stairs, and proceeded to the Windmill, intending to drown the recollection of his interview in a pottle of sack. He entered the inn, where he found the gallant whom Herbert Partington had disarmed in Moorfields on the preceding day.

"The good time o' the evening to you, Master Heckington," said he, "hast stomach for a pottle of sack?"

"I care not an I do, Master Twalley—but how hast fared? Was the damsel visible, or coy, or——?"

"She is a jilt, friend Heckington, thou mayest ha' her for me. Fore George I'll not go near her again!"

"Ha! say ye so? Then she shall be mine. Harkee, friend Twalley, her waiting maid has told me, that she and her father will go on a visit to Master Frostling, the vintner's, on the Bankside, to-day. Now, if we could engage a trusty waterman, and carry her off to-night?"

"Ah, but there is danger in that, 'tis felony——why——"

"Pish! never fear it," continued Heckington, "I'll warrant she will not mislike the plan."

Master Twalley, after some hesitation, consented to this villanous scheme, and it was agreed that they should put it into execution that very evening; but as their evil stars willed it, Herbert Partington, who sat in the next room, having caught a few of the first words of the dialogue, rose softly, and coming on tiptoe to a

crevice, saw plainly the two worthies, who were concerting their diabolical plan.

His first impulse was to rush out upon them; but a moment's reflection, told him that it would be better to intercept them in their flight with Rose, if they should succeed in carrying her off. He therefore waited until he heard the whole of their plan, and then summoned his man Peter, who had accompanied him to London. After some deliberation, it was agreed that they should leave the Windmill before the city gates were shut, and repair to the Bankside where they might lay in wait for the gallants, and rescue Rose.

The evening came, and found Partington and his man at their post. Master Frostling's house was surrounded by a high hedge, and a dry ditch, which was deep enough to conceal them from view. They had not been concealed long before they heard the sound of footsteps in the garden, and Herbert on looking through the hedge perceived Rose, who was walking alone. He kept still in his hiding place, well knowing any attempt then to address her might ruin his hopes; and supposing that if Heckington and Twalley were near, they would seize upon this favourable opportunity. He was not deceived, for he presently heard the splash of oars, and the next moment a boat approached the house. Two figures, enveloped in large cloaks, leaped ashore, while a third remained in the boat. They advanced cautiously towards the house, and then whispered to each other. The tallest, whom Herbert recognized as Heckington, perceiving Rose, leaped over the small gate into the garden, and ere she was aware of his approach, threw his large cloak over her, and raised her in his arms. Twalley assisted his companion with his burthen over the gate, when Rose contrived to tear the cloak from her head, and shrieked loudly—

"Villains!" cried Partington, starting from his hiding place, "you are discovered, unhand that lady or ye are but dead men!" Heckington's danger rendered him desperate, and placing Rose on her feet, he drew his rapier, and attacked Herbert with great fury; but after a few passes he fell thrust through the body to the hilt. Without waiting a moment, Partington turned to engage Twalley, who, however, had made up his mind to decline the combat, and took to his heels, pursued by Peter. Master Christopher's speed was much greater than his valour, and he arrived first at the water's edge, but unfortunately missed the boat into which he had intended to jump, and fell souse into the river. His large cloak, which he had vainly endeavoured to throw off,

saved him from drowning, and he was dragged ashore by Peter, half dead with fright. Master Tyndale, together with his gossip Frostling and family, being alarmed by the noise, hastened out, when they beheld a scene which filled them with astonishment. Heckington was lying on the ground bleeding profusely, Rose was sustained in the arms of Partington almost senseless, and Master Twalley, with rueful countenance, begged hard to be released from the rough gripe of Peter, while his rich doublet and hose were dripping with water. His mortification was increased when Master Tyndale, holding a lamp in his hand, surveyed him from head to foot. After a severe reprimand he was suffered to depart; but the dangerous situation of Heckington rendered the assistance of a surgeon necessary, and he was removed in a litter.

It will be scarcely necessary to add, that Master Tyndale's anger was not only appeased, but that in a week after, his lovely daughter was united to Partington. To increase the happiness of the lovers, Herbert on the following week received his father's forgiveness. Heckington recovered, but not until sometime after, and slunk into merited obscurity; while Master Christopher Twalley was exposed to the jokes of his fellow citizens for many years afterwards. J. Y. A—N.

TABLETS FOR ACTRESSES.

THIRD SERIES.
(For the *Olio*.)

MISS FOOTE.—No. 13.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her *Foot* speaks. TROILUS.
More to her person, more to legal strife,
Than to her acting, fame has been awarded:
With two gallants, of both deprived, the wife,
And by the public, thus the more regarded.

MRS. BUNN.—No. 14.

I have spirit to do any thing that appears
not foul in the truth of my spirit. MEASURE.

A powerful figure and terrific speech,
Which hearts of marble, stone and steel can reach;
An eye that pierces through the darkest mind,
An arm and step majestic as the wind;
An inspiration wrought in love and hate,
Determined purpose, good, or ill, the fate.

MADAME FEARON.—No. 15.

Some envy your great deserving and good
name. HENRY IV.

Out of a comely form, a pleasing face,
The quavering intonations gush apace;
They trill so rapid that the ear scarce knows
If 'tis a cataract, or a fountain flows.

MRS. HARLOWE.—No. 16.

I have heard of the lady, and good words
went with her name. MEASURE.

Th' Old Matron in a comedy;—genteel,
Haughty, assumptive; ignorant, or wise;
A parent acting parts her heart must feel;
Feeding his Lordship's humours. Of a size
In rustling silk, with hoop and hood so large,
Like a balloon, or lightly freighted barge,
And with a monstrous fan, in powder'd hair,
The fair criterion of the by-gone fair.

MISS GRADDON.—No. 17.

Elder days shall ripen and confirm,
To more approved service and desert. RICH. II.

A trim young female with a placid brow,
Artless in mood, attractive in her mien;
Her notes of song are faithful to her vow,
Be she the captive princess, or the queen.

MISS JARMAN.—No. 18.

This fore-named maid hath yet in her the
continuance of her first affection. MEASURE.

The fearful throbs of agonising grief,
Sepulchral as the wails of dying death;
Hope falls in tears:—Despair denies relief,
Till JAR-MAN, (what a name!) inspires
new breath. P.

ADVENTURES OF A CORKSCREW. (Concluded from p. 151.)

BUT this was no more to be my fate: for one night some honest gentlemen-burglars broke into the bar of the cellar, and bearing off sundry bottles of wines of various vintages, they naturally enough conjectured that I should be of amazing assistance to them in the enjoyment of their felonious felicity; and I was accordingly carried off, too, in the miscellaneous pocket of one of the party, where I found myself very disgracefully associated with picklock keys, phosphor-matches, a portable sort of crow-bar, and other instruments essentially necessary to your due admission, when you pay a dead-o'-the-night visit to a friend with whom you can take that liberty.

Having made me a participator after the fact in their felony, when the bottles were drained I was of no further use to those worthy free-livers, and in the course of the day was given away to the butler of a young man of large fortune and little brains, who patronized six Mademoiselles of the Opera ballet, four bruisers, three runners and wrestlers, two young fellows of great natural parts, who would eat six legs of mutton in half an hour with any two men in all England, a dog-fighter and his dogs (both equally welcome visi-

tors), and who kept a betting-book and two or three constant Chloes, who admired his money, and laughed at his madness: in short, his house and his purse were open to every kind of merit that was not meritorious. Here, indeed, I was in constant requisition; for fellows, who had once been contented with humble ale, now called without restraint for claret and champagne, turned up their bruised and battered noses at such *low* liquors as Port and Madeira, and drank their inordinate bellies full of the richest and the rarest.

Young Squanderparks was, for some months, the best fellow in the world; his wit was the glittering of a diamond to the gloom of a dust-hole, and his viands and wines were the very best in all England; but one fatal day threw a cloud over this short saturnalia of excess and folly, and at the bidding of the sheriff for Middlesex, every moveable worth sixpence was put under the hands of Mr. Robins, to appease the impatient cravings of a set of rapacious rascals of honest creditors, who, having parted with what they called "money's worth," wanted their money.—Among certain little sundries, I was knocked down to the highest bidder, though, by the bye, he was the smallest man in the auction-room; and, on the following day, found myself in the possession of a careful sort of person, who never used me but on certain most melancholy festive occasions: he was an undertaker. Business of that kind was, however, bad, and deaths occurred like "angels' visits, few and far between;" indeed, Mr. Screw-one-down declared *undertaking* to be excessively *dead*, though doctors increased every day—a fact hardly to be reconciled with experience. At last, Mrs. S., to give him a job, died,—was quietly laid in the arms of her mother Earth; and after the melancholy duties were "performed," an enlivening glass was proposed by the disconsolate widower; but when I was produced from the corner-cupboard, it was discovered that I was so rusty from long disuse, that, after one application of my powers, I was flung aside as worthless, and in a few days again sold, with sundry one-pronged forks, broken knives, and other dilapidated scions of Sheffield, to a dealer in old iron.

Here I remained for many a weary month in rust and obscurity, but was at last cheapened by a vintner, who carried me home with him; and having taken some pains to restore me to my former point and brilliancy, I was once more considered fit for the service of three-bottle men, and had the honour of assisting at several parish-dinners, which took

place quarterly for the good of the poor; for these "good things" certainly were not at all for the good of the considerate and compassionate gentlemen who met on those painful occasions, who were invariably sent home in hackney-coaches excessively ill from repletion and approaching apoplexy, what with the profusion of the best of all possible wines (the cheapest, as they paid nothing) to which I helped them, and the best of all possible viands (equally reasonable), to which, to do them justice, they helped themselves pretty plentifully. It really is astonishing to observe what compassionate men will endure to serve the poor, hungry, and thirsty paupers, their fellow men, but less fortunate parishioners! Charity, as some one has remarked before me, is its own reward; and a handsome reward it must be, if one may judge from the eagerness of the candidates. If some of these self-devoted individuals did not survive their exertions on these days dedicated to benevolence, the tears of the poor followed them where those small drops of sorrow are carefully set down to the creditor side of a deceased churchwarden's or overseer's account, and the balance fairly struck.

This pleasant and philanthropic state of existence was too good and too agreeable to my best feelings to last for ever. At the termination of the last parish-dinner at which I was made instrumental, and "dear as the ruddy drops" which visited "their sad hearts," an honest gentleman-attorney, who was moreover vestry-clerk of the parish, swept me, entirely by accident, into his blue bag, with some loose papers of accounts, which had been audited by the proper persons between the third and fourth bottles, and declared "quite correct;" and I was put into a coach with Mr. Moneygrasp, my new master, who was then in that state in which gentlemen wish to be who drink liberally of wine which costs them nothing. On the following morning, I was tumbled out on the floor of his office, with the rest of the bag's contents, by a thin, clerk-like-looking personage, who no sooner beheld me, than, imagining the use to which I could be put, he had the unheard-of-audacity to help himself to a pint of his master's port with my assistance, and then covertly placed me in the darkest corner of a drawer, where the light never visited me, save when he also visited me for the same nefarious purpose. This was pretty often; but Mr. Moneygrasp having noticed a considerable decrease in his stock of full bottles, and at the same time an equal increase in his empty ones, began, as my Lord

Chesterfield has somewhere said, to "smell a rat;" when Mr. Splutterpen, his clerk, who had as good a nose at the same game, to prevent suspicions, plunged me deep down into the dust-hole, where I lay very snugly concealed, and so saved his reputation.

In a few days I was carted away by one of Mr. Sinnott's collectors of dust, with missed silver spoons, lost sixpences, and such miscellaneous matters; and having been jolted through the streets for an hour or two, was most unceremoniously tilted out on a heap of dirty and disgusting rubbish, in one of his depôts for such waifs and strays. Here, "ere I was aware," I found myself half riddled to fractions by a strapping wench, who, having discharged the ignoble dust which had buried my shining talents during so many days, with an eagle's glance caught sight of me, and with an eagle's grasp clawed hold of me. After rubbing me with her delicate fingers (which were not, it must be confessed, "as white as her's who goes the sun before,") she deposited me very carefully in a tolerably capacious pocket, which she wore in front of her sweet person; and I found myself in the company of a sovereign, five silver thimbles, three tea-spoons, with initials on the handles, a gold ear-ring, two or three half-crowns, and some six or seven shillings and sixpences. Misfortune makes one acquainted with strange pocket-fellows!—however, I could not consider myself disgraced by some of my new companions, who were, perhaps, as valuable as myself, and had, haply like me, seen better days.

The fair Cinderella, my first and only mistress, was really a young lady who made no pretension to beauty, but was, nevertheless, handsome. She was the reigning toast among the dusty Damons and cinder Cymons of that pretty pastoral place called Battle-bridge: indeed, she had created more *dust* in that romantic valley than she had sifted; and many and severe were the border-feuds between the Paddington and Islington, and Highgate and Hoxton *innamorati*, (for in all of those pastoral places she had many a gallant lover) for the honour of her hand. When washed, and in her best flowered gown, and sky-blue quilted petticoat, on Sundays and holidays, she really was fascinating; and then she had many elegant accomplishments! She could balance a straw upon that ruddy lip which so many had sighed in vain to kiss: she could dance down any duchess at Almacks in a reel, and has been known to shuffle off the soles of two pairs of white kid slippers in the elegant excess of a long dance on an Easter Monday: she excelled

every one far and near at shuffle-board: she played inimitably on a small-toothed comb, wrapped in whitey-brown paper, in tuneful accompaniment to her own dancing: she could thrum a table or tea-board to the tunes of "Bid me discourse, and I'll enchant thine ear," and "I'd be a butterfly:" was scientific at cribbage; was reckoned particularly nice in her critical opinions on "Deady's best" and "Barclay's double X;" kept her own score in pot-hooks and hangers; in brief, she was accomplished, in every sense of the word, and only required a month or two's "*edication*" at a French boarding-school at Bow, to make her the *belle ideal* of Battle-bridge. Her income, too, was pretty considerable, and amounted, every week of her virgin life, to fifteen shillings, besides perquisites—the most valuable part of her professional profits.

If I have dwelt with more delight on the rare excellences of my fair Cinderella than her modesty and retiring merits warrant me in doing, I shall perhaps be excused, when I confess the *penchant* which my short intimacy with her created in my too-susceptible nature. I do not know (for I am not learned in Love's abstruse lore,) how this delicate sentiment first had its origin in me: Corporal Trim was affected somewhat similarly by the refrigerating application of the gentle hand of a fair Beduin nun above the wound on his knee; perhaps I may date the affection which I still feel for the most beautiful of Battle-bridge from the Saturday on which, with her delicate finger and thumb, she took half an hour's pains to rub off a rust-spot that somewhat tarnished the lustre of my birth and brightness. Love-shocks, perhaps, like electric-shocks, are communicated by friction? I leave the answer to the learned.

"To return again to the mutton."—All these qualifications, so rarely united in one person, made her "the desirable" far and near; but there was one to whom all that was tender in her heart and nature had been particularly tender, and in her eyes (which, when free from dust, were really very blue, and full of the true Leadenhall Street languishment) even "his failings leaned to virtue's side:"—this was Tom Trickandtye, a flashy sort of a young fellow, who made a very decent living by visiting every wake and fair within the bills of mortality, where, under pretence of selling the best spruce beer and patent pop, he kept an EO table. It was to her dashing Tom that I was presented, and found to be a much more valuable assistant than the one-pronged fork he had heretofore used: it was in his service, however, that an unexpected misfortune

happened to me. He had had a pretty run of luck at his table, when some rascal, who had been less successful, informed the officers of his illegal doings. These myrmidons came stealthily to entrap him in the fact: but Tom, who had all his eyes about him, perceived their design, and in his extreme haste to let off a bottle of ginger-beer (which was likewise *up*) plump into the eyes of inquisitive Justice (who is not so blind as she is wished to be by some persons,) he snapped off part of my worm in the cork; and I was once more consigned to the old-iron shop, where for many months I have lain in utter oblivion of all my former usefulness, and where I must still remain, unless some tender-hearted reader of my brief memoirs is so far interested in my fate as to seek me out, and giving me a new point, restore me again to that brilliant existence and those gifted powers with which I started into this mutable life.

Let no one disdain these "simple annals of the poor;" it is true I am but a worm, and man is no more! We are both of us intended for purposes not very widely dissimilar: he, in the hand of the Fates, to extract good and evil from the same vessel; I, in the hands of waiting-men, to extract corks from bottles, perhaps equally full of both: the only difference between us is, that he is made of clay, and I of steel: which is the most durable it does not suit with my inherent modesty to assert. But as long as I am what I am, I shall remain, Mr. Editor, very much at your service,

A CORKSCREW.

P.S. This is the age of Auto-biography and Confessions, when every gentleman who has indulged in operas or opium (much the same in their soporific effects) writes his life, that we may learn that he has lived. It is the custom, too, of these communicative persons to spice their recollections with as many facetious ingredients as they can collect together. I had ransacked every corner of my memory for the numerous facetia which I had been ear-witness to, but, on relating them to my literary friend, Marmaduke Mountgarret (who has done me the honour to superintend my memoirs through the press), he laughed like a hyæna, not at the exquisiteness of the wit which I had circumstantially retailed to him, but at its venerable age: there was not a joke which I had picked up in cellar or hall for which he did not give me a reference to page so and so of such and such works. I must confess that I was chagrined, for I had thought the present age to be too original to borrow from that of their grandfathers; but in my despair of being

facetious, I suggested that, as there was nothing new in what I had related, he might perhaps pick up something *original* from works not so well known as those he had referred to. "Lord bless you," said he, "there is not a book of "*Wits, Fits, and Fancies*," a "*Care Killer*," or "*Tickler*," which has not been ransacked from end to end by these *memoir-able* gentlemen." "Come, come," said I, "there is at least one work which they have not erudition enough to know much about." "Which is that?" inquired Mr. Mountgarret, looking very sceptical. "Joe Millar!" I exclaimed with much exultation. I thought the fellow would have *guffawed* himself to death (as the Scotch say.) He very coolly, as soon as his laugh had subsided, produced me a pocket edition of that facetious comedian's immortal work, when on collating with it the several memoirs which have been lately published, he discovered, to my utter chagrin, that there was not a joke which had been neglected by those diligent writers of their own lives and inditers of other men's wit.

This must be my apology, Mr. Editor, if my confessions are not so entertaining as they might have been had I been earlier in the field. I can only say, therefore, with the wit, who found himself forestalled by his predecessors, "A plague on the *ancients*, who have said all the good things before us!"

ILUSCENOR.

STANZAS.

(For the Olio.)

There are hopes in youth, that light the breast,
From the sleep of sorrow breaking;
Fair as the dawn in the spotted east,
When the smiling morn is waking:
Pleasures untasted, that charm the soul,
Like the dreams the night is weaving;
Glancing in beauty as on they roll,
Like waves in the sun-beam heaving:—
Prospects that beckon the heart away,
Purer than Eden seeming;
Where soft Content makes all things gay,
And joy's bright sun is beaming.

But clouds come o'er the glimmering morn,
Ere yet it has fairly broken;
Dark, as though Fate held Hope in scorn,
And her speedy death had spoken:
Sorrows rise up, and fright away
The visions sweetly smiling;
Like as the look of the truth-clad day
Stays the dream's gently wiling:
Swift the bright scenes, that blossom'd o'er
The future years so cheery,
Fade, like some false isle's cheating shore
From the eyes of sailors weary.

Sweet as the wildly breathing strains,
From harps, Eolian swelling;
Richly full as Tyrian stains
In regal purple dwelling;

Fair as the spring-sun o'er the plains,
 Welcome as April showers,
 Are the first thoughts the heart contains
 For mouldering future hours ;
 But soon, alas ! the winds of truth
 The varied beauties banish ;
 And all the happy schemes of youth
 At Fortune's frowning vanish !

R. JARMAN.

LOVE'S DISGUISES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF GRAY.

(For the Olio.)

What a many different shapes
 Love, that arch deceiver, apes ;
 Many, many are the wiles
 By which he young hearts beguiles.

Sometimes in Friendship's garb array'd,
 He well deceives the tender maid ;
 But afterwards he will assume
 A threat'ning brow and looks of gloom.

Then in a bewitching smile,
 Oh ! 'tis sweet but full of guile ;
 Or in floods of saline tears,
 That deceiver, Love, appears.
 Yet avoid him, 'tis no less
 Than Love, though in a different dress.

K.

NAPOLEON AND DUROC.

On the 21st of May, 1813, in a battle fought near Bautzen, the capital of Lusatia, the French defeated the allies, and carried their strongly intrenched camp. In this conflict, Duroc, one of Buonaparte's favourite generals, was killed, and the victors suffered almost equally with the vanquished.

The following is the account of his death, taken from a French Gazette of the day :—

“ Our loss might have amounted to twelve or fifteen thousand men. The Duke of Friouli (Duroc,) towards the close of the battle, was standing on an eminence, in conversation with the Duke of Trevisa and General Kirgener, at some distance from the range of shot, when one of the last bullets fired by the enemy passed close to the Duke of Trevisa, laid open the bowels of the Grand Marshal Duroc, and struck General Kirgener dead. The Duke of Friouli was mortally wounded, and died in the course of twelve hours.”

As soon as the army had bivouaced, and the guard was appointed, the Emperor visited his dying favourite, whom he found surrounded by his friends, perfectly collected, and prepared to meet his fate.

The Duke took the hand of the Emperor, and as he raised it to his lips, “ My whole life,” said he, “ has been consecrated to your service, and I only

regret its termination in proportion to the use it might yet have been to you.”

“ Duroc,” said the Emperor, “ another life awaits us, in that we shall meet again.”

“ Yes, Sire, but I trust that will not happen for many years to come, until you shall have triumphed over all your enemies, and fulfilled the hopes of your country. For myself my life has passed honestly and honourably, and at this moment I have nothing to disturb the peace of my last hours. I leave one daughter,— your Majesty will prove a father to her !”

The Emperor remained for some time in silence by his side, with his right hand still in that of the Marshal, whilst his left supported his head. The Duke first broke the silence, “ Ah ! Sire,” said he, “ leave me I pray you !—this sight affects you too deeply.”

The Emperor, supported by the Duke of Dalmatia and his Equerry, shortly after retired, unable to say more than, “ Adieu, then, my dear friend, for ever.”

His Majesty, deeply affected by the melancholy sight he had witnessed, returned to his tent, absorbed in grief, giving express command that no one should be admitted to him the whole of that night.

T. M.

The Cecilians.—No. 1.

(For the Olio.)

A PRELUDE TO SAINT CECILIA.

* Thou brightest virgin daughter of the skies,
 Made in the last promotion to be blessed ;
 Whose palms new pluck'd from Paradise
 In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
 Rich with immortal green above the rest :
 Whether adopted to some neighbouring star
 Thou roll'st above us in thy wandering race,
 Or in procession fixed and regular,
 Moved with the heavens majestic pace ;
 Or, called to more superior bliss,
 Thou tread'st with seraphims the vast abyss ;
 Whatever happy region is thy place,
 Cease thy celestial song a little space.*

THE Cecilian Society, whose professed object is to meet at the Albion Rooms, London Wall, and perform ancient and sacred music in the immortal compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and other admired musicians, though established in the year 1785,† has rarely been noticed in the public prints ; nor, of

† But many years earlier as an ‘ Anthem Society,’ by first meeting at each other's houses, and then in a room, progressively acquiring strength till it became necessary to form a society as it at present stands.

course, received the due meed of praise which its practical utility merits. For this Society has been, and is, an excellent school for the practice and improvement of persons of both sexes, who are desirous of acquiring eminence in the musical world; and, for amateurs, who

‘The bright Cecilia’s praise rehearse
In warbling words.’†

Presuming, therefore, that an ‘Occasional Overture’ to its performances will be interesting to our readers, and beneficial to the members of, and subscribers to, so respectable a body, we proceed in our views of many of them; but to accomplish the desirable effects required, it will be first incumbent in the exercise of our friendly duties, not only to write freely and faithfully, but honestly, to remark, as we are unaffected by splenetic feelings, on the variations of talent, whether misapplied or not, and which may be exerted by any upstart, conceited, or querulous performers; and also, to check by our endeavours the assuming growth of petulant solo singers, too fond of showing off their airs as well as murdering them, and to soften the hailstones of the tempestuous and many leathered lungs of ‘Chorus Roarers.’ But previously to the development of our strictures, whether of a mild, or severe quality; *character* being in our estimation worthy to be ranked in the first class; and that this class only belongs to the Cecilian Society, it is at once admitted as a principle, we intend to offer brief notices (for brevity is sometimes the soul of music as well as wit) of the primary movers and supporters, whose time, talent and means, have contributed so largely to the gratification of listening companies brought into a circle of peace and pleasure. We mean, furthermore, to be personally responsible for every word we print;—the utility of our proceeding thus will be adverted to, should we be unconsciously drawn into this wrangling question—‘Are the English Nation, or the ‘Cecilians,’ a musical people?’ The consecutive papers on this subject will set the matter in as satisfactory a light, perhaps, as the voluminous disquisitions heaped on our tables, respecting the author of the ‘Letters of Junius.’

MUSCULUS.

† So many living eminent composers and musicians would do well in the way of gratitude to look back on their younger days, when their exercises were fostered and brought into notice, and to continue their subscriptions, or at least to appear occasionally with their professional services and gratuitous aid.

SONNET.

*Written after visiting the Asylum for the
Blind at Liverpool.*

(For the Olio.)

To know what wond’rous sounds are heard in
heaven,
(Where squadrons of angelic virtues sing
Loud hallelujahs to the Godhead King,)
To mortal apprehension ne’er was given;
When at *His* feet they cast their spotless
palms,
Their crowns of Amaranth, and celestial
Gold,
Whose face no earthly vision may behold—
Who shall describe those high mysterious
psalms?—
But if our God to give preamble meet,
Of that symphonious ministration, deign,
Sure we receive it in the solemn strain
Of *Organs*, echoing pious anthems sweet:—
Yes! *faintly*, in the full Cathedral Hymn,
Our ears have heard the tones of *Seraphim!*

MUSIC.

Oh! wouldst thou hear sweet music, sweeter
far
Than hireling science warbles?—quit the
throng
Of pleasurable scenes, and list *their* song,
Who, morn or even, see nor sun, nor star,—
But roll their sightless orbs in pity’s view,
That sighing scatters her spontaneous alms,
Piercing those symphonies, and dulcet psalms
Of resignation, bidding mild adieu
To smile of relative, to face of friend!—
Propitious youth! whose speckless eyeballs
clear
The light revisits of the purple year,
In meek retiring alternation blend
The garish beam, with Thought’s chastising
shade,
Ere from thine eye the world’s lov’d landscapes
fade!

The Note Book.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

THE following extract from Mr. Planché’s highly interesting “Descent of the Danube,” we think will prove interesting to our readers, as well as gratifying to their national feelings:—

Six centuries have passed, and the name is still a spell-word to conjure up all the brightest and noblest visions of the age of chivalry. What glorious phantoms rise at the sound! Saladin—the great, the valiant, the generous Saladin, again wheels at the head of his cavalry.—Frederick Barbarossa, the conqueror of Iconium,—the brave but political Philip of France,—the gallant but unfortunate Marquis of Montserrat,—the whole host of Red-cross warriors. The knights of the Temple and St. John start again into existence from their graves in the Syrian deserts, and their tombs in Christian Europe, where still their recumbent effigies grasp the sword in stone. The lion-hearted Plantagenet once more flourishes with a giant’s strength the tremendous battle-axe,

wherein 'were twenty pounds of steel,' around the nodding broom plant in his cylindrical helmet; while his implacable foe, Leopold of Austria, leans frowning on his azure shield; his surcoat of cloth of silver, 'dappled in blood!' that terrible token of his valour at Ptolemais, which is to this day the blazon of his ancient house.*

Yonder walls have echoed to the clank of the fetters with which his unknighly vengeance loaded Richard of England,—to the minstrel moan of 'the lord of Oe and No;' † and (for who can coldly pause to separate such romantic facts from the romance they have inspired?) to the lay of the faithful Blondel, which, wafted by the pitying winds to his royal master's ear, soothed his captivity, and brightened his hopes of freedom. Many are the castles on the banks of the Danube, pointed out to the traveller as the prison of Cœur de Lion. The fortresses of Aggstein and Gruffenstein both assert a similar claim to our interest, our veneration; and it has been not improbably conjectured that Richard was in turn the resident of each, being secretly removed from fortress to fortress, by his subtle and malignant captor, in order to baffle the researches of his friends and followers. Notwithstanding this dispute, Durrenstein has by general consent and long tradition been established as the principal place of his confinement; and no one who with that impression has gazed upon its majestic ruins, could thank the sceptic who should endeavour to disturb his belief. They stand upon a colossal rock, which rising from a promontory picturesquely terminated by the little town of Durrenstein, is singularly ribbed from top to bottom by a rugged mass of granite, indented like a saw. On each side of this natural barrier, a strip of low wall, with small towers at equal distances, straggles down the rock, which, thus divided, is here and there cut towards its base into cross terraces, planted with vines, and in the ruder paths left bare or patched with lichens and shrubs of various descriptions. On its naked and conical crest, as though a piece of the cragg itself, rises the keep

* The present arms of the Archdukes of Austria, viz. Gules, a fess Argent, are derived from the circumstance of Leopold's surcoat, which was of cloth of silver, being completely dappled with blood at the siege of Ptolemais, (Acre) with the exception of that part covered by the belt around his waist. The original bearings of Leopold were, Azure, six larks, Or.

† "Yes and No," are one of the many provincial titles given to Richard by the provencal poets.

'And tell the lord of Oe and No,
That peace already too long hath been.'
Lays of the Minne Singers.

of the castle, square, with four towers at its angles, and not unlike the fine ruin at Rochester. The celebrated Denon had a sketch made of this castle and rock, and sent to Paris expressly for a scene in Gretry's well known opera, 'Richard Cœur De Lion.'

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

RAILLERY is a figure of speech which ill becomes the dignity of princes. Philip the First of France (when William had stayed so long at Rouen as to create a jealousy in the mind of the French King) sent a message to William, inquiring when he expected to be brought to bed. The terms of this message alluded to the very corpulent state under which William at that time laboured. "When my time comes," retorted the Conqueror, "I shall be delivered, like Semele, in thunder!" Had not William's death prevented the execution of the menace, France would have rued severely the unmanly taunt of Philip.

TOUCHING FOR THE EVIL.

EDWARD the Confessor was highly extolled by the monks of his time for his virtues and sanctity, and in consequence they bestowed on him and his successors the gift of curing the evil by touching; a quality said by them to have been disclosed to a scrophulous invalid in a dream. She applied to Edward, was cured, and the monarch never wanted patients afterwards. Robert, King of France, the successor of Hugh Capet, pretended to the same sanative power. The person touched was always in consequence attended by the royal physicians; and this circumstance, (together with a strong faith,) frequently operated a cure. The practice has been laid aside by the royal family of Great Britain since the death of Queen Anne.

Henry IV. of France, at the battle of Ivry, showed the high veneration which he retained for this ceremony, by saying to those whom he cleft down with his sabre, "Le Roi te touche, que Dieu te guerisse."

HENRY V.

THIS monarch was the first English sovereign who had ships of his own. Two of these, which sailed against Harfleur, were called "The King's Chamber," and "The King's Hall;" they had purple sails, and were large and beautiful. We also read that

"At Hampton he made the great dromons,
Which passed other great shippes of all the
commons,
The Trinity, the Grace de Dieu, the Holy
Ghost,
And many more, which now be lost."

CHARACTER OF CROMWELL'S WIFE.
 ELIZABETH, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, and wife of Oliver Cromwell, was a woman of an enlarged understanding and an elevated spirit. She was an excellent housewife, and as capable of descending to the kitchen with propriety as she was of acting in her exalted station. It has been asserted that she as deeply interested herself in steering the *helm*, as she had often done in turning the *spit*; and that she was as constant a spur to her husband in the career of his ambition, as she had been to her servants in their culinary employments: certain it is, that she acted a more prudent part as protectress than Henrietta did as queen; and that she educated her children with as much ability as she governed her family with address. She survived her husband fifteen years, and died the 8th of October, 1672. *Fellowes's Hist. Sketches.*

DUNKIRK.

DUNKIRK is an important sea-port. The town boasts of having given birth to the great mariner, John Bart, and has figured in the annals of many a bloody campaign. After Gibraltar, no sea-fortress has been more keenly disputed. Burnt by the English in the fourteenth century, taken by the Marshal de Thermes, and surrendered to the crown of Spain many years afterwards; again conquered by the Duke d'Enghien; and lost to the Spaniards once more. Turenne took possession of it after the celebrated battle "des Dunes," in which year Louis the XIVth surrendered it to Cromwell, and recovered it from the second Charles, for the sum of six millions of francs. In modern times, too, even to the year 1798, this ill-fated town experienced a variety of vicissitudes, from which it suffered materially. New fortifications have been erected, and the old made stronger. Several new buildings have been added, especially large magazines, capable of holding a vast quantity of provisions for sustaining a long siege. Within the last few years, great and important improvements in regard to the port and canal navigation have been effected; and a large circular bason has been formed to receive the water during the spring tides. These and other measures are intended to facilitate the removal of the great bar of sand which lies across the harbour, and hopes are entertained that the latter will, ever after, remain free from that impediment to a safe navigation.

The population of Dunkirk, which amounts to twenty-five thousand inhabitants, has reason to rejoice at these operations, as they must necessarily prove very

beneficial to the import trade, which they carry on with every port in the north of Europe. The church of St. Eloi presents to the traveller one of the finest porticos of the Corinthian order, with columns of imposing size and dimensions, erected in front of a building of the most *mesquin* appearance. The only other object worth noticing is the bust of John Bart, standing in the centre of the *Place Dauphine*, a place planted with trees.—*Glanville's Travels.*

SICILIAN SUPERSTITION.

THE superstition of the Sicilians, and the confidence entertained by them of deriving supernatural power from the supplications offered to saints, is most extraordinary. Their conviction in such assistance is strongly exemplified in the following anecdote. At one particular period the French fleet appeared off the town of Syracuse, which threw the inhabitants into the greatest alarm. Apprehensive it might be captured and pillaged, the whole of them turned out, and walked to one particular spot, where they solemnly invoked the assistance of St. Lucie, the tutelary saint of Syracuse, to avert a landing of the French. In consequence of this, she saved the whole town by raising a violent storm, which had the effect of blowing the whole fleet off the Island of Sicily.

Customs of Various Countries.

THE GHEBERS OF PERSIA.

THE Ghebers or Kebers of Persia, a race of fire-worshippers, although heathens, believe in the soul's immortality, and in a place of perpetual happiness appointed for the righteous, and also in there being an everlasting punishment for those whose souls are condemned. Upon the death of any of their tribe, they resort to the following methods to determine whether the soul of the departed is safe from purgatory. As soon as a death happens amongst them, they let out a cock from the house of the deceased, and if it happen to be snapped up by a fox, they conclude the soul of the dead person to be safe. Besides this custom, they have another method, which they usually adopt to arrive at the wished-for intelligence; which is, to attire the corpse of any individual whose mortal career is ended, in the best habiliments and ornaments which he was possessed of whilst living, and when having so done, to carry the body to their

place of interment, and there set it up erect, which is effected by means of a forked support used on such occasions. Whilst the body remains thus situated its proper duration of time, if a raven or other bird of prey alights, and chances to peck out its right eye, they infallibly conclude him safe. On the contrary, if the left is removed, they are certain of his everlasting condemnation, and never fail accordingly to cast the body disgracefully into its grave head foremost. *Edred.*

Anecdotaliana.

STOMACH HOLDING FOUR DAYS FOOD.

A person taking Abernethy's advice, observed to him that he complained of head-ache, want of appetite, and felt general lassitude. To which ailments the sage doctor replied—"General nonsense! how can it be otherwise, when you've four days food now undigested in your rapacious stomach and be d—d to ye."

A TAR'S ACCOUNT OF A FUNERAL.

A sailor on board one of his Majesty's ships, who had been for several years on a foreign station, and had hardly ever been ashore, asked leave last week to have a trip by land, and accordingly proceeded to Alverstoke, where, for the first time in his life, he witnessed a funeral. He was evidently very much surprised at the ceremonial, and when he returned on board at night could talk of nothing but what he had seen in the church-yard. "Why, what d'ye think they does with the dead corpseses ashore?" said he to a shipmate. "How should I know," said the other. "Why then, BILL, may I never stir," replied JACK, "but they puts 'em up in boxes, and directs 'em."

R. B. SHERIDAN'S UNCLE.

Mr. Chamberlaine, the uncle of R. B. Sheridan, commonly called Doctor Chamberlaine, was such a determined punster, that he rarely or ever opened his mouth without committing himself. The venerable Judge Day, who was his intimate friend, relates the following as evidence of his great propensity. Passing one evening through the Strand in his way to the Grecian, he turned into an auction shop (such as we now see in different places), and bought a small tea-caddy, which he brought in his hand. It had a little plate on it for a cypher or name, and the doctor observed, that coming along he thought of an inscription for the plate, which was this, "Tu doces."—"Why, how does that apply, Doctor?" asked

somebody.—"Nothing plainer," said he; "Thou *tea-chest*," pointing to it with his finger, which produced a hearty laugh.

EPIGRAMS.

"I am never in debt," said a sprig of the town
To a cit, who, hard run, was yet lusty;
"Do you wish to know why?" (here his voice
soften'd down,)
"'Tis because there is no one 'll trust me."

A modern Pry one day "*dropt in*,"
While dinner was about,
Hoped "no offence;" his friend replied,
"Oh, none! so just *drop out*."
R. JARMAN.

TO A HAPPY MAN.

Thou art so happy! 'tis enough to be
A Man:—an Angel's state's not new to thee.
P.

DEFINITION OF THE SHEW-BREAD.

A charity boy being asked by his preceptor the meaning of the *shew-bread* spoken of in the Scriptures, replied, with conscious pride of his superior knowledge over the others of his class, "It is that bread, Sir, by which shoemakers get their living."
JOIDA.

NOBLENES OF SIR HERBERT TAYLOR.

A young man, a native of Dunkeld, the son of respectable parents in humble circumstances, entered the army early in life, and, by his steady conduct and good talents, gradually raised himself from the ranks to be adjutant of his regiment.—About twelve years ago his father was totally disabled by palsy; and the rest of his family being in indigent circumstances, the sole charge of supporting his parents devolved on the son. This duty he cheerfully fulfilled till his death, by allowing them an annuity out of his pay. He was, however, cut off suddenly last year whilst with his regiment at Gibraltar. By his death his parents were left totally destitute, and Government was applied to in vain; it being, it seems, inconsistent with their regulations to grant relief in such cases, except in the event of death in the field of battle. This was communicated by Sir Herbert Taylor, through whom, as colonel of the regiment, the application had been made: but the simple tale of their sorrows had found a friend for the aged pair where they could not have looked for it—Sir Herbert himself came in the room of their son, and continued the same annuity; and, with singular generosity even thanked the gentleman who had communicated with him, "for the opportunity that had been afforded him of relieving the aged parents of a brother officer."
Perth Courier.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Sept. 23	Tues.	St. Linus. Full Moon, 13m af. 2 aftern	Sept. 23	St. Linus succeeded St. Peter in the See of Rome. His death happened in the 1st century. The Romish Church enrolls Linus among her martyrs, although it is not certain that he suffered for his faith. 1650.—The execution of the Marquis of Montrose, the chivalrous partizan of the unfortunate Charles I. took place on this day at Edinburgh, on a gibbet forty feet high.
— 24	Wed.	Our Lady of Mercy. Sun ris. 59m aft 5 — sets 1m — 6	— 24	On this day the festival of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mercy is celebrated by the Romish Church. 1693.—Bayonets were first used in battle on this day by the French in a charge under Catinat, against the confederates near Turin.
— 25	Thurs	St. Ceolfrid. High Water, 19m af. 3 morn 36 — 3 even	— 25	This saint was related to St. Bennet Biscop, who he assisted in raising the monasteries which he founded at Wiremouth and Jarrow. St. Ceolfrid was constituted Abbot of the one at Wiremouth, which he enriched by a valuable collection of books. Our saint died A. D. 716, in the 74th year of his age. Died at Durham, ÆT. 61 , Robert Dodsley, the celebrated author and bookseller. Mr. Dodsley was originally a lady's footman, in which capacity he produced a volume of poems entitled "The Muse in Livery," and his dramatic piece of the Toy-Shop, which met with so much success on the stage that it enabled him to commence bookseller in Pall Mall, which he did under the auspices of Mr. Pope. His other performances are the "King and the Miller of Mansfield," an entertainment to which he added a sequel called Sir John Cockle at Court; Cleone, a tragedy; and the Economy of Human Life. Mr. D. also projected the Preceptor, and the Annual Register; and edited a valuable collection of Old Plays and Select Fables, from Esop and others, as well as a collection of poems.
— 26	Frid.	Sts. Justina and Cyprian. Sun ris. 3m af. 6 —sets 59 — 5	— 26	These saints were martyred during the persecution of Dioclesian, A. D. 304. 1814.—On this day the Emperor of Russia, King of Prussia, and other Sovereigns arrived at Vienna to form a congress.
— 27	Satur.	Sts. Cosmus and Damian. High Water. 29m af. 4 morn — 49 — 4 even	— 27	These saints were brothers, and natives of Arabia, but studied in Syria, where they became famed for their skill in physic. They were beheaded by order of Lysias, Governor of Cilicia, during the Dioclesian persecution, A. D. 303. 1772.—Died on this day, James Brindley, ÆT. 56 , one of the most ingenious and eminent mechanics of his day. He was employed by the late excellent and patriotic Duke of Bridgewater, the father of Inland Navigation, to execute the famous canal from Worsley to Manchester, a length of 95 miles. Besides this great undertaking, he also constructed another from the Grand Trunk near Haywood, in Staffordshire, to the River Severn, near Bewdley, which he completed with so much credit to himself, that there was scarce any improvement of a similar kind meditated at that time, but what he was engaged in, so high was his talent valued.
— 28	SUN.	17 Sunday af. Trinity. LES. for the DAY Ezekiel c. 14 mo. — c. 18 ev. St. Lirba.	— 28	This saint was an English Abbess, and daughter of St. Ebba. She died A. D. 779. Expired at Edinburgh, ÆT. 80 , George Buchanan, the celebrated writer and historian. Buchanan was the tutor to James VI. and being reproached with making him a pedant, he replied, that "it was the best he could make of him."
— 29	Mond.	St. Michael and All Angels. Sun ris. 9m af. 6 —sets 51 — 5 Birth Day of the D. Q. of Wirt.	— 29	The first institution of the festival of the Dedication of St. Michael and the Holy Angels, is said to have taken place in the year 487. 1399.—On this day Richard resigned the crown to his cousin Henry, Duke of Lancaster; for an account of which see No. 29 of this work.



See Page 181.

Illustrated Article.

HERMAN THE FREE-LANCE;

OR, THE RESCUE AT ANNE'S CROSS;

(For the Olio.)

And hurry-skurry forth they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horse and rider snorte and blowe,
And sparkling pebbles file.

Burger's Leonora.

THE violent struggles for the crown, which took place between Stephen, Earl of Blois, and Prince Henry, are well known to the reader of English history. This the former at last obtained, not, however, without much bloodshed, and Henry agreed to quit England, with an understanding that he should succeed to the crown on the death of Stephen, which took place not long after the cessation of hostilities. It is well known that Stephen, fearing to trust his cause entirely in the hands of the English, brought over many bands of foreign mercenaries, of almost

every nation, but principally Flemings, whose insolence and violence soon rendered them objects of hatred and execration to the English people. On Henry's ascending the throne, his first act was to demolish the many castles which had been raised throughout the kingdom during the short reign of his predecessor, and to disband the before-mentioned troops of foreign soldiers. This was carried into effect with such vigour and promptitude, that in a short time the refractory English were subdued, and the aliens driven from the kingdom.

These mercenaries were men of daring and reckless character, and their courage and experience in war rendered them desirable instruments in the hands of the ambitious and violent. Owning no country nor master, save those in whose pay they were, their swords and lances were ever at the service of those who could offer most. The latter weapon was much in repute in those days, and these men were particularly dexterous in the use of it; hence the name of "free-lance," which was given, without distinction, to those restless spirits. Besides their pay, which

was always considerable, there was with them another consideration, namely, plunder; which they seldom failed to get, even though the party they had joined should have been worsted in the fight; for being mounted on fleet horses, they defied pursuit.

Amongst those who had distinguished themselves in the late contests, was one Herman von Wernigerode, a captain of a band of German free-lances, who had done good service in the pay of Stephen, during his struggle for the sovereignty. He and his band had been well paid for their assistance; but calculating on the possibility of a renewal of hostilities, he still lingered in England, and in the month of October, A. D. 1154, he and his fellows had taken up their abode at a Hostelry in the city of Lincoln, which was then a place of considerable strength. One fine evening towards the latter end of October, two soldiers were observed under the walls of the Cathedral, from which they had an extensive view of the country round. Their dress, and their arms, which they carried with them, shewed that they belonged to Herman's band. They were

engaged in earnest conversation as they walked to and fro.

As a literal version of their colloquy would be quite unintelligible to most of our readers, and interesting only to the antiquary, it will be necessary to render it into English.

“Well, Bernhard,” said he who appeared to be the youngest of the two, “think ye this Henry, when he succeeds to the crown, will order us home again?”

“I know not,” was the other's reply; “but he is said to entertain no good will towards us for having helped his rival to the seat which by good right belongs to him.”

“Whist, man! — the walls of this Cathedral have ears. What if some of the sleek monks within should hear thy words and report them to the king? Thy head would fly from thy shoulders in the turning of a die.”

“Tut, I fear it not; King Stephen knows I have helped him in the hour of need. See'st thou that broad tree in yon meadow to the right?”

“Ay,—what of it?”

“Why, I will tell thee. Where that

tree flings its shadow, King Stephen, in the late battle, stood it manfully against a host of his enemies, even though his men had fled from him. Earl Ranalph advanced upon him, and bore the king to the ground; but at the same moment I cast the earl out of his saddle with my lance, and should have made him prisoner had not his fellows rescued him. The king then gave me that goodly chain which I lost at play with Casper Hendricksen."

"Ah! ah! ah!" laughed the younger soldier, "by my halidame, thou hast set a proper value on a king's bounty! Why, there was enough to keep thee at home all thy life, without ever setting foot in the stirrup again."

"At home," replied the other with a sneer, "think'st thou I can live at home when broad pieces can be won so easily? The free-lance has no home. May the fiend rive me if I hold the plough while I can grasp a lance or rein a good steed."

"Well, chafe it not, man; I meant not to offend thee. See, who rides so fast up yonder road?"

As he spoke, a horseman was descried at some distance, advancing towards the city at a rapid pace. He bore a long lance, wore a jacket of linked mail, and a basenet, and rode a strong bony horse, which seemed much jaded. The two worthies continued their colloquy.

"Who owns yonder castle?" inquired Bernhard, pointing to a strongly embattled building, on which the sun, fast sinking towards the horizon, threw its departing rays.

"Dost thou not know?" answered his companion. "'Tis Sir Mathew Witherne's, an old Knight, who promised our captain his fair daughter in reward for his having saved his life in a skirmish with the earl's men some short time since. But see, yonder horseman approaches. By this light, 'tis Conrade Braquemart!—what the fiend makes him ride so fast?"

The object which had occasioned this remark arrived at the city gates, and on being admitted rode hastily up the street. In a few moments, a trumpet sounded from below, which startled the two soldiers, and interrupted their conversation.

"Ah!" exclaimed Carl, the younger one, "that's our trumpet! what means this sudden summons, it bodes no good methinks."

"Peace," muttered Bernhard sullenly, "let us go at once, or we shall be welcomed with a few of Herman's round oaths. Sathan himself cannot curse more heartily,—come to the Hostelry."

They immediately left the spot and repaired to the Hostelry, where Herman

and the rest of his followers were assembled in council. The arrival of Conrade Braquemart caused a great ferment amongst them: from him they learnt that Stephen had paid that debt which even kings must discharge, and had bequeathed the crown to Henry, who had been proclaimed king, and had issued orders for the disbanding of all the foreign troops throughout the kingdom. This intelligence was by no means pleasing to the ears of these desperadoes.

"'Twould be witless to resist this mandate," said Herman to his followers, who were assembled round him, "for 'tis well known we are not liked by these raw-boned Islanders; we must proceed to the coast at once." As he uttered this, his eye glanced hastily round the room. "How is this?" cried he, "where are those two louts, Carl and Bernhard?" They entered at this moment, and approached the table where Herman was sitting. His inflamed eyes and unsteady hand plainly told that he had drank deeply of the liquor before him. "How now," he cried, or rather roared out, "where the fiend have ye been loitering? Look to my horse instantly, and see that it has but a spare measure of corn and no water; we must ride hard to-night, do ye hear? Get ye hence knaves and look to your beasts. You, Carl, remain here, I have something for your ear alone."

Herman's followers immediately repaired to the stables, for the purpose of getting their horses in readiness, wondering what could be the occasion of his giving such peremptory orders, which greatly perplexed them.

Ere twilight had spread its veil over the city, Herman and his band quitted the Hostelry, and passing through one of the gates soon reached the high road, along which they proceeded at a rapid rate.

Leaving Herman and his companions on their way, we must proceed to describe the castellated building referred to by Bernhard. It was a massive structure of Saxon origin, flanked with circular towers of a great height. Its walls were immensely thick, and the whole building was in those days justly considered impregnable. At this time it was held by an old Knight, named Sir Mathew Witherne, who had in the late contest rendered Stephen great assistance. Declining an offer from that monarch of a place near the throne, the old Knight had retired to his castle to enjoy, undisturbed, the society of his beautiful daughter, whose personal and mental charms were the theme of all the neighbouring youths. It should be mentioned that in a battle between Stephen and his rival near Liu-

coln, the old Knight was unhorsed by a spearman, who would have slain him had not Herman arrived in time to strike down the soldier with his mace. In a transport of gratitude for this timely service, Sir Mathew grasped the hand of the free-lance, and swore to repay him with the hand of his only child. As Herman was at the time clad in a rich suit of mail, and unknown to him, Sir Mathew doubted not but that he had made this promise to no other than a belted Knight; but how great was his vexation and sorrow on hearing shortly after that his word was pledged to a daring mercenary, whose services were at the disposal of the highest bidder.

On Prince Henry's relinquishing his claim to the crown, upon the conditions before stated, hostilities ceased, and the old Knight hastened to his castle, hoping that Herman might quit the country without pressing his claim. The free-lance and his band, shortly after the battle near Lincoln, removed to a distant part of England, which in some degree allayed the old Knight's fears; but not long after he was both perplexed and alarmed on hearing that Herman and his fierce companions were sojourning in that city. Though it grieved him to reflect that in refusing the demand of the free-lance, he should be breaking his knightly word, yet the prospect of his only child becoming the wife of such a man banished his scruples, and he determined to seek some noble youth whom he might think worthy of such a lovely partner. This was a task of no difficulty, for the wealth and beauty of the Lady Blanche had already procured her many admirers. Sir Mathew was not long in finding one, whose noble birth, gallant bearing, and comely person, led the Knight to suppose that his daughter could not be averse to the match. His fondest hopes were realized. Sir Guy de Metford was introduced to the lovely Blanche; and ere many weeks had passed, the lovers were daily seen on the ramparts of the castle, enjoying the cool evening breeze, and indulging in those fond endearments, which those of riper years may smile at, but true lovers alone can fully appreciate. The old Knight was rejoiced at the success of his plan: it was settled that the marriage should take place without delay, and Sir Guy departed for his own castle to make preparation for the approaching ceremony.

The evening on which Von Wernigerode and his band had left Lincoln was fast drawing in, when the Lady Blanche sat in her chamber, attended by her favourite waiting-maid, who was complet-

ing her bridal dress. Sir Guy was hourly expected. But few of the old Knight's men were at the castle, several of them having attended the young Sir Guy for the purpose of assisting in the removal of many necessaries for the wedding to Sir Mathew's castle; for in those days good cheer was not forgotten upon such occasions. There were, at this time, only five or six servants remaining at the castle, who were busily engaged in making preparations for the morrow. Blanche looked eagerly over the country, intently watching every part of the road which was not obscured by tall trees and hedges, for the approach of her lover, Sir Guy, sometimes directing her attention to the Cathedral of Lincoln visible in the extreme distance, which reared its tall white spires majestically above the city, now shewn in fine relief by the dark and heavily charged clouds which lowered behind it. The maiden looked in vain for the glittering train of her lover; for no figures were seen, except that of a rustic returning from his labour, or a solitary strolling spearman sauntering along the road. There was a stillness unbroken by any sound save the cawing of the rooks and daws, that winged their hasty flight to the forest, warning the traveller to seek shelter from the coming storm. The reigning silence which pervaded the evening well accorded with the spirits of the anxious maiden:—it was a feeling which those who have loved can well remember; a languor which, though it oppresses the heart, we are unwilling to dismiss. Blanche heeded not the gabble of her maid Maud, who, with a freedom from time immemorial allowed to such persons, ran on in a strain of raillery, which might, in a moment of less anxiety, have revived the drooping spirits of her mistress, who gazed intently on the murky clouds, whose edges catching the last rays of the setting sun, assumed that deep brassy hue which generally portends a thunder-storm. At length their dark masses began to be illumined by an occasional flash, or a quivering stream of light, which shooting upwards, played in fantastic lines across the heavens, and as they died away, the deep prolonged rumble of the thunder told that the storm was commencing.

The Lady Blanche would have viewed this warring of the elements with unconcern, had it not been for the frequent exclamations of Maud, who as every succeeding flash quivered on the floor of the chamber, screamed with terror, and besought her mistress to descend into the hail. Maud was a plump, round, rosy cheeked lass, a coquette in the sphere in which she moved, and had caused much

bickering between Sir Mathew's park-keeper and falconer, who had both been smitten with her charms. Yielding to the intreaties of her maid, Blanche quitted her chamber, and repaired to the hall, where her father, the old Knight, was sitting, playing with a valued hawk, which was perched on his fist, and talking to his falconer about a new hood for his favourite bird, which, by the glance of its quick bright eye, seemed almost conscious of the intended arrangement. Blanche drew near her father, who observed her agitation with a smile.

"Ay, ay," said he, "I'll warrant thou hast been looking for Sir Guy, and art chafed because he has not arrived; but do not vex thyself, he will doubtless be here anon: no doubt the storm has obliged him to seek shelter on the road. Ralph, prithee bring lights." A servant left the hall, and Sir Mathew continued—"Come hither, Blanche, and seat thyself by my side: how pale thou look'st!"

At this moment the horn windows of the hall were illumined with a vivid flash of lightning, which rendered every object in the apartment visible. The several pieces of armour which hung against the walls threw back the strong glare of light, and a peal of thunder burst over the castle, which shook to the foundation. Blanche clung to her father in speechless terror, while the red cheeks of Maud, who stood near, assumed an ashy paleness. She kept crossing herself, and ejaculating prayers to the Virgin, while the two waiting men attempted, by smiling at her fears, to conceal their own; but it was easy to perceive, by their bewildered looks, that they partook of the general alarm, which extended even to the large mastiff that lay at the feet of the old Knight, and whined piteously. Torches were brought, and fixed in the iron staples against the wall; but they only served to shew the contrast of their own faint light with the vivid glare of the lightning, which still continued to illumine the hall, while loud peals of thunder burst in quick succession over the castle. On a sudden, between one of the pauses of the storm, the shrill sound of a horn was heard without.

"Ah," cried the old Knight, "here is Sir Guy at last! Run knaves, open gate and lower drawbridge! Quick varlets!"

The servants left the hall, and a smile lit up the pale countenance of the Lady Blanche, whose joy at the supposed return of her lover made her forget the storm which still continued to rage with unabated fury. At length the heavy tramp of feet was heard without. Blanche rose, and, prepared with a few words of gentle reproof for his absence, flew to the

door, expecting to be clasped in the arms of Sir Guy; but she recoiled on perceiving the tall herculean figure of a man who entered at the moment. With some difficulty she staggered to a seat, almost overpowered with mingled disappointment and alarm.

He who entered was clad in a complete suit of mail, over which he wore an aketon of tough leather, on which was emblazoned a red griffin. He bore in his hand a long lance, and wore a sword and dagger.—One glance sufficed to shew Sir Mathew that Herman, the free-lance, stood before him. With an effort to subdue his emotion, he asked what had done him the honour of a visit, at the same time handing a seat to Herman.

"That ye shall know quickly," replied the free-lance, seating himself; "but first let your knaves wipe the rain from my harness, for the wet will rust it."

This request was complied with, and Herman bending a scrutinizing glance on Blanche, continued—

"So, this is the fair lady, your daughter, who is to reward me for having knocked your enemy's basenet over his eyes in the ruffle near Lincoln? By my Halidame and St. Anthony to boot, 'tis a rich guerdon! What say ye, fair Lady, will ye become the bride of a free-lance?"

"Here he addressed a coarse remark to Blanche. The withered cheek of Sir Mathew reddened with rage, which he could ill conceal.

"Sir," said he sharply, "this is not fitting language for a maiden's ear, prithee cease, and——"

"Ha!" cried Herman in a fierce tone, "is it so Sir Knight? is she not mine? did'st thou not pledge thy word, ay, thy oath, that she should be my bride? Look that ye attempt not to deceive me, or woe to thy grey head?"

The old Knight dreaded the worst consequences in this visit; Herman's words almost deprived him of the power of utterance, and he groaned bitterly.

"Ay, groan on," continued the free-lance, "while I shall read thy treachery to thee. Know, then, that I am come to claim my bride, of whom thou would'st rob me. I am acquainted with thy base treachery, and will maintain my right to the death!"

These words struck to the heart of the old Knight, who wrung his hands and remained silent. Herman observed his anguish with a grin.

"Come," said he to Blanche, "come, fair lady, you must away with me." Then raising his voice, he cried, "What ho! Conrade, Bernhard, Carl, where loiter ye knaves?"

They entered at this summons, followed by several of their comrades. Herman approached his victim, when the old Knight starting up, threw himself at the feet of the free-lance.

"Oh slay me here," cried he, "lay my grey hairs in the dust, but spare my child; take not the prop of my old age, the solace of my lonely widowhood from me; forego your claim and half my wealth is your's."

"Ay," replied the free-lance, "half thy broad lands, which thou knowest I cannot inherit. Know, Sir Knight, that I must bid you and your countrymen farewell—"

"But hear me!" cried Sir Mathew, imploringly; "I ne'er till now knelt to mortal man, save to his Grace. On my knees I implore thee to take pity!"

"Peace, Sir Mathew," replied the free-lance, coolly: "thy daughter is mine were she twenty times thy child; rise, therefore and disgrace not thy knighthood, for by heaven and all its saints, I will not part with her but with my life!"

"For our Lady's sake, take pity!" cried the old Knight; "you are a soldier, and have behaved manfully in many a gallant encounter. You would not rob an old man of his only child?"

"Sir Mathew," calmly replied the free-lance, "I came prepared to meet such humble words, for I well knew your knaves were absent, else should I have met with taunts and reproaches: but you are in my power; your daughter is mine, and I would not lose my reward for a prince's ransom."

The old Knight sighed deeply as he thought on his utter incapability of resisting the free-lance and his band. He knew he was in Von Wernigerode's power and, in the fury of despair, he started on his feet, drew his dagger, and struck at the breast of the free-lance with all his force; but the latter, without any apparent exertion, caught in his iron grasp the wrist of the old Knight as the blow descended, and wresting the dagger from him, threw it to the other end of the hall.

"By the rood!" exclaimed Herman, "I would requite your courtesy, Sir Knight, but it would not be fitting to receive my bride with a red hand."

Sir Mathew struggled to free himself from the grasp of the free-lance, when the large mastiff suddenly sprung up and seized Herman by the throat. The bite would have been mortal, had it not been for a gorget of linked mail which he wore. With some difficulty he shook off the faithful animal, which was instantly despatched by his companions.

"Bind the old dotard and his knaves, and follow me!" cried Herman, who threw his mailed arm round the waist of the fainting Blanche, and bore her out of the hall. His companions quickly secured Sir Matthew and his men, by binding them back to back, and were preparing to follow their leader, when Conrade Braquemart espying Maud, who stood in one corner of the hall almost petrified with terror, cried—

"So, comrades, here is my prize; by my beard, we shall have a merry night on't! Come, wench, thou shalt ride with me."

As he spoke, he raised Maud in his arms, and hurried to the court-yard, where his comrades had already assembled with their leader, who was lifting the almost lifeless body of the Lady Blanche on his own horse. Conrade, spite of her screams, placed Maud before him, when the whole troop pushed over the drawbridge, and soon left the castle far behind them.

(To be Continued.)

DIRGE

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS ELLEN GEE,
OF KEW.

*Who died in consequence of being stung in
the eye.*

Peerless, yet hapless maid of Q!
Accomplish'd LN G!
Never again shall I and U
Together sip our T.

For ah! the Fates! I know not Y,
Sent midst the flowers a B,
Which ven'mous stung her in the I,
So that she could not C.

LN exclaimed, "Vile spiteful B!
If ever I catch U
On jess'mine, rosebud, or sweet P,
I'll change your stinging Q.

"I'll send you like a lamb or U,
Across th' Atlantic C,
From our delightful village Q,
To distant OYE.

"A stream runs from my wounded I,
Salt as the briny C,
As rapid as the X or Y,
The OIO, or D.

"Then fare thee ill, insensate B!
Who stung, nor yet knew Y;
Since not for wealthy Durham's C
Would I have lost my I."

They bear with tears fair LN G
In funeral RA,
A clay-cold corse now doom'd to B,
Whilst I mourn her DK.

Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,
List to the reason Y!
For should A B C U at T,
He'll surely sting your I.

Now in a grave L deep in Q,
She's cold as cold can B;
Whilst robins sing upon A U,
Her dirge and LEG.

LONDON LYRICS.

The Two Elephants.

Where, back'd by a Castle, the Elephant's free
To all, I dismiss'd my portmanteau,
And walk'd off to Astley's the new Piece to
see :

"Don John, or the Siege of Otranto."

But here a live Elephant stood on the brink
Of the Pit, and extended his fauces :
"Heavy wet" was, I found, his appropriate
drink,
With which he surcharged his proboscis.

'Twixt hither and thither, a mere nunc et tunc,
My Muse finds a subject to court her :
The Porter *there* 's ready to carry the trunk,
But *here* the Trunk carries the Porter.

New Mon:

The Cecilians, (No. 2.)

MR. V——T.—(*The President.*)

'I will thank you, gentlemen, to be uncovered.'

THIS respectable and highly esteemed citizen in the precinct of 'St. Thomas Apostle,' has survived the years allotted by the psalmist to man. By a discreet and uniform management of a naturally delicate constitution, he has preserved himself to a good age, with an unimpaired intellectual vigour; and seen the strong man and too free-liver bend to the stroke of death, whose bourne Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and others have visited in the young prime bud of existing ability; and whither too many musicians tend, by a too generous love of the glass, and hilarious company-keeping.

'But, by the secret influence turn'd
He felt a new diviner flame,
And with devotion burn'd.'

In his person, Mr. V——t is inclining to that happy-looking condition of corpulency which is almost enviable, considering so many scarecrows are in the world, and mere fiddle-sticks, scraping the strings of wealth together, 'knotted oaks that will not bend to soothe the breast;' and he wears a countenance, whose lineaments are rather seasoned into a sedative aspect by time than tears, and his demeanour is of that gentlemanly class which gives favourable impressions of his worth, and makes friendships which are more durable than 'leather or prunella.'

He ranks with credit to his talents as an author, but his diffidence and unassuming nature, conceal many of his productions, which have appeared with the omega of the alphabet, the simple Z, to them. His known lucubratory prose and

poetic pieces being suitable with his taste, they chiefly admit of adaptation to musical composition, always partaking of that influential and moral feeling which it is his aim to cultivate. In his 'Ode to Nature,' the music of which is by Mr. J. C. Nightingale; * and 'Russel's Ode to Music,' much vivid fancy and poetic simplicity are mingled with the objects he has recorded, and the subjects of which he has treated. Although Mr. V——t is not the sole parent of the 'Cecilian Society,' he is, we believe, the only person living who first became instrumental in handing its operations down to the present period, and his presidency has not been so irregular as the often opposed presidencies of the 'United States,' which are, by a misnomer, much dis-united. Mr. V——t has filled the chair more than forty years, and set an example for 'brethren to dwell and amuse themselves in unity.'—'When, as himself to singing he betakes,'

He gladdens mortal ears,
And courts the music of the spheres.

As a musician, though Mr. V. has not attained to perfection in his earlier and matured studies, either as an instrumental or a vocal performer, yet he is a most excellent judge of ancient and sacred melody. We remember too, the occasions when his execution of an air, but particularly of a recitative, with but an indifferent voice, went off so neatly and chaste as to obtain hearty and pleasing plaudits.

* Awaking heart to hearts and ear to ears delights. *

As a timist, however, the President has stood unrivalled, and to his regularity, in some measure, the 'Cecilians' have gained truly the fame of being the best chorus singers of any in our day, in oratorios. If a little irascibility has been occasionally discovered in Mr. V's discipline in the orchestra, and 'severe in aught,' like the village mentor in Goldsmith, the love he bore to music was in fault, and paramount to every personal consideration. Mr. V——t is familiar with the general sciences, very anecdotal in private circles, and disseminates a store of light entertainment. He has been intimate with the earlier advocates of 'gases,' and tells a good story of the 'Tar Water Doctor,' and 'Stammering Pedestrians.'† He

* In passim.—This quotation applies to twenty years ago.

† More of this hereafter, when our reminiscences will be brought into reading.

can take a 'Round' at pleasure, join others in a 'Catch,' and enjoy the leisure of an evening with a 'glee.' As an artist, he has excelled in several ingenious inventions, and like thousands of adventurers, attempted (we believe—and who has not?) the perpetual motion. To sum up this gentleman's value, we cannot better express our opinion than by quoting the popular apostrophe of our national poet, that as a man, "we ne'er shall look upon his like again!" at least, as a President of the Cecilian Society, and we regret that his far advance in life has rendered it necessary for him to retire, nominally, from his 'centre of gravity.'

MUSCULUS.

THE COCKNEY ANGLER'S PUN-T.

(For the Olio.)

Let printers daily press their sheets,
Let landmen tope and drink;
Let trumpery's vot'ries track the streets,
And half-fed authors think:
I, to relax my heart and nerves,
Of dangers bear the brunt;
And, as the tide, like punning, serves,
Go angling in a *Pun-t.*

Words are the fish which take the hook
When baited with conceits:
The lips are banks, the throat's a brook
That with the channel meets:
He that would 'bob for whale' must go
And seek the Red Sea's front:
But I will cause Port Wine to flow!
Out gurgling in a *Pun-t.*

Ye thirsty souls—go, seek the wave;
Go, grasp the serving tide,—
'Tis better for a watery grave
Than live of *s-port* denied:
The 'white bait' for your own bait find,
For sportive pleasures hunt;
And you will ne'er regret the kind
Reception in a *pun-t.*

P.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BAR.

"Of Brougham what can be said which is not already known? He has now risen, like a giant refreshed, from his short repose behind the Ministerial benches, to renewed exertion; and can verify the words of Romilly, 'that there is no fun out of Opposition.' He has now, and only now, undertaken a task worthy of his powers; and he must feel 'that the blood more stirs to rouse a lion than to start a hare.' He has attempted to lay the axe to the antique but yet flourishing tree of corruption and abuse; spurning a partial abolition of rank and luxuriant error, his aim is to reform it altogether; and the importance of his purpose is, in

value, as a sovereign to the small change of Mr. Peel. He has proposed to confer upon his country the greatest benefit ever contemplated by any of our legislators through a series of ages: he is admirably adapted to the employment: he brings a master mind to its conception, and must prevail if he be but true to himself. Let him but shrink not from his post, or admit (as he has too often done) the treacherous refinements and uncandid qualifications of others, until his plan may be no longer recognized as creditable to himself or beneficial to his country, and his name will be handed down to posterity with unrivalled honour. Let him take his stand, in the name of the people, for a reform which cannot but avail if it be largely and liberally met, but which will be neither useful nor advantageous, if puny reparation be doled out with the timidity of a Secretary and the condescension of a Minister. He will be strenuously opposed, no doubt; but let him assume an attitude correspondent to his superior powers, and, where opposed, let him reply with Benedict XIV. when publicly interrupted in his discourse by the Ambassador of Venice, 'Si tace Pantaleone, quando il Dottore parla.* It has been frivolously enough suggested, I see, that he is in this instance but a copier of Peel; but if it be said by the partizans of the Secretary, as the peasant observed in displaying his picture, 'Voila mon portrait! voyez comme le peintre a attrappé la ressemblance:† it may be replied, as then, 'Il a bien mieux attrappé l'original.' The earlier bears as much similarity to the later plan, as Jervoise's copy to the master-piece of Titian, when the more modern artist, raising his eyes in ecstasy at the contemplation of his presumed success, and his shoulders in pity of the divine painter, exclaimed with ineffable contempt, 'Poor Titian!' Brougham's reform will render the law a feast, not a fast—a feast attainable by rich and poor, and resembling the Cabinet dinner of the minister Roland, where the cost of entertaining the whole corps diplomatique amounted to the very unministerial sum of fifteen francs; while enough of what was wholesome and substantial was afforded to the guests. The hideous deformities of the present law system are only to be pointed out to be acknowledged; and if, unhappily, he be successfully opposed, let him yet perse-

* "Pantaloen is silent when the Doctor speaks." Alluding to the Venetian comedy, in which those characters generally appear.

† "Behold my portrait! Observe how well the painter has hit," or "entrapped the resemblance."

vere, and, like Vivien, give his portrait a tail, that the merit of the painter may only be excelled by the monstrous character of his subject. Let him dwell upon its ugliness without fear or dismay, even though he should be rewarded by another slamming of the door at Brookes's for having dared to mention the obnoxious word elsewhere. Even Mr. Peel, like Brougham's "Mr. Bailey, senior" friend, (as the Frenchman politely has it) may not stickle at an attempt to steal his bags; or hesitate to meet him half way over the bridge, for the purpose of compromising with him. They will, however, I fear, prove far too weighty for ministerial strength; and will as certainly be returned—without fee or reward,—no names mentioned;—the contents being wholly useless to any but the owner.

"Long political connexion, with much of mutual professional and official exertion, must long associate the name of Denman with that of Brougham. The Common Serjeant was, in my time, yet in his legal nonage, but gave already evidence of superior talent. He came from a highly intellectual family, and possessed resources which it has been given to few to attain, for his parents were persons of talent and ability. Mr. Denman has the nerve and courage of a man, with no ordinary learning as a lawyer, and eloquence adequate to its display; and if, in the course of time, he become somewhat detached from politics, (wherein he will least shine) and be destined for the Bench, he will make a fearless, independent, and constitutional Judge.

"Then was there Edward Morris, a kind and gentle person, whose chief legal attribute was haply having married a daughter of Erskine; so that, when the Whigs came into power, he was made a Master in Chancery by his father-in-law, and took his station in the pleasant domicile of Southampton Buildings. The appointment was certainly somewhat irregular, and the translation of Alderman Birch from his soup-concocting mansion in Cornhill, to the throne at York, would scarcely have produced more surprise than the transfer of a Common Lawyer to the Equity Bench, and the Emperor Paul might be heard, the whole length of the corridor of the office, growling in his den at the unprincipled profanation attempted by Erskine. Yet there, his bland and courteous manners, as contrasted with those of the Father of Mastership, were grateful to suitors as the termination of a Chancery suit to some venerable plaintiff—as a farthing damages to the attorney of some newspaper-tor-

menting client, for it (like old Hogarth of Staples Inn, with his everlasting bundle of papers under his arm,) always carries costs. He was a man with a temper *ad satisfaciendum*—a free and liberate disposition—and he really made an excellent master, for he was wholly unacquainted with the routine of office, (it is only by following it one can err,) and he got through business in a very rapid manner. He was a novice in the art, and understood not the prolongation of affairs:—advocates lost briefs, solicitors fees, and his colleagues their patience;—but the whole matter will some day be performed by steam; that is some consolation.—(*To be Continued.*)

STANZAS.

(*For the Olio.*)

When storms and tempests gather'd rude,
As sailing o'er life's troubled sea;
When plung'd in deepest solitude,
My hopes were centred all in thee.

And afterwards, when fairer skies
Shed o'er my brow their radiance bright!
Mine only joy was in thine eyes,
Thou wert my bosom's sole delight.

And still, tho' clouds will sometimes roll
Across the sunshine of my day,
One thought of thee will from my soul
Chase the dark shadow far away.

And ever yet, come weal or woe,
Come laughing mirth or doleful pain,
Ev'n till my life's flood cease to flow,
Thou mistress of my heart shalt reign. K.

MY UNCLE'S NOSE.

(*For the Olio.*)

FALSTAFF.—If thou wert any way given to
Virtue, I would swear by thy face; my
oath should be, "*By this Fire!*"
FIRST PART HEN. IV.

How shall I describe this huge feature? No alderman's could equal it! My uncle has, for many years, commanded a West India Trader, and what with grog and a warm sun, his nose has assumed a hue somewhat resembling the colour of a sheet of new copper; in addition to which, a quantity of pimples, of an indescribable colour, are scattered over it. When warmed with liquor, it glows like Vesuvius after a recent eruption. The flies, while he takes his evening nap, buzz and sport round his nasal organ, enjoying the genial warmth it emits, but never daring to alight on that fearful and fiery eminence; the loss of limbs, if not of life, would be the inevitable consequence of

such temerity. Numerous are the insults my uncle receives from the vulgar, who never fail to pass their jokes upon his nasal protuberance, when he comes ashore.

Once, while walking in a lane near Hampstead, towards the close of the evening, he stumbled upon a parcel of gipsies, when one of them, after regarding him for some moments, roared out to his companions,—“Why, ’tis a gentleman! Lord bless me, if I didn’t take him for a glow-worm!” and another time, an impudent scoundrel in the Strand asked permission to light his pipe at his nose. He turned away from the rascal with an oath, and ran against a man carrying a bundle of shavings, who begged him to “keep at a distance, unless he wished to set them on fire!”

Being once at a party, he, to shew his gallantry, attempted to salute a young lady. After some struggling, he succeeded in mastering her hands: but when his face (his *nose* I should say,) approached her’s, she swooned with affright. This so disconcerted my uncle, that he inwardly swore to apply himself to spring water and aperient draughts, until his tremendous feature had assumed a human, or at least natural appearance; but his resolution was soon broken, and just as it was beginning to wane, he took to his grog again, and it has ever since glowed like a fire-fly. He was once invited on board by the captain of a man-of-war brig, who, after dinner, politely shewed him every part of the vessel, except the *Powder Room*. My uncle expressed a wish to see that also, but the captain hoped to die some day in the defence of his country, and contrived to make an excuse.

These are but a few of the mortifications to which my uncle is subjected. The relation of all the insults he has received in this way would fill an octavo volume, printed in diamond type; but I must close the description. I once entertained the hope that he would abstain from grog, but that hope exists no longer, and I live in daily expectation of hearing that he has fallen a victim to spontaneous combustion!

J. Y. A—N.

A WISH.—(For the Olio.)

Howe’er exalted or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast:
From me remove the stagnant mind,
Of languid indolence reclin’d;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun’s whole circle sleeps;
Dull peace that dwells in folly’s eye,
And self-attending vanity:
Alike the foolish and the vain,
Are strangers to the sense humane.
The indiscreet with blind aversion run
Into one fault, while they another shun. K.

The Note Book.

THE JASMINE.

It is well known that the Italians obtain a perfume from its flowers by a very easy process; soaking a quantity of cotton wool in some scentless oil, they put it into glass vessels, in alternate layers with the jasmine flowers; and, after a few days, squeeze the oil from the wool, and put it into bottles for use: the perfume being communicated by that simple means. But it would seem that the Italians derive little gratification from this result, for we are told that they (the Romans, at least,) have a perfect abhorrence of perfumes; and avoid a person scented with attar of roses, with every appearance of disgust. Sir James Edward Smith, in his *Continental Tour*, speaking of the Borghese Chapel, at Rome, says that one of the popes having dreamed, in the month of August, of a fall of snow, and finding that it had actually fallen at that season, on a certain hill, built a chapel on the spot, and in commemoration of the dream on the anniversary of the day, caused an artificial snow to be showered upon the congregation then assembled, during the whole of the service. This artificial snow was composed of the beautiful and fragrant flowers of the white jasmine; and, (can we believe it?) the ladies abstained from visiting the chapel on that occasion, from their horror of this sweet perfume.

Mag. Nat. Hist.

BRUSSELS.

THIS city has received considerable extension, and has been greatly improved within the last few years. The greatest improvement of all, however, has been the demolition of the old ramparts which went round the old town, and the substitution in their place of one of the finest promenades or Bouvelards in Europe. On the one side of this extensive public walk rows of magnificent houses, each with a garden before it, and much resembling English houses of the first and second class, have been erected, and are mostly inhabited by English families. Brussels, indeed, may be said to be next to Paris, the largest English colony on the Continent. It is computed that there are at this moment not fewer than six thousand English residents at Brussels. Nor is it to be wondered at, cheapness of living, and plenty of amusement and instruction, liberty of thought and conscience, mild government and agreeable society, are things not of every day, nor to be met with every where. Yet for all this, some change is now taking place in the disposition of foreign

residents towards this capital, and during the last year the number of them had sensibly diminished.—*Granville's Travels.*

ATROCITY OF THE EPISCOPAL GOVERNMENT OF COLOGNE.

THE Episcopal Government of this town has left behind it annals of such continued turpitude, that it is impossible not to grieve at those legends of Catholicism. Who can forget Sigefrey of Westerburgh, Archbishop and Elector of Cologne, under whose cruel and treacherous treatment, Adolphus duc de Berg expired after several years' imprisonment, exposed to the greatest torments? Or his predecessor Engelbert, another mitred sovereign, who to wreak his vengeance upon Cologne, for having temporally refused to recognize his authority, instigated a monk to set fire to the principal part of the city? And Conrade of Hochstoether, the haughtiest, as well as the most relentless priest that ever governed that unfortunate town, did he not precede both those bishops in the career of violence and cruelty? Such was in fact the secular administration of the Catholic bishops, that the inhabitants had to sustain a struggle against their tyranny for the space of two centuries. Their chief magistrates, however, faithful to their trusts, stood firm, and resisted the episcopal excesses with all their might. But by their conduct they drew upon their own heads the vengeance of the mitred princes. Among those of the Bourguemestres who most signalized themselves in upholding the rights of the people, was Hermann Grein. Engelbert the archbishop, irritated at the opposition of that magistrate to his despotic will, determined upon getting rid of him. For this purpose, the prelate engaged in a plot against his life two of the Canons of the Cathedral, and having sent to them a domesticated lion which belonged to him, and which had been purposely left without food for some days, desired them to invite Grein to an entertainment, and in the middle of it to retire and let loose the ferocious animal upon their guest. This the canons punctually executed; but the intrepid Bourguemestre quickly wrapping his left arm in his cloak, forced it down the lion's throat, while with his right hand he plunged a poignard into its side, and thus escaped. Not so the guilty priests, for they were soon after arrested by order of the same chief magistrate, and hung before one of the doors of the Cathedral, which for several centuries has been known by the name of the *Priests' Door.*

Ibid.

MOROSENESS.

A morose man is a very troublesome companion, and a stranger to the sweetest thing on earth, viz. the pleasure of pleasing.

ILL EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

AN Hungarian who had been fifteen years making a wooden coat of mail, wherein not a single link was wanting, carried it to Hunniades, the warlike king of Hungary, who sentenced him to be confined in prison for fifteen years, for wasting so much TIME and parts in so fruitless an employment.

CONTENTMENT.

SENECA observes, that he who would live happily must neither trust to good fortune, nor submit to bad: he must stand upon his guard against all assaults; must stick to himself, without any dependance on other people. Where the mind is tinctured with philosophy, there is no place for grief, anxiety, or superstitious vexations.

CICERO.

THIS famous orator said of Caninius Revilus, who continued consul only for one day—"We have had a consul of such great vigilance, that he has not slept one single night during the whole term of his consulship."

PHILOSOPHERS sport with the follies of mankind; tradesmen make an advantage of them; and players both sport with them and profit by them.

COCHINEAL.

THE cochineal insect of Mexico at its utmost growth, resembles a bug in size and colour, the rings or cross stripes on its back are distinctly visible. The female alone produces the dye, the males are smaller, and one is found sufficient for three hundred females. The cochineal feeds upon the leaf of the Indian fig. The process of rearing it is difficult and complicated, the leaves must be kept free from all extraneous substances, and Indian women are seen bending over them for hours, and brushing them lightly with a squirrel's tale. The plantations of the cochineal or Indian fig are confined to La Mestica in the state of Caxaca, some farms contain from fifty to sixty thousand of these plants. In a good year, one pound of seed or semilla of the insect deposited upon the plant in October, will yield in December twelve pounds of cochineal, leaving a sufficient quantity of seed to give a second crop in May. The annual value of the cochineal raised in Mexico is estimated at 2,000,387 dollars.

West. Rev.

THE EXCELLENCE OF ENGLISH SAILORS
IN EARLY TIMES.

THE following pleasing testimony to the early excellence of our countrymen in their favourite art, is given by Geoffrey de Vinesant, a French Baron, who partook of the perils of the voyage and described them with energy. When the vessel with which the first Richard sailed for the Holy Land, was near the port of Acre, (Ptolemais) he fell in with a Saracen ship of vast bulk, laden with stores and ammunition for the besieged, after having been in vain boarded by the small English galleys, she was at length sunk by their running into her sides the united force of their beaks.

—
TWILIGHT.
—

Oh ! sweet is twilight's hour,
When the gay sun is set in night,
And every tree and blossom'd flower
Weep tears of light !

Oh ! sweet is evening's close,
When shadows on the mountains rest,
And the clear moon her radiance throws
O'er ocean's breast.

The starry isles of light,
Shine o'er the waters blue and deep,
And the stormy spirits of the night
Are sunk to sleep !

In every heart must reign
A holy calm at moonlight's hour,
Then passions wild, and follies vain,
Resign their pow'r !

Oh ! there's a rapture found
In scenes like these, that ne'er was given
To Daylight's glare,—for all around
Tells us of heaven !

—
Nautic Phrases.
—

(No. 3.)
—

Anchorage is a duty paid to the King for casting anchor in a pool or harbour.

Dibble the Dibbles is a corruption of *Le diable des diables*, a favorite exclamation of a French admiral to the seamen when he wished them to pursue the conflict with the enemy—as much as to signify—spare them not, for the English sailors are like as the “devil of devils,” when in an engagement, and hot in proportion to the service in which they are involved.

To arm a shot, is to roll oakum, rope-yarn, or old cloths about the end of the iron bar which passes through the shot.

Ballast Shot.—A ship is said to be so, when the ballast has run from one side to the other.

Bass the Lubber.—When a sailor does not keep his tail in good order, he is directed to bass the lubber ; meaning him to send the said tail to the *Bass*, an island on the coast of Scotland, noted for the resort of the great flock of *Barnacles*, or *Soland Geese*.

To Bear.—A ship is said to bear a good sail, when she moves upright in the water. When she is going from the shore, she is said to bear off so and so. Bearing down upon the enemy, as Nelson said, in his last memorable battle : ‘ Bear them down,—bear them off,—bear them home ;’ means, draw near,—take them,—and make sure of your prize for the glory of your country.

Beer is a term used by weavers for nineteen ends of yarn running together out of the trough, all the length of the cloth : and hence, when a ship is driving in one regular sail, she is said to have her beer.

Hen-pecked.—When a ship which has so many shots in her sides that she is no more fit for service, and must lie still without ever being manned again, the sailors cry : “ Let the hen-pecked helmsman lie ashore.”
JOIDA.

—
Customs of Various
Countries.
—

MIDSUMMER CUSTOMS IN CORNWALL.

Among all our English customs, there is not one more curious than the following, which is still kept up by the people of the town of Penzance, Cornwall ; the author of a very interesting little volume recently published, entitled, “ A Guide to Mount's Bay, and Land's End,” thus describes it :—

“ The most singular one is, perhaps, the celebration of the Eve of Saint John the Baptist,* our town saint, which falls on Midsummer Eve ; and that of the Eve of Saint Peter, the patron of fishermen. No sooner does the tardy sun sink into the western ocean, than the young and old of both sexes, animated by the genius of the night, assemble in the town and different villages of the bay with lighted torches. Tar-barrels having been erect-

* “ It is reasonable to advert to the summer solstice for this custom, although brought into the Christian calendar under the sanction of John the Baptist. Those sacred fires kindled about midnight, on the moment of the solstice, by the great part of the ancient and modern nations, the origin of which loses itself in antiquity.—See Gebelin, and also Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities.”

ed on tall poles in the market-place, on the pier, and in other conspicuous spots, are soon urged into a state of vivid combustion, shedding an appalling glare on every surrounding object, and which, when multiplied by numerous reflections in the waves, produce at a distant view a spectacle so singular and novel as to defy the powers of description; while the stranger who issues forth to gain a closer view of the festivities of the town, may well imagine himself suddenly transported to the regions of the furies and infernal gods; or else that he is witnessing, in the magic mirror of Cornelius Agrippa, the awful celebration of the fifth day of the Eleusinian feast; † while the shrieks of the female spectators, and the triumphant yells of the torch-bearers, with their hair streaming in the wind, and their flambeaux whirling with inconceivable velocity, are realities not calculated to dispel the illusion. No sooner are the torches burnt out, than the numerous inhabitants engaged in the frolic, pouring forth from the quay and its neighbourhood, form a long string, and, hand in hand, run furiously through every street, vociferating, ‘an eye,’—‘an eye,’—‘an eye!’ At length they suddenly stop, and the two last of the string, elevating their clasped hands, form *an eye* to this enormous *needle*, through which the *thread* of populace runs; and thus they continue to repeat the game until weariness dissolves the union, which rarely happens before midnight. On the following day, (Midsummer day,) festivities of a very different character enliven the bay; and the spectator can hardly be induced to believe that the same actors are engaged in both dramas. At about four or five o’clock in the afternoon, the country people, drest in their best apparel, pour into Penzance from the neighbouring villages, for the purpose of performing an aquatic diversion. At this hour the quay and pier are crowded with holiday-makers, where a number of vessels, many of which are provided with music for the occasion, lie in readiness to receive them. In a short time the embarkation is completed, and the sea continues for many hours to present a moving picture of the most animating description. Penzance is remarkable in history for having been entered and

burnt by the Spaniards in the year 1595. From time immemorial a prediction had prevailed, that a period would arrive when ‘*some strangers should land on the rocks of Merlin, who should burn Paul’s Church, Penzance, and Newlyn.*’ Of the actual accomplishment of this prediction, we receive a full account from Carew, from which it would appear, that on the 23d of July, 1595, about two hundred men landed from a squadron of Spanish galleys on the coast of Mousehole, when they set fire to the church of Paul, and then to Mousehole itself. Finding little or no resistance, they proceeded to Newlyn, ‡ and from thence to Penzance. Sir Francis Godolphin endeavoured to inspire the inhabitants with courage to repel these assailants; but so fascinated were they by the remembrance of the ancient prophecy that they fled in all directions, supposing that it was useless to contend against the destiny that had been predicted. The Spaniards, availing themselves of this desertion, set it on fire in different places, as they had already done to Newlyn, and then returned to their galleys, intending to renew the flames on the ensuing day; but the Cornish having recovered from their panic, and assembled in great numbers on the beach, so annoyed the Spaniards with their bullets and arrows, that they drew their galleys farther off, and, availing themselves of a favourable breeze put to sea and escaped. It is worthy of remark, that when the Spaniards first came on shore, they actually landed on a rock called ‘Merlin.’ The historian concludes this narrative by observing, that these were the only Spaniards that ever landed in England as enemies.”

Anecdotaliana.

O’KEEFE.

The author of ‘Wild Oats,’ wrote a farce called ‘The Man Milliner,’ which was unanimously condemned on the first night of representation at Covent Garden Theatre. A character in it called *Galen Dobbin* was written purposely for Quick, but Mr. Harris, the manager, sent it to Rock; he, however, recalled it, and sent it to Quick, on receiving the following expostulation from the author:—

As on the wave expose I must
My freight of little wit,
Oh, let me in a *Quick*-sand trust,
Nor on a *Rock* be split.

† The fifth day of the Eleusinian feast was called ‘the day of the torches,’ because at night the men and women ran about with them in imitation of Ceres, who, having lighted a torch at the fire of Mount Ætna, wandered about from place to place, in search of her daughter Proserpine. Hence may we not trace the high antiquity of this species of popular rejoicing?”

‡ “Will not this historical fact explain the peculiar cast of beauty possessed by many of the fish-women residing in this village?”

THOMAS A BECKET'S PRIDE.

Becket's ill-bred haughtiness was such, that when the English prelates (in one body) represented to him the fatal consequences which must inevitably attend his turbulent obstinacy, he answered only, "I hear you." Nothing could exceed his pride or the splendour of his household. Before his advancement to the primacy, he had been used to travel attended by 200 knights and other gay domestics. Eight waggons were in his suite. Two of these bore his ale, three the furniture of his chapel, of his bed-chamber, and of his kitchen; and the other three carried provisions and necessaries. Twelve pack horses bore his money, plate, &c.; and to each waggon was chained a fierce mastiff, and on each pack-horse sat a baboon.

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY:

It would be well for the business part of the community, were the demagogues of the present day to follow the example of the late zealous John Wesley, in choosing a suitable hour for the delivery of their harangues. He used to mount the pulpit, when on his circuit through the manufacturing districts, at five in the morning, and as uniformly to preface his discourse with words such as these:—"There is a Dutch proverb, which says, 'Prayer should stop no business;'—so

when the neighbouring clock begins to chime six, I shall shut my Bible, and thus enable all of you without interruption to prosecute the labours to which Providence has called you."

A CHEAP PASSING BELL.

The following dialogue was overheard by a person passing through Wath in Yorkshire, between a native of the sister kingdom, and a boy of the former place.

IRISHMAN—Faith, my dear honey, and you're ringing a good passing-bell here; and pray now what may be the charge of one?

BOY—Fourpence.

IRISHMAN—Och, now bad luck to that dirty Doctor Shufflebags of Belfast Cathedral, for the spalpeen charges a shilling; but by the powers I'll cheat him, for I'll have one now: so here, my lambkin, be after taking this fourpence, and give it to the sexton, and tell him to ring me a dacent one honey, while I listen to it, and by that means I'll just save me a clane eight-pence when I die. J.

A JUDGE thus addressed a Counsellor, "Pray, Mr. —, are you concerned for the prosecutor?"—"No, my Lord," said he, "I am *employed* for the prosecutor, but I am *concerned* for the *pri-soner*."

OCTOBER.

THIS month by our Saxon ancestors, according to old Verstegan, was termed *wyn-monat*, or wine month, from their having at this "season of the year their wines from divers adjoining countries;" whilst another writer gives a somewhat different account, and asserts that they called it "*Winter fyllich*," from winter's approaching with the full moon of the month. October with the Romans was the eighth month of the ten, which constituted the year according to the calendar of Romulus, and the tenth according to the reformed one of Numa, as it at present remains with us. Its protector being the fiery and turbulent Mars. Attempts were made several times by the Emperors and Senate of Rome to change its name, without success, notwithstanding their efforts it still retains its original one. The Senate, in the time of Antoninus, ordered that it should be called *Faustinus*, in honour of the Emperor's wife, Faustina. From Commodus it received the name of *Invictus*, and the Emperor Domitian christened it after his own name, *Domitianus*, all of which expired when their namers ceased to exist. During this month the Romans celebrated the following festivals and ceremonies. On the fourth, they celebrated the solemnity of the *Mandus Patens*, the open world:—this ceremony consisted in the opening a small round temple, dedicated to *Dis*, the god of riches, and the infernal deities; upon the performance of which the Romans believed the infernal regions were open; therefore on this day they were forbidden to offer battle, to enlist soldiers, marry, hold entertainments, or enter upon any public or private transactions. This temple was also solemnly opened at two other periods of the year, viz. on the day after the *Vulcanalia*, and on the seventh of the Ides of November. The sixth was devoted to the offering of sacrifices to the *Manes*, the Deities who presided over the dead. The *Meditrinalia* took place on the seventh: this festival was instituted in honour of Meditrina, the goddess of medicine, to whom her worshippers offered libations of new and old wine. On this day the new wines were first drank, when a particular form of words was used, the omission of which was considered a bane-

ful omen. The festival of the *Augustalia* in honour of Augustus was celebrated on the twelfth. This feast was instituted by the tribunes of the people to commemorate the happy return of Augustus to the capital after he had pacified Sicily, Greece, Syria, Asia, and Parthia, upon which occasion an altar was erected to him, and dedicated to Fortune, with this inscription, *Fortuna Reduci*. At this festival the Romans indulged in their festive games for three days. The feast of Fountains, or the *Fontanalia*, was on the thirteenth: this festival was devoted to the deities who presided over springs and fountains, at the celebration of which all the fountains were decorated with garlands and lamps, flowers being thrown into the wells. Sacrifices were offered to Mercury on the fifteen by the Roman merchants and tradesmen. On the same day a horse, termed the *October Equus*, was sacrificed to Mars. Plutarch assigns two reasons for this ceremony, the first was to punish the horse out of vengeance for the Trojans, from whom the Romans claimed their descent, they having been surprised by the Greeks concealed within the Trojan horse; the other reason given was that the horse being a martial animal, it ought to be sacrificed to the God of War.

On the sixteenth the plebeian games were held in the Circus, to commemorate the reconciliation of the people with the Senate after their retreat to the Aventine hill. The seventeenth sacrifices were offered to Jupiter Liberator. The festival of the *Armilustrum* was celebrated on the nineteenth by the armies, when a general review of the soldiery took place in the Campus Martius. On this occasion the knights, centurions, and soldiers wore crowns, and danced armed at all points, and performed sacrifices to the sound of trumpets. Offerings were made to Bacchus on the twenty-third. The twenty-eighth, the plays of victory instituted by Sylla on his concluding the civil war, were performed, and on the thirtieth was held the *Vertumnalia*, a feriae instituted in honour of Vertumnus, when the Sarmation games were performed.

The sun this month is in Virgo till the twenty-third, on which day it enters the sign Scorpio.

The varied and rapid changes which take place this month in the colour of vegetation, indicates the quick march of winter; the shortened days, and the increasing nights, forcibly reminds us that the year has reached its grand climacteric, and is fast falling into the "sere and yellow leaf;" it is the period of drizzling rains, chilling mists, fogs, frosty nights, and equinoctial winds, which deprive us of the leafy canopy,

"Which charm'd 'ere they trembled on the trees."

Yet notwithstanding we are invaded by these unpleasant visitants, that bring daily decay to the summer attire, October has its compensating charms for the temporary death it unsparingly deals: for the flowers that are lost to us in the hedges, we have the purple blackberries hanging ripe in clusters to tempt the palate of the passing peasant boy, the blue bloom-covered sloes, the red hips of the wild rose, and the haw of the hawthorn, with the berries of the elder, the holly, and the nightshade, bountifully provided by the Author of all good, as a valuable supply for the feathered tribe in the approaching inclement season.

The rural occupations of ploughing, seed sowing for the crop of the next year, and the potatoe gathering, furnishes employment this month for the industrious hands of innumerable men, women, and children; the other vocations which take place at this period, is the despoiling the hives of their honey, making the cheering elder wine, and the brewing of the invigorating and social beverage the *Old October*, which operation is invariably performed this month, on account of its mild temperature.

With the few characteristics of this month which we have noticed we must close, however, incomplete the account, our scanty limits precluding us from saying aught of the Flora, or Pomona's gifts, the seed dissemination, the downy *gossamer*, or the birds migrations; but there is one grand feature which our brief summing up had nigh made us forgetful of, it is the sport, which one of our poets thus finely describes.

All now is free, as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swell in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal by his fierce landlord aw'd;
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the hunter's cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Sept. 30	Tues.	St. Honorius. Moon's last quar. 7m af. 9 even.	Sept. 30	This saint was Archbishop of Canterbury, and a Roman by birth. He obtained the see through being a disciple of the reigning pope, (Gregory.) His death happened A. D. 655. Camden states, that he portioned England into parishes, 1822.—Died on this day, Lieut. Col. Wilford, the celebrated and learned cultivator of the Asiatic history, and literature of the Hindoos.
Oct. 1.	Wed.	St. Remigius. Sun ris. 13m af. 6 —sets 47 — 5	Oct. 1	This saint succeeded Bennadius, in the bishopric of Rheims. He is said to have converted Clovis to Christianity, as well as a considerable portion of his subjects. He rendered himself illustrious by his learning and sanctity, and gained the name of the APOSTLE. He died in the ninety-fourth year of his age, A. D. 533, having filled the see of Rheims for seventy years. 1769.—Expired on this day, at Newberry, a town of Massachusetts, U. S, George Whitefield, ÆT. 45; the famous founder of the Calvinistic Methodists. He was ordained for the church by Dr. Benson, but was refused admittance within its doors, for pursuing the irregular course of field and street preaching. His eloquence was powerful, and well suited to make an impression on the minds of his hearers.
— 2	Thurs	St. Thomas. High Water, 40m af. 8 morn 11 — 9 even.	— 2	This saint was Chancellor of England and Oxford, and Archdeacon of Stafford: he was the son of William Lord Cantelup and Milicent. He is said to have died on his way to Rome whilst journeying to the Pope to complain of wrongs done by the Archbishop of Canterbury, A. D. 1282. 1780.—Hanged on this day as a spy, by the Americans at Tappan, in the State of New York, by order of Washington, the unfortunate Major Andre. The death of this distinguished officer was highly resented by the British.
— 3	Frid.	St. Dionysius. Sun ris. 17m af 6 — sets 15m — 5.	— 3	This saint was a member of the Areopagus, and was converted to Christianity by the Apostle Paul, who ordained him Bishop of Athens, A. D. 51. 1813.—The consecration of Dr. Howley, Bishop of London, took place on this day.
— 4	Satur.	St. Ammon. High Water, 40m af. 10 morn 8 — 11 even.	— 4	This saint was a hermit of Nitria, he is said to have died, A. D. 308. 1816.—Died off the southern coast of Africa, Capt. J. H. Tuckey, ÆT. 40, one of the most enterprising navigators of modern times. Captain T. was the author of a valuable professional work on Maritime Geography.— <i>Times' Tel.</i> 1825.
— 5	SUN.	St. Galla. 18 Sunday af. Tri- nity. LES. for the DAY Ezekiel c. 20 mo. — c. 24 ev.	— 5	This saint was the daughter of Symmachus the younger, a patrician of Rome. She lived in the sixth century; beloved for her humanity and piety. 1821.—Died at Shiraz in Persia, Claudius John Rich, ÆT. 35; the learned author of the <i>Memoirs of Ancient Babylon</i> . Mr. Rich, at the age of 17, attained the station of resident at Bagdad for the East India Company, in consequence of his great literary acquirements.
— 6	Mond.	St. Faith. High Water, 0h 2m morn — 28 aftern	— 6	St. Faith was martyred by order of Dacian, prefect of the Gauls, A. D. 290, for refusing to sacrifice to idols. She was a native of Agen, in Aquitain. 1824.—An engagement at sea took place on this day between the Turks and Greeks, near Mitylene and Scio, when the Turks were defeated with great loss, having two of their ships burned.
— 7	Tues.	St. Mark.	— 7	St. Mark succeeded St. Sylvester in the Pontificate. He died A. D. 336, holding the dignity only eight months. 1795.—Expired, Dr. J. G. Zimmerman, the celebrated physician and author. He was a native of Brug, in Switzerland, where he wrote the popular work on Solitude, and his essay on National Pride. The former work is known only to us in its arbidged state, in the German it makes 4 vols. 4to.



See Page 196.

Illustrated Article.

SIBEL ELKIN :

A SKETCH OF 1276.

“AND is Mo Elkin taken?” said a handsome young man, laying down his pen, as the person whom he addressed mentioned that name amongst many others as belonging to Jews imprisoned that morning.

“Ay, that he is. This very morning I spied out the old hider. Longshanks may shake his monies now, that is, when he can find them, for the old fellow has kept his mouth close enough as yet. But I think I know what will bring him to confession. Longshanks will promise him liberty to be banished, with a mighty pretty damsel that clung closely to him this morning. But—”

“Speak, tell me, where is she? I mean he—at least, I mean how glad I am he’s safely lodged. But where did you find him?”

“Marry, I think the news hath blanch-

ed your cheek! Does joy usually take this effect on you? Or was it sorrow at hearing the maiden had escaped? Now, tell me candidly, Roger, why this emotion? Surely you may trust me; for, that there is more in this than common, I am convinced. But beware what you do.”

“Oh, Walter, press me not now; but tell me, where did you find him?”

“Or, rather, where did I find the maiden? Well, I will tell you; but we had better not be heard—step into this closet, it is not known to many.” As he said this, Walter drew back part of the skins that hung round the walls, and concealed a small door, through which they crept, and closed it after them.

The shadows of night had closed round the city, in one deep sable curtain, when a tall dark figure issued from the massy gate of the white tower, and after turning down several irregularly built streets, crossed some green meadows, and at length entered the small village of Eysal-don.†

† Now Islington.

One faint, glimmering light was seen through the hole in the roof of a small but tolerably neat cottage. To this the stranger proceeded. He knocked.

“ ’Tis my father. He has escaped,” screamed a female voice, as the hut door opened, and a lovely girl rushed towards the intruder, and as quickly started from him as he entered the hut.

“ Sibel, dearest! can’st thou not think how much it has cost me to hear of thy misfortunes? Tell me, what can I do for thee? Though thou shouldst still scorn me, I will risk my life, name—ay, all but my soul.”

“ Leave me, Roger Walsingham! leave me! Art thou not serving our persecutor? Wilt thou not glory as my father’s grey hairs mix with the dust?”

“ Stop, Sibel, i’ the name of our common God, stop! Thou knowest not my heart. Say but thou lovest me, Sibel.”

“ And what would that avail? Said I not before, when we were flying the home of our fathers; said I not then, I love thee? and I say so now, Roger—I love thee as my life, peace, virtue, father—but

I too have a soul, Walsingham—I will not risk that. If thou can’st let me see my father, I will bless thee as well as a poor Jewess can. I will own there was a time I thought Roger—but I will not say it, for ’tis useless now. Go, and tell the christian king—I fear him not, Moses Elkin is innocent. Take me to him. Let me throw myself at his feet; I will plead for him—but, alas! I forget; I too, am liable to imprisonment. My God! the God of Israel, knows, I do not wish to hide from it, but for my father’s sake.”

“ Sibel, I must once more leave thee, for time wears, and by break of day I must ’tend our sovereign. Then will I plead thy father’s innocence, and thy worth. It will be hard an’ I cannot procure his life. At least, I can die with thee, dearest.”

“ Try it not, then, if thy life might answer. Tell me but how I might obtain entrance to the proud Edward, and I will plead. I can but yield a prisoner then, and perchance I might soothe the last hour of my only parent.”

“ Come not near the palace, Sibel, but

wait me here to-morrow night. Till then, farewell!"

Roger had scarcely reached Whitehall, when his royal master sent to require his attendance.

"I come," said he, as with breathless haste he paced the long corridors, and entered the room of state.

Edward sat in a clumsily-carved oaken chair, at the upper end of a long room, surrounded by his officers of state.

Walsingham bent low, and stood with his hands crossed on his breast in token of submission to receive his orders.

"How now, Walsingham? Hast thou been running a race, that thy breath will not serve thy tongue? Say, hast thou seen our prisoners?—They must die! Thou changest colour; but thy errand is one of mercy. I would have thee go to the Tower, and say—Edward will grant a pardon to those who will embrace our faith, with an increase of riches. Begone! why loiterest thou here?"

"Pardon, Sire! but I crave mercy for one of thy prisoners. He is innocent of the crimes for which his liberty has been forfeited."

"Sayest thou! Dost thou utter treason? I say he is guilty, let him be whom he may. Speak! his name?"

"Moses Elkin, Sire," said Walsingham, as he threw himself at the feet of the monarch.

"Moses Elkin, slave, I tell thee he is guilty. Begone on thine errand—yet stop. Why pleadest thou for him?"

"He has a daughter, Sire, who if it be thy pleasure to deprive him of life, will die also."

Edward indulged in a long laugh, as he cast a fairly-written copy of the New Testament towards Walsingham. Then, settling his countenance to a placid smile, said—"Go, Walsingham, take that, and convince Moses, if thou can'st, of the truth of our belief. Tell him, on that condition only can I pardon him or his child. Doubt not, but Moses values his life. Meantime, Walsingham, let the maiden be brought to our presence."

Walsingham bowed, and with a melancholy composure, proceeded to his duty. His first visit was to the Tower. He found Moses, as he had expected from the lofty tone of his mind, inflexible.

"Tell thy King," said he, "I ask not my life. I will give him jewels, monies, ay, riches in abundance, if he will only spare what, to me, is far more valuable—my Sibel's life, the life of my child. Walsingham, I was in prosperity when I parted thee from her;

but I know thou wilt not reject her, even now. She is thine, if thou likest, and I doubt not thou lovest her. Thou wilt find her—"

"I know, I know where she is; have seen her, talked with her, but she will not hear me," said Walsingham; and then proceeded to relate to Elkin the whole of the interview.

"Take her, then, to thy King. Tell him she is motherless, ay, and say fatherless! Tell him he will soothe the dying hour of her last parent, if he will protect her. Plead for her, Walsingham. May heaven bless thee and her!"—Elkin's voice faltered; the big drops rolled in the channels time had hewn; he sank on the floor.

The day of trial was now quickly approaching. Sibel had been admitted to the presence of the king, but she firmly adhered to her faith, notwithstanding the promised reward of her apostacy was the life of her father. She had been allowed to attend on her father a part of each day. But the affecting scene that took place, transcends description.

"Father! dear father!" said Sibel, but the day preceding his trial,—"thou art innocent. Can'st thou not prove it?"

"No, Sibel. Who, thinkest thou would serve poor Moses Elkin, at the risk of disobliging a powerful monarch? I have offered all I have left for thy life, but he has refused it."

"Father, the little time I have left in this world, I would employ otherwise than learning so bitter a lesson. Would not one of thy friends save thy life at the risk of a few days' displeasure, even from the haughty Edward?"

"Not one, my child! But surely he will pardon thee. Can he look on thy beauteous, open brow, and find thee guilty? No! Thou wilt yet live to find that lesson, bitter as it is,—true. But let us kneel, my Sibel, and thank the God of our fathers, that he has taken us for the sacrifice."

They knelt in prayer, and day had dawned, ere they arose from the lowly posture. The sun had risen far above the horizon, when the prison door opened, and the officers appeared, to conduct them to the king's palace. Sibel's beautifully-turned ancles were sandaled. With her black silk hood buttoned under her chin, and her lovely arms cased in the richest bracelets she possessed, she entered the presence chamber, leaning on her aged parent's arm. The queen, Eleanor, uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise, as her eyes rested on Sibel. Her

eyes then turned on her royal consort, with an imploring look.

“Maiden, wilt thou serve me?” she asked.

“Peace, Eleanor! let not thy woman’s heart interrupt our business. Moses Elkin, what hast thou to say to the charge against thee?”

“Only that I am innocent, Sire.”

“Yes, he is, I know he is,” exclaimed Eleanor.

“Silence, woman, I command thee!” said Edward, sternly; then, turning to Elkin—“Hast thou well considered our offer of mercy?”

“I have, oh king, and decline it.”

“Remove him, then,” said Edward in a voice of thunder; “remove him to his cell, and let him make his peace with his God! for to-morrow he dies.”

“Take him not,” screamed Sibel: and she rushed between him and the ruffianly fellows who were proceeding to seize him. “Touch him not!—Pardon, Sire, pardon!” she exclaimed, as she threw herself at the feet of Edward, with one hand grasping her father’s robe, the other quickly unclasping her costly ornaments. She threw them at the feet of Eleanor, who was already dissolved in tears. Edward alone was inflexible.

“Do the cowards presume to disobey my commands?” he exclaimed with fury; and the guards, whom the scene had struck motionless, dragged Elkin from the grasp of his fainting child.

It was now that Eleanor besought her royal spouse for mercy, till he consented to spare Sibel to her for a few months, to try to bring her to their faith.

Even this ungracious pardon, Eleanor was thankful for. The unconscious Sibel was borne to the queen’s chamber, who never left her side till her beautiful dark orbs turned upon her.

“My father! have we passed the dark hour, and are we now in the blessed regions! Surely this is an angel!—oh, no! now I remember—but what do I do here? Take me to my father. Keep me not from him, and my last prayer shall bless you.”

“Hush! sweet Sibel. I am Eleanor, thy queen, thy friend, if thou wilt. I have won thy pardon.”

“Say, then, lovely queen, have they pardoned Moses Elkin? Ah! thy sad looks tell thou hast not won that. Pardon me, but I must be going. I cannot leave him. I had a mother, lovely as thyself, and she left my father to my care on her death-bed. Let me go,” said Sibel, persuasively.

“But, sweet Sibel, thou must yet live

to bless Walsingham—ah, thou blushest,—I have heard all. Then, live for him,” said the fair Eleanor, with one of her sweetest smiles.

“Talk not to me of him! ’twill only make me miserable, and not turn me from my purpose,—Ah, Walsingham! I had hoped this trial would be spared me,” said Sibel, as Walsingham entered the room. Eleanor had motioned to one of her maidens, who understood the sign, and instantly summoned him to her presence. But it was useless, Sibel was not to be moved from her purpose; and in a short time, Walsingham led her from the tearful, kind Eleanor, to her father’s prison.

We will spare the painful details of the time between her joining her devoted parent, and the hour for his execution. He was led forth, with many more, to the scaffold; some with wives, and others with children, like himself; but not one excited the sympathy that Sibel did. Reports of her sweet, amiable disposition, and devoted love to her father, had been spread far and wide, and excited general admiration. Sibel appeared unconscious of all that was passing. She supported her father, bound in chains. Her eyes were either cast to the ground, or fixed on his face. His turn came to ascend the scaffold. A bustle was heard amongst the crowd. Sibel shrieked—’Twas Walsingham!

“Stop! stop!” he exclaimed—“a pardon! a pardon!”

But it was too late. Elkin’s spirit had fled to another and a better world. A weight fell into Walsingham’s arms: scarcely conscious, he turned his eyes,—it was Sibel! Her last feeling had been joy, for she heard but “A pardon!”—She knew not ’twas useless.

Eleanor had not ceased to implore Edward, from the moment that Sibel had left her. At last, her tears, and the remembrance of her conjugal tenderness, when she had risked her life for his, and procured it, succeeded. She despatched, as she thought, the most acceptable messenger. The result has been stated.

The crowd separated with feelings of the deepest awe. One grave held father and child, so devotedly attached to each other.—Walsingham banished himself from his native country, but the scene still lived in his memory. Smiles had long ceased to light his yet youthful features, when he sank to a foreign grave, unremembered, and almost unknown.—

La Belle Assem.

TABLETS FOR ACTRESSES.

FOURTH SERIES.

THE PATONS.—No. 19.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time.
L. LAB. LOST.

The Patons like the *Trees* are flourishing and fair,
Like zephyrs to the breeze, they harmonise the air;
In calm or stormy feeling, with talent they excel,
The soul of art revealing more than the tongue can tell.

MRS. EGERTON.—No. 20.

Why, how now, Hecate—you look angerly.
MACBETH.

Plaintive, sententious, mild yet wrathful—
Thou
Can'st rouse Madge Wildfire's deep prophetic
vow;
Bring woman's passions into active force,
Till limbs are paralyzed, and terrors hoarse.

MISS LOVE.—No. 21.

O love!—O life!—not life—but *Love*.
ROMEO.

'Tis Love with graceless, dangling arms,
'Tis Love with voice and heart,
That dresses, dances, sings and charms,
And sometimes over-acts her part:
'Tis Love that wears a 'Bonnet Blue,'
The kilt and bonnie plaid,
And who but Love would venture through
The parts like Love arrayed?

MRS. WEST.—No. 22.

There's some ill planet reigns,
I must be patient till the Heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.
W. TALE.

Pretty, unhappy, persecuted West!
For Roman wife, or tragic heroine fit;
Nature or Fate, or both, have deeply press'd,
Or she would not in sorrow's cloisters sit.

MRS. CHATTERLY.—No. 23.

Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife,
come in then, and call me gossip quickly.
HEN. IV.

Her prattle, like her name, is quick and sharp,
A marquess, milliner, a fop, or belle;
A plague to men—yet soothing as a harp
To minds in which the best emotions dwell.

MRS. VINING.—No. 24.

Let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry—an 'twere as
easy
For you to laugh and clap—and say you are
merry,
Because you are not sad. M. VENICE.

Mysterious fervour by thine accents moving,
In pantomimic watchfulness:—now check'd,
Absorbed, and hush'd, effective action proving.
Waving thy wand by witchery's influence
beck'd;
And ruling with a deep monotonous tone,
As of a sorceress on the Ogre's throne.

P.

Village Sketches.

THE SHAW.

THE weather would be talked of. Indeed, it was not easy to talk of any thing else. A friend of mine having occasion to write me a letter, thought it worth abusing in rhyme, and bepommelled it through three pages of Bath-Guide verse, of which I subjoin a specimen:—

"Aquarius surely reigns over the world,
And of late he his water-pot strangely has
twirled;

Or he's taken a cullender up by mistake,
And unceasingly dips it in some mighty lake,
Though it is not in Lethe—for who can for-
get

The annoyance of getting most thoroughly
wet?

It must be in the river called Styx, I declare,
For the moment it drizzles it makes the men
swear.

'It did rain to-morrow,' is growing good
grammar;

Vauxhall and camp-stools have been brought
to the hammer;

A pony-gondola is all I can keep,
And I use my umbrella and pattens in sleep;
Row out of my window, whene'er 'tis my
whim

To visit a friend, and just ask, 'Can you
swim?'

So far my friend.† In short, whether in prose or in verse, every body railed at the weather. But this is over now. The sun has come to dry the world; mud is turned into dust; rivers have retreated to their proper limits; farmers have left off grumbling; and we are about to take a walk, as usual, as far as the Shaw, a pretty wood about a mile off. But one of our companions being a stranger to the gentle reader, we must do him the honour of an introduction.

Dogs, when they are sure of having their own way, have sometimes ways as odd as those of the unfurred, unfeathered animals, who walk on two legs, and talk,

† This friend of mine is a person of great quickness and talent, who, if she were not a beauty and a woman of fortune—that is to say, if prompted by either of those two powerful *stimuli*, want of money or want of admiration—and took due pains, would inevitably become a clever writer. As it is, her notes and *jeux d'esprit*, struck off a *trait de plume*, have great point and neatness. Take the following billet, which formed the label to a closed basket, containing the ponderous present alluded to, last Michaelmas Day:—

"To Miss M.

'When this you see
Remember me,'
Was long a phrase in use;
And so I send
To you, dear friend,
My proxy. 'What?' A goose!"

and are called rational. My beautiful white greyhound, Mayflower, for instance, is as whimsical as the finest lady in the land. Amongst her other fancies, she has taken a violent affection for a most hideous stray dog, who made his appearance here about six months ago, and contrived to pick up a living in the village, one can hardly tell how. Now appealing to the charity of old Rachael Strong, the laundress—a dog lover by profession; now winning a meal from the light-footed and open-hearted lasses at the Rose; now standing on his hind-legs, to extort by sheer beggary a scanty morsel from some pair of “drowthy cronies,” or solitary drover, discussing his dinner or supper on the alehouse-bench; now catching a mouthful, flung to him in pure contempt by some scornful gentleman of the shoulder knot, mounted on his throne, the coach-box, whose notice he had attracted by dint of ugliness; now sharing the commons of Master Keep the shoemaker’s pigs; now succeeding to the reversion of the well-gnawed bone of Master Brow the shopkeeper’s fierce house dog; now filching the skim-milk of Dame Wheeler’s cat:—spit at by the cat; worried by the mastiff; chased by the pigs; screamed at by the dame; stormed at by the shoemaker; flogged by the shopkeeper; teased by all the children; and scouted by all the animals of the parish;—but yet living through his griefs, and bearing them patiently, “for sufferance is the badge of all his tribe;”—and even seeming to find, in an occasional full meal, or a gleam of sunshine, or a whisp of dry straw on which to repose his sorry carcass, some comfort in his disconsolate condition.

In this plight was he found by May, the most high-blooded and aristocratic of greyhounds; and from this plight did May rescue him; invited him into her territory, the stable; resisted all attempts to turn him out; reinstated him there, in spite of maid, and boy, and mistress, and master: wore out every body’s opposition, by the activity of her protection, and the pertinacity of her self-will, made him sharer of her bed and her mess; and, finally, established him as one of the family as firmly as herself.

Dash—for he has even won himself a name amongst us, before he was anonymous—Dash is a sort of a kind of a spaniel; at least there is in his mongrel composition some sign of that beautiful race. Besides his ugliness, which is of the worst sort—that is to say, the shabbiest—he has a limp on one leg that gives a peculiarly one-sided awkwardness to his gait; but

independently of his great merit in being May’s pet, he has other merits which serve to account for that phenomenon—being, beyond all comparison the most faithful, attached, and affectionate animal that I have ever known; and that is saying much. He seems to think it necessary to atone for his ugliness by extra good conduct, and does so dance on his lame leg, and so wag his scrubby tail, that it does any one who has a taste for happiness good to look at him—so that he may now be said to stand on his own footing. We are all rather ashamed of him when strangers come in the way, and think it necessary to explain that he is May’s pet; but amongst ourselves, and those who are used to his appearance, he has reached the point of favouritism in his own person. I have, in common with wiser women, the feminine weakness of loving whatever loves me—and therefore, like Dash. His master has found out that Dash is a capital finder, and, in spite of his lameness, will hunt a field or beat a cover with any spaniel in England—and, therefore, he likes Dash. The boy has fought a battle, in defence of his beauty, with another boy, bigger than himself; and beat his opponent most handsomely—and, therefore, *he* likes Dash; and the maids like him, or pretend to like him, because we do—as is the fashion of that pliant and imitative class. And now Dash and May follow us every where, and are going with us now to the Shaw, as I said before—or rather to the cottage by the Shaw, to bespeak milk and butter of our little dairy woman, Hannah Bint—a housewifely occupation, to which we owe some of our pleasantest rambles.

And now we pass the sunny, dusty village street—who would have thought a month ago, that we should complain of sun and dust again!—and turn the corner where the two great oaks hang so beautifully over the clear deep pond, mixing their cool green shadows with the bright blue sky, and the white clouds that flit over it; and loiter at the wheeler’s shop, always picturesque, with its tools, and its work, and its materials, all so various in form, and so harmonious in colour; and its noisy, merry workmen, hammering and singing, and making a various harmony also. The shop is rather empty to-day, for its usual inmates are busy on the green beyond the pond—one set building a cart, another painting a waggon. And then we leave the village quite behind, and proceed slowly up the cool, quiet lane, between tall hedge-rows of the darkest verdure, over-

shadowing banks green and fresh as an emerald.

Not so quick as I expected, though—for they are shooting here to-day, as Dash and I have both discovered; he with great delight, for a gun to him is as a trumpet to a war-horse; I with no less annoyance, for I don't think that a partridge itself, barring the accident of being killed, can be more startled than I at that abominable explosion. Dash has certainly better blood in his veins than any one would guess to look at him. He ever shews some inclination to elope into the fields, in pursuit of those noisy iniquities. But he is an orderly person, after all, and a word has checked him.

Ah! here is a shriller din mingling with the small artillery—a shriller and more continuous. We are not yet arrived within sight of Master Weston's cottage, snugly hidden behind a clump of elms, but we are in full hearing of Dame Weston's tongue, raised as usual to scolding pitch. The Westons are new arrivals in our neighbourhood, and the first thing heard of them was a complaint from the wife to our magistrate of her husband's beating her: it was a regular charge of assault—an information in full form. A most piteous case did Dame Weston make of it, softening her voice for the nonce into a shrill tremulous whine, and exciting the mingled pity and anger—pity towards herself, anger towards her husband—of the whole female world, pitiful and indignant as the female world is wont to be on such occasions. Every woman in the parish railed at Master Weston; and poor Master Weston was summoned to attend the bench on the ensuing Saturday, and answer the charge; and such was the clamour abroad and at home, that the unlucky culprit, terrified at the sound of a warrant and a constable, ran away, and was not heard of for a fortnight.

At the end of that time he was discovered, and brought to the bench; and Dame Weston again told her story, and, as before, on the full cry. She had no witnesses, and the bruises of which she made complaint had disappeared, and there were no women present to make common cause with the sex. Still, however, the general feeling was against Master Weston; and it would have gone hard with him, when he was called in, if a most unexpected witness had not risen up in his favour. His wife had brought in her arms a little girl about eighteen months old, partly perhaps to move compassion in her favour, for a woman with a child in her arms is always an object that excites kind feelings. The little

girl had looked shy and frightened, and had been as quiet as a lamb during her mother's examination, but she no sooner saw her father; from whom she had been a fortnight separated, than she clapped her hands, and laughed and cried, "Daddy! daddy!" and sprang into his arms, and hung round his neck, and covered him with kisses—again shouting, "Daddy, come home! daddy! daddy!"—and finally nestled her little head in his bosom, with a fulness of contentment, an assurance of tenderness and protection, such as no wife-beating tyrant ever did inspire, or ever could inspire, since the days of King Solomon. Our magistrates acted in the very spirit of the Jewish monarch: they accepted the evidence of nature, and dismissed the complaint. And subsequent events have fully justified their decision; Mistress Weston proving not only renowned for the feminine accomplishment of scolding (tongue-banging, it is called in our parts—a compound word, which deserves to be Greek,) but is actually herself addicted to administering the conjugal discipline, the infliction of which she was pleased to impute to her luckless husband.

Now we cross the stile, and walk up the fields to the Shaw. How beautifully green this pasture looks! and how finely the evening sun glances between the boles of that clump of trees, beech, and ash, and aspen! and how sweet the hedges are with woodbine and wild scabions, or, as the country people call it, the gipsy rose! Here is little Annie Weston, the unconscious witness, with cheeks as red as a real rose, tottering up the path to meet her father. And here is the carrot-poll'd urchin, George Coper, returning from work, and singing, "Home! sweet Home!" at the top of his voice; and then, when the notes move too high for him, continuing the air in a whistle, until he has turned the impassible corner; then taking up again the song and the words, "Home! sweet Home!" and looking as if he felt their full import, ploughboy though he be. And so he does, for he is one of a large, an honest, a kind, and an industrious family, where all goes well, and where the poor ploughboy is sure of finding cheerful faces and coarse comforts—all that he has learned to desire. Oh, to be as cheaply and as thoroughly contented as George Coper! All his luxuries, a cricket-match!—all his wants satisfied in "home! sweet home!"

Nothing but noises to-day! They are clearing Farmer Brookes's great Beanfield, and crying the "Harvest Home!" in a chorus, before which all other sounds

—the song, the scolding, the gunnery—
fade away, and become faint echoes.—
A pleasant noise is that! though, for
one's ears' sake, one makes some haste
to get away from it. And here, in happy
time, is that pretty wood, the Shaw,
with its broad pathway, its tangled din-
gles, its nuts, and its honeysuckles;—
and, carrying away a fagot of those
sweetest flowers, we reach Hannah Bint's,
of whom, and of whose doings, we shall
say more another time. *Old Mon.*

THE FRENCH GOVERNESS.

Our modish manners well we vaunt,
When we behold our daughters flaunt
In Gallic silks and dresses;
And give them, in our foreign whims
(Their minds to garnish like their limbs,)
Parisian governesses.

Able her mother tongue to talk,
To cry "Mon Dieu!" to shrug—to walk
With true Parisian wriggle,
Tight in her waist, but loose of speech,
Prompt, if her teeth be white, to teach
The most becoming giggle.

Some sage mamma in ecstasies
Snaps up the fresh imported prize,
And puffs her as a pattern;
Her faults the public quickly learns,
Pert, prating, shallow, and by turns
A dandisette or slattern.

Attempting all things, versed in none,
How glibly Miss's accents run,
How fluently she smatters!
What erudition—what a vast
Display of nonsense, and how fast
Her broken French she chatters.

That many, tutored thus receive
No taint, we willingly believe,
We are no loose impeachers;—
But French romances, novels warm,
And amorous songs that often form
The reading of French teachers,

May sometimes generate, methinks,
A prurient, vain, romantic minx,
Not French nor English neither;
A mongrel mischief, nothing loth
To learn whatever's bad in both,
Without the good of either.

New Mon.

THE ATHEIST AND THE WORM.

'I cease to be,' the Atheist cries!
This is not true, the worm replies;
For in the ground the Atheist lies,
And feeds the worm that never dies. P.

WINE.

Wine by excess procures excessive harm,
Wine when thou'rt weary is a sybil's charm;
Like a true friend is wine applied with skill,
But like the de'el himself, if drawn to ill. P.

REMARKS ON DRAMATIC ACTION.

THE following judicious remarks on the
intelligence which propriety of action
conveys, are selected from the highly in-
teresting contents of a small volume just
issued to the world without the parade of
the puff preliminary, entitled, "An Essay
on the Science of Acting."* The author
who is, we understand, an humble disci-
ple of Thespis, of the name of Grant, has
evinced in the work before us, both judg-
ment, taste, and research in its composi-
tion, as well as a thorough knowledge of
the subject he has treated on. The peru-
sal of the volume has afforded us so much
amusement, that we earnestly recommend
its pages, which are replete with informa-
tion, anecdote, and reminiscence of by-
gone favourites of a very attractive nature,
to the attention of our readers, and to
every admirer of that "ornament to men
and manners," a *well-conducted stage*.

"Every passion or emotion of the mind,
has from nature its proper and peculiar
countenance, sound, or action; and the
whole body of man, his looks, and every
tone of his voice, like strings on an in-
strument, receive their sounds from the
various impulse of the passions.

"The demission, or hanging down the
head, is the consequence of grief and
sorrow, and this is an action and manner
observed in the deprecations of the Divine
anger, and on such occasions ought to be
observed in the imitations of those things;
a lifting or tossing up the head is the ac-
tion of pride and arrogance; carrying the
head aloft is the sign of joy, victory, or
triumph; eyes lifted on high, express ar-
rogance and pride, but cast down, exhibit
humbleness of mind; yet we lift up our
eyes to the Omnipotent, when we ask any
thing of him, "Lifting in vain his burn-
ing eyes to Heaven." To raise our eyes
to any object, or person, indicates respect,
mingled with attention. The contraction
of the lips, and the askant look of the
eyes, is the expression of a deriding and
malicious person; shewing the teeth, and
straightening the lips on them, shew in-
dignation and anger. To turn the whole
face to any thing is the action of one who
attends, and has a peculiar regard to that
one thing. To bend the countenance
downwards, or avert the eyes, argues
conscious guilt; and on the contrary, to
lift up the face is a sign of innocence,
hope, and confidence. The countenance,
indeed, is changed into many forms, and
is commonly the most certain index of the

† Cowie and Strange.

passions of the mind ; when it is pale, it betrays the agitation of the soul. In short, the countenance is of very great power and force in all we do ; in the countenance we discover when we are suppliant, when kind, when sorrowful, when merry ; on this men depend ; this they behold, and this they first take a view of before we speak ; by this we seem to love some, and hate others ; and by this we understand a multitude of things. The arm extended and lifted up, signifies the power of doing and accomplishing some desired object ; and is the action of authority, vigour, and victory. The holding the hands close expresses modesty, bashfulness, and diffidence. As the hands are the most pliant members of the body, and the most easily turned to all sides, so are they indexes of many habits. The giving the hand is the action of striking a bargain, confirming an alliance, or of delivering one's-self into the power of another, "Your hand, a covenant." To take hold of the hand of another, expresses admonition, exhortation, or encouragement. Many of our actors use this action too frequently, and improperly ; we have seen actors lay violent hold of the arms of the person with whom they were conversing, as if they were about to drag them to a prison, though neither the words or business of the scene could in any way warrant such an action ; it was an error much practised even by Garrick ; old Macklin inveighs against him for it "in good set terms." To preserve what is termed stage effect, actors should never approach nearer to each other, than that by extending their arms, they may be enabled to take hold of hands. The lifting up of both hands on high, is the action of one who implores and expresses misery, or sometimes congratulation to Heaven for deliverance.

' His hands now free from bonds, he lifts on high,
In grateful action to the indulgent gods.'

"It is a difficult matter to say what number of motions the hands have, without which, all action would be maimed and lame, since these motions are almost as various as the words we speak. For the other parts may be said to help a person when he speaks, but the hands we may say speak for themselves. Do we not by the hands desire a thing—do we not by the hands promise, call, dismiss, threaten, act the suppliant, express our astonishment, our grief,—“peace, leave wringing of your hands, and let me wring your heart ;” by the hands do we not ask questions, deny, show our joy, doubt, confession,

penitence, moderation ? do not the hands provoke, forbid, make supplication, approve, admire, and express shame ? do they not, in showing places and persons, supply the place of adverbs and pronouns, insomuch, that in so great a variety or diversity of the tongues of all nations, this seems to remain the universal language common to all.* Though some of the foregoing observations may, on a hasty view, seem trifling, and others of no importance, yet we feel inclined to hope the inexperienced actor may obtain some information from them, by rendering his action graceful and expressive. Action has a decided advantage beyond mere speaking ; by speaking we are only understood by those of our own nation, or such foreigners as may understand our language : but by just and regular action, we make our thoughts and passions intelligible to all nations and tongues ; it is, as we before observed, the common speech of all mankind, which strikes our understanding by our ears, as speaking ; nay, perhaps, makes the more lasting impression, that sense being the most vivacious and touching.

' For what we hear moves less than what we see,
Spectators only have their eyes to trust.'

"The chief impression is certainly done by speech, in most other ways of public discourse, either at the bar or pulpit, where the weight of the reason, and the proof, are first and most to be considered, but on the stage, where the passions are chiefly in view, the best speaking, destitute of graceful, natural, and impressive action, would prove but a dull and dead discourse. But when the matter we deliver receives force and life, not only from the propriety and graces of speaking agreeable to the subject, but from appropriate and corresponding action, it is penetrating ; it has a soul, it has life, vigour and energy not to be resisted. For the actor, the preacher, the pleader, holds his audience by the eyes, as well as the ears, and commands their attention by a double

* The ancients excelled particularly in action ; many of their actors, by action alone, could describe a story without speaking, in all its variety of passions. One of them was so excellent, that when a foreign prince came to Rome in the time of Nero the tyrant, at his departure he asked no other favour of the Emperor, but that mime, whom he had seen perform ; for this reason, that as he had many barbarous nations bordering round him of different speech, this man, by his action, would be an excellent interpreter, whose meaning was so well understood without the use of speech.

force ; but to make these motions of the face and hands easily understood, that is, to arrest and seize the passion of the audience, they must be properly adapted to the matter you speak of, and always resembling the passion you would express or excite. You should never speak of mournful things with a gay or brisk look, nor affirm any thing with the action of denial, for that would make what you say of no manner of authority or credit ; you would neither gain belief or admiration. Your action must appear purely natural as the genuine offspring of the things you express, and the passion that moves you to speak in that manner ; in short, the actor, pleader, or preacher, must possess that discrimination in the management of his action, that there may be nothing in all the various motions, and dispositions of his body, which may be offensive in the eyes of his auditors ; nothing grating or unharmonious to the ear in his pronunciation ; in that case his person will be less agreeable, and his speech less efficacious, by wanting that grace, truth, and power, it would otherwise attain."

HERMAN THE FREE-LANCE ;
OR, THE RESCUE AT ANNE'S CROSS.

(Continued from page 182.)

THE storm still raged, the thunder rolled, the rain poured in torrents, and the lightning, as it descended, rolled along the ground like waves of fire. Such a night would have calmed the evil workings of ordinary minds ; but to Herman and his band, with the exception of one, it had no terrors. The lightning, attracted by their armour, formed a halo round the helmets of the troop, who, nothing daunted at a circumstance they were accustomed to, cracked their impious jokes between the pauses of the storm, as freely as if they had been quietly seated in a hostelry. There was one, however, who could not think of the night's adventure, and its probable termination, without shuddering : this was Carl, the youngest of the band, who, for having saved the life of Herman in some battle, had obtained that desperado's confidence—he, alone, saw the iniquity of their proceeding. The two females, roused by the loud peals of thunder to a state of consciousness, entreated for mercy ; but were only laughed at by the savage band, who still proceeded at a furious pace.

Herman rode in advance of his troop, and frequently called to his companions

at the top of his voice to increase their speed ; but the horse he rode was superior in strength and swiftness to any of their's. Vexed at what he considered to be their tardiness, he fiercely rebuked them, adding a volley of oaths too frightful to be recorded. Almost at the same instant, a thunder-bolt fell near, and striking a large tree, hurled it withered and blasted across the road. With some difficulty they surmounted this impediment, and proceeded on their way. Carl, who rode by the side of Braquemart, endeavoured to persuade the ruffian to leave the girl at the next village, but Conrade replied only with a laugh. He again urged him to abandon his intention, when the ruffian answered with an oath,

"Think ye," said he, fiercely, "that I am to lose so fair a prize, because the thunder rolls a little louder than it is wont, and the lightning flashes quicker and stronger than usual ? No, no, Carl, keep thy sermon for fools and doddy pates !"

A peal of thunder drowned the remainder of the ruffian's speech, and a vivid flash of lightning glared over the country ; by its light the rough uneven road was shewn, and at a little distance a small cross of free-stone was perceived.

"Yonder is St. Anne's Cross," said Carl, "leave the girl here ; there is an abbey not more than an arrow's flight from the spot, where she may shelter for the night."

"Peace, ninny !" roared Braquemart, "the wench is mine ; if thou troublest me much longer, I may make——"

Here he was again interrupted by a bright flash, descending in the midst of the band, followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, which brought Herman, his horse, and the Lady Blanche, violently to the ground. The troop, perceiving what had happened to their leader and his prize, instantly halted, and several of the band dismounted. "Our leader is dead !" exclaimed one of them, as he lifted up the lifeless body of Herman, which, scorched and horribly disfigured, presented an appalling spectacle. His helmet had been melted by the intense heat of the electric fluid, and the metal had run in streams down his shoulders ; his beard and thick mustaches were singed, and not a single feature of his face was distinguishable. Even some of the free-lances, daring and hardened as they were, shuddered with horror on beholding the disfigured and blackened corpse of him who had so often led them to battle and conquest. They turned to the Lady Blanche, who appeared to have shared the same fate ; but on lifting her from the

ground, they discovered that she had received no external injury.

On a sudden lights were seen advancing, and voices were distinctly heard; for the storm, as is often the case, after venting its fury in one departing peal, gradually hushed, while the lights still continued to advance rapidly. In a few moments a party of armed men were observed approaching, preceded by four, who rode in advance and carried torches. The free-lances were not men to fly; indeed, escape was impossible. They were instantly in their saddles, and awaited with couched lances the approach of the party. Carl endeavoured to restore the Lady Blanche; but finding his attempt proved fruitless, yet unwilling to leave her in danger of being trodden under the horses' feet during the anticipated skirmish, he bore her to a bank by the road-side, and left her in the care of Maud, who, with the help of some water, which she procured from a small spring which run near the stone cross before-mentioned, succeeded in restoring her mistress.

At this moment the party in pursuit came up; they halted about twenty yards off, and Sir Guy de Metford advancing, demanded the Lady Blanche. Well knowing that they could not trust to the Knight's clemency, the free-lances replied with a torrent of abuse. Sir Guy, perceiving that it was of no use to parley with such ruffians, rode back, and putting himself at the head of his party, advanced with the fury of a whirlwind upon them. The old Knight had, spite of Sir Guy's entreaties, accompanied the party in pursuit of Herman and his band.

The free-lances, on perceiving that their pursuers were resolute, determined to meet them with that obstinacy which a hopeless case like theirs generally inspires.

"Now," cried Braquemart, "a firm hand, a well girted saddle, and another fling at these whoreson Islanders ere we part!"

"Peace," interrupted Bernhard, (who, perceiving their pursuer's form, had ordered his companions to set forward when he should give the word,) "here will be bloody work of it anon," said he. "Ah! by heaven, they come! Now, if ye be true Almans, flinch not; set on!—upon 'em charge!"

In an instant the two parties closed, at about midway, with a dreadful shock. Nearly a score of lances were shivered to pieces, and more than half that number of saddles were emptied; and while those who were less fortunate than their fellows lay sprawling in their gore, the shouts of those above them engaged in the deadly conflict seemed more like the yells of demons

than of mortal men. "A Witherne! a De Metford!" shouted one party; while the other answered with loud cries of—"Down with the dull Islanders!—One blow for the free companions!—Strike for the Red Griffin!"

Twelve of the free-lances, in a short time, lay on the ground horribly mutilated, while sixteen of the Knight's men were either killed or disabled. In one place might be seen two, who, unhorsed, were engaged in a deadly struggle, dealing blows with their daggers in the blind fury of bitter enmity; while in another lay a mangled wretch, unable to crawl out of the *melée*, trampled on by the horses, and imploring his comrade to end his agony by a friendly thrust. Horses snorted, men yelled and swore, and swords and maces clashed on the armour of the combatants, who fought with all the fury that revenge and hatred could inspire. Sir Guylaid about him with a desperate valour; two of his adversaries had already fallen beneath his powerful strokes, when Bernhard spurred against him. The athletic free-lance showered his blows upon the Knight, and though many were parried, nought but his helmet and hauberk of proof would have saved him. Sir Guy, with his mace, returned the blows of his adversary with such effect, that Bernhard's sword was shivered to pieces; but ere the Knight could strike him down, the free-lance closed and grasped him tightly by the throat. Sir Guy dropped his mace, and a desperate struggle ensued, which was maintained for a few moments, when the Knight, disengaging his right hand, quickly drew his *misericorde*,* and struck his adversary on the face with all his force. The blade glanced from the hard forehead of the free-lance, who struggled hard to force the Knight from his horse; but it was a vain effort—Sir Guy held him tightly with his left hand, and dealt his adversary several successive strokes, till Bernhard's hands relaxed their grasp; a convulsive tremor shook his whole frame, and with a half muttered curse upon his destroyer, he dropped lifeless from his horse. Quickly wheeling round, Sir Guy beheld the old Knight stoutly contending against two of the free-lances, who had slain his horse. In an instant one of the assailants was stretched lifeless on the ground; he then engaged the second, but in the rush which took place at the same moment they were parted. Sir Guy

* The '*Misericorde*,' or, as it was sometimes called, the '*Mercy of God*,' was a strong dagger worn by the armed knights of that period, and in after ages.

assisted the old knight to remount, and then heading his men, rushed again upon the free companions. The charge was decisive. unable to contend any longer against such a superiority of numbers, they broke ground, and fled precipitately.

Conrade Braquemart, though generally the foremost in the fray, was in this instance the first to set the example of flight: this ruffian, seeing all was lost, had fallen back unperceived by his companions as far as the fountain, from whence Maud and the Lady Blanche had watched the furious conflict by the light of the few remaining torches, which scarcely served to distinguish friend from enemy. Conrade spurred up to the fountain, and dismounting, spite of her struggling and screaming, placed Maud on his horse's back, then quickly remounting, he rode furiously along the road. At the same moment his companions fled, but being without incumbrance they soon passed Conrade, and left him far behind them. He, of course, was the first overtaken by the Knight's party. The park-keeper and falconer both perceived his flight with Maud, and eager to prove their devotion and readiness to serve her, pursued the ruffian with couched lances. But the park-keeper's horse soon outstripped that of the falconer: he came up with the ruffian, and heedless of the consequences, levelled his lance at Conrade. The weapon, piercing his tough jerkin, passed through his body, and cast him and Maud to the ground. With a groan of agony the soul of Conrade took its flight, while Maud was raised from the ground (unhurt, save a few bruises) by her lover, who bore her in safety back to the spot where her mistress was already in the arms of Sir Guy.

Need the sequel be added?—The next day's sun smiled on the union of the Knight and the fair Lady Blanche; and ere the week was out, the buxom Maud became the wife of the happy park-keeper. Whether the less fortunate falconer stabbed or hung himself in despair, or sought a watery grave, is not recorded; and, indeed, were we in possession of the facts, we should question the propriety of dwelling on a subject which would tear the bandage from the healing wounds of those who have experienced the tortures of hopeless love. J. Y. A.—N.

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EPIGRAM.

TO A TIPLING CURATE.

Let others draw the cork and drink,
Enough if thou approach the brink;
'Tis thy profession to endure,
And to save sinners by thy cure.

P.

The Note Book.

THE MIRACULOUS WAFERS.

IN the church of St. Gudule at Brussels, are shown the miraculous wafers, and the melo-dramatic history belonging to them, of which several illustrative tapestries, as beautiful as paintings, exist in the same church. From these pictures it appears, that, during the persecution of the Jews at Brussels, one of them, who was both rich and spiteful, wishing to insult the religion of Christ, induced one of his own creed, by means of a large sum of money, to commit the sacrilege of forcing open the tabernacle, on the altar of St. Catherine's chapel, and steal from thence the consecrated wafers, used at the Communion, to the amount of sixteen, amongst which there was one larger than the rest. These wafers he afterwards carried to his employer, who resided at Enghien, where it is said that the Jew and his family passed their time in vomiting imprecations on these representatives of the real body of our Saviour, according to the Roman Catholic creed. Shortly after, the original perpetrator of this sacrilege was found murdered, by some unknown person, upon which his widow, terrified at having in her possession so fearful a charge, carried forthwith the consecrated wafers to the Israelites of Brussels, who amused themselves in scoffing and maltreating these innocent symbols of religion. Some of those fanatics carried there hatred so far as to transfix them, with their poignards, to the table on which they lay scattered. This last act of barbarity was the signal for their punishment. The sacred wafers spirted warm blood! and the culprits fell senseless to the ground. This scene forms the subject of one of the pictures. To be brief, the wafers were consigned to the care of the parish priest of our Lady of the chapel—the guilty Jews were denounced, arrested and thrown into dungeons, from whence, after a regular process, in which the theft as well as the miracle of the blood were duly attested, they were taken out, paraded about the streets, their flesh torn with pincers, and at last burnt alive, at a place called La Grosse Tour. From that time every Jew was, by a decree of the Duke of Brabant, banished from the country.

After the recovery of the miraculous wafers, a dispute arose as to which of the churches should have possession of them. The priest who had received them from the Jewess, claimed them for his church, but the chapter of St. Gudule insisted on their right to have them. This alterca-

tion was at last put an end to, by a compromise, in virtue of which, thirteen of the small wafers were surrendered to the priest, and the two remaining small ones, with the largest, given over, in full and perpetual possession, to the church of St. Gudule. In this church they are preserved and worshipped, under the name of the miraculous wafers (1828.) They are contained in a very rich frame, fixed to a cross of gold, and are carried in solemn procession once a year through the principal streets of Brussels.—*Granville's Travels*.

STONE CROSSES.

STONE CROSSES owe their origin to the marking of Druid stones with crosses, in order to change the worship without breaking the prejudice. Many of the crosses presumed to be Runic rather belong to the civilized Britons. Crosses were also erected by many of the Christian kings before a battle, or great enterprise, with prayers and supplications for the assistance of Almighty God. Whitaker is of opinion that crosses with scroll work are antecedent to the conquest.

INDUSTRY.

A fruitful soil increaseth the harvest, a plentiful sun augmenteth the store, and seasonable rains drop fatness on the crop we reap, but no rain fructifies more than the dew of perspiration.

COOLNESS OF TEMPER.

A man that wants temper, will be sure not to want trouble. Even all the stars are seen in a night, when there is a clear serenity; but tempests arising darken all the sky, and take those little guides of light away. No storm can shake the edifice of that mind which is built upon the base of temperance. It placeth a man out of the reach of others, but bringeth others to be within his own. 'Tis the temper of the sword that makes it keen to cut, and not to be hackt by others striking on it. 'Tis the oil that makes the joint turn smooth, and makes the door to open without creaking. Cæsar with a word appeased a daring mutiny, by calling his army Romans, and not his fellow-soldiers. And with as small a matter Psamniticus saved the sacking of a city. Cyrus had newly taken one of his towns, and the soldiers in a hurry running up and down, Psamniticus with him, asked, "What was the matter?" Cyrus replied, "They destroy and plunder *your* city," to which Psamniticus answered, "It is not now mine, but your's." This reply to the conqueror caused him to order the soldiery to desist from

their ravages, and thereby saved the town.

STAGE LIGHTS.

FROM a plate prefixed to Kirkman's *Drolls*, printed in 1672, in which there is a view of a theatrical booth, it should seem that the stage was formerly lighted by two large branches of a form similar to those now hung in churches. They being found incommodious, as they obstructed the sight of the spectators, gave place in a subsequent period to small circular wooden frames, furnished with candles, eight of which were hung on the stage, four at either side; and these within a few years were wholly removed by Garrick, who, on his return from France, first introduced the present commodious method of illuminating the stage by lights not visible to the audience.—*Essay on Acting*.

REQUISITES TO FORM AN ACTOR.

IN person, he should not be too tall, nor too short, but of a moderate stature; neither too fleshy, nor over lean, he should be of an active, pliant, and compacted body; a knowledge of fencing and dancing, well read in ancient and modern history, a correct knowledge of the costume of the different nations, so as to be enabled to dress his characters with propriety and correctness; abstemious, studious, and diligent; well gifted by nature; aided by such acquirements and accomplishments, he possesses all that may be requisite for the formation of a good actor.—*Ibid*.

THE TURKISH ARMY.

THE military force of Turkey may appear over rated, but the estimate is founded on the statements of travellers, whose testimony is unimpeachable. On the opening of the present campaign, it was confidently said that the Porte could not raise more than 40,000 men. What is the fact?—the fortresses between the Danube and the Balkan mountains alone are defended by at least 120,000. At Adrianople there are no fewer than 100,000, and in the capital, the number now training after the European discipline is scarcely inferior.† Thus we have full 300,000, without enumerating the supplies which the great feudatories are preparing to furnish, the pacha of Salonica alone can furnish 30,000, Al-

† This information, let us remember, is from an eye-witness. From the same authority we learn, that the Turkish ministers estimate the population of the whole empire, at more than thirty millions; an estimate probably not exaggerated, if Egypt be included.

bania, Servia, and perhaps Bosnia; have yet to send in their contingents, and the provinces of Asia Minor may raise a considerable number. *Asiat. Jour.*

GUM ARABIC.

The principal commodity of the country on the banks of the river Senegal, is that valuable drug called gum arabic. This tree is described by Labat as a species of acacia, small, prickly, full of branches, and covered with leaves moderately long, very narrow, and of a perpetual verdure. Some say it bears a white flower, composed of five leaves, which form a kind of cup; but other naturalists represent it as formed of one leaf, in the manner of a funnel, and say the flowers are in clusters. The petal rises from the bottom of the flower, and at length becomes a pod, three or four inches long, filled with small, round, hard, and black grains, which serve to propagate the species. Of this species of gum-tree, there are three forests, all of them situated in the desert north of the river, and at nearly equal distances from it. Every year produces two crops, if we may thus term it, of gum; the first and best in December, and the other in March. The first tears or exudations are the largest, the driest, and most pure, with every other advantage required in this drug; and the other more soft, glutinous, and impure. The December crop is gathered after the rains have ceased, and the moisture of the earth has rendered the sap more abundant; but that in March is procured by making incisions in the trees, which have then too little vigour to produce it of themselves. The natives sell the gum by a cubic measure, called a quintal, which holds about two hundred weight, and this they exchange for goods of about two shillings value.

H. B.

Customs of Various Countries.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AT BRUSSELS.

It is only in Roman Catholic countries that instances of religious ceremonies, bordering on idolatry, are to be met with. A procession takes place in this town, the nature of which leads me to make this observation. Brussels is remarkable for a great number of perennial fountains, which are much more convenient than pumps. In most of these fountains, the water is distributed sparingly, but uninterruptedly, in small streams, which are generally made to come from the mouth of animals or human figures. One of these, remarkable

for the irreverent idea of its composition, is situated at the corner of the Rue de l'Etuve. It has been called the *Mau-neken-Pis*,—puer qui minget; and represents the figure of a naked child, in bronze, of excellent workmanship, supplying the requisite filet d'eau. This fountain is celebrated all over Flanders, and held in such reverence, that whenever a religious procession, or *Kermesse*, takes place, in which the host is promenaded under a *baldaquin* through the streets, escorted by the military, and preceded by a great concourse of priests and monks, followed by a still greater number of the inhabitants, the little person is dressed up for the occasion, in a laced coat, and cocked hat, a sword, the *cordon rouge*, with a proper contrivance in his dress for the continuation of the act, which he never ceases to perform, even during the passing of the religious procession before it. The statue is the production of the sculptor Duquesnoy. It bears also the name of the oldest Burgher of Brussels. The Archduke Maximilian, and Louis XV, made a present to it of several sumptuous suites of clothes, and the latter went so far as to bestow upon it the cross of the order of St. Louis. Several citizens have left legacies to, and there is actually a *valet de chambre* belonging to the little gentleman, who is well paid to dress him on every gala-day.

Granville's Travels.

CUSTOM AT MALDEN, ESSEX.

“The custom of *Borough English*, is kept up here,” says Brookes, “by which the youngest son, by reason of his tender age, and not the eldest, succeeds to the burgage tenure, on the death of his father.”

JOIDA.

Anecdotaliana.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

When this overbearing man was at the height of his authority, he formed an iniquitous court, called “*Legantine*,” which exercised an inquisitorial power over laity as well as clergy. Archbishop Warnham informed Henry of this: “Ay! ay!” said the King, “why I find a man knows not what is going forward in his house! but do you speak to *him*!” Warnham *did* speak to him, and it signified nothing; but Wolsey finding a general indignation against the institution, wisely annihilated it. Warnham had great coolness. Once having in a letter styled Wolsey, ‘his brother,’ the proud cardinal was offended, and spoke brutal words against Warnham, who only made this

answer to those who reported them to him, "Tut! tut! know ye not that he is drunk with prosperity."

JAMES WHITELY.

This worthy, whose name is well known among the erratic tribes of Thespis, was once the manager of several of the provincial theatres, among which may be enumerated those of Sheffield, Manchester, and Nottingham. He was of a singular disposition, having ever a constant and vigilant eye to his interest. One evening, during the performance of Richard the Third, he gave a tolerable proof of that being his leading principle. Representing the crooked-back tyrant, he exclaimed, "Hence babbling dreams, you threaten here in vain, conscience avaunt,"—"that man in the brown wig there has got into the pit without paying,"—"Richard's himself again." While on his death-bed in the town of Sheffield, he sent for an undertaker, and actually made a contract with him for the expences of his funeral, with this stipulation, he (the undertaker) should take one-half the amount in tickets, for his widow's benefit. During the representation of Macbeth, he came off the stage during the murder of the king, but found the property man had forgotten to provide the blood; he called loudly and vociferously, "the blood, the blood, where's the blood, my dear?" "Lord, Sir, I have quite forgotten it."—"You have, eh? Never mind, I'll soon procure some," and at the same time giving the unfortunate property man a tremendous blow on the nose, the effect of which soon procured the wished-for blood; he then held his hand under the droppings until a sufficiency was obtained for hands and daggers, and coolly said, "There, my dear, that will do." He has more than once, at Sheffield, dressed at his lodgings for Othello or Oroonoko, with his face blacked, and, completely armed at all points, deliberately walked through the streets to the theatre, with a long train of the rabble at his heels.

THE LAST VERY BAD ONES.

Why is an oak tree like a tight shoe?
Because it produces a—corn!

Why is a diligent boy like a Thames waterman?
Because he's constantly a—plying.

Why is a black-leg superior to a man who is superior to him?
Because he's a better.

Why is a man who praises his wife too much, like a man who abuses his wife too much?
Because he over-rates her.

Why do hop-pickers keep so close to one another?
Because they are all together.

Lit. Gaz.

THE PURSUIT OF LITERATURE.

A printer observing two bailiffs pursuing an ingenious but distressed author, observed it was a new edition of the "*Pursuits of Literature*," *unbound*, but *hotpressed*.

SUTTON-AT-HONE.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF SIR THOMAS SMYTHE.

To the glorie of God and the pious memorie of the Honourable Sir Thomas Smythe, Knt., late Governour of the East Indian, Muscovian, French, and Sommer Islands Companies; Treasurer of the Virginia Plantation; prime undertaker in the yeare 1612 for that noble designe the discoverie of the North West Passage; Principal Commissioner for the London Expedition against the Pirates, for a voyage to the river Senegal on the coaste of Africa. One of the Chiefe Commissioners for the Navie Roiall, and sometyme Ambassadour from the Majestie of Greate Britaine to the Emperour and Greate Duke of Russia and Muscovia; who, havinge judiciouslie, conscionably, and with admirable facilitie, managed many difficult and weightie affaires, to the honour and profit of this nation, rested from his labours the fourth daie of Sep. 1625; and, his soule returninge to Him that gave it, his bodie is layd up here, in the hope of a blessed resurrection.

From those large kingdomes where the sunne doth rise;

From that rich newfounde world that westward lyes;

From Volga to the Floud of Amazones;
From under both the Poles and all the Zones;
From all the famous rivers, landes, and seas,
Betwixt this place and our Antipodes;
He gott intelligence what mighte be founde,
To give contentment through this massie rounde.

But findinge earthlie thinges did rather tire,
His longinge soule then answerd her desire:
To this obscured village he withdrew;
From hence his heavenly voyage did persewe;
Here summd up all, and when his gale of breth

Had left becalmed in the porte of dethe
The soules frayl barke, and safe had landed her;

(Where Faith, his factor and his harbinger,
Made place before,) he did no doubt obtaine
That welth which here on earthe wee seek in vaine.†

† Sir Thomas Smythe was Governor of the Company trading to the East Indies, and Treasurer for the Colony of Virginia; he was Ambassador also to the Court of Russia, and served the office of Sheriff of London, in 1600. Upon the decease of his father he succeeded him as Customer to Queen Elizabeth. While fulfilling these appointments he resided at Deptford, where his splendid mansion was destroyed by fire in 1618. After this calamity happened, he retired to Bounds, near Tunbridge; finally, settling at an estate he possessed in the parish of Sutton-at-Hone, near Deptford, at which place he died in 1625.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Oct. 8	Wed.	St. Pelagia. Sun ris 27m af. 6 —sets 33 — 5	Oct. 8	Our saint was an actress of Antioch. She was converted by St. Nonnus, bishop of Heliopolis, who, in the middle of a discourse he was delivering to the church of St. Julian, pointed to Pelagia, decked in the finery of her profession, and exclaimed, "The Almighty in his goodness will shew mercy even to this woman, the work of his hands." She heard, felt the force of his observation, and became penitent. 1795.—Died on this day, Dr. Andrew Kippis, the author of Captain Cook, and abridger of his voyages. Dr. K. was a writer in the Monthly Review, and the author of the History of Knowledge, &c. He also edited the first six volumes of the Biographia Britannica. His style is admired for its perspicuity.
— 9	Thurs	St. Dominus. New Moon. 0h—18m. morn	— 9	Saint Dominus suffered martyrdom A. D. 304. 1826.—On this day expired Charles Mills at Southampton, Æt. 38; a writer of considerable talent. His works are the Histories of Mahomedanism and the Crusades; the Travels of Theodore Ducas, and the History of Chivalry; the latter work created so much interest in the literary world, that every copy of the 1st edition was disposed of shortly after its appearance. His attention was devoted to a second edition, when his death, caused by severe study, terminated his labours.
— 10	Fri.	St. Paulinus. High Water. 1m aft 3 morn. 18 — 3 after.	— 10	St. Paulinus was consecrated Archbishop of York, by Justus, Archbishop of Canterbury. He is said to have converted Edwin, king of Northumberland, to Christianity, and to have been the founder of York Cathedral. His death happened A. D. 664. 1821.—On this day his Majesty made his public entry into the capital of his Hanoverian dominions.
— 11	Sat.	St. Ethelburge. Sun ris 32m aft 6 —sets 28 — 5	— 11	St. Ethelburge was sister to St. Eronwald, bishop of London, and by him was appointed abbess of a nunnery which he founded in Essex. This saint is called Alburg for shortness. She died A. D. 664. 1492. On this day the navigator, Christopher Columbus, discovered America, the largest of the four quarters of the world, for the Spaniards; it derives its name from Americus Vesputius, though he did not approach this continent until 1497.
— 12	SUN.	19th Sunday after Trinity. 3 c. Daniel morn 6 c. after St. Wilfrid.	— 12	Our saint who was preceptor to King Alfred, was famed for his vast theological learning. In 669 he was instituted archbishop of York, and while holding this see he was twice deposed. His death occurred at a monastery he founded at Oundle in Northamptonshire, A. D. 709. 1794.—On this day was fought the battle of Warsaw, between the Poles and the Russians, when the capital was taken by the forces of General Suwarrow, who defeated the Poles with great slaughter. At the partition of Poland, Warsaw was ceded to the King of Prussia.
— 13	Mon.	Sts Faustus, Januarius, & Martialis. High Water. 45m aft 4 morn 6 — 5 after.	— 13	These saints are termed the Three Crowns of Cordova, where they suffered martyrdom, A. D. 304. 1515.—Fought on this day the battle of Marignone in Italy, when the French, under Francis I, signally defeated the Swiss; but the victory was bought with the life of the brave Chevalier Bayard.
— 14	Tuse.	St. Burckard. Sun ris 38m aft 6 —sets 22 — 5	— 14	This saint was bishop of Wurtzburg. He died A. D. 752. 1756.—Died on this day John Henley, better known by the name of "Orator Henley." He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge; after he entered into orders he preached on Sundays on Theology, and on Wednesdays, he lectured chiefly on political subjects, on which occasions he declaimed against the great persons of his day, including Pope among the number. Pope in return blazoned him to infamy in his Dunciad.



See Page 212.

Illustrated Article.

STAPYLTON HALL.

(For the Olio.)

The Baron stroked his darke browne face,
And turned his heade aside,
To wipe away the startinge teare
He proudly strove to hyde.

“ Here, take her, child of Elle,” he saide,
And gave her lilly white hande—
“ Here, take my deare and only childe”——
CHILD OF ELLE—
Percy’s Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

THE experience Henry the Seventh had acquired in his youth, from observing the proud and factious spirit of the nobility, taught him, as a necessary step towards securing his seat upon the English throne, the importance of curbing that restless disposition among the nobles, which had been so fatal to the peace of the nation from the conquest upwards, and given licence to the needy and mercenary.— Before the accession of that prince, might constantly triumphed over right, and the devastating and bloody wars between the

rival Roses had created a spirit of disaffection and rebellion throughout the land. Travelling was at all times dangerous; and, even in London, though surrounded with walls, the lives and properties of the citizens were not always secure. During the reign of this crafty and politic prince, the arts were encouraged, commerce revived, and the carriages lately employed in the service of the contending parties, were now laden with merchandize; the many villages, and even some towns, which are scattered over the country, first arose; and the gloom and desolation which had overspread the kingdom gradually dispersed. The people, tired of a long and sanguinary civil war, gladly hailed the return of peace, and were not to be easily roused into rebellion again, as may be seen from the failure of the two attempts of Simnel and Warbeck.*

* The adventures of this youth far exceed the wildest fiction, and his untimely fate cannot but excite our commiseration. His real pretensions are to this day a subject of dispute, for we are told that the confession extorted from him by Henry was so full of contradictions, that it raised doubts in the minds of some who were before disposed to consider him as an impostor.

During the time of the violent struggles we have alluded to, there stood between the town of Fairford and the little village of Marston Maisey, in Gloucestershire, a castellated building, held by Sir John Stapylton, a knight of an ancient and honourable family, whose ancestors had dwelt there from the time of the Norman conquest. He was devotedly attached to the house of Lancaster, and when an appeal to arms was made by the two factions, he sold the greater part of his estates and joined the standard of Henry, with his two sons, who were destined to return no more. At the battle of Mortimer's Cross, Robert, the eldest, was slain by an arrow, and the youngest fell at Hexham, while bravely defending his father from the attacks of a band of spearmen, led by Sir William Haviland, a knight of gigantic stature, who savagely slew him, after he had been beaten down and disarmed. In this battle, Sir John himself received several wounds, some of which were too serious to admit of his ever taking the field again. A cross-bow-bolt had shattered the bone of his left arm so dreadfully, that it was rendered entirely useless.

Vexed at being thus incapacitated, and

inwardly vowing to be revenged on the destroyer of his son, the bereaved father returned to his home almost heart-broken. Perhaps he would have sought his own death by rushing into the midst of his enemies, had not the recollection of his daughter, now fast growing up to womanhood, withheld him. Who would protect her in those unsettled times, if he should fall? It was the gentle Agnes who made his life supportable, and in her society he sought to bury for a time the recollection of his loss. But there were times when the remembrance of his first born's death flashed across his brain, and made the unhappy father curse the faction that had torn asunder the ties of friendship and kindred. Robert had died in his arms, as he vainly endeavoured to pluck the arrow from his breast, and Edward was struck, mangled and bleeding, to the ground before his face.

The remembrance of those scenes would often recur, when the pain of his many wounds had occasioned a temporary delirium; and nought but the attentions of his beloved child could soothe his mind, and make existence supportable. Beautiful she was,—fit subject for a poet's pen or

painter's pencil ; and her mind was fitted for such a shrine. Although she had not numbered twenty summers, there lacked not wealthy suitors for such a perfection. Her father was a man of great learning for that rude age, when some of England's stoutest knights could neither read or write ; but he was not the less skilled in warlike exercises, and had done good service on the part of the weak-minded Henry and his amazon Queen ; indeed this had considerably reduced his possessions, and, when he returned home, the coldness of those of his neighbours, who had not taken part in the quarrel, stung him to the quick. But he concealed his indignation, and appeared but little abroad, seldom venturing to leave his estate, unless upon particular occasions.

Several years had elapsed since the death of his sons, during which time the deadly feuds of the Roses had raged with unabated fury. At length the Yorkists prevailed, and Henry was in their power. Not long after, Queen Margaret landed in England, accompanied by her son, resolving to try the issue of another battle, and being encamped near Tewksbury she waited the approach of Edward.

Sir John had heard of the landing of the Queen, and although he forgot not the heavy losses he had sustained by espousing her cause, he would have gladly joined her standard, had not his wounds rendered him incapable of bearing arms. The Knight was well aware that a battle must be fought as soon as the two armies met each other, and he waited anxiously for the result of the combat.

One evening, in the month of May, Sir John sat in a small room, which he used as a study : he had once or twice attempted to read, but the agitation of his mind would not allow him. His jewelled fingers held down the leaves of a splendidly illuminated book, but his eye wandered from the page, and glanced sorrowfully on a suit of battered armour, which stood in one corner of the room. A lance, a sword, and a mace hung against the wall ; they had been once wielded by a vigorous and skilful hand, but were now to be used by their possessor no more ! He thought on the time when he had vaulted on his horse amidst the shouts of his retainers, armed in that harness which he was never to fill again : he thought also on the fate of his two sons, and then on his only remaining child, his beautiful and virtuous Agnes : no marvel that his book was unheeded. He sat for some time in this mood, until night had closed in, when the clatter of horses' hoofs struck on his ear. He listened attentively. Had the battle been fought ?—It might be a party of the con-

querors come to burn and spoil his dwelling—no, it was a single horseman. Scarcely had the thoughts risen in his mind, when a servant entered, and informed him that a traveller waited without, requiring a night's shelter under his roof, having been attacked by a band of men, who had slain his servant. The Knight commanded them to show the stranger every attention, and having descended into the hall, he welcomed him with much courtesy.

In answer to Sir John's inquiries, the stranger, in a few words, informed him that his name was Godfrey Haviland, and that he was on his way to Cirencester, when he was waylaid by a party of men, who killed his only attendant, and that he escaped through the fleetness of his horse.

"Ay, ay," said Sir John, "some of the cursed fore-riders belonging to one of the armies which must now lie in the neighbourhood ; but, I hope, Sir, they have not despoiled you of any valuables?"

"No, nothing, save a jerkin and hose, which my poor knave had strapped behind him."

"'Twas lucky that you escaped with your life, Sir ; these are unsettled times, and the strongest arm takes most. What ho ! Will, a flagon of Malmsey, and a pasty for my guest."

In a few minutes a table was spread, and a venison pasty, together with a large gammon of bacon, and a flagon of wine, was set before the stranger, who eat heartily. Having finished his repast, he begged to know the name of his entertainer.

On the Knight's replying to this question, the stranger's face was flushed for a moment, and then turned deadly pale ; but Sir John noticed it not, and desired a servant to bid the Lady Agnes attend him. She shortly entered, and was introduced by her father as his daughter,—his sole remaining child. The breast of the stranger heaved, and a burning blush passed across his fine and manly countenance, but the Knight attributed this to bashfulness ; his guest was but a youth, and had, perhaps, been little in the company of females ; but Haviland's emotion was occasioned by a far different feeling. He knew that his father, Sir William Haviland, was the man who had slain the son of his now kind and hospitable entertainer, whose hall now sheltered him in a time of danger and uncertainty.—It was fortunate that Sir John knew not the name of the destroyer of his son, or his dwelling might have been a scene of murder, but he had never learnt the name and title of the man who had slain his boy.

The beauty of Agnes made a strong

impression on young Haviland, who more than ever regretted the fierce rashness of his father. He saw clearly that there was little hope of a union with the family who had suffered such a loss by the hand of his parent, and when night arrived, he retired to rest, his mind disturbed by a multitude of painful reflections. Sleep fled his couch, and when morning dawned he arose unrefreshed. After dressing himself, and preparing for his departure, he passed out from his chamber, when the first object he beheld was Agnes.

Great was his astonishment on perceiving her at so early an hour; but ere he had spoken, she moved softly away on tiptoe and waved her hand. He followed her until she had descended into a lower apartment, when the maiden, while her heart throbbed wildly, said—

“Fly from this place if you value your life, Sir! you are known to one of my father’s men.”

“Known, dearest lady,” faltered Haviland.

“Ay, known as the son of the fierce man who destroyed my poor brother,” replied Agnes, while her blue eyes swam with tears; “but fly, if you would not suffer a dreadful death. My maid told me yesterday, that our falconer, who was with my father at Hexham, swore that you are the son of Sir William Haviland!—’twill soon reach my father’s ears.”

“Oh, dearest lady, how shall I express my gratitude—but, believe me, I had no share in your brother’s death.”

“Talk not of that now, quick to the stables, and ride hard, for my father will soon be stirring.”

“But how shall I pass the gate?”

“I have the keys here—haste, or you will be lost.”

As she spoke, she led the way to the stables, and Haviland, with all haste, saddled his horse.

The gates were cautiously unlocked. He pressed the hand of Agnes to his lips, while his sobs impeded his voice; but the danger was great, and vaulting on his steed, he faltered “farewell,” and soon left the hall behind him.

Leaving Godfrey Haviland on his way, we must return to Stapylton Hall.

As the morning advanced the old Knight arose, and breakfast being laid in a small room adjoining his study, he waited the presence of his guest. Agnes shortly entered, pale and dejected.

“Why what ails thee, my child?” said Sir John, as he kissed her blanched cheek, “thou hast been weeping.”—Agnes pleaded illness, and took her seat by her father, who wondered at the ab-

sence of his guest. After waiting for some time, a servant was sent to rouse him from his slumbers, when his flight was discovered.

The old Knight was astonished beyond measure at the disappearance of his guest, and concluding that he was some adventurer who had paid him a visit with a sinister intention, he desired his servants to look to the plate and other valuables; when, in the midst of the confusion, the falconer came, and informed his master that he had entertained the son of his deadly foe.

Words cannot paint the astonishment and chagrin of Sir John upon receiving this intelligence. He stood for some moments as if paralyzed, then stamping furiously on the floor, he desired that his park-keeper should attend him, and striding into his study, slammed to the door with great violence. Agnes, alarmed for the safety of the fugitive, to whose flight she had been a party, flew to her chamber to conceal her agitation.

In the mean time, her father paced the room with hurried step. He stopped at times and looked on his battered harness, then struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, and vented his rage in a low, half-stifled voice, by excitement rendered inarticulate, and resembling the growl of an angry wolf. A tap at the door of the study roused him.

“Enter,” he cried; and a man strode into the room, cap in hand; he was rather under the ordinary height, but broad-shouldered and muscular. His face full, but distinctly marked, and his hair cut quite close to his head. His neck was bare and brawny, and his face, by constant exposure to the weather, had become of a dark brown. His dress was a coarse tunic of green, with trunk hose of red serge, and buskins of buff leather. A short sword hung at his belt, which was buckled tight round his body. His whole appearance bespoke the perfect woodsman.

“Wat Fluister,” said the Knight, “thou hast been a faithful follower of mine for these twenty years—Harkee, I have need of thy assistance; quick, don thy jazerant.”†

“I have left it with Will the armourer, at Fairford, to be mended,” said Wat.

“Take this then,” reaching a jazerant from the wall:—“haste, and on with it; and look ye, take your bow and three of your best shafts; begone! and come to me as soon as thou art ready.”

† JAZERANT.—A frock of twisted or linked mail, without sleeves, somewhat lighter than the hauberk worn by the knights.

Wat left the room, but in a few minutes returned. He had put on the Knight's mailed coat, and a sallet or light iron cap. He carried his bow in his hand, and bore on his elbow a small target or buckler, like those worn by the archers of that period.

"That's my nimble servitor," said the Knight; "and now saddle Cob, my gelding, take the blood hound, and ride after the fellow who left this morning:—and harkee, Wat," in a suppressed voice, "see that he travel no more—thou knowest what I mean? thou hast sharp shafts, and a trusty bow—give him not the same 'vantage as thou would'st thine own enemy—he is *mine*! shoot him from his horse, ere he knows that thou art near him!"

Wat stopped not a moment to question this command. It was enough that it was given by his master, whose word with him was law. In less than five minutes he passed out on the Knight's own horse, at full speed, followed by the hound. After riding a short distance, Wat distinguished the marks of the fugitive's horse's hoofs, and the dog was immediately laid on. He well knew that Haviland would find it difficult to pick his way over a part of the country he was unacquainted with, and he doubted not that he should come up with him before he had got any distance.

Godfrey Haviland was not far off. He heard the yelp of the dog, and a cold tremor ran through his frame, as he discovered that he was tracked. Wat, though he could not see his victim, knew well that he was not far off, he therefore increased his pace, and moved on rapidly. Haviland, in the mean time, had struck out of the road, and galloped across the country. It was not long before a brook stopped his progress: he beheld it with joy, as he well knew it was the only refuge from the enemy that tracked him.

"Now, my good steed," said he, "bear thy master through this trial, or he will never press thy trusty sides again."

He plunged into the brook as he spoke. The stream was swollen, but the noble animal swam with its master for several yards, when the water became shallower. Fearing to land again, Haviland dashed down the stream, which ran through a wood at a little distance. He arrived there just in time to escape from the view of his pursuers, who came up to the brook as Haviland entered the wood. Wat swore deeply on finding that he was baulked.

"Ah! 'tis of no use, Fangs," said he to the dog, as he saw the animal run up and down the bank of the stream. "We

have been tracking an old hand, let us both return and prepare our backs for the cudgel."

After several endeavours to regain the scent, Wat turned his horse's head towards home. He soon reached the hall, and having replaced Cob in the stable, he repaired to Sir John's apartment.

"Well, Wat," said the Knight eagerly, "hast thou revenged me?"

"No," replied he, sullenly, scarce knowing what to say—"he has 'scaped."

"Ha! thou knave!" cried Sir John, starting on his feet,—“escaped, did'st thou say?—Then am I foiled, and through thy mischance—There, villain, take thy guerdon."

As he spoke, he struck Wat a violent blow on his broad chest, which, spite of the jazerant he wore, made the woodsman stagger, and proved that the Knight had one powerful arm left. The blood mounted in Wat's dark face—his eyes flashed fire, and with a thrust of his hand he sent the Knight reeling to the wall—then grasped the handle of his short sword, which he half unsheathed; but it fell back harmlessly in its scabbard; its wearer's head sunk upon his breast—a tear fell on the floor, but the foot of the woodsman was quickly drawn over it, and he stood motionless for several moments without speaking.

"Wat," said the Knight, after a long pause, "thou hast raised thy hand against thy master, and——"

"I have," interrupted Wat, "and will not the poor worm turn on the foot that treads it down?—I am your vassal, 'tis true; I have eaten of your bread these twenty years, and ne'er took blow before. You are my master, or your blood should wash this floor."

"These are high words for one of thy stamp," said the Knight, in a tone of remonstrance, fearing to anger the resolute woodsman, whose temper was always mild and gentle, except when roused.—“A rope and a swing from the wall would have been thy fate, if thou had'st some masters; but thou hast served me faithfully——"

"And been struck like a dog in return," said Wat.

"Nay, nay, Wat, dwell not on that—but how came the springald to escape?"

"He made for the brook, and baulked the hound—'twas no fault of mine."

"Well, well," continued the Knight, in a calmer tone, "it can't be helped now; but I am vexed at his escape. His father slew my Edward when the poor boy lay on the ground disarmed and helpless."

Sir John drew his hand across his face as he spoke, and wiped the tear away

which hung on his eyelid. Wat's stern nature was softened.

"My honoured master," said he, "would I had known that yesternight—you should have been revenged."

"I know thee, Wat—I know thee," said the Knight, "and methinks thou hast had time to know thy master, and bear with him when he speaks thee harshly. Here, let this make amends."

He placed several gold pieces in Wat's hand. The woodsman received the money on his broad palm, looked earnestly at it for several moments, then let it slip between his fingers, and it fell on the floor.

"I will not take it, Sir John," he said, "my master's love and protection is the only wage I crave."

He then abruptly left the room, before the Knight had time to reply.

"Strange fellow!" exclaimed Sir John, "there's not a pampered knave on my poor estate that possesses half thy feeling—thou, at least, art faithful."

We must now return to Godfrey Haviland, whom we left, after he had baffled his pursuer. He held on his way at full speed until he had quite cleared the wood, when he resolved at all hazard to inquire of the next person he met, the way to the town of Tewkesbury. It was not long before he obtained the necessary information, and found that he had deviated considerably from the road. After an hour's hard riding, he came in sight of the town, and beheld the tents of the Lancastrian forces spread over the fields; while from one of the largest, the Queen's banner floated in the breeze. Various bodies of soldiers were in motion, and their armour and weapons flashed brightly in the morning's sun, which shone resplendent on the Coteswold hills, that rose above the extensive landscape, covered with the verdure of spring.

(To be Continued.)

THE QUEEN OF THE GARDEN BOWER.

The Song in Miss Mitford's New Tragedy of Rienzi.

The Red Rose is Queen of the Garden Bower,
That glows in the sun at noon,
And the Lady Lily's the fairest flow'r
That swings her white bells in the breeze of
June;

But they who come mid frost and flood,
Peeping from bank or root of tree,
The Primrose and the Violet bud,
They are the dearest flow'rs to me.

The Nightingale's is the sweetest song
That ever the Rose has heard,
And when the Lark sings the clouds among,
The Lily looks up to the heavenly bird;

But the Robin with his eye of jet,
Who pipes from the bare boughs merrily
To the Primrose pale and Violet,
He is the dearest song to me.

THE DYING NUN.

(For the Olio.)

Reclining in her last faint sleep she lay,
And as the moon in mournful sadness kissed
Her lonely couch, she smiled. No sister friend
Was near that couch, the heav'n bound thought
to mar;

But while the mellow organ's distant strain
Swell'd into deepness in the dreamy air,
She slept, and prayed the while sweet whis-
pering

Responses. Then anon there came a pause,
Of that beseeching, wherein angels hold
Their bland communings; 'twas a lapse that
e'en

Made silence list in ecstasy, and drew
The wandering soul from weary slumber to
It's mystery. In smiles she woke, for she
Had dream'd of heav'n; and now the earth
seem'd dumb

With sorrow at the loss of so much sweetness.
Mark you the veily tint which death so deli-
cate

Hath spread: Full surely he some angel hath
Installed with his rough jurisdiction, to
Construct a softer path to blessedness;
For he as sweetly steals o'er that wan face
As shadows grow in eve's declining sun.
And hark! she welcomes his approach with
song.

The waning spirit, solving into air,
In heaven's own silvery brightness graced,
In numbers soft as e'er made sorrow smile,
She bids her last good-bye to earthly beauty,
Chanting its lasting lullaby into the grave.
Adieu awhile thou dear departed shade!
In heav'n's dominions, haply, thou may'st rank
With those, who in the hour of doom surround
The mercy seat, and heav'n's almighty wrath
Sooth down to bland forgiveness. Oh, if so,
And I that heard thee sing thy soul away,
Sweet recognition make to heav'n for grace,
Not daring to look up, I'll sue to thee
For interceding meed, and in thy smile
Welcome long alien'd hope, nor know despair.

W. MORLEY.

LOVE.

(For the Olio.)

Ye bachelors! pr'ythee, beware!
For Love wears a varied disguise!
He lurks in the tresses of hair,
And floats in the soul of the eyes;

He sleeps in the dimples of cheeks,
That blush with his beautiful glow;
On lips he a pleasure-ground seeks,
And feeds on the kiss they bestow.

He makes Beauty's movement his sun,
Or romps with her shade on the ground;
Wherever her fairy feet run
The sly young attendant is found.

On down of the bosom that swells,
With fancies his lessons impart;
In each many beauty he dwells,
But *lives*, like a thought, in the heart. T.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BAR.

Continued from page 185.

“AFTER a long, long interval, there came within the precincts, but not the rules of the Bench, he of the Emerald Isle to enlighten us. That was an acquisition; for, as Shelah would say, he was ‘a jewel of a man,’ and would ‘talk: ye gods! how he would talk.’ Lord Ellenborough was terribly posed at his first appearance, and was really taken by surprise; the Chief-Justice’s philosophy was wholly at fault—all his speculations on life and character were completely set at defiance, and the concatenation of long established ideas, once and for ever irretrievably disturbed by the alliterative and fluent Hibernian. Trope, simile, metaphor, and all figures of speech were brought to the assault of judicial patience: the chaste and classic scholarship of the peer was ‘frightened from its propriety,’ he snorted like the war-horse in Job, he shook his wig in very indignation, and seemed ready to descend from his pride of place and bring down judgment in *propria persona* on the offending barrister; but nothing would do, the oratorical shilelah was still flourished with tremendous effect round his affrighted head. It was a running fire. It set at nought all the experience of his Lordship, for he might but remember haply Bishop Atterbury’s mild reproach of Lord Cadogan, that he was ‘a bold, bad, blustering, bloody booby;’ or the title to Dr. Milner’s pamphlet of the miraculous cure of ‘Winifred White of Wolverhampton, at St. Winifred’s Well;’ but what were they to the rosary-strung alliteration of Charles Phillips? It was the report of Perkins’s gun, distinguished by time alone, yet ever the same in sound—it came over the ear like the ‘sweet south,’ when it approaches in less favoured climes, loaded with the faint and pestiferous blasts of the *sirocco*.

“Heaven be good unto us, but it seems that the luckless tribunal has been gifted with another import from the Sister Isle—one who has modestly declared ‘that when he does prepare his speeches, he produces periods for which he has no reason to blush.’ He has, it would appear, enough of business, if it be only in his own cause. Perhaps no one envies him his client, and he may yet fail perhaps in his attempts against the Press, as one I knew did towards himself,—a man who, being desperately enamoured of a scornful lady, proposed to move her feelings by suicide, and yet enjoy the result of his act, and who, when the door of the

chamber was burst open, as the report of the harmless pistol was heard, exclaimed, with mingled vexation and self-satisfaction, to his friend, ‘By the powers, gentlemen, but I have missed myself!’

“What, in the name of all that is witty, has become of Dubois? Surely we have some need of him in these degenerate days, and of a continuation of his ‘Ryghte merry and conceitede Tour.’ His debut in the law was as a client, not a counsellor; when he stood upon his defence as the author of ‘My Pocket-book,’ and dared to brave the fury of Sir Richard Phillips himself. Alas! that was a settler of the famous Sir John Carr and his pleasant histories, and before unheard-of jests—all fell before the ruthless and unsparing hand of Dubois; his just and humorous *exposé* of the pretensions of the travelled knight attracted the commendation even of Sir Vicary himself, who had never before, perhaps, expressed approbation of any thing not peculiarly law-full, and drew down on the City publisher the emphatic encomium of Lord Ellenborough, ‘That he was the weakest man ever allowed to walk abroad without a keeper.’ The joint attack of author, advocate, and judge, could not be withstood—Joe Miller was foreclosed to the wandering cavalier, and book-fitted regions for ever left unvisited. The defendant had the victory; for the party was eminently unequal, and the defeated knight had better have previously exclaimed with Voiture, the poet, when challenged to the combat, ‘The party is not equal—you are tall, and I short—you are brave, and I am a coward—you wish to kill me, I consent to be considered as killed—what do you want more?’ There, unfortunately, did Dubois’ critical exertions cease. It could not certainly be from want of subject; it might be, on the contrary, that it was but too abundant, and that he might grow bewildered as he contemplated the amount, and cast away his pen in despair. We are bound to be right joyful that a successor has not been wholly wanting to him, for a similar supposititious and most satisfactory murder has been but now committed on one who out-carred Carr himself;—on one who contrived, by his books, to shove himself into the presence of every crowned head in Europe unable to read, or, reading, to comprehend them. Peace to the manes of the hapless, but amusing Caledonian; and honour to him who bade him rely rather on that faith he pretends to, and on which he drew so largely in his transactions with the public, than upon his good works, for future comfort.

“I deemed that I had spoken of all those who claimed Ireland as their native country; but there was one we must not forget, and that was Mike Nolan; he who, to much perseverance and study, added somewhat of genius and the brogue, published well and largely on that most intricate of all subjects, the Poor Laws, and was consequently in request at the Sessions in cases of settlement. If there were little doubt that his ultimate acquaintance with a branch of our blessed system, which of itself demands a life of labour to master, was of itself sufficient to insure him practice, he did not deem it prudent to omit other means of gaining the good will of those who might benefit him in fortune or in fame. He was the very pink of courtesy to all ranks, from the Bench to the usher;—magistrate and advocate, attorney and juryman, clerk and door-keeper, even the prisoner at the bar, had it liberally conferred upon him. There were smiles for all and every one, and yet to spare; and, whether affected or sincere, they had the merit of seeming candour, which would have easily triumphed over the more servile acquiescence of any Sir Pertinax of the North, and borne away triumphantly the palm of favour from the most accomplished *booner* of them all. Whatever business he took in hand he conducted well—in a straight forward, lawyer-like manner,—leaving flourishes to Phillips, and periods for the future benefit of French; and so expert was he eventually considered, that, although an Irishman, he became a Welsh Judge; and, covering his broad shoulders with a gown of Florentine, was admitted to the honours of a breakfast in Lincoln’s Inn; and fed largely and luxuriously in the generous refectory of the late Lord Chancellor.

It might have been presumed that the genius of the Bar had long since discovered all the paths to the attainment of wealth or reputation; but the events of each succeeding day informs us that human invention has but now found itself unshackled, and that the world is yet as in its infancy in all the better arts of life. It would be little creditable to the professors of the law, that, while all others are “progressing” in the march of mind, they alone should be stationary, and it must give us pleasure when we find antique and unwholesome prejudices cast aside, and some bolder and more daring spirit quit the beaten track, and ascertain a novel path to the attainment of fame or honour. Lord Eldon himself, it is said, once proposed, in despair of advancement, to quit the Bar for the Church. (What an ample field for spe-

culatation is there, to those who may indulge it, on what might have been the consequences of such a change!) Sir William Grant was, in early life, near abandoning us for the wilds of Canada: Sergeant Rough, after a life of practice, betook him to the West Indies; Hargrave, that giant of knowledge, could not stem the stream, and died in poverty; and how many others are there, who, after the expenditure of a fortune in qualifying themselves for the profession—after sacrificing all the better hours of life to toil and study—with health decayed, and hopes for ever crushed, have abandoned the pursuit, and ended a miserable existence in need, obscurity, and pain. But it is the best attribute of human wit, that it may divert the frowns of Fortune, and chalk out plans un contemplated before, if not to riches, at least to notoriety. It was truly gratifying, therefore, to find that the Royal Society of Musicians, forsooth, had unanimously, as publicly, expressed their thanks to a professional gentleman “for offering his gratuitous opinion on any legal question” connected with that eminent body! Here are your fooleries—the Genius of Discord in the sanctum sanctorum of Harmony itself—a bar without notes—anticipated crotchets—Guitarre cases exemplified—a sharp among flats—Fi-fa and Sol-fa—a legal opinion set to music! What next shall we have? Let the most timid aspirant no longer fear renown. There are yet counsel wanting to steam engines, and what an opportunity is there offered for vapouring! an advocate for the prosecution of the Thames Tunnel might, surely, find a place! Chamber-advisers to iron rail-roads, showing the road to railing: and surely, some sympathizing spirit might even not refuse to patronise the claims of those headless blocks, the Elgin marbles.”

“Do you know any thing of the officers of the King’s Bench court?”

“Only that more than one half of them are apparently useless, from other occupations, habit, or station; or, if not, must be gifted with talents for the performance of various as conflicting duties, denied to ordinary men. Let Mr. Brougham turn his attention that way, even though he himself may lose something by his motion. We have a Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, who disdains not to act as Clerk to the Master of the Court of King’s Bench!—another peer of Parliament, who is one of the Custodes Brevium!—a barrister, who is also clerk at Nisi Prius!—a noble Duke, who receives the profits of the Seals on two tribunals!! In another court, two baronets officiate, or are nomi-

nated, as subaltern officers to the Judges ! a Lord President of the Council, who but lately, with all our colonial concerns to occupy him, found ample time to fulfil the functions of Clerk of the Crown to the Chancellor ! The Hereditary Grand Falconer himself assumes place as his Lordship's Registrar—and hereditary Registrar too ! ! There is, too, a poetical lord, who, in addition to his contributions to the ' Gentleman's,' finds time for the less important avocations, lay and ecclesiastical, of—but I have not breath to spare, so do consult the Court Calendar, if you have one. One but now Master in Chancery, and at present an officer of the House of Peers, who condescends to supply attorneys with subpœnas ! A Governor-General of India, who adds to his Oriental titles, the homelier denomination of " Clerk of the pipe in the Exchequer !"—a viceroy and a hookah-bearer ! ! An English Earl and Prussian Count, who, although a Chief-Justice in Eyre, officiates as Prothonotary in a county court ! and last, although not least, a Serjeant-at-Arms, who, justly acknowledged to be the first orator of the age, is the advocate of freedom in the uniform of a Gendarme, and who, in the exercise of opposing duties, may haply be doomed first to advocate the cause of a defendant, and, if he fail in that, he has but to doff his robe, and seize the mace, and take his hapless client into custody ! But we will be content to leave him his humbler honours for the good he proposes to effect ; and if he adopt the suggestion I have advanced, of relieving the tribunals of that dead weight on justice—sinecurists, we will retain him in his office, that he may complete the reform (in which it is to be hoped he may succeed) and in his executive and ministerial character, drive the mere money changers from the precincts of the Temple." *New Mon.*

THE BACHELOR IN DANGER OF MATRIMONY.

(For the Olio.)

A roving life has joys I own,
Delightful to the wayward mind ;
But, soon its fickle pleasures flown,
Leave only dark regret behind.

The weary spirit longs for rest,
The calm repose of settled home,
With social love and comfort blest,
Whence it no more may wish to roam.

The world may smile, and fortune shed
Her richest bounties on his head,
Yet the gay youth, by fancy led,
Will sigh upon his lonely bed

For some fair spirit's angel smile ;
By blessing whom he may be blest,
His joys to share, care to beguile,
And find his heaven on her fond breast.

Joy is not joy if felt alone,
And woe to meet is sad indeed,
If no kind heart regard our moan,
And soothe the wounds that inly bleed.

Blest is his lot, young follies past,
Who finds so sweet, so dear a mate,
In gentle love's soft fetters fast
Bound to his fortunes and his fate.

To see her happy whom he loves,
And happy too in his embrace ;—
Raptures like this the youth who roves
In his wild fancies ne'er could trace.
T. M.

The Cecilians, (No. 3.)

MR. L—S, THE TREASURER.

"Timotheus placed on high,
Amid the tuneful quire."

MANY Treasurers run away with the treasure of a Society, and the contents of the sprucely painted tin box is but too frequently *non est inventus*. The present treasurer, however, of the Cecilian Society is too reputable a man of weight and substance to excite any fear as to the safety of their notes, or unnecessary shakes for the scores which he keeps for the general harmony. Doubtless, as the main pipe and chef d'œuvre of a late eminent priestly citizen, Mr. L—s, can always plumb the well of his purse, and give the 'heaving of the lead,' when he makes his obeisance to an auditory in Albion Hall. No person who has seen this gentleman would doubt for a moment that he has a musical face ; and the truth is, that not city feasting makes him jolly, but the water which he drinks instead of wine, and his devotedness to Music, to which he is wedded by an undivided pledge : equally indifferent as to who toils like a Demosthenes by the lamp, in studious brain-searchings and midnight hag-scratchings, under the influence of the *cacæthes scribendi*, so that he can have, like Polyphemus, whom he sometimes represents effectively in *Acis and Galatea*,* his eyes converged into one noted vision, and fixed on the prettily and modestly behaved saintly creature, Cecilia, and be accommodated with

'A hundred reeds of decent growth,
To fill the pipe of his capacious mouth.'

* Or, as Gee, a celebrated 'Oboe player,' used quaintly to pronounce it:—'Axis in Galatia.'

When Mr. L——s first became a member of the Society, he practised military tactics against the dreaded Napoleon invasion, and was a trim fugleman, and sort of speculum to the corps of the Ward in which, we believe, he now resides. We remember him then a genteel and well-shaped young man,

‘ A very Bacchus ever fair,’

and one whose gallantries were not given to the witching mistress of the

‘ Pious orgies and pious airs,’

of his

‘ Heavenly harmony
Revolving in his altered soul.’

For,

‘ War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Fighting still, and still destroying.’

Being enlisted, or as military men would say, *drafted*, into Cecilia’s army, less dangerous than that of Joan of Arc, he remained at drill, a raw recruit, till his perseverance raised him to a stand near the organ, and fiddled the noisy tenor of his way; and rising to a higher pitch, as if desirous of a finer chord, he took the second to a stand-still to all leaders, from the hint-tapping Mr. Charlton, to the present blackberry of the band, Mr. B——y. With his violin, Mr. L——s is very particular, and he loves to draw a choice bow as well as his patroness. He also keeps rings of knots, and screws his kit to his breast with uncommon zest, always lending his ear to her cries. It is matter of surprise with us, that he has not made more proficiency on the violin, since we are aware, his ambition has paced with his practice. That he never took lessons, as to the graces, we are certain, or he would not pinch his instrument into fits, and niggle it up to his chin, as if he would squeeze the poor, mortified cremona into ‘thin airs.’ But,

‘ The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is L——s now !†

† Timotheus, one of the most celebrated musicians, was born at Miletus, an Ionian city of Caria, in the third year of the 93d Olympiad. His first endeavours were not successful, and he was hissed by the whole people. He became afterwards the most excellent performer upon the *Cithara* of his times. His reputation drew after him a great number of disciples. It is said that he took twice the sum from those who came to learn to play upon the flute (or the cithara) if they had been taught before by another master. His reason was, that when an excellent musician succeeded such as were indifferent, he had double the pains with the scholar: that of making him forget what he had learnt before, the far greater difficulty, and to instruct him anew.

Phrynus may be considered as the author of

As a vocalist, Mr. L——s does not manage his voice, (which has compass, and with judgment would expand into volume wide enough for an amateur,) whose cataract intonations rarely fall or rise into a modulated current of sweetness, but are sometimes impetuous by their force, and overflow the spot which they should fertilize. ‡ Barring a provincial enunciation, these defects might be remedied, would he go into training,—a submission which the dignity and pride of a Cecilian would never consent to. His endeavours, nevertheless, are well meant, and laudably employed; and in his private and public deportment, he is a sincere and agreeable companion. MUSCULUS.

THE SAILOR.

A SKETCH.

(For the Olio.)

The gold he gets does good to others,
Though he at random lets it fly;
For, as mankind are all his brothers,
He keeps it in the family.

DIBDIN.

THE bluntness, recklessness, and valour of the English sailor have become proverbial: he is continually furnishing subjects for jest and anecdote. Reader, con-

the first alterations made in the ancient music, with regard to the Cithara. These changes consisted, in the first place, in the addition of two new strings to the seven which composed that instrument before him; in the second place, in the compass and modulation, which had no longer the manly and noble simplicity of the ancient music. Aristophanes reproaches him with it in the comedy of the *Clouds*, wherein Justice speaks in these terms of the ancient education of youth. “They went together to the house of the player upon the cithara—where they learnt the hymn of the dreadful Pallas,” *et cet.* If any of them ventured to sing in a buffoon manner, or to introduce inflections of voice, like those which prevail in these days, in the airs of Phrynus, he was punished severely. Phrynus having presented himself in some public games at Lacedæmon, with his Cithara of nine strings, Eprepes, one of the Ephori, would have two of them cut away, and suffered him only to choose whether they should be the two highest or the two lowest. Timotheus, some short time after, being present upon the same occasion at the Carman games, the Ephori acted in the same manner with regard to him.

‡ Mr. L——s is an advocate for the more frequent introduction of modern music, and in which he excels as a vocalist; but the *chorus*, who think of nothing but making ‘the lofty roofs rebound,’ and tearing the chords into tatters, invariably, oppose simple harmonies in place of their mighty noise,—‘For ever!—For ever!’

ceive a short, thick-set fellow, somewhat about the height of five feet seven inches, with an habitual stoop; a black handkerchief tied loosely round his brawny neck, his legs thrust into trowsers of coarse canvas, a glazed hat shading his weather-beaten face, and a pigtail of a truly respectable length sticking out over the collar of his jacket of true blue. This is a British sailor, a regular man-o'-war's man, your real Jack Tar. We do not class those under the head of sailors, who sail between London and the North Foreland, and are noted for their affecting the bluntness of the true sailor, without possessing one particle of his generosity. Jack would scorn acquaintance with such "swabs:" he seldom comes ashore, and when he does, it is with an air of contempt for terra-firma, which he thinks not at all worthy to be pressed by his "pins."

No man ties on his handkerchief, wears his long quartered shoes, or chews his pigtail with such a grace as Jack; he is a marine exquisite, the only being permitted to appear at the court of Neptune. If any one doubt this, let him remember how un courteously his godship receives the uninitiated; disturbing their bile, and making them execrate salt water whenever they attempt to enter on his domains.

How extravagant are the actions of a sailor on his first coming ashore! He is astonished that the earth does not move, and, not finding himself quite right in his "upper works," endeavours to allay his queer sensations by copious libations of grog; then in company with his girl, he visits the haberdasher's shops, and buys her lace, caps, stockings, gloves, and other articles of finery, till she is completely, (to use his own phrase,) "rigged out."—But this will not take all his money; he must buy a few watches, and what?—why *fry* them!—This we have seen done, half-a-dozen in the pan together, and then smashed to pieces with a hammer!—how would he get through his prize money else?

Jack, if a true, thorough-bred sailor, is out of his element if ashore, and when all his money is spent, nothing pleases him better than the sight of the Blue Peter, which calls him on board again,—and on board he gets, his pockets as light as his heart, for no cares disturb the mind of Jack; yet there are some who would make him a philosopher—a thinking being—and thereby entirely spoil him, render him a dull, spiritless animal, unfit for any service. We fear the men we are attempting to describe are getting scarce, for many sailors have become grave, cogitating fellows. We would have an act

passed to do away with all representations of nautical dramas at the theatres, where an actor, dressed in blue and white, vaunts of his valour, and talks about "every man doing his duty," and "immortal Nelson," and such like trash; while the real Jack (he who has heard broadside for broadside given, and seen his ship's side forced in by the enemy's shot, while his slaughtered comrades lay around him,) blushes till his sun-burnt face becomes still darker; wonders what it can mean, and begins to think himself a fine fellow.

We are no friends to the Béthel Union, which has done much harm: how can a man who hears the words "he that liveth by the sword, shall perish by the sword," be taught to stab and pistol his fellow man? whatever may be said about patriotism. No, teach him obedience to his commander, his duty to his messmates, and check with caution his indiscretions. We may then hope to see as stout hearts as those that sailed with Duncan, Howe, and Nelson, in time of need again man the wooden walls of old England!

J. Y. A—N.

The Note Book.

THE COLISEUM.

THE Emperor Vespasian, after his return from the Jewish war, in the year 72 of the Christian era, caused this wonderful amphitheatre to be built in that part of ancient Rome where were the ponds and gardens of Nero. It was completed in four years, and his son Titus dedicated it by the slaughter of five thousand wild beasts on the arena. Adrian caused the colossal statue of Nero to be removed from the vestibule of his own palace, and placed in this amphitheatre, where it was worshipped as Apollo. The Coliseum derives its name from its colossal dimensions, being above 1700 English feet in the circumference. The form is oval. It was built of immense blocks of Travertine stone, and consists of four stories. The first is adorned with Doric columns, the second with Ionic, the third and fourth with Corinthian.

The entrances were eighty in number, seventy-six being for the people, two for the gladiators, and two for the Emperor and his suite. Within the walls were twenty staircases, leading to seats appropriated to the different classes of people. The seats are said to have held eighty-seven thousand spectators, and the portico, or gallery above them, twenty thou-

sand. There was an awning which covered the whole edifice, in case of rain or intense heat. In the wall of the uppermost story are open holes, supposed to have contained the rings for fastening the cords of this awning.

Chateaubriand, in his *Martyrs*, says, "There were rails of gold before the seat of the Roman senators, to guard them from the attacks of the wild beasts. The air was refreshed by means of machines, ingeniously contrived to throw up wine and saffron water, which again descended in an odoriferous dew. Three thousand bronze statues, fine pictures, columns of jasper and porphyry, chrystal balustrades, vases of precious workmanship, decorated this scene of savage cruelty."

"An hippopotamus and some crocodiles swam in an artificial canal, which surrounded the arena. Five hundred lions, forty elephants, tygers, panthers, bulls, and bears, kept for the inhuman purpose of tearing human beings, to afford amusement to their savage species, were heard bellowing in the caverns of the amphitheatre."

Such were the sports of the Romans, when their empire was in the plenitude of its power.

CANNONS.

THIS destructive military engine was first made of iron bars, soldered together and encompassed with hoops. One so constructed, called *Mons-meg*, capable of holding within it two persons, some few years back was brought from Edinburgh Castle to London. They were also made occasionally of thick bull's hide, lined with plates of brass. Brass cannon were first founded by an Englishman of the name of Owen. The cannon were originally made very large; the gunpowder in use at the time being weak. A French historian who died about the year 1402, describes the cannon then used as being fifty feet long. The size of them was greatly lessened, when the art of making strong gunpowder was discovered.

MONKS' CELLS

WERE houses that belonged to all great abbeys, or monasteries. Sometimes they were so far distant from one another, that the mother abbey was in England, and the child cell beyond the seas, and so reciprocally. Some of these cells were richly endowed, as that at Wyndham, in Norfolk, which was annexed to St. Albans, and was able at the dissolution to expend, of its own revenues, £72 per annum. Into these cells the monks of the abbey sent colonies,

when they were too much crowded, or when they were afraid of an infectious disease at home.

THE LETTER Y.

PYTHAGORAS, the Samian philosopher, considered the letter Y as an emblematical figure of human life. The straight stem below represents the early part of life, when the character is yet undetermined. The ramification in the middle represents the alternative of virtue and vice offered to our choice, on our entrance into the busy world. The line which parts off to the right is the road of virtue, that to the left the path of vice.

DECORATING OF LETTERS.

PLINY, in his *Letters*, informs us, it was customary among the Romans for their generals to decorate with a sprig of bays the letters in which they communicated to the senate the intelligence of victory.

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.

A stranger, judging of the Turks from their external appearance, and from their apparent indifference to surrounding objects, would almost conclude that they were totally incapable of any thing like arduous or continued exertion; nothing, however, is more true, than that they are among the most active of men; that when roused by necessity, their efforts seem more than human. With all his taciturnity, and his confirmed habits of contemplation, the Turk is far from being destitute of strong feeling; but that feeling he is careful to repress; all violent emotion he considers as derogatory to his dignity, unless it be called forth by patriotism or religion. In private life, he is seldom moved to any thing more than the ejaculation, *God is good*. He seems to regard the ordinary events of life with apathy, yet assuredly no one is more anxious to seize such enjoyments as the prophet has placed within his reach. To his wives and domestics he is more than just—he is liberal and generous. Money he appears to value only as the means of conferring happiness on those who are connected with him. Strictly just in his dealings with others, good-natured and indulgent to all who surround him, the Turk may be well termed *amiable*, in every case where his religion does not command him to be intolerant.

The universality among Christian nations of an impression in all things unfavourable to the Turks, has caused us from our very infancy to associate with the name all that is barbarous and cruel. Hence, we should suppose that of all masters he is the most despotic.

The fact, however, is, that of masters he is the most indulgent. Commanded by his religion to shew kindness even to the vilest domestic animals, he cannot be reasonably suspected of cruelty towards human beings. Among slaves may be often found his nearest and dearest ties; his favourite wife or child may be a slave; with persons of that class the greater portion of his time may be passed; hence his habits of familiarity with them, and the ameliorations which the state itself derives from the influence of these habits.

Asiatic Jour.

THE GONDOLIERS OF THE NEVA.

LIKE their brethren of the Adriatic queen, the Russian gondoliers deck their boats and their persons in rich and fantastic colours, invite, by their cheerful countenances and expressions of *carino*, the passengers to get into their skiffs, and lull them to soft reflections, and perhaps to sleep, by their national songs. It is one of their indispensable qualifications, besides those of being stout, good-looking, and expert rowers, that they shall be masters of all the popular songs and tunes of the day. Occasionally there is an accompaniment to the voice with the rojok, or reed-pipe, a tambourine, and two wooden spoons, with bells at each end, which are struck together. The effect of this concert is said to be exceedingly pleasing when heard from the shore, or from a distant boat, during the twilight of a summer evening, as the sound is wafted over the sparkling waters by the refreshing breeze from the islands. These boats have from two to six pair of oars, besides the steersman, and the charge is moderate. They are much resorted to by all classes of people; but the great have, as at Venice, their own gondolas, which are distinguished by the rich liveries of the rowers.—*Granville's Travels.*

DAMASCUS CUTLERY.

THE eminent skill of the Damascenes in the art of making steel, particularly the blades of swords, is unrivalled, arising, it is said, from the water being so peculiarly favourable for tempering steel as well as iron; they may be considered as one of the articles of polished life. Knives are also manufactured, and the handles beautifully ornamented with gilded flowers; in short, their ingenuity in inlaying metal is unequalled, perhaps, by any artificers in Europe. The manufacture of silk called damask was originally invented here, as also were the red and purple coloured cloths.

LOVE OF THE TUNISIANS FOR AGRICULTURE.

Mahomet Bey, of Tunis, having been dethroned by his subjects, applied to Ibrahim Hojah, Dey of Algiers, who engaged to restore him to his throne on conditions of his discovering to him the grand secret of the philosopher's stone, which he had the reputation of being master of; and, on his promising to fulfil this condition, he restored to him the government of Tunis. Mahomet then sent to the Dey, with great pomp and ceremony, a multitude of plough shares and mattocks, intimating to the Algerine Prince, that the wealth of his country was to arise from a diligent attendance on the cultivation of the earth; and that the only philosopher's stone he could acquaint him with was the art of converting a good crop into gold.

H. B.

MOORISH SUPERSTITION.

AN opinion prevails over all Barbary, that many diseases proceed from some offence given to the Jenoune, a sort of beings placed by the Mahometans between the angels and the devils. These are supposed to frequent shades and fountains, and to assume the bodies of worms, toads and other little animals, which being always in their way are every moment liable to be molested and hurt. When any one is therefore maimed or sickly, he fancies he has injured one of these beings; on which the women skilled in these ceremonies go upon a Wednesday, with frankincense and other perfumes, to some neighbouring spring, and there sacrifice a cock or a hen, a ram or an ewe, according to the quality and sex of the patient, and the nature of the disease; a female being sacrificed for one of the male sex, and a male for the women.

H. B.

Illustrations of History.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

THE benefit of clergy has its origin from the pious regard paid by Christian princes to the church. The exemptions they granted to the church were principally of two kinds: exemption of *places* consecrated to religious duties from criminal arrests, and exemption of the persons of clergymen for criminal process before the secular judge, in a few particular cases.

The clergy, increasing in wealth and power, soon began to claim that as a right which before they had obtained as a favour; and not contented with a few

exceptions, they boldly asserted a right to be exempted from all secular jurisdiction whatever.

In England, however, a total exemption of the clergy from secular jurisdiction could never be thoroughly effected; and therefore though the benefit of clergy was allowed in some capital cases, yet it was not universally so, and in such cases it was usual for the bishop or ordinary, to demand his clerks to be remitted out of the king's courts as soon as they were indicted. But in the reign of Henry VI, it was settled that the prisoner should first be arraigned, and might either then claim his benefit of clergy by way of declinatory plea, or, after conviction, by way of arresting judgment.

In course of time the benefit of clergy was extended to all who could read; but when learning began to be more generally diffused, it was found that as many laymen as clergymen were admitted to this; and therefore, by the 4th Henry VII, a distinction was drawn between mere lay scholars, and clerks who were actually in orders. And though it was deemed reasonable still to mitigate the severity of the law as regarded the former, yet they were not put upon the same footing with actual clergy, being subjected to a slight degree of punishment, and not allowed to claim the clerical privilege more than once. Accordingly, no person once admitted to the benefit was admitted a second time unless he produced his orders; and to distinguish their persons laymen were burned with a hot iron in the brawn of the left thumb.

But in the 19th Geo. III, an act was passed, by which, instead of burning in the hand, the court in all clergyable felonies should enforce a fine, or (except in cases of manslaughter) to be whipped privately, not more than thrice.

Thus stands the law regarding it at present. In all felonies clergy is allowable, unless taken away by the express words of an act of parliament; and when the clergy is taken away from the principal, it is not of course refused the accessory, unless he also be included in the words of the statute. When the benefit of clergy is taken away from the offence, a principal in the second degree being present, aiding and abetting the crime, is as well excluded from his clergy as he that is principal in the first degree.

Lastly, we may observe that by this conviction, the felon forfeits all his chattels to the crown for ever.

H—s.

Customs of Various Countries.

RELIGIOUS PAGEANT AT CATANIA.

IN the month of October, a procession or pageant takes place at Catania, on occasion of a festival held in honour of the Virgin Mary, which the inhabitants take the utmost delight in, it is as follows:—

As soon as night sets in, the houses are brilliantly illuminated, and every species of fireworks are thrown off, the effect of which gives the town the appearance of being enveloped in one entire blaze. The streets, and particularly the great square is crowded with the inhabitants, who are joined by numbers from the neighbouring towns and villages. About nine o'clock the procession is set in motion, its chief object of attraction being a representation or full length effigy of the Virgin Mary, with the infant Jesus in her arms, decked and splendidly illuminated with variegated lamps and artificial flowers. This figure is placed on a kind of car, or broad platform of wood, and carried on the shoulders of several men, at a slow pace, preceded by a number of priests, with their heads uncovered, books in their hands, and a vocal choir, followed by the multitude.

Whilst the object of their adoration passes, the people fall prostrate on the ground, taking off their hats, making the sign of the cross on their breast, and clasping their hands. On this occasion they testify the gratification they receive from this superstitious exhibition in various ways, some weep, others pray, and many appear as if they were frantic by their continued and tumultuous shoutings.

GREEK MARRIAGES.

Marriages in Greece are uniformly negotiated by proxy. A confidential female friend is deputed by each of the parties, between whom an alliance is contemplated, to arrange preliminaries. They settle the terms of the contract, fix the dowry, and name the wedding day. The couple thus betrothed now send mutual presents; that of the bridegroom being usually a lamb, accompanied sometimes by a silver distaff. If the parties are marriageable, the nuptials are completed immediately after this; if not, time has no effect on the validity or strength of an engagement so contracted. During the marriage ceremony, the bride and

bridegroom hold wax tapers in their hands, and wear the nuptial crown, both being intertwined by the immortal amaranth.

Weekly Rev.

Anecdotaliana.

PETER THE GREAT.

THIS great monarch, in order to promote literature in his empire, ordered a number of foreign works to be translated. Among the many important works selected for this purpose, Puffendorff's Introduction to his History of the European States was one; the translating of which Peter confided to a learned monk. The task being finished, the monk presented the MS. to the Tzar, who, in his presence, began to turn over the leaves, reading a few passages to himself. Having stopped at a chapter towards the end of the book, the attending officers observed that his face changed colour, and exhibited strong marks of displeasure. "Fool!" said the Tzar, turning to the monk, "what did I bid you to do with the book?" "To translate it, Sire." "Is this then a translation?" replied the Sovereign, pointing at the same time to a paragraph in the original, where the author had spoken harshly of Russia, and of the character of the inhabitants, but which the good-natured monk had in part omitted, and in part softened down in the most flattering manner to the nation. "Hence!" added the incensed monarch, "and be careful that thou translatest the work faithfully. It is not to flatter my subjects that I bade thee put the book into Russian and print it; but rather to correct them, by placing under their eye the opinion which foreigners entertain of them; in order that they may at length know what they once were, and what they now are through my exertions."

AMERICAN BILL OF PARCELS.

The following is a *verbatim* copy of a bill made by a famous North-street (Boston) optician, for repairing a pair of spectacles:—

"To Mending
Mrs. Gade; near the Harvist
Man 0 6d.
To be left at *Mishter Right's*,
near the blackh sluish."

ZIMMERMAN observes, that "in Fame's temple there is always a niche for rich dunces, importunate scoundrels, or successful slayers of the human race,"

PATERNOSTER ROW,

Instead of being the most *Literary*, is in fact the most *Military* street in London, it has numerous *Magazines*, and many *Reviews* every month.

EPIGRAM.

Dick on his wife could not bestow
One tear of sorrow when she died;
Her life had made so many flow,
That the briny font was dried.

JOHN CRESS'S HAIR COMBER.

'My duteous wife,' said old John Cress,
'Each morning puts my hair in cue:'
But John, which made the pleasure less,
Forgot to say, 'she combed it too.' P.

LORD NORBURY'S LAST.

A friend of Lord Norbury observed, that Mr. Lawless expected to do wonders on his route from *Colon* to the North, until he was prevented by the armed yeomanry. "Ay," replied his Lordship, "but you will recollect, after a *Colon*, we come to a *Full Stop*."

PUNNING EXTRAORDINARY.

A cockney sitting near us the other night at the Haymarket, to witness the performance of the petite comedy *VALERIE*, informed us that the subject was a blind girl, and that it was written by a lady of "EYE rank."

MORE UNHAPPY ONES.

Why is it presumptuous in a cockney to go down into Yorkshire, for the purpose of drinking mineral waters? Because he's going to H—arrogate.

Why is a man who ceases importuning for favours, like a monarch who abdicates his throne? Because he gives up as—king.

Why am I out of sight, like a tavern in sight? Because we are both invisible.

Why needn't you pay a hackney-coachman if he wont fight with you? Because "none but the brave deserve the fare." *Lit. Gaz.*

EPIGRAPH ON MR. A. WAKE.

If thou art yet A Wake,
Then Death has eyes;
And 'body snatchers' cannot take
Thee as their prize:
For thou both night and day wilt be
A-Wake to immortality. P.

EPIGRAPH.

Be honest, steady, just and kind,
And keep Religion in your mind;
So by your actions on this earth,
You may hope to have a better berth.
E. S.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Oct. 15.	Wed.	St. Tecla. Sun ris. 40m af. 6 — sets 20 — 5	Oct. 15.	This saint was a nun belonging to a nunnery at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire. She afterwards became Abbess of Kitzingen, in Germany, near Wurtzberg. Her death happened in the 8th century. 1484 — On this day a dreadful flood immersed Bristol, drowning upwards of two hundred of the inhabitants, and spoiling nearly all the merchandise. Several vessels were lost in Kingroad, the moon being eclipsed between two and three hours. This is the "sudden flood and fall of water" mentioned by Shakspeare, that interrupted the progress of the Duke of Buckingham at Gloucester, in his way to join Hugh Courtney and his brother Peter, Bishop of Exeter, arrayed against Richard III in Devonshire and Cornwall—cooling the courage of his Welsh forces, and leaving him to the mercy of the crook-backed Richard.
— 16	Thurs.	St. Lullus. Moon's first qua. 47m aft. 6 mor.	— 16	St. Lullus was by birth an Englishman, and educated in the Abbey at Malmesbury; he afterwards became Archbishop of Mentz; he seceded from his dignities, and died in seclusion, A. D. 787. 1813.—On this day the combined armies of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, signally defeated Buonaparte and his army in the neighbourhood of Leipsic, the town being taken, with the King of Saxony, and all his court. Buonaparte narrowly escaped being made prisoner, as he fled from the town at nine o'clock and the allied army entered at eleven. The forces brought into contact on this occasion exceed any numbers recorded in authentic history. Buonaparte's army consisting of 170,000 effective men; whilst the allied powers had above 250,000.
— 17	Frid.	St. Andrew of Crete. High Water, 36m. aft. 8 morr. 13 ——— 9 even.	— 17	This saint was beat to death by order of Constantine Copronymon, without the walls of Constantinople. 1678.—On this day was discovered, in a ditch at Primrose Hill, Hampstead, the body of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, pierced by his own sword, and disfigured with many marks of violence. The murder was supposed to have been committed by the Papists, out of revenge for the active part Sir Edmundbury took in the discovery of the Popish plot in 1678.
— 18	Satur.	St. Luke. Sun rises 46 af. 6 — sets 12 — 5	— 18	St. Luke was a native of Antioch, in Syria, a place celebrated for the study of the liberal arts. He is said to have professed the art of physic, and to have had a genius for painting, and to have left many paintings behind him of our Saviour and the Virgin Mary. Luke died ÆT. 84, A. D. 63. 1529.—On this day the great seal was transferred from Cardinal Wolsey to Sir Thos. More, Speaker of the Parliament, (the first layman that filled the office of Lord Chancellor.) The reason for this act was the discovery of a correspondence that had taken place between Wolsey and the Pope, to influence the latter against giving sentence in favour of the divorce of the Queen. This act of the wily Cardinal was intended to frustrate the King's marrying Anne Boleyn.
— 19	SUN.	20th Sun af Trin. LES. for the DAY 2 c. Joel morn 6 c. Micah even St. Peter of Alcantara conf. He died A. D. 1562	— 19	1805.—On this day the city of Ulm, in Swabia, was surrendered to the French without the least resistance from the Austrians under General Mack. Lord Nelson, when he heard that General Mack was appointed to the command of the Austrian armies observed, "I know Mack too well, he sold the King of Naples, and if he be now entrusted with an important command, he will betray the Austrian Monarchy."
— 20	Mon.	St. Aidan bishop in Ireland, died A. D. 768.	— 20	1485. Anniversary of the coronation of Henry VII. at Westminster. At the ceremony Henry instituted fifty yeomen of the guard. This appointment still exists.



See Page 228.

Illustrated Article.

AN EVENING AT DELFT.

(For the Olio.)

“ Now,” said the portly Gerrit van Wyck, as he buttoned up his money in the pockets of his capacious breeches,—
 “ Now I’ll home to Voorbooch, and to-morrow I’ll buy neighbour Jan Hagen’s two cows, which are the best in Holland.”

He crossed the market-place of Delft, as he spoke, with an elated and swaggering air, and turned down one of the streets which led out of the city, when a goodly tavern met his eye. Thinking a dram would be found useful in counteracting the effects of a fog which was just beginning to rise, he entered, and called for a glass of Schedam. This was brought, and drank by Gerrit, who liked the flavour so much, that he resolved to try the liquor diluted. Accordingly, a glass of a capacious size was set before him. After a few sips of the pleasing spirit, our farmer took a view of the apartment in which he was sitting, and, for the first

time, perceived that the only person in the room, besides himself, was a young man of melancholy aspect, who sat near the fire-place, apparently half asleep. Now Gerrit was of a loquacious turn, and nothing rendered a room more disagreeable to him than the absence of company. He, therefore, took the first opportunity of engaging the stranger in conversation.

“ A dull evening, Mynheer,” said the farmer.

“ Yaw,” replied the stranger, stretching himself, and yawning loudly, “ very foggy, I take it,”—and he rose and looked into the street.

Gerrit perceived that his companion wore a dress of dark brown, of the cut of the last century. A thick row of brass buttons ornamented his doublet; so thickly, indeed, were they placed, that they appeared one stripe of metal. His shoes were high-heeled and square-toed, like those worn by a company of maskers, represented in a picture which hung in Gerrit’s parlour at Voorbooch. The stranger was of a spare figure, and his countenance was, as we before stated, pale;

but there was a wild brightness in his eye, which inspired the farmer with a feeling of awe.

After taking a few turns up and down the apartment, the stranger drew a chair near to Gerrit, and sat down.

“Are you a citizen of Delft?” he inquired.

“No,” was the reply; “I am a small farmer, and live in the village of Voerbooch.”

“Umph!” said the stranger, “you have a dull road to travel—See, your glass is out. How like ye mine host’s Schedam?”

“’Tis right excellent.”

“You say truly,” rejoined the stranger, with a smile, which the farmer thought greatly improved his countenance; “but here is a liquor which no Burgomaster in Holland can get. ’Tis fit for a prince.”

He drew forth a phial from the breast of his doublet, and mixing a small quantity of the red liquid it contained with some water that stood on the table, he poured it into Gerrit’s empty glass. The farmer tasted it, and found it to excel every liquid he had ever drank. Its effect was soon visible: he pressed the hand

of the stranger with great warmth, and swore he would not leave Delft that night.

“You are perfectly right,” said his companion, “these fogs are unusually heavy; they are trying, even to the constitution of a Hollander. As for me, I am nearly choked with them. How different is the sunny clime of Spain, which I have just left.”

“You have travelled, then?” said Gerrit, inquiringly.

“Travelled! ay, Mynheer, to the remotest corner of the Indies, amongst Turks, Jews and Tartars.”

“Eh, but does it please ye to travel always in that garb, Mynheer?”

“Even so,” replied the stranger, “it has descended from father to son through more than three generations; see you this hole on the left breast of my doublet?”

The farmer stretched out his neck, and by the dim light perceived a small perforation on the breast of the stranger’s doublet, who continued—

“Ah, the bullet that passed through it lodged in the heart of my great grand-sire at the sack of Zutphen.”

“I have heard of the bloody doings at

that place from my grandfather, heaven rest his soul!"

Gerrit was startled on perceiving the unearthly smile which played o'er the countenance of the stranger, on hearing this pious ejaculation. He muttered to himself, in an inaudible tone, the word "*Duyvel!*" but he was interrupted by the loud laugh of his companion, who slapped him on the shoulder, and cried—

"Come, come, Mynheer, you look sad—does not my liquor sit well on your stomach?"

"'Tis excellent!" replied Gerrit, ashamed to think that the stranger had observed his confusion: "will you sell me your phial?"

"I had it from a dear friend, who has been long since dead," replied the stranger, "he strictly enjoined me never to sell it, for d'ye see, no sooner is it emptied, than at the wish of the possessor it is immediately re-filled—but, harkee, as you seem a man of spirit, it shall be left to chance to decide who shall possess it." He took from his bosom a bale of dice,—

"I will stake it against a guilder."

"Good," said Gerrit, "but I fear there is some devilry in the phial."

"Pshaw!" cried his companion, with a bitter smile, "those who have travelled understand these things better.—Devilry, forsooth!"

"I crave your pardon," said Gerrit,— "I will throw for it,"—and he placed a guilder on the table.

The farmer met with ill luck, and lost. He took a draught of his companion's liquor, and determined to stake another guilder; but he lost that also! Much enraged at his want of success, he drew forth the canvas bag which contained the produce of the sale of his corn, and resolved either to win the phial, (the contents of which had gone far to fuddle his senses,) or lose all. He threw again with better luck; but elated at this, he played with less caution, and, in a few moments, he was left pennyless. The stranger gathered up the money, and placed it in his pocket.

"You are unlucky to-night, Mynheer," said he with provoking indifference, which greatly increased the farmer's chagrin; "but come, you have a goodly ring on your finger, will you not venture that against my phial?"

The farmer paused for a moment—it was the gift of an old friend—yet he could not stomach the idea of being cleared of his money in such a manner; what would Jan Brower, the host of the *Van Tromp*, and little Rip Winkelaar, the schoolmaster, say to it? It was the first time he had ever been a loser in any

game, for he was reckoned the best hand at nine pins in his village; he therefore took the ring from his finger,—threw again,—and lost it!

He sank back in his chair with a suppressed groan, at which his companion smiled. The loss of his money, together with this ring, had nearly sobered him, and he gazed on the stranger with a countenance, indicative of any thing but good will; while the latter drew from his bosom a scroll of parchment.

"You grieve," said he, "at the loss of a few paltry guilders; but know, that I have the power to make you amends for your loss—to make you rich—ay, richer than the Statdholder!"

"Ah, the fiend!" thought Gerrit, growing still soberer, while he drank in every word, and glanced at the legs of the stranger, expecting, of course, to see them as usual terminate with a cloven foot! but he beheld no such unsightly spectacle; the feet of the stranger were as perfect as his own, or even more so.

"Here," said his companion, "read over this, and if the terms suit you, subscribe your name at the foot." The farmer took the parchment, and perceived that it was closely written, and contained many signatures at the bottom. His eye glanced hastily over the few first lines, but they sufficed.

"Ha! now I know thee, fiend!" screamed the affrighted Gerrit, as he dashed the scrool in the face of the stranger, and rushed wildly out of the room. He gained the street, down which he fled with the swiftness of the wind, and turned the corner quickly, thinking he was safe from the vengeance of him, whom he now supposed was no other than the foul fiend himself; when the stranger met him on the opposite side, his eyes dilated to a monstrous size, and glowing like red-hot coals. A deep groan burst from the surcharged breast of the unfortunate farmer, as he staggered back several paces.

"Avaunt! avaunt!" he cried, "Sathan, I defy thee! I have not signed thy cursed parchment!"—He turned and fled in an opposite direction; but, though he exerted his utmost speed, the stranger, without any apparent exertion, kept by his side. At length he arrived at the bank of the canal, and leaped into a boat which was moored along side. But the stranger followed, and Gerrit felt the iron grasp of his hand on the nape of his neck. He turned round and struggled hard to free himself from the gripe of his companion, roaring out in agony—

"Oh, Mynheer Duyvel! have pity for the sake of my wife and my boy Karel?" But, when was the devil known to pity?

The stranger held him tightly, and spite of his struggles dragged him ashore. He felt the grasp of his pursuer like the clutch of a bird of prey, while his hot breath almost scorched him; but disengaging himself, with a sudden bound he sprung from his enemy, and pitched headlong from his elbow chair on to the floor of his own room at Voorbooch.

The noise occasioned by the fall of the burly Hollander aroused his affrighted helpmate from the sound slumber she had been wrapped in for more than two hours, during which time her husband had been indulging in potations deep and strong, until overpowered with the potency of his beloved liquor he had sunk to sleep in his elbow chair, and dreamed the hellish dream we have endeavoured to relate. The noise of his fall aroused his *Vrouw* from her slumbers. Trembling in every limb on hearing the unruly sound below, she descended by a short flight of steps, screaming loudly for help against thieves, into the room where she had left her spouse when she retired to rest, and beheld Gerrit, her dear husband, prostrate on the stone floor, the table overturned, his glass broken, and the remainder of the accursed liquor flowing in a stream, from the stone bottle which lay upset on the ground. J. Y. A—N.

◆

TO THE YOUNG ROSE WREATH OF YEARS.

Guardian of the sweetest, fairest !
Spirit of the best and dearest !
The good are safe where thou reparaest,
And to their hearts art nearest :
O'er the chain of time thou shinest
As the links of beauty run,
And their gradual wear refinest,
Till years amount to—TWENTY-ONE !

Memory's past of youth awakens,
Childhood's tenderest passions quicken,
The strength of joy or sorrow shakens
As hopes in pleasures sicken :
Paulina ! thou art nursed to feeling,
In pure Affection's treasured sun ;
And young Experience, truth revealing,
Declares thee, Woman !—TWENTY-ONE.

What is known of value—treasure ;
Let not lighter thoughts forsake it :
What of Hope can brighten, measure,
Lest the hours of folly shake it :
Be not sad for simple sadness—
Be not gay the wise to shun,
But tune thy harp in secret gladness
To Him that makes thee—TWENTY-ONE.

Spirit of the sweet and dearest !
Guardian of the best and truest !
Thou who smilest when thou hearest,
And pleased the virtuous viewest ;
Paulina's claims to-day are strongest,
For deeds to do and duties done :
Be this the best, if not the longest,
To celebrate her—TWENTY-ONE.

THE TRAGEDY OF RIENZI.*

WE have much pleasure in being able to introduce to our readers, the following portion of Miss Mitford's splendid dramatic production, *Rienzi*, which we feel assured will afford every one of our readers, who are admirers of fine poetry, and powerful imagery, considerable gratification.

The one, from the many highly wrought effective and impassioned scenes that this fine production abounds with, which we have chosen to enrich our columns, appears to us so perfect in itself as scarcely to require any account of the preceding action.

Therefore all that is needful for us to say to elucidate the subject, is, that our selection forms so much of the fifth act, as gives the issue of the second rebellion formed to overthrow the Tribune Cola di Rienzi, and the government he had established, by the seditious nobles Colonna and Ursini, aided by partizans of their faction.

—

SCENE—AN APARTMENT IN THE CAPITOL.

RIENZI seated at a Table.—CAMILLO and ALBERTI discovered in the front.

Alb. My Lord Rienzi.

Rienzi motions them to be silent.

Cam. See, he waves thee off :

Trouble him not, Alberti—he is chafed,
Moody and fierce, as though this victory,
Which drove the noble mutineers before ye,
As stag-hounds chase a herd of deer, had
ended

In blank defeat.

Alb. The Tribune bore him bravely,
And we are victors.—Yet the storm is
hush'd,

Not spent. When, after this wild night
of war,

The sun arose, he showed a troubled scene
Of death and disarray ; a doubtful flight,
A wavering triumph. Even at the gate
Savelli re-collects his scattered band ;
The people falter ; and the soldiery
Mutter low curses as they fight, and yearn
For their old leaders. Victors though

we be,
The Tribune totters. His hot pride—yet,
sooth,

He bore him gallantly. Beneath his sword
Fell the dark plotter, Ursini.

Cam. How fared
The bold Colonna ?

Alb. The old valiant chief,
With many a younger pillar of that high
And honoured house lies dead.

Cam. And Angelo ?

Alb. A prisoner. As he knelt beside
the corse

Of his brave father, without word or blow,
As easily as an o'er-wearied child,
We seized him.

Cam. Lo! the Tribune!

Rie. [*Rising and advancing.*] Now admit
Your prisoners; we would see them.
Thou, Camillo,
Summon the headsman, and prepare the
court
For sudden execution.

Alb. [*Turning back.*] If a true
And faithful servant of the good estate,—
If thine old friend, great Tribune—

Rie. Hark ye, sir!
The difficult duty of supreme command
Rests on my head. Obedience is thy slight
And easy task,—obedience swift and blind,
As yonder sword, death's sharp-edged
instrument,
My faithful servant, an' thou wilt, my
friend,
Owes to this strong right hand.
Look that the headsman
Be ready presently. The prisoners!

[*Exeunt Alberti and Camillo.*]

Ay,
Even this poor simple remnant of the wars
Can lead their fickle purpose. Abject
changelings!
Base huggers of their chains! Methought
to-day
These Roman Helots would have crouch'd
i' the dust
At sound of their old masters' whips. I
have been
Too easy with the slaves. Terror, not love,
Strikes anchor in ignoble souls. These
prisoners,
Why could they not have died, as die
they shall.
Was there no lance, no soldier's glorious
way
To let out life, but they must wait the slow
And shameful axe? Yet Angelo—

*Enter ALBERTI, with ANGELO, FRANGI-
PANI, CAFARELLO, and other Lords—
Prisoners guarded.*

Alb. My Lord,
The prisoners!

Rie. Bring them to the light. The
prisoners!
The noble prisoners! I have seen ye, sirs,
Before, at Claudia's bridal—you, and you,
The Frangipani, and the Ursini,—
Ay, and the high Colonna; my allies,
My friends, my subjects: ye who swore
to me

Allegiance at the altar; ye for whom
One harlot sin is not enough,—who pile,
Adulterate in crime, treason on murder,
And perjury on treason! Hence! begone!
Ye know your doom.

Fra. And fear it not.

Rie. To death! [*Going.*
To instant death: Hold! here is one.

Lord Angelo,
How shall I call thee, son or traitor?

Ang. Foe.
I know no father, save the valiant dead
Who lives behind a rampart of his slain]
In warlike rest. I bend before no king,
Save the dread Majesty of heaven. Thy
foe,
Thy mortal foe, Rienzi.

Rie. Well! my foe.
Thou hast seen me fling a pardon free
as air,
To foemen crouching at my feet; hast seen
The treachery that paid me. I have lost
My faith in man's bold eye—his earnest
voice,

The keen grasp of his hand, the speech
where truth
Seems gushing in each ardent word. I
have known

So many false, that, as a mariner
Escaped from shipwreck, in the summer
sea,

Sparkling with gentle life, sees but the
rocks
On which his vessel struck, so I, in the
bright

And most majestic face of man, can read
Nought but a smiling treason. Yet thou,
Angelo,—

Thou art not all a lie! If I should trust—
Ang. Sir, I shall not deceive thee.
Mark, Rienzi!

If thou release me—'tis the thought that
works
Even now within thy brain—before yon
sun

Reach the hot west, the war-cry of
Colonna

Shall sweep once more thy streets. Then
stern revenge,
Or smiling death!

Rie. Madman!
Ang. Wouldst have me live,—
Thou who hast levelled to the earth the
pride

Of my old princely race? My kinsmen lie
Scattered and fallen in the highway;
and he,

The stateliest pillar of our house, my
father,

Stephen Colonna—oh! the very name
The bright ancestral name, which as a star
Pointed to glory, fell into eclipse
When my brave father died!

Rie. I spared him once;
Spared him for a second treason. And
again—

Ang. Sir, he is dead. If thou wouldst
show me grace,
Lay me beside him in the grave.

Rie. And Claudia—
Thy virgin bride!

Ang. Alas! alas! for thee,
Sweet wife. Yet thou art pure as the
white clouds
That sail around the moon; thy home is
heaven,—
There we shall meet again; here we are
parted
For ever.

Ric. Wherefore?

Ang. She is thy daughter.

Ric. Boy!

Proud abject minion of a name, a sound,
Think'st thou to beard me thus!—thou
hast thy will.

Away with them! Dost hear me, dally-
ing slave?

Off with the prisoners.

Alb. All, my lord?

Ric. With all.

[*Throwing himself into a chair.*]

Ang. For this I thank thee. Bear one
fond farewell

To Claudia. Tell her, that my latest
prayer

Shall blend her name with mine. For
thee, Rienzi,

Tremble! a tyrant's rule is brief.

[*Exeunt Alberti, Angelo, &c.*]

Ric. [*Rises and advances.*] They are
gone,

And my heart's lightened; how the traitor
stood,

Looking me down with his proud eye,
disdaining

Fair mercy,—making of the hideous block
An altar,—of unnatural ghastly death,

A god. He hath his will; and I—my heart
is tranquil.

Cl. [*Without.*] Father! father!

Ric. Guard the door! [*Looking out.*]
Be sure ye give not way.

Cl. [*Without.*] Father!

Ric. To see

Her looks! her tears!

Enter CLAUDIA, hastily.

Cl. Who dares to stop me? Father!

[*Rushes into the arms of Rienzi.*]

Ric. I bade ye guard the entrance.

Cl. Against me!

Ye must have men and gates of steel, to bar
Claudia from her dear father. Where
is he?

They said he was with you—he—thou
know'st

Whom I would say. I heard ye loud. I
thought

I heard ye; but, perchance, the dizzying
throb

Of my poor temples—Where is he? I see
No corse—an' he were dead. Oh, no, no,
Thou couldst not, wouldst not! Say he lives!

Ric. As yet

He lives.

Cl. Oh! blessings on thy heart, dear
father!

Blessings on thy kind heart! When shall
I see him?

Is he in prison? Fear hath made me weak,
And wordless as a child. Oh! send for
him.—

Thou hast pardoned him;—didst thou not
say but now

Thou hadst pardoned him.

Ric. No.

Cl. Oh, thou hast! thou hast!

This is the dalliance thou was wont to hold
When I have craved some girlish boon—
a bird,

A flower, a moonlight walk; but now I
ask thee

Life, more than life. Thou hast par-
doned him?

Ric. My Claudia!

Cl. Ay! I am thine own Claudia,
whose first word

Was father! These are the same hands
that clung

Around thy knees, a tottering babe; the
lips

That, ere they had learnt speech, would
smile, and seek

To meet thee with an infant's kiss;

Thou hast called, so like my mother's;
eyes, that never

Gazed on thee, but with looks of love.—
Oh, pardon!

Nay, father, speak not yet: thy brows
are knit

Into a sternness. Pr'ythee, speak not yet!

Ric. This traitor—

Cl. Call him as thou wilt, but pardon!

Oh, pardon!

Ric. He defies me.

Cl. See, I kneel,

And he shall kneel, shall kiss thy feet;
wilt pardon?

Ric. Mine own dear Claudia.

Cl. Pardon!

Ric. Raise thee up;

Rest on my bosom; let thy beating heart
Lie upon mine; so shall the mutual pang

Be stilled. Oh! that thy father's soul
could bear

This grief for thee, my sweet one! Oh,
forgive—

Cl. Forgive thee what? 'Tis so the
headsman speaks

To his poor victim, ere he strikes. Do
fathers

Make widows of their children?—send
them down

To the cold grave heart-broken? Tell
me not

Of fathers,—I have none! All else that
breathes

Hath known that natural love; the wolf
is kind

To her vile cubs: the little wren hath care
For each small youngling of her brood;
and thou—

The word that widowed, orphaned me?
Henceforth
My home shall be his grave; and yet thou
canst not—

Father! [*Rushing into Rienzi's arms.*]

Rie. Ay!

Dost call me father once again, my Claudia,
Mine own sweet child!

Cla. Oh, father, pardon him!
Oh, pardon! pardon!—'Tis my life I ask
In his. Our lives, dear father!

Rie. Ho, Camillo!
Where loiters he! [*Enter Camillo.*]

Camillo, take my ring;
Fly to the captain of the guard, Alberti;
Bid him release Lord Angelo.

Cla. Now bless thee,—
Bless thee, my father!

Rie. Fly, Camillo, fly!
Why loiterest thou?

Cam. The ring.
[*Rienzi gives the ring to Camillo—
Exit Camillo.*]

Cla. Give me the ring.
Whose speed may match with mine? Let
me be first

To speak those gracious words of pardon.
Rie. No!

That were no place for thee.
Cla. I should see nought
But him! whilst old Camillo—Oh, I hear
His weary foot fall still!—I should have
been

In Angelo's arms ere now [*Bell sounds.*]
Hark! hark! the bell!

Rie. It is the bell that thou so oft hast
heard

Summoning the band of liberty—the bell
That pealed its loud triumphant note,
and raised

Its mighty voice with such a mastery
Of glorious power, as if the spirit of sound,
That dwells in the viewless wind, and
walks the waves

Of the chafed sea, and rules the thunder-
cloud

That shrouded him in that small orb, to
spread

Tidings of freedom to the nations. Now
It tells of present peril.

Cla. Say, of death.
Oh father! every stroke thrills through
my veins,

Swaying the inmost pulses of my heart
As swings the deep vibration. 'Tis his
knell.

Rie. My child,
Have I not said that he shall live?

Cla. Then stop
That bell. The dismal noise beats on me,
father,

As from a thousand echoes; mixed with
groans,

And shrieks, and moanings in the air.
Dost hear them?

Dost hear again? Be those screams real,
father?

Or of the gibbering concerts that salute
The newly mad?

Rie. Be calmer, sweet. I heard
A shriek—a woman's shriek. Calm thee,
my child.

Enter LADY COLONNA.

Lady C. He's dead. He's dead!

Rie. It is her husband, Claudia;
Stephen Colonna.

Lady C. Murderer, 'tis my son,
[*Claudia sinks at her father's feet.*]

My husband died in honour'd fight; for him
I weep not.

Rie. Angelo is pardoned, Claudia.

Lady C. He is dead. I saw the axe,
fearfully bright,
Wave o'er his neck with an edgy shine
that cut

My burning eye-balls; saw the butcher-
stroke

And the hot blood gush like a fountain high
From out the veins; and then I heard a
voice

Cry pardon! heard a shout that ehorused
pardon!

Pardon! to that disjointed corse! Oh, deep
And horrible mockery! So the fiends
shall chant

Round thy tormented soul, and pardon,
pardon,

Ring through the depths of hell.

Rie. Claudia, my sweet one,
Look up—speak to me! Writhe not thus,
my Claudia,
Shivering about my feet.

Lady C. Claudia Colonna!
They say that grief is proud; but I will
own thee.

Now, my fair daughter, rouse thee!—
Help me curse

Him who hath slain thy husband.

Rie. Woman, fiend
Thou kill'st my child,—avaunt!

Lady C. When I have said
Mine errand. Think'st thou I came here
to crush

Yon feeble worm?—Thou hast done that!
She loved him,

Fair faithful wretch, and thou—Why, I
could laugh

At such a vengeance! Thy keen axe,
that hewed

My column to the earth, struck down
the weed

That crept around its base.

Rie. Claudia! she moves!

She is not dead.

Lady C. Dead! Why the dead are
bless'd,

And she is blasted.—Dead! the dead lie
down

In peace, and she shall pine a living ghost
About thee with pale looks and patient love,

And bitter gusts of anguish, that shall cross
The gentle spirit, when poor Angelo—
A widow's and a childless mother's curse
Rest on thy head, Rienzi! Live, till Rome
Hurl thee from thy proud seat; live but
to prove

The ecstasy of scorn, the fierce contempt
That wait the tyrant fallen; then die,
borne down

By mighty justice!—die as a wild beast
Before the hunters!—die, and leave a name
Portentous, bloody, brief—a meteor name
Obscurely bad, or madly bright! My
curse

Rest on thy head, Rienzi.

Hearts that claim a higher nature,
Freer fight than here is given,
Here are bound, while every feature
Of their being seems of heaven:
Here we lie, to mount unable,
Barr'd around by many a sorrow;
Joys we have—but, like a fable,
Each some fancied source must borrow.

Songster! swell thy music gladly,
Greet with joy the morning's dawning;
Heed not thou the thought which, sadly,
Bids thee wear the gloom of mourning.
Mortal man has cares too mighty
Thus with blackest woe to trifle—
Songster! thou art blest—too flighty
Are thy joys for woe to rifle!

R. JARMAN.

LINES TO A CAPTIVE LARK.

(For the Olio.)

Victim of a tyrant's capture,
Music's sweetest charms awaking,
How can'st thou attune to rapture
Ev'ry heart, while thine is breaking?
Warbling still, how can'st thou mingle
Dulcet notes of pleasing measure,
With the breeze that fans thy single
Lonely cage—the tomb of pleasure?

Can the captive, cheerly singing,
Lose the thought of rooted sorrow;
Or forget the fate that's bringing,
Every day, a gloomier morrow?
Can such strains, so soft combining,
Sounds, like freedom's, light and airy,
Be the lay of one repining
In the close-barr'd dungeon dreary?

Surely every moment fleeting,
Thou can'st mark, must taste of sadness;
Every sense within thee meeting,
Surely bears the hue of madness!
Every pang of separation
From thy friends and dear connection,
Widow'd mate and near relation,
Now must taint thy recollection!

Surely every new day breaking—
Every cloud of darkness leaving—
Every shower, thy dry cage slaking—
Sets thy bosom newly grieving!
Every time thy bosom presses
'Gainst the fresh-cut turf thou'rt given,
Surely then thy soul confesses,
Fresher that from which thou'rt riven!

Yet thy little throat is spelling
Notes unneeding hope's wild treasures,
While the echo's answer's knelling
O'er thy early free-born pleasures!
Yet thine eye can lively glisten!
Yet thy song be freely flowing—
Yet invite the ear to listen—
Yet with native joy be glowing!

Tell me, songster! hast thou feeling,
That in songs thy cares can vanish?
Music's charms have no such healing
Power for man—his woes to banish!
While I, in fate's fetters pining,
Listen to thy happy ditty,
Well I could, life's cares entwining,
Envy that I wish'd to pity!

A NEGLECTED CHAPTER OF HISTORY ILLUSTRATED.

WRITERS of History, before they are pleased to favour their readers with some important fact, which is to give weight and value to their chapter, commonly indulge themselves in much profound remark, (which is as provoking as a long grace before a short dinner), and much postponement of the important truth which we want to get at—two bad habits which we eschew; and after the manner of the old Roman historian, prefer rather to dash abruptly into our subject.

The custom of *tweaking the Nose* has never been sufficiently considered by the considerate world in general. Its origin is still involved in much obscurity; its use has never been properly defined; and its abuse, no writer on ethics, men, or manners, has sufficiently censured. Authors of the most courageous temperaments—fit-fellows to take that bull, public opinion, by the horns, and twist its stubborn neck whichever way they listed—even these daring-minded men have either blinked the question altogether, or have touched upon it as a ticklish point, which it was difficult to handle with a sufficient degree of tenderness, and was therefore better half avoided than wholly entered into. This squeamishness has consequently led to many false notions in the theory, and many lamentable mistakes in the practice of the art of *tweaking the nose*. This is an age, however, which can bear to be informed of the errors of the age of its grandfathers, and which requires only to be put into the right way, to follow it, wherever it may lead.

“Tweaking the nose,” I am inclined to think to be a mode of resenting an affront of rather modern origin; for all ancient authorities are silent upon this most important invention; whether it was that the only men who could have enlightened

posterity as to the origin and occasional use of it, were the persons most frequently incident to that peculiar mode of punishing incipient impertinence, and were consequently interested in preserving a mysterious silence upon the important subject, (as no man would willingly immortalize the dishonourable accidents, which have sometimes in their lives befallen so becoming a protuberance, which, whatever other uses it was created for, was certainly not originally intended by nature to be put to such base purposes,)—whatever cause, I say, has darkened the history of this contumacious custom, its theory and practice (however disagreeable it may seem to some men who have been much involved in the latter) ought to be thoroughly understood, and properly defined; and it is the purpose of this paper to make it understood, and to define it.

The modern custom of tweaking the nose may probably have been derived from the decline of the bushy sort of beards. It was, in ancient times, the deadliest affront which could be perpetrated to take a Jew by the beard; indeed, the ancients generally, whether Christians, Pagans, or Jews, entertained perhaps too punctilious a prejudice against being plucked by that barbed sign of manhood—for prejudices are of very early origin. When lengthy beards grew out of fashion, barbers became necessary to eradicate the beardiness of the chin masculine, and render it smooth, cleanly, and almost feminine. Beards had, till that epoch, been of various uses, and one of their principal uses was not, even in the infatuated hurry of the new fashion, altogether forgotten; the considerate few thought it to be indispensably necessary that there should be still available some tangible part of the persons of the insolent many, by which to lay hold with the one hand, while the chastisers, with the other, belaboured them over skull and scapula with quarter-staff, or, no other instrument being more handy, sufficiently pummelled their impertinent pates with that earliest of all weapons of punishment, the “bunch of fives.” A substitute for the long beard was considered essential to the peace of society—something by which to seize a culprit, and hold him till he had a *quantum sufficit*, and either cried out “peccavi!” with the Italians, “morbleu!” with the French, or “hold—enough!” with the English, (who, to do them justice, are the greatest gluttons in this undue indulgence, as well as the slowest recipients of any thing which is promised them in the shape of a bellyful, that the most liberal of pu-

nishment could reasonably desire.) It was then that some daring-minded *Figaro* of a fellow (who had perhaps held the prominence, which has been since so much abused, between his tonsorial finger and thumb) conceived the daring idea of disgracing the human member intrusted to his official fingers; and, fired by the sublime conception, in the ardour of that enthusiasm which is apt to intoxicate a man of genius who has made a grand discovery, perhaps suggested the bare possibility of tweaking it, the nose in question. He had just shaved the chapman who was its proprietor; and, as he thought, to the satisfaction of both parties: the chapman, however, said that it was not well done; the tonsor swore by our Lady, and the Rood, and the Mass, and by the belly of St. Gris, that it was well done; this was the retort contradictory: the chapman then, forgetting the king's peace, gave the barber the retort quarrelsome; he of the basin and pole then threatened him with the penalty of his words if he repeated them: being thus dared to the issue, the chapman repeated the retort offensive, and the chin-cleaner, tucking up his sleeve with the coolness of his profession, faithfully performed what he had rashly promised. The sensation was so novel, that the chapman hardly knew whether to feel affronted, or to be lost in admiration at the indescribable originality of the invention. The news, however, of so uncommon an outrage spread like the four winds, and noses all over the world shook to their bases at the uncommon tidings. Men and boys, and even women and girls, went about feeling their noses, and trying to operate on themselves; but they could discover nothing wonderful in the novelty, and nothing disagreeable; for they were as yet ignorant that the gist of the punishment lay in its being properly performed by another. Crowds, however, still flocked from all quarters to behold the belligerent barber and the craven chapman, the first man on whom so novel an experiment had been so successfully tried. The fearful looked on the nose of the one with a superstitious sort of awe, and a trembling not to be described; the courageous beset the shop of the barber night and day, and were even willing to submit themselves to the same treatment, so they might learn the important secret. The struggle to be shaved by him was fearful; and each one, as he submitted his nose to the scientific fingers of the Newton of nose-pulling celebrity entreated him, in tones that would have melted a heart of Purbeck, that he would give them some little inkling—some vague idea of the inven-

tion. But no—he was inexorable. “The secret,” observed the great discoverer, “is my own, it was the discovery of genius aided by science; and is not, therefore, the property of the million, without either science or genius. You may find it out for yourselves, as I have done, by intuition, or still go on groping about in blind darkness till the light of intellect leads you to it.” Murmurs arose on all sides, but as the smotherer of chins could, when he chose, be as rough as a bear disappointed of an invitation to dine out, they dared not press him further to reveal the important result; and so, with much reluctance, departed for their distant homes, as profoundly ignorant as they travelled thence.

After the first panic had subsided, and reason returned, the common herd began to think slightingly of the invention, and at last fairly set it down as a thing of no “mark or likelihood,”—so ready are the million to estimate that which is above their comprehension as nothing-worth; but men of greater capacities and more liberal minds still thought that there was something in it: and therefore set their wits to work to discover this great succedaneum, this substitute in emergencies for the lately-discarded beard. The monopoly of the barber was not patiently to be submitted to; but the several talents of metaphysicians, mathematicians, physicians, tacticians, and all the other *icians*, could not resolve the solution, and it was gradually sinking into oblivion, when accident brought to light that profound secret which science had totally left in the dark.

A Canon of the Cathedral of Canterbury had been poring over the lives of the Saints, and at last came to that of St. Dunstan,—that burly champion for the Church against “the devil, and all his works,” folio and duodecimo. St. Dunstan, it will be remembered, having been much tempted in the course of his austerities to certain things which he was particularly inimical to, took a certain Black Prince (not he of Poitiers) by that facial index, which not even he, all princely as he was, could decently exhibit his face without; there was, however, a novelty in the instrument which the resolute Saint used on that occasion, which might perhaps be objected to in these days, now that the formula of the science is better understood. The invention so far, was certainly St. Dunstan’s, and if there was a difference in the practice, it must be remembered that the science could not be perfected at the same moment that it was originated; and if he did, as is reported, use his tongs instead

of his fingers on that memorable occasion, the error may easily be forgiven in gratitude for the merit of the invention. The more modern experimenters use simply the thumb and the forefinger, the holy wrestler, perhaps, did not desire to touch with his fingers, yet moist with extreme unction, any part of him whom all good Christians, of course, spiritually and bodily abhor, for contagion might have accrued from the very touch;* the good Saint may therefore stand excused for what would seem like a wilful departure from established custom, when it is asserted that the custom was not yet established.

This was the earliest modern instance on record of tweaking the nose; the secret was now out, for as the Canon of Canterbury suggested, in a happy moment, and after much laborious cogitation and excogitation on the subject,—you had but to substitute the forefinger and thumb for the tongs of St. Dunstan, and the thing was done. The theory once broached, the practice was immediate and universal. In a few hours there was not a chanter or chanting-boy, deacon or sub-deacon, canon or minor canon, who had not tweaked or had not had tweaked his or his neighbour’s nose in the way of practice. Even the worthy Dean of Canterbury was obliged to keep his eyes continually on his nose, lest it should be pulled ere he was aware. Four profane prebends in succession made a lunge at it as they passed him, and were respectively translated from the door [of the Deanery, into the High-street of Canterbury. Minor Canons were detected, in all parts of the Cathedral, practising this new manual exercise on the marble noses of the effigies of knights, burgesses, and citizens; and if interrupted in their scientific studies by the venerable Vergers, turned upon the sacred old gentlemen, and commenced tweaking their olfactory members so unmercifully, and with so little remorse of finger, that aisle re-echoed to aisle the *ohs* and *hahs!* of the sufferers. In short, in the space of twelve hours, there was not a sacristan who did not exhibit severe signs of having been the victim of the ungovernable rage for experiments in the new science; and worse than all, in two days, in spite of

*It seems, indeed, pretty plain that the operation was then in its infancy, and that the worthy Saint was either its inventor, or had no precise precedent by which to guide his practice, or he would most probably have laid hold of the nose of His Dark Highness in the manner which custom has since allowed, if not hallowed.

the extra-vigilance of both vergers and watchmen, there was not a monumental nose within the Cathedral that had not had its nasal honours pulled down to the dust. The whole conclave of Canterbury were, of course, incensed at these profanations; excommunications and expulsions *ex cathedrâ* were obliged to be pretty plentifully distributed among the refractory canons and chanters; and peace, and freedom from the late pugnacious terrors, were once more happily restored within the sacred walls. Indeed, severe measures were necessary, for the revenues of the church began to diminish daily, the pilgrims who would have visited it, to deposit at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket their votive offerings, forbore to do so, when they were not sure that they might not also unexpectedly deposit their noses on the same spot.

Safety was, however, at last restored within the walls; but without—whew!—the influenza raged with renewed violence! It was computed that, upon a fair average, there was not a nose in that city, and within twenty miles round about it, that had not been pulled twice in the course of four-and-twenty hours,—the extraordinary impulse was so general.—We know how soon the fashion, or folly of a few, once set, thrives, and becomes the folly or fashion of the many. Example is better than precept, say the moralists; the example being once established, the precept becomes unnecessary, for the practice supersedes both, in the twisting of a corkscrew. The use of compressing the nostrils being once allowed, the abuse necessarily followed; for, out alas! the noblest inventions of all ages have not been altogether free from this reproach. A puny, but impertinent whipster had hardly uttered some phrase offensive to the ears polite of some sturdy yeoman, than o' the instant, round went his nose, crack went the gristle of it, and pugnacity lorded it over pertinacity from one end of England to the other. If a stout fellow uttered as stout a falsehood, and some unbelieving, diminutive fellow boldly breathed out, "That's a lie, neighbour!" up started my man of prowess, and wringing his nose round as you would the neck of a pullet, coolly remarked as he let it go, "That's a pull of the nose, neighbour!" And thus did this immortal invention,—this enlightened practice become at the very outset perverted from its proper use, and run, as the best of human institutions will degenerate, into an abuse. Slanderers and satirists became the unresisting victims of a custom to which the strong enforced the weak to

succumb. This fearful state of things, at last, induced the weakly virulent to consider their words and be wise, or silent, which is the same thing; and brute Force reigned lord paramount over impertinent Weakness. It was then that the stronger-handed Law, in its mercy and wisdom, enacted, that noses should no longer be tweaked on any pretext whatsoever; but if the refractory, in defiance of all enactments in that case made and provided, still contumaciously persisted in the pernicious practice of tweaking or otherwise unlawfully handling the noses of the lieges, the law stood forward as lord-protector of the noses which were thus occasionally and here and there tweaked contrary to law; and noses became, as it were, a sort of wards in Chancery. Serpent-like slander, gross insinuation, and rude insolence then again held up their heads, conscious of the protection afforded them, fearlessly bidding defiance to the forefingers and thumbs of resolute resentment, sullied innocence, and calumniated courage. The fingers of the latter irritable persons might itch after the old practice, but actions for assault and battery stared them in their angry-red faces, and prudence, at the same moment, whispering over their shoulders, that paying a fine of ten pounds to the king, for compressing the paltry nostrils of one of his subjects, would be paying too dearly for such a scientific experiment, they wisely smothered resentment, and kept their money in their pockets. The practice thenceforward fell into gradual disuse; impertinent noses "looked up," as the Mark-lane merchants say, and modern instances of its use and abuse are happily now

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."

PHILO-CHESTERFIELD.

STAPYLTON HALL.

(For the *Olio*.)

(Continued from Page 214.)

It was not long before a body of mounted soldiers appeared advancing rapidly into the plain. The Lancastrians perceived their approach, and a large party of their fore-riders pushed forward to attack them. They met in a narrow lane, and in an instant a wild shout arose, and a cloud of dust obscured the combatants. Haviland raised himself in his stirrups for a moment, then driving his spurs into his horse's flanks, rode hastily towards them.

As he approached, he could easily perceive his father's pennon fluttering over the heads of the party, while cries of "a Haviland! a Haviland!" were echoed by upwards of two hundred voices. Though armed only with his sword, he dashed boldly forward, and struck down a raw-boned figure, who had engaged his father.

"Thanks, my boy," cried Sir William, as he clove the head of his nearest foe, "thou hast arrived in time. Ah, these rogues give ground! upon 'em, knaves!—hurrah!"

The Knight spoke truly:—the Lancastrian soldiers were broken by the charge of the remainder of his followers, who had now come up, and fled precipitately. To have pursued them, would have been to rush upon the main body of the Queen's army, who were now drawn up.

"Ay, there they go, helter-skelter, as if the devil drove them!" said the Knight, as the scattered troop scoured back; "we must not follow them."

He wiped his bloody sword as he spoke on his horse's mane, and sheathing it, received his son in his mailed arms, with an embrace that made Godfrey writhe with the violence of the pressure.

"And now, my boy," said he, "let us return, or we shall have a fresh body upon us—see the King is approaching:—I have a suit of harness for thee."

The party galloped back to some distance, and waited the arrival of Edward's army. It approached slowly along the lane. First came a troop of light horsemen, armed with jack and iron pot, and carrying long lances; then followed a band of archers, covered with dust and sweat, greatly exhausted by their long march, their bows strung, and an arrow ready in their hand, while their leaden mells were slung at their backs. A body of men-at-arms came next, and then several pieces of artillery drawn on clumsy and unwieldy carriages. The King followed, surrounded by his friends and brothers, arrayed in a suit of polished steel; his rich surtout, emblazoned with the arms of England and France quarterly, soiled with dust and dirt from the toilsome march. A page rode by his side, and carried his gilded helmet, which was ornamented with white plumes. A large body of spearmen and bill-men came next, to the number of several thousands, then another band of archers, and then a horde of raggamuffins, who followed the army in the hope of obtaining plunder. Arriving on a more open ground, they began to form, while the King's brothers, Clarence and Glos-

ter, left him, and took their respective posts.

The Lancastrian force immediately moved forward, and prepared for battle. In the mean time, Sir William had procured a suit of armour for his son, who now rode by his side. The battle soon commenced with great fury, but the particulars have been so often described, that it would be useless to repeat them here. The Lancastrians, as is well known, suffered a signal defeat, and were chased off the field with great slaughter. Many noblemen fell in the the combat, and the Queen's son was most barbarously murdered by Edward and his brothers, after he was taken prisoner.

The news of the battle soon reached the ears of Sir John Stapyhton, who foresaw the danger he was in from the marauders, who had been introduced into the neighbourhood, and who now prowled about the country, under pretence of taking vengeance upon those who were hateful to the house of York, committing all sorts of disorders. He therefore kept his gates closed, and summoned his servants together. His fears were realized, for on the following morning a party of men arrived at Stapyhton Hall, and demanded admittance. In answer to the Knight's questions, they informed him, that they were Lancastrian soldiers, who had escaped from the battle, and begged that he would assist them with food and money. Not doubting the truth of this story, Sir John desired his servants to admit them, when they threw off the mask, and gave the signal for plunder. The most costly tapestry was soon torn from the walls. The plate, and other valuables, was seized, and the Knight himself treated with the greatest indignity.—Sir John was unable to resent these outrages; his servants were too weak to make resistance, and he retired to one of the remotest apartments, with his daughter the Lady Agnes, in the hope that the villains would depart after they had been satiated with plunder.

The leader of this band was a man of great stature and strength. A frock of mail over a leathern jerkin descended as low as his knees, he wore a scull-cap of iron, and from a belt with which he was girted hung a ponderous sword and a long dagger. Walter Harden had been engaged in, and had shared in the plunder obtained in the various battles between the rival houses. His undaunted bravery made him a great favourite with his desperate band, who were inured to every kind of hardship and danger. He

was now most active in encouraging his fellows to plunder, and in a short time the place was stripped of every thing valuable. Several pipes of wine had been brought from the cellars into the hall, and their contents had rendered these marauders still more wild and boisterous. In the midst of the uproar Walter Harden thought of Agnes.

“Comrades,” said he, “we have wine, but where is the beauty that fled from us when we entered?—shall we not have her here to grace our carousal?”

A loud roar of assent rose from the band; and Walter, rising from a bench on which he had been seated, staggered out of the hall in search of Agnes, followed by three or four of his comrades. After searching for some time in vain, they came to the room into which the Knight and his daughter had retreated. The door was fastened on the inside, and resisted the efforts of all but Walter himself, who with his foot dashed it into the middle of the apartment, and discovered Sir John, his daughter, and Wat Fluister. The marauder reeled towards Agnes, when Wat interposed, but was desired to remain quiet by his master.

(To be Continued.)

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

(For the Olio.)

As Love and Friendship play'd beneath
An oak tree's shade one morn,
Said Love, "I'll cull a roseate wreath,
Without a single thorn;
Come, yonder hill is deck'd, you see,
In the rose's sweetest livery."

Then to the hill he wing'd his flight,
Straight to the fullest blown,
But it was far beyond his might
To pluck the rose alone:
The thorn it pierced his hand, surprise
And anger filled with tears his eyes.

Next Friendship try'd, and easily
The flower away she bore;
Which when the boy perceived, he
In rage his ringlets tore:
And vow'd in wrath that every heart
That felt his joys, should feel his smart.

Thus then it is, Love hath no pow'r
To give us perfect joy;
'Tis Friendship only yields it pure,
Unmix'd, without alloy.
Then bow not to Love's magic chain,
But in thy breast let Friendship only reign.
K.

LINES,

Written on the Blank Leaf of the
'Literary Souvenir.'

(For the Olio.)

Here we may view, as in a gay partere,
The varied flowers, and the fruits of care;
Here—see the toil of many a sleepless night,
In fancy's garb, uprising to the sight
Hence, ye dull mortals!—ye, who fain would
bind
All such delightful roamings of the mind
In iron chains of fact and common sense:
Ye who for genius feel no reverence,
Hence—there is nothing here to suit your
taste;

To you—the finest inspiration's waste!
Oh Genius!—Fancy!—(by whatever name,
Or title, men may call you, 'tis the same,)
Oh shed upon my erring wayward mind
Some of thy radiant light and influence kind!
Once more I turn to it,—yet once again
I roam through every bright and varied strain:
With soul-felt pleasure read what Heman's
wrote,
(So, among minor orbs, yon moon we note.)
With sweet emotion quaff the Elysian draughts
Of golden Landon, and of classic Watts;
While Mitford's graphic pen, with Irving blent,
Form a rich literary monument. E.F.

The Note Book.

COINCIDENCE.

IN Prior's dedication of his Poems to the Earl of Dorset, he says, speaking of his lordship's father, "Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author." In Pope's Essay on Criticism, written when he was but eighteen years of age, there is the following passage:—

"The sterling bullion of one English line,
Drawn in French wires, would through whole
pages shine."

It is difficult to ascertain which poet borrows from the other; but it is evident the idea is the same, and it is strange that the parallel has never been noticed.

THE MILITARY FORCE OF RUSSIA.

THE military strength of Russia has been vaguely estimated, sometimes at a million, at other times 800,000 men. Both are exaggerations, if the estimate be restricted to the regular *permanent* force of the empire. Such an exaggeration the Russians themselves, for obvious reasons, are willing enough to encourage; but we are informed by a gentleman who has served many years in the armies of the Autocrat, and on whose authority we can rely, that about 600,000 is the full

extent. The materials indeed for a much larger force exist among the peasantry, and in the system of military colonization* instituted by the ambitious policy of the Tzars.

The serfs of the empire, who constitute its chief population, are liable to conscription at any moment, and those immediately dependant on the imperial family (amounting to some millions) are formed into military communities, are constantly exercised, and ready for the field. Nor are the *free* inhabitants less anxious to be inscribed on the military roll, although their active services may never be required, their nominal military character ensures them peculiar privileges. Hence elements, too fearful to be contemplated without alarm, slumber throughout all European Russia. It is improbable, however, that these elements will for some time be roused into action on any occasion below that of necessity; the nation is as much agricultural—and it wishes to be as commercial—as it is military; and a long period must elapse before the cultivation of the soil will permit the abstraction of very numerous hands. Even as it is, a sufficient number do not remain for the purpose.

Of these 600,000, so many are necessary for the defence of a widely extended line of frontier, that certainly not two-thirds are at one time available for foreign service. They may, indeed, be reinforced from the military colonies spread throughout the empire, but for the reason just assigned, this would not be done to any great extent, in any case short of absolute necessity, such as that of the empire itself being invaded; and such conscripts could not be compared with the regular veteran troops. At present, between 200,000 and 300,000 are said to be on the theatre of war—a force, after all, truly formidable.

For. Quar. Rev.

TURKISH AMBASSADOR'S OPINION.

WHEN Tussuf Aggliah Effendi, who represented the Sultan of the Sublime Porte in 1796, at the court of St. James's, returned to Constantinople, he was asked what were the most remarkable sights he had seen in London—What he thought, for instance, of the House of Commons? 'The House of Commons,' said he, with

* The transferring of multitudes of the poor peasantry from their native homes to remote frontiers, or to districts but partially inhabited, is often conducted with so much cruelty, that many of them fall a sacrifice to the rigour of the journey, and the privations which await them after its termination.

sovereign contempt, 'is nothing but a noisy assembly of braggarts and brawlers. I saw nothing *there* that was not truly despicable;—but I did see a thing—a thing really striking and wonderful.—I saw a man, who, holding four oranges in one hand, and two forks in the other, threw up into the air the oranges and the forks successively, and stuck one on the other with the utmost rapidity!—*Pocqueville's Voyage de la Grece.*

PUNISHMENT OF THEFT.

THE Saxons had a law, that, whosoever had committed theft, and the goods were found in his house, all the family were made bond, even to the child in the cradle. This Canute the Dane abrogated, ordaining, that only the malefactor, and such as aided him, should endure the punishment; and that the wife (unless the things stolen were found under her lock) should not be guilty of her husband's offence.

Illustrations of History.

WOODEN CANNON.

When Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, besieged Boulogne, under the command of Henry VIII, being aware that the roads were utterly impassible for heavy cannon, he caused a number of wooden ones to be made, and mounted as though they were real cannon; which so terrified the French commandant in the morning, that he delivered up the place, without firing a ball.

SPANISH CRAVATS.

These were engines of torture made of iron, intended to lock the feet, arms, and hands of the English heretics together. These instruments of punishment were in use about the sixteenth century.

SPANISH THUMB-SCREWS.

There were several chests of these on board the ARMADA. The use they were intended for, it is said, was to have extorted confession from the English where their money was hid, had they prevailed. These instruments locked the thumbs and fingers together in dreadful agony.

SHIELD-PISTOLS.

At the time when the English minds were completely occupied in warfare, numerous instruments of death were invented, amongst which, the introduction of shield-pistols may rank as curious. They were fixed in the centre of shields, and so contrived, that the pistols might be

fired, and the persons who used them covered at the same time. They were fired by match-locks, and the aim taken through a little grate in the shield which was at that time pistol-proof.

SPANISH RANCEURS.

These instruments were made in various forms, and intended either to kill men on horseback, to cut the horses' reins, or to pull the riders off their horses; at the back were two long spikes, which, we are told, was to pick the roast beef out of the Englishmen's teeth.

SPANISH BATTLE AXES.

These ancient weapons were so contrived as to cut four holes in the skull at a blow; at one end was a pistol and match-lock, and a spear and lance at the other.

SPADAS.

These were long swords used by the Spanish, poisoned at the point, so that, if a man received ever so slight a wound, it would prove certain death. W. H. H.

Anecdottiana.

DRUNKENNESS; OR, THE FATAL CHOICE.

The following curious extract forms part of an old work, published more than two centuries ago.

"Once upon a tyme, the Diville was permitted to tempte a young manne. Sathanne had noe sooner power gyven hym, than hee didde appeere in the guyze of a grave bencher of Graie's Inne, and didde tell himme, that hee was impowery'd to compelle hys doing one of these three thynges; eyther he shoulde murthere his farther; lie wythe hys mother; or gette dronke. The younge manne, shockyd atte the two first proposycyons, didde ymbrace the laste. He gotte verie dronke, and in thatte state, havng neyther the use of reasonne, nor the dredde of sinne, hee was guyltie offe bothe the unnaturalle deedes he hadde before soe shudderydde atte; and for hys naughtynesse and wyc-keddesse, hee was hangydde."

M. DE TALLEYRAND.

A gentleman asked M. de Talleyrand, at a time when every thing was fear and suspense,—“Well, prince, how are affairs going?” “Why, just as you see,” was the reply. The gentleman *squinted*.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

In the cathedral of Sienna, celebrated

for its floor inlaid with the History of the Old Testament, is the following singular epitaph, probably placed there as a *memento to Italian Toby Philpots*.

“Wine gives life, it was death to me. I could not behold the dawn of morning in a sober state. Even now my bones thirst. Stranger! sprinkle my grave with wine; empty the Flaggons and come.—Farewell, drinkers!”

A THIEF WITHOUT A BODY.

“When did you ever see a living thief without a body?” asked a servant who wished to persuade his master that some roguery had been committed by a ghost. “When the miller looks over the mill-window,” replied the master.

A SAILOR'S JOKE.

When the Pigmy Cutter, (in the year 1812,) during the last war, had just come to an anchor off Venice, she was visited by some of the heads of the State in one of their grand gondolas or barges from the town. The awnings and other equipments of which were made, (as they are in general,) of black velvet, richly ornamented with tassels, &c. The boatswain's mate, who attended (the side upon the occasion, came below immediately afterwards, and addressed one of his companions with “D—n my eyes, Jack, what d'ye think's just come alongside?—*A Hearse, by G—d.*”

THE LAST NEWEST—IF NOT THE LAST WORST.

(For the Olio.)

Why is a covey of birds like ploughed fields?—Because they are *part-ridges*.

Why is a good story like an alder tree?—Because it is *pithy*.

Why are *Zeds* in the alphabet used by Zanies, in preference to any other letters?—Because they are not *wise*.

Which letters are most efficacious for any disease?—R. M. E. D.

Of all the scenes in a tragedy, which is the most used in the Old Bailey?—The *drop-scene*.

Why is a breakfast not a breakfast?—Because a person without it, would *break fast*.

JOIDA.

EPITAPH

On an old covetous Miser.

You'd have me say, here lies T. U.
But I do not believe it;
For after death, there's something due,
And he's gone to receive it. G. K.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Oct. 21.	Tues.	St. Ursula. Sun ris. 52m af. 6 — sets 8 — 5	Oct. 21.	This saint who with several other virgins suffered martyrdom A. D. 650, was the founder of the Ursulines. 1805. On this day the combined fleets of France and Spain, under the command of Admiral Villeneuve, were defeated by an inferior British fleet, under the brave Nelson, who unfortunately in this engagement terminated his valuable life in the moment of victory.
— 22	Wed.	St. Nunilo and Alodia. High Water, 30m. aft. 1 morn. 57 ——— 1 even.	— 22	Sts. Nunilo and Alodia were Spanish virgins, who suffered for their faith at Cordova A. D. 840, during a persecution raised there by Abdamarene II. 1707. Wrecked on this day the gallant officer Sir Cloudesley Shovel, with three men of war, upon the Scilly Islands, when all on board perished: the body of the admiral was found by fishermen, who stripped and buried it; but the fact becoming known, the remains of Sir Cloudesley were brought to London, and interred at Westminster Abbey. This brave man when a lieutenant under Sir John Narborough, effected the destruction of the Dey of Tripoli's shipping in a single night, without the loss of a man. He had a share in the victory of La Hogue in 1692, and in 1704, he partook in the victory of Malaga.
— 23	Thurs.	St. Romanus. Full Moon, 12m aft. 1 mor.	— 23	St. Romanus was named to the archbishoprick of Rouen by King Dagobert, A. D. 622. Whilst filling this see, according to an existing legend, he caused the city to be freed from a venomous beast by which it was infested, to the great joy of the inhabitants. He died in 639. 1642.—Fought on this day the battle of Edge-hill, with various success. The royalists, under Charles, in the early part of the engagement, defeated the parliament forces under the Earl of Essex; but their ill success was retrieved by Sir Wm. Balfour, who led the reserve, and attacked the royalists while engaged in plunder; by which effort the fortunes of the day were equalized.—Both armies recovered their ranks, which were broken during the fight, but neither of them had the courage to renew the engagement.
— 24	Frid.	St. Felix. Sun rises 58 af. 6 — sets 2 — 5	— 24	This saint is recorded to have endured martyrdom for his faith A. D. 303. 1415.—Anniversary of the battle of Agincourt, fought by Henry V. who completely routed the French army, under the Constable D. Albert, who was slain, with Count de Nevers, the Duke of Brabant, the Dukes of Alencon and Barre, the Counts of Vaudemont and Marle, with upwards of 10,000 of their followers. During the fight, Henry lost part of his crown by the axe of Alencon, and had his life saved by David Gam and two other officers, at the expense of their own.
— 25	Satur.	St. Crispin and Crispianus. High Water, 40m. aft. 3 morn. 56 ——— 3 aft.	— 25	These saints, who were brothers and shoemakers, were beheaded by order of the governor of the town of Soissons in France, for endeavouring to propagate Christianity among the inhabitants, A. D. 308. From the time of their martyrdom they have been considered as the tutelar saints of shoemakers. 1154.—Died on this day Stephen, King of England, æt. 50, of the piles. During the turbulent reign of this monarch no less than 1115 castles were built.
— 26	SUN.	21st Sun af. Trin. LES. for the DAY 2 c. Hab. morn 2 c. Prov. even	— 26	St. Lucian and Marcian. These saints were martyred by command of Decius, A. D. 251. 1751.—Expired on this day at Lisbon, Dr. Philip Doddridge, the eminent divine. The works of this learned and pious minister are held in the highest estimation, particularly his Family Expositor, and Evidences of the Christian Religion.
— 27	Mon.	St. Abban.	— 27	This saint, who was an abbot in Ireland, is said to have lived in the sixth century.



See Page 243.

Illustrated Article.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

(For the *Olio*.)

SIR.—Had he his hurts before ?

ROSSE—Ay, on the front.

SIR.—Why, then, God's soldier be he !

SHAKSPEARE.

THIS renowned Knight was Senechal of *Poictou* in the reign of Edward III, which situation he held with great credit to himself and satisfaction to his royal master. Many of his actions, in all of which he behaved valiantly, are recorded by the old chroniclers, and the French and English historians both agree in representing him as a pattern of knighthood.

During his senechalship the fortified Abbey of Saint Salvin, in the election of *Poictiers*, was treacherously given up by a monk to two French knights, named Louis de St. Julien and Carnet le Breton. Enraged at the loss of this place, Sir John made many attempts to retake it from the

French ; but St. Julien, who commanded it, rendered them all abortive by his watchfulness. The last attempt was made on the night preceding the eve of the year (1370), when Sir John, being in the city of *Poictiers*, determined to make one more effort to regain it. Having assembled, secretly, about three hundred men, together with several noblemen and knights, they left *Poictiers* in the night, and arrived before the fort without being perceived by the enemy ; but at the moment they were preparing to scale the walls, a party of men-at-arms, headed by Carnet le Breton, arrived at the fort, the guard of which blew his horn, to give notice of their approach, when the English on the opposite side, thinking they were discovered, drew off to *Chauvigny*, a town situate about two leagues from the fort.

On the troop arriving here, about two hundred men left Chandos, who, with the remainder of the party, entered a hostelry to rest and refresh themselves. After waiting for a short time, Lord Thomas Percy, one of the noblemen who had accompanied Sir John, begged permission to make an excursion, which was readily

granted; and that nobleman, with about thirty men-at-arms, left Chauvigny, while Sir John and his company remained at the inn, much depressed in spirits for the ill-success of their expedition.

Not long after the departure of Lord Percy, news came to Sir John, as he sat with his friends by the fire, that Carnet le Breton and Louis de St. Julien had taken the field in search of him. After some consultation with his companions, he determined to set out and meet them, and leaving Chauvigny, he took the road to Poitiers, along the bank of the river. Shortly after day-break, they approached the bridge of Lussac, upon which Lord Thomas Percy and his party were drawn up on foot to oppose the crossing of the French, who arrived at the bridge just after they had gained it. The French dismounted also, and leaving their horses in the care of their servants, they advanced to attack the English with their lances. At this juncture Sir John Chandos arrived with his banner displayed, and emblazoned with his arms; *a pile gules on a field argent*, borne by James Allen, a powerful man-at-arms. The French servants,

who had been left with their masters' horses, seeing the approach of the English, fled away, and Sir John coming up, began to rail at the French in bitter terms, telling them that the day had arrived when they would see which was the strongest. As he spoke, a Breton in the troop of the French knights drew his sword and struck an English 'squire, named Simpkin Dodenhale, from his horse; upon which Sir John, bidding his men dismount, advanced firmly upon the French, although a hoar frost had made the ground slippery, and after rescuing the 'squire attacked them fiercely.

Sir John wore over his armour a long surtout of white sarcenet, upon the breast and back of which his arms were emblazoned. The length of this surtout proved fatal to him, for as he advanced upon the French, his legs became entangled in it, and a French 'squire, named Jacques de St. Martin, perceiving this accident, thrust him in the face with his lance as he stumbled forward. The weapon entered below the eye, or rather under the socket, for the Knight had lost an eye while hunting on the heaths of Bordeaux, and

penetrated to the brain. Sir John instantly fell, and Froisart says, "turned twice over in great agony, like one who had received his death wound." The French pressing forward attempted to seize him; but his uncle, Sir Edward Clifford, striding across the body, kept them off by the heavy strokes of his sword, so that none came within the sweep of his weapon, without suffering for their temerity. During the skirmish, Lord Thomas Percy, owing to the height of the bridge which interposed between him and the French, had not perceived the combat; but, on the contrary, thinking the enemy had declined the conflict, he drew off his company. The English were like men distracted upon seeing their leader fall, while the French jeered them, crying out, "By God, my lords of England, you will all stay with us, for you cannot now escape!"

In the mean time, a squire of Sir John's thrust his lance through the thighs of the man who had wounded his master, who, nevertheless, continued to fight bravely. Although the English maintained the fight courageously, they were in the end compelled to surrender; when the Poictouvins, who had left their brave, but now, alas! disabled leader at Chauvigny, fortunately arrived to rescue them. The French being without their horses could not escape, so turning to the English, they besought them to tell the Poictouvins the reverse of what had happened—namely, that the English had defeated and taken them prisoners. The English assented to this, and the Poictouvins shortly arrived with couched lances, shouting their war-cry; but the Bretons and French, retreating on one side, cried out, "Stop, my lords—we are prisoners already." Carnet le Breton was prisoner to Sir Bertrand de Cassilies, and Sir Louis de St. Julien to Sir John Chambo.

Nothing could exceed the grief of the friends of Sir John Chandos, when they beheld him lying on the ground unable to speak. "Flower of knighthood! oh, Sir John Chandos! cursed be the forging of that lance which hath thus endangered thy life," were the exclamations of the barons and knights of Poictou, to which he, being unable to articulate, only replied by groans, while those of his household wrung their hands and tore their hair with all the demonstrations of violent grief. After being disarmed by his servants, he was laid upon shields, and borne to the fort of Mortemer; while the other barons and knights returned to Poitiers with their prisoners. Jacques de St. Martin, who wounded Sir John, died a few days after of the wounds he had received in the

skirmish. Sir John Chandos lived a day and a night in great agony, when death ended his sufferings. He was deeply regretted by the English, and many French knights lamented his loss. Froissart, after relating the manner of his death, says, "God have mercy on his soul! for never since a hundred years, did there exist among the English one more courteous, nor fuller of every virtue and good quality than him." He was buried at Mortemer, and Bouchet gives the following as his Epitaph:—

Je Jehan Chandault, des Anglois Capitaine,
Fort Chevalier, de Poictou Senechal,
Après avoir fait guerre tres lointaine
Au rois Francois, tant a pied qu'a cheval
Et pris Bertrand de Gnessclin en unval,
Les Poictevins, pres Lussac, me diffirent,
A Mortemer, mon corps enterrer firent,
En un cercueil eleve tout de neuf,
L'an mil trois cens avec seixante neuf.

J. Y. A—N.

TABLETS FOR ACTRESSES.

(FIFTH SERIES.)

(For the Olio.)

MISS P. GLOVER.—No. 25.

A wither'd hermit five score winters worn
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.

M. N. DREAM.

Much of her mother's face and heart,
Of light and pleasing gait;
In equivoque piquant and smart,
A ready tongue for prate:
Comic and touching in the scenes,
Playful and coy with lovers;
With by-play making work, that means
An Exquisite of Glovers.

MADAME SONTAG.—No. 26.

O happy fair!

Your eyes are lodestars, and your tongue's
sweet air

More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear.—I.B.

Charter'd for princes—if a prince should be
Enamour'd, Sontag, with thy songs and thee;
Gifted by Nature both in form and voice,
With manners easy, delicate and choice:
Wars on the Continent have spread thy fame,
And France and England differed in the same;
But whether clime, or taste, friends, foes, or
truth,
Have guided most the passions of thy youth,—
The echoes of enchantment, by thy power,
Survive thy absence to the latest hour.

MRS. DAVENPORT.—No. 27.

She is able to freeze the God Priapus and
undo a whole generation. When she would
do for clients, her fitment and do me the kind-
ness of our profession, she has me her quirtes,
her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers,
her knees, that she would make a puritan of
the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

PERIC.

An antique of the rarest water,
An ancient dame to ward a daughter;

A nice duenna, or a scold,
Which makes discretion bend to gold :
Tragic or comic, shrewd or trim,
In high-heeled shoes and perking brim,
Laced boddice, ruffs and cap for age,
Limping young interests to engage ;
Esteemed, whatever feud and strife,
In her dramatic walk of life.

FANNY AYTON.—No. 28.

My soul grows sad
With troubles,—sing and dispense them,
If thou can'st. HEN. VIII.

A pretty step, a prettier voice,
A lark that sings,
And makes the saddest heart rejoice
With music's springs :
Her cuitsey smile, her dainty mouth,
Her trite reply,
Come like the breathing of the south,
Born of a sigh.

MISS BARTOLOZZI.—No. 29.

She has a good face, speaks well, and has
most excellent clothes. PERIC.

Determined of the Nine the chief to be ;
E'en as a *tenth*, thy sister to eclipse :
Apollo tunes his lyre approved by thee,
And in thy nature represents his lips,
Which, for thy sprightly soul, divide in halves,
Charming the audience.—When, behold !
their eyes
Are more than ears directed to thy calves,—
The calves themselves, unconscious, in dis-
guise.

VARIORUM.—No. 30.

Well, thus we play the fools with the time,
and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds
and mock us. HEN. IV.

The Cawses, not Eldon's ; the Carrs, not of
Green ;
The Booths, not at fairs, and the Humbys
not hived ;
With a manifold class, that are yet and have
been,
Must remain till their TABLETS are kindly
contrived. P.

THE APPEARANCE OF IRELAND, IN 1828.

So great and manifest are the natural advantages of Ireland, that the verdict of all writers on the subject, both ancient and modern, is almost unanimous, and Sir William Temple is but the follower of Tacitus, when he commends the fertility of her soil, the commodiousness of her havens, and the happiness of her situation. But since the beginning of that time from which we have any authentic records of her history, wars and dissensions, and violent distractions, have scared improvement from her shores, and Ireland is still

“ An unweeded garden
That grows to seed.”

In other countries, the delightful arts of peace, and the slow, but splendid progress of cultivation, have almost obliterated the traces of the rude and barbarous ages from the face of the land, but in Ireland they still continue to present their rugged deformity. In England we measure antiquity by improvement, in Ireland by decay. The castles of the Irish warriors, of which so many are still standing, are mouldering away, surrounded—not by the rich effects of modern improvement—but by dreary bogs or badly cultivated fields. The rude glory of the feudal chieftain has passed away, but the wretchedness of the vassal remains ; and the miserable cabins around these ruins of former grandeur, cannot have exhibited a greater backwardness of civilization, in the days when plunder was honourable, and industry a reproach.

To the eye accustomed to English improvement and cultivation, the first appearance of the surface of the land in Ireland is any thing but encouraging, and one scarcely can believe that the bare unsheltered fields upon which one looks, produce good crops, and pay a high rent. The houses of the gentry are thinly scattered, and, except in their immediate vicinity, trees are not often to be seen. Even in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, except on the road which runs directly south, along the coast, where the great beauty of the situation has invited gentlemen to build mansions, and to adorn them with plantations, the land is badly fenced with crumbling walls of dry mud, or loose round stones. The surface is uneven and hard looking, and often disgracefully overrun with weeds.

The smooth, soft, luxuriant verdure, the waving woods, the splendid seats, the land rich with the culture of centuries, and the substantial comfortable looking houses which make a man warm but to look at in England, are not to be seen there. In some districts—in the Queen's county, for example, and the county of Carlow—there is something like the appearance of England, but it is of brief duration. The feeling of pleasure which the appearance of improvement excites, is hardly formed, when some scene of poverty and gross negligence meets the observation, and renews the sense of deep regret, that the best gifts of nature should be so scandalously neglected or abused.

It is, however, quite manifest, that with very little trouble, beyond a constant superintendance, on the part of those whose interest, and we will venture to say whose duty it is, to take that trouble, or make some one else take it

for them, a change of the happiest nature could soon be effected.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

LOVE.

(For the Olio.)

What is Love—that feeling wild,
Quivering in the morn of life?
Is it gentle?—soother?—mild?
Friend of peace and foe to strife?

Is it from the realms of bliss,
Come to bless the sons of earth?
Or intruder, come amiss,
Come to mar their joyous mirth?

Is it, from mad Fancy's hold,
Sent to lead our feet astray?
"Life is changeling," bards have told;
Perhaps 'tis Love that guides our clay!

May be 'twas the gift of Jove,
Left by him to mortals weak,
When he left the world to rove,
Where men dare not hope to seek? †

Ask the virgin,—if indeed
She will answer, she will say—
" 'Tis a passion, hearts to bleed,
Happiness to cast away."

But her blushes will declare,
That *her* bosom fears it not,
That 'tis lovely pictured there,
Like some angel o'er her lot.

Ask the soldier, 'mid the noise
And bustle of the warring bands,
Assisting slaughter, (half the cause!)
With wearied front and blood-stained hands.

He will call it "toy of life,"—
"Plaything form'd to please the sense"—
"Pastime pleasant"—while the knife
Round him death to comrades sends!

Should you ask your maiden aunt,
Past the years of joyful hope,
Left along life's idle jaunt
In "single blessedness" to mope;

"Love," she'll say, "is void of sense
Foolish—peevish—always blind;"
Grief, she'll vow, he does dispense,
More than blessings to mankind.

What is love, then?—Can it be
All of these? or any one?—
Gives it not of pleasures free?—
Is it what we ought to shun?

Ask the lover, he alone
Can proclaim its matchless worth;
(He who ne'er from earth has flown
Can but tell the things of earth.)

He will shew you all its pains,
Match them 'gainst its pleasures sweet;
View the latter, wonder then
Why so few the former meet!

He will say, that 'tis the beam
Lights up this dull gloomy shore;
Light that does with glories teem,
Longer look the lighter more.

Through misfortune, or in joy,
He will tell 'tis sweetest balm,
Balm, that every pain's alloy
Lulls with hope to fairest calm.

Fate's worst judgments cannot break it,
In his heart it lasts till death;
Roughest tempests cannot shake it,
Firm it waits his latest breath.

'Tis the guard of Virtue's keeping,
More secure than aught we know;
In the breast where love is sleeping,
There temptations quickly flow.

Love is then our chiefest blessing,
Brightest jewel in life's crown:
Let then each who Love's possessing,
Love till henceforth he is gone.

Let each mortal own the God,
Bow beneath his mighty nod;
Let not the poet from his influence flee,
Love is the very soul of poesy!

R. JARMAN.

The Cecilians, (No. 4.)

MR. J. NIGHTINGALE.

"With a becoming grace,
"He shows his honest face."

MR. JOSEPH NIGHTINGALE, who is the senior brother, is a musician of no common order; and his merit consists more in the neat and steady manner of his execution, than as being a brilliant and showy player on the piano forte and organ. His judgment is so correct, and his ear so well attuned to it, that he rarely errs, or goes out of his way for cadences of his own; but, agreeably with Hamlet's advice to the players, keeps strictly to that which is set down for him, and when having done this, he is satisfied. "That is Blair's," and "that is Tillotson's," will by no means apply to this performer:—hence, such an artist is not only a faithful representative, but a good instructor. Moreover, these qualities are carried into practice in his personal appearance, for in his manners, matter, and dress, he is the verisimilitude of a professional gentleman, at once courteous, unassuming, and assiduous.

We recollect Rauzzini, at the Bath Music Rooms, always held the bâton of authority, a roll of paper, in his hand, as he appeared in the character of 'Frontispiece,' to lead the band; and even exceeded Mr. Everett, who, when exalted like an orator in the upper realms of St. Paul's once a year, to keep watch for the charity cherubs, smiling aloft, is of no

† An allusion to the Heathen Mythology.

trifling consequence. Mr. J. Nightingale, in the capacity of Vice-President, and absence of the President, is more modestly becoming, always maintaining an uniform action, like the pendulum of a clock, without any flourishes, simply timing with his hand to his hand, the 'measure for measure.'†

On the double Bass, an instrument like Pompey's Pillar in the power of an unskilful player, Mr. N. is proficient; but as his life has not been, like that of Dragonetti, devoted to three-stringed grinding and saw-work, he cannot be expected to rival the facetious foreigner. If the ability employed by Mr. J. Nightingale, in private tuition, and his sundry duties are excepted, he stands indeed as a valuable and staunch supporter of the Society, to which he has belonged more than twenty years; and he continues to be an ornament in the various exercises he pursues.

MUSCULUS.

De Hunterres Inbitacyon.

(For the Olio.)

If care and sorrowe youre mynde oppresse,
Come hitherre ande taste of ye hunterres
cheere,
Lette youre foode be noughte butte ye redde
deeres fleshe,
Ande youre onlie drynke oure nutte browne
beere.

Lette youre armes bee a stoute ande trustie
long bowe,
Ande a sheave of broade arrowes keene,
A sworde atte youre belte and a bokeler,
Ande youre jerkynne of Kendal greene.

'Tis merrie, 'tis merrie in foreste shades,
To laughe and quaffe 'neathe ye greenwoode
tree,
For ye bryghte broade leaves of ye sturdie oake,
Are ye woodsmans onlie canopie.

No cares disturbe ye hunterres lyfe,
No bloode sheddesh hee, save ye bloode of ye
deere;
Then ye who would flee from trouble and
stryfe,
Come hitherre ande taste of ye forresters
cheere.

J. Y. A—N.

† Quintilian, after having said, that gesture is as much subservient to measure as utterance itself, adds, that the actors, who gesticulate, ought to follow the signs given with the foot; that is to say, the time beat, with as much exactitude as those who execute the modulations; by which he means the actors who pronounce and the instruments that accompany them. Near the actor who represented, a man was placed with *iron shoes*, who stamped upon the stage. It is natural to suppose, that this man's business was to beat the time with his foot, the sound of which would be heard by all whose business it was to observe it.

THE KNIGHT'S FAREWELL.

(For the Olio.)

In peace Love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war he mounts the warrior's steed.

SCOTT.

O doubt me not, lady,
But trust to the vow
That never was plighted
To maiden till now:
My faith ne'er was broken,
My crest has no stain;
And, while this life lingers
Still true I remain.

O lady, dear lady,
No longer delay;
Yon tide which now rises
Must bear me away.
O grant me some token,
One lock of thy hair,
Which vies with the sable
So glossy and fair.

'Tis granted! 'tis granted!
Now soon shalt thou see
My bark's gallant pinions
Spread over the sea:
And soon that fair ringlet
My banner shall braid,
'Midst the proud ones that brighten
The holy crusade.

Farewell then, dear lady,
Farewell then a-while;
Long shall memory dwell
On the bliss of thy smile:
Thy bright eyes shall guide me
Through peril and pain,
To thee and my country
In safety again.

W. M. COWELL.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING 'NEW GUYS' A LA MODE.

(For the Olio.)

"Please to remember the fifth of November,
Gunpowder Treason and Plot;
We know no reason, why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot."

MUCH has been written and said about putting young heads on old shoulders; but it would be more difficult to put old heads on young shoulders, and produce half the mirth and commemorating qualities which the urchins of every nation create by an inextinguishable feeling and spirited enthusiasm. If any portion of the olden times has an occasional revival, we are chiefly indebted to the village conscripts and city younglings for it. The flush joy and exuberance of boys, if we put their harmless clamour out of the scale, is as valuable in human weight as refined gold, and beautiful in the crown of health. Could we but chain our moments to boyhood, and wear eternal youth, most of us would willingly accept of the captivity, and enjoy the rapturous dura-

tion, giving sweet sleep, hearty laughter and emotions, effected by undeceptive and natural exercise and existence. The variations of nature may be denominated the leaves which are daily and hourly read, and contain studies in the 'Boy's Own Book.'

The subject of our immediate consideration is, in fact, a national one, 'Guy Fawkes.' This does not, however, preclude the enjoyment of an anniversary to boys and children of 'larger growth,' who are glad of the opportunity of exercising their satire, fancy and means, in the person of 'Guy' and a 'Bonfire,' powder and all the et ceteras which the laws permit to be cracked, popped and squibbed in their connective vicinities.

To the furtherance of this object, we throw out a few hints to the contrivers and taylorers of the 'Guys' previously to the conflagration so devoutly to be wished, for the sake of novelty and inherent perfection, that a contrivance of applicability may be sought for and realised in all generous and neutral parishes.

First, then, as a pipe and lanthorn are a *sine qua non* with the decrepit 'Guardians of the Night,' and as these guardians are but little better than the representatives of master Faux in official capacity, both for sleep and patrol parade—let there be in every parish the 'Guy Charley.' He should be carried round the watchhouse—his cries, which, like a barber's customers, are by an improvement in this advanced age, quarterly, should be imitated, and by the rattling of his snores, instead of his instrument of alarm, be reminded of his beat, by the wholesome thumps which should be marked according to rules on his back. If the parishioners do not recognise and reward his young supporters, they ought never to hear a watchman's asthma again strangled by the fog.

The *second* should be the 'Guy Spirituous.' This should be represented as a parent, with dolls for starving children in his or her arms, and carried before all liquor shops, with Hogarth's 'Gin Lane' in the perspective: and, one of the 'Remember Boys!' that travels and bawls like a hue and cry-man by the side, should carry a glass with a lighted match in it, and affect to thrust this down the throat of the Guy and bantlings, successively at every corner, to shew the ruin and wretchedness attendant on dram drinking, compared to liquid fire, and a hole should be in the pocket, indicative of the want of means to supply the ruling passion, through which stones might be thrown as parative of the waste of money when misapplied.

The *third* should be the 'Guy Civic,' of amazing rotundity, well dressed, with a bottle in one hand, a turtle in one pocket, a bill of fare in the other, a pipe of three feet in the mouth and nose, cheeks, lips, and eyes,—swelled, bunched, and carnosious to a medler ripeness. — 'Replete with Feeding,' might be appended to this civic chair, which, by being carried round the wards, would be a timely subject for the canvass of an alderman's, or common council man's gown, on St. Thomas's Day. If room could be found for a label, it should be written on his stomach, 'the claims of Newgate,' and 'the Prisoner's Dinners.' A variety of this Guy might be circulated with advantage round the habitations of suburban churchwardens, who are the patrons of 'Select Vestries,' and parochial feasting, 'nec abolere edax vetustas.'

The *fourth* should be the 'Guy Forensic.' Every part and parcel of this gentleman should be legal. Even the bobs to his wig, which should have a plenteous out-shaking from some roll-makers flour-bag, must be distinguished, whether a serjeant at law, or a common serjeant. His matches, like marriage settlements, (often unsettled when ignited in the ecclesiastical court) must be secreted with pink tape in a blue bag. As his suit should be known by a brief deed, peeping half out of his pocket, so he should be paraded up and down Chancery Lane, as emblematic of the length of a law-suit, and turned in and out of the courts, offices, and chambers, to indicate the vexatious problems which 'Bullum versus Boatum,'—'Jack Nokes and Tom Styles,' and 'John Doe,' and 'Richard Roe,' even to the difficulties of solving the 'Quadrature of the Circle,' to a 'Chancery Suit' demonstration, to which process are all variously liable. A patch over the temple without a hat, as anxiously looking through spectacles for certification.

In the *fifth* idiomatic hieroglyphic, should be the 'Guy Miguel.' The west end would be the best part for his parole of honour. By immediate application to the 'Court Milliners,' the court guides of fashion, cuttings and trappings of all kinds and colours, might be procured. Round the rims of his petticoat, which of course, a la Ferdinand,—'Despotism and Imbecility,' should be wrought with the magic of a Miss Linwood's needle. His seat made of fragile sticks, and a blockade (or blockhead) for his advisers, the dagger and torch for his sceptre and regality, the Don might pass to the fiery ordeal of huzzaing boys with inquisitive effect.

“ A stick and a stake for King George’s sake !
A stick and a stump for Miguel’s rump !”

The *sixth* should be the ‘Guy Dandean.’ A true picture of ‘Dan Dean,’ the most famous fool of dress in the world. This martyr to folly, the mirror and perfume, might be cheaply got together at the ‘Half Moon’ and ‘Jewish Stars,’ in Holywell Street. A few dandyzette charity girls (for this class of the poor and naked and hungry, are becoming very modish in their dress) should be induced for assistance to fan the ‘Guy’ seated on a mock sofa, and waft away the tobacco fumes out twirling from a cigar, apply a smelling bottle on every jerk and passage over the sub-opening chasm of a gas-pipe, or passing the steam of a cook’s-shop kitchen. With a pair of stuffed monkeys for supporters. Boys would reap a harvest by soliciting patronage at the nicknack shops throughout the metropolis. The beadle of this procession would naturally ring a cap and bells, at every stop, crying :—

‘ My brave lads, remember
The fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot,
We will drink, smoke, and sing, boys,
And our bells they shall ring, boys,
And here’s a health to our king, boys,
For, he shall not be forgot.’

The *seventh* should be the ‘Guy Military.’ He would appear with preference in a paper helmet and tinsel front, a wooden sword in his hand, and matches for spurs to shaving boots, to remind the strongest warriors, that they are only made of penetrable stuff, and must sooner or later submit to a stronger power. The invention of these ‘Guys, Earls of Warwick,’ and military costume, which is quite staple enough for the ‘tenth,’ do not however meet with so much encouragement by gratuity as their more secular and confronting rivals,—and were the Guys military to be carried whiskered and hairlipped, conformably with the ‘new cut,’ before ‘Knightsbridge Barracks,’ or the ‘Mews’—woe to the bold adventurers, who might be deemed, like the noted and audacious ‘Little Waddy’ of green bag memory, ‘walking libels.’ This harmless satire would, perhaps, be construed—‘constructive amusement.’

The *last* that ends this strange, eventful history, should be the ‘Guy Author.’ By his not having a ‘Birth Day Ode,’ a ‘Drawing Room Ditty,’ or a ‘Vision of Judgment,’ proclaimed for the confession of him who is destined, like Fox’s sufferers in Smithfield to bear the fire and faggot, it is presumed that this ‘Guy’

would never become laureate to any class of boys in the metropolis, or any of the public schools. To merit the praise which his talent should obtain, he should dedicate a poem to the supporters of holidays, and with the force of Juvenal†, or the British Churchhill, denounce the advertisers of confinement, who advocate

“ All work and no play,
To make Jack a dull boy.”

This ‘Guy Author’ should be clad, so as to be seen through and carried down the western road toward Read-ing. His face should be a fair copy, and his nose an index ready to point to the pages, who might stand dressed as black figures at the corners of his ears. The boys should take him round the Row, and get the best bidding for his articles in disguise as their last effort to make a noise, raise the wind and set their straw on fire. Hodgson‡ or Southgate might, however, exhibit him at their Book Sales, or an auction ; where his name, if not his manuscript on ‘Guy Faux Day, and the marvellous Gunpowder Plot for 1828,’ would fetch more than any other death-fetch acted, or unacted, enacted, or inflamed, in, or out of, the fiction of the German novelists, just as he in the sixth age shifts

“ Into the lean and slipper’d pantaloon ;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank :—
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-
thing.”

With great varieties, notwithstanding the large placards stuck against the walls, with ‘by order’ and ‘God save the King!’ at the bottom ; if boys do not abuse the spirit intended to be evinced on the fifth day of November, there might in companionship with the ‘Guys Common’ of rags, periwigs, masks, tatterdemallions, combustions, tautophonies, and fanfaronades, be an anniversary of patriotic loyalty drawn out of juvenile breasts worthy and characteristic,—intimating with triumphant detestation and a proper feeling for boisterous joy, the end to which the abettors of treason come, who, like thieves in the night, would destroy the innocent and their supposed enemies, alike callous to human suffering, so themselves escape. In this instance, the Guys of every description are in the hands of good allied executioners, who will deal out their noise and spend their money.

† The name of the Roman satirist.
‡ Late Saunders.

Well it will be for them, if they fortify their faces from powder, and separate from the bonfires without grudges, accidents and ill will, seeing that as pain succeeds inordinate pleasure and transgressions, however trifling in appearance are criminal in reality, and lead to perpetrations which the youthful should avoid, — the recollections of the 'Guy Fawkes' exploits will not only return till years withdraw the elder youths from the usage, but gleam pleasantly in the retrospect, and be encouraging to the succeeding offspring; and remembering the axiom of the poet, that,

'He does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well—acts nobly; angels could no more!'

AN OLD GUY.

"God save the King!"

POSTSCRIPT.

A few confidential boys whose pence now begin to burn in the pocket, spread whispers with each other the best mode of appropriating the funds already in their care,—and steal off into obscure avenues to the shop where 'Fire Works' are sold. To prevent detection, one purchaser only is admitted at a time, and he divides the monies into rockets, cattern wheels, blue lights, and Roman candles. Other coteries, of youths, however, with the aid of the 'Pyrotechnic Book,' and apparatus, venture making for themselves. Let them not play with edged tools in these compositions—there is much danger in the explosions of powder and its adjuncts, of which the greatest caution is required.

P.

SONNET.

(For the Olio.)

And couldst thou not, envenom'd Slander,
spare

My name obscure? but on it thou must dart
Thy poisonous fangs, and in the tenderest
part

Thou Hydra-headed Monster, thou didst dare
To pour thy rancorous breath!—Hadst thou
but left

Me this one portion, and had e'en bereft

Me of all else which I possess on earth,
I had not valued it, or thought it great,

But on the only thing I set a worth,
Ah! 'twas too cruel thus to blast my fate!

Yet why should I, though unknown and
obscure,

Expect to escape the slanders which await
Even the innocent?—I must endure

And patient wait till time my innocence make
sure!

E. F.

SIMILE.

(For the Olio.)

Short is the spring, and short the summer
hour,

And short the time when fruitful autumn
reigns;

But tedious roll the days when winter's pow'r
Asserts its empire o'er our wasted plains.

As swiftly wears our spring of life away,

As swiftly will our jolly summers go;

But, ah! when winter clouds our cheerless day
Again the vernal breezes never blow. K.

STAPYLTON HALL.

(Continued from p. 236.)

"Fair mistress," said Walter, "we have much need of your company below, for we find your sex passing scarce in this country. Prithee give me thy hand."

He took the hand of Agnes as he spoke, and threw his arm around her waist, when Wat started forward, and stabbed the giant with his short sword. So deadly was the thrust, that the weapon passed through his neck, and came out on the other side full a hand's breadth. Walter Harden fell to the ground with a gasp and expired, while his companions sprung upon Wat Fluister, and though he wounded one of them severely, they disarmed and bound him. He was instantly dragged below with fierce oaths. Loud were the execrations of the band, when they heard of the death of their leader, and they held a council how they should punish the slayer, who was brought before them. Some advised that he should be hanged, others that he should be thrown headlong from the walls, while a third party proposed that he should be roasted over a slow fire. Several archers begged that he might be made a target of, and bound to a tree as a mark for their arrows. The latter proposition received the assent of the greater part of the band, and Wat was led forth to death.

Sir John and the Lady Agnes were shut up in another room, and one of the band was placed as a guard at the door. The Knight's fears for his own safety were forgotten, when he thought on the treatment his child would probably receive from the ruffians, after they had wreaked their vengeance upon Wat. He buried his face in his hands, and remained for some moments insensible to the entreaties of Agnes, who besought him not to despair. At length a flood of tears came to his relief.

"Alas! my child," cried he, "'tis not for myself that I grieve, I can but die

—while thou wilt be given up to the brutal violence of these demons.”

As he spoke, a hollow sound, like the noise of horses' hoofs was heard, and the next moment a wild cry of alarm sounded without, mixed with the clash of weapons, and cries of “Haviland! Haviland to the rescue!” The name acted upon Sir John like an electric shock—

“Ah!” he exclaimed, while every limb was palsied with emotion—“my enemy is come to look upon my ruin, and strike the last blow!”

“Dearest father!” said Agnes, “if it be Sir John Haviland and his son, we may yet hope——”

But the Knight heeded not what she said. The noise without increased, and blows and shouts were distinctly heard, while the man stationed at the door of their prison forsook his post, and ran down stairs. In a short time the noise became fainter, and sounded more distant, while footsteps were heard ascending the stairs; the bolts which fastened the door were withdrawn—it opened, and Godfrey Haviland entered, his drawn sword in his hand, and his right arm splashed with blood.

“Sir John Stapylton,” he said, sheathing his sword, “you are free; the hellhounds, who have plundered ye, are scattered by my troop.”

“Oh! youth,” cried the Knight, in a half-stifled voice, “I did thee wrong; but forgive me—thy father——”

“Fell at Tewkesbury,” said Haviland. “Let not your wrath descend into his grave: believe me, he sorely repented him of your son's death.”

“Then may Heaven pardon him, as I do!” said Sir John, emphatically; “but how shall I find words to thank thee, gallant youth? I am poor in worldly goods.”

“Oh, say not so,” interrupted Godfrey, “while so fair a maiden calls you father.” Then turning to Agnes, whose face was suffused with blushes, he said, “Dear lady, to you I owe my life—say, can constant love requite you?”

Agnes spoke not; she placed her small hand in the gauntleted palm of Godfrey, while the old Knight pronounced his blessing on the pair. The union of the lovers took place after Haviland's term of mourning had expired. Godfrey's timely arrival had rescued Wat from his perilous situation, and the sturdy woodsman forgot not the service. Sir John lived to behold a group of chubby grand-children smiling around him, and died at an advanced age, after seeing the factions of the Red and White Roses for ever extinguished.

J. Y. A.—N.

The Note Book.

JAMES II. OF ENGLAND.

When James II. left the chamber of his dead brother, there was not, in Christendom, a more powerful prince than himself. The undisputed successor to a splendid, and now tranquil throne, the sovereign of a people, who, in wealth as well as in valour, vied with the first nations of Europe; he held the balance in which the great powers of the civilized world were weighed against each other. Hitherto his life had been full of vicissitudes, but the diadem which at length encircled his brow, seemed also to have crowned his fortunes. The murmurs of those who had attempted to exclude him from his inheritance were no longer heard; the principles which had led the virtue of Russel, and the bravery of Sidney to the block, seemed extinguished,—and even the enthusiasts, who had made Oates their apostle, did not venture to express their abhorrence of the royal papist. Under these auspicious circumstances, did James ascend his throne, the foundations of which it seemed almost impossible for him to shake. But the objects upon which, from the commencement of his reign, his whole affections were fixed, were precisely those which were calculated to destroy him. He selected the only two courses which could have led to his ruin,—the establishment of the Catholic faith, and of absolute power. It is possible that either of these dangerous projects, if separately attempted, might have been achieved, but the union of them was fatal.

For. Rev.

STORKS.

In the neighbourhood of the ancient town of Ephesus, in Asia, the Stork abounds. Prodigious flocks of them may be seen flying about in every direction, with out-stretched wings. Their beaks and legs are of considerable length, and they fly in the form of a circle. Although they are ranked among unclean birds*, yet they are supposed to be unrivalled among the feathered tribe, for qualities of an amiable nature, and may be considered as domestic birds. They are much attached to the tops of houses, and appear to be under no kind of fear, nor are they apprehensive of being dislodged, no such act being contemplated by the inmates of any dwelling to which they resort, as they are held by the natives in the greatest esteem. They form very

* Levit. xi. v. 13.

large nests of dry twigs of trees, and perch not only on the roofs of the houses, but on the tops of the highest trees, and shun the noise and bustle of towns. They are familiar, like sparrows, and their annual migration is similar to that of swallows. This bird is an object of veneration in Egypt, and it is held a breach of order or policy to kill them. In many other countries, Holland especially, they are taken the greatest care of, asylums being built and endowed, for the purpose of preserving them when they have arrived at an advanced age. Some of the Mahomedans are inclined to believe the transmigration of the human soul into this particular species of birds.

MYSTERIES OR RELIGIOUS PLAYS.

A French traveller, in the year 1687, thus writes to his friend.

“On the day we left Munich, we arrived at a village called Lagrem, near which we encountered a curious company of strolling beggars. As soon as they perceived us at a distance, one of them, who carried a small tree, bearing red fruit, planted it in the middle of the road; and sat down beside it. A little devil, dressed somewhat to resemble a crocodile, with horns, stood near the tree, at the same time that a girl with long loose hair, also approached it. An old man, dressed in black, with a wig and beard of moss, kept himself at some distance, and with him stood a boy in white, who carried a sword.

“When they considered us sufficiently near, the devil commenced his part, by a doggrel chaunt, and we quickly perceived that all this was to represent the history of the temptation and fall. In passing, we questioned the old man if he was of the company, and what part he bore, when the poor wretch coolly replied, that he was God Almighty, and that if we would wait, we should shortly see him play his part, with his little sword-bearer, who was Michael the Archangel.” J. M.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM RESTAURATEUR.

About the year 1765, a Parisian vintner, named Boulanger, first began to supply the public with soups, and other slight refreshments in the forenoon; and, in order to attract customers, he placed over his door this verse from the Bible: “*Venit ad me omnes qui stomacho laboratis, et ego restaurabo vos!*” The bait took such effect, that others in the same line of business followed his example, and the restorative powers of their aliments, added to the singularity of the invitation to partake of them, occasioned their being distin-

guished by an appellation, which has been since indiscriminately applied. H. B.

COMPARATIVE NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF FOOD.

According to Messrs. Percy and Vanquelin, members of the Institute at Paris, every hundred weight of bread contains eighty pounds of nutritious matter; butcher's meat, averaging the various sorts, thirty-five; French beans, (in the grain) ninety-two; broad beans, eighty-nine; pease, ninety-three; lentilles, (a kind of half-pea, but little known in England,) ninety-four; greens, eight; turnips, eight; carrots, fourteen; and potatoes, twenty-five. One pound of good bread is equal to two pounds and a half, or three pounds of the best potatoes; and seventy-five pounds of bread, and thirty pounds of meat, are equal to three hundred pounds of potatoes; or, to go more into detail, three quarters of a pound of bread, and five ounces of meat, are equal to three pounds of potatoes; one pound of potatoes is equal to four pounds of cabbage, and three of turnips; but one pound of rice, broad beans, or French beans, (in grain,) is equal to three pounds of potatoes.

W. G. C.

Illustrations of History.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

The following interesting and curious extract is taken from an old black letter work, intituled, ‘The Flower of Fame,’ written by Ulpian Fulwell; its publication took place in 1575, and the dedication runs to Sir William Cecil, Baron of Burleigh.

“While the King, (Henry VIII.) was in France, King James of Scotland, (notwithstanding his league and solempne vowe,) made an invasion upon the borderers adjoyning unto Scotlande, and sent an ambassadour unto the King into France, accusing the borderers for breache of the truce betweene them taken. When the King understoode by the Ambassadoure of the King of Scottes’ pretence, he rewarded the Ambassadoure, and so dismissed him.

“Nowe the King of Scottes supposed that all the power of Englande was in Fraunce with King Henry, knowing also that King Henry could not, nor would not breake up his camp to come against him. And thought, that now he had a plain gappe opened unto him, to enter into Englande, and there woorke his will.

But by the providence of the Queene, who was left regent of the realme by the King at his setting foorth, and by the valyantries of the Earle of Surrey, the King's Lieftenant, he was prevented of his purpose. For when he thought to have entered this realme with all his power, he was mett by the Earle of Surrey at a place called Bramptou, where betweene them was fought a cruell battayle, not without great effusion of blood on both parties; but in the ende, (by God's providence,) the victorie fell unto the English men, the King of Scottes himself being slain in this field, with eleven of his noblemen, being all of them Earles, besydes a number of his knyghtes and gentlemen of name, and his whole power made very weak. This battayle being ended to the renoune of the Queen, the Earl, the King's Lieftenant, and the whole realme; the dead bodye of the King of Scottes was found among the other carcasses in the field, and from thence brought to London, and so through London streetes on a horsebacke, —and from thence it was carried to Sheene, (neere unto Brainford,) whereat the Queene then laye, and there this periured carcas lyeth unto this daye unburied."

Customs of Various Countries.

RUSSIAN FUNERAL CEREMONY.

When a Russian is in imminent danger, and death seems to await him, he assembles his family round his bed, and blesses them with an image, and with some bread and salt, distributing gifts, and declaring his testamentary determination. After his dissolution, the eyes and mouth are closed by the nearest relation, when two copper coins are laid on the former; a practice not uncommon among the lower classes in England, but still more frequent in Ireland.

After some time, the body is washed and dressed; if it be that of a girl, a garland of flowers is placed on her head; but on a married woman, a rich coiffe. Children are habited entirely in robes of a pink colour, a bouquet of flowers is placed in one hand, and the coffin is also strewed, and afterwards filled with flowers. In all cases, the hands are crossed on the breast. A priest is now sent for, who perfumes the body with incense, singing a psalmody over it. On the third day, it is placed in the coffin, which is kept open and exposed on a table, and a succession of priests and clerks attend in the chamber

of death, reading the gospel by day and night, until the burial has taken place. The coffin is surrounded by a profusion of torches, according to the rank and fortune of the deceased. In the case of girls, it is not the priest who watches the body day and night, but young girls of the same age, who sing psalms all the time, and relieve each other.

On the third day, the body is taken to the church, where the coffin is still left open, while the officiating priest recites the prayer for the dead. At the funerals of the great, the procession is accompanied by a large number of priests, all carrying lighted torches, and singing all the while the trisagiah. In some parts of Russia, women are hired to lament and mourn over the dead; a practice borrowed from the ancients. The coffin is either carried on men's shoulders, or transported to the church in a sort of car; where, after the short service for the dead has been read, the priest, and then all the relations of the departed, take their last farewell, some kissing the body, others only the coffin. The latter is made of different sorts of wood, and covered with cloth of a pink colour for young people and children; crimson for women; brown for widows; but in no case black. After the interment, the friends, who have been invited by cards to the ceremony, just as if it were to a dinner or to a rout, return to the house of the deceased, where a table spread with refreshments, offers an opportunity to the tired spectators to recruit their strength. The principal dish is the *Koutiya*, which is a composition of honey, wheat, and raisins.* The priest first blesses and incenses this dish, of which every one immediately after partakes. During the succeeding six weeks, psalms are sung, and prayers read every day, in the chamber in which the departed terminated his existence. On the third, the sixth, eleventh, and fortieth day after the interment, the priests, and many of the relatives again repair to the church, and celebrate a solemn service, among the ceremonies of which, the *Koutiya* forms, once more, not the least conspicuous feature. It is laid out on a small table, in the centre of the church, the priest blessing it, and incensing it, that the attendants may not only partake of it, but take it

* *Koutiya* is generally prepared in a small dish or deep plate, filled with boiled wheat, round which honey is poured, and over it raisins are placed in the form of a cross. Wheat is used as an emblem of resurrection, in allusion to St. Paul's 1st Corinth. xv., 36,—44, &c. Honey, &c. conformable to the sincere wish of *Requiem eternum* to the departed friends.

home. All these funeral ceremonies invariably terminate by singing *requiem eternum*,—eternal rest to the departed. The music, though tristful, is, at times, beautiful, and quite appropriate to such solemn occasions. *Granville's Tra.*

Anecdotaliana.

NOLLEKENS, THE SCULPTOR.

The patrons of Nollekens, being characters professing taste and possessing wealth, employed him as a very shrewd collector of antique fragments; some of which he bought on his own account; and, after he had dexterously restored them with heads and limbs, he stained them with tobacco-water, and sold them, sometimes by way of favour, for enormous sums. My old friend, Mr. George Arnauld, A.R.A., favoured me with the following anecdote, which he received immediately from Mr. Nollekens, concerning some of these fragments. Jenkins, a notorious dealer in antiques and old pictures, who resided at Rome for that purpose, had been commissioned by Mr. Locke of Norbury Park, to send him any piece of sculpture which he thought might suit him, at a price not exceeding one hundred guineas, but Mr. Locke, immediately upon the receipt of a head of Minerva, which he did not like, sent it back again, paying the carriage and all other expenses. Nollekens, who was then also a resident in Rome, having purchased a trunk of a Minerva for fifty pounds, found, upon the return of this head, that its proportion and character accorded with his torso. This discovery induced him to accept an offer made by Jenkins of the head itself; and two hundred and twenty guineas to share the profits. After Nollekens had made it up into a figure, or, what is called by the venders of botched antique, 'restored it,' which he did at the expense of about twenty guineas more for stone and labour, it proved a most fortunate hit, for they sold it for the enormous sum of *one thousand guineas!* and it is now at Newby in Yorkshire. The late celebrated Charles Townley and the late Henry Blundell, Esqrs. were two of his principal customers for antiques. Mr. Nollekens was likewise an indefatigable inquirer after terracottas, executed by the most celebrated sculptors; Michel Angelo, John di Bologna, Fiamingo, &c. The best of these he reserved for himself until the day of his death. The late Earl of Besborough, and the late Lord Selsey were much attached to Mr. Nollekens at

this time,—but his greatest friend was the late Lord Yarborough. For that nobleman he executed many very considerable works in marble, for which he received most liberal and immediate payment. Nollekens, who wished upon all occasions to save every shilling he possibly could, was successful in another manœuvre. He actually succeeded as a smuggler of silk stockings, gloves, and lace; his contrivance was truly ingenious, and perhaps it was the first time that the custom-house officers had ever been so taken in. His method was this: all his plaster busts being hollow, he stuffed them full of the above articles, and then spread an outside coating of plaster at the back across the shoulders of each, so that the busts appeared like solid casts. His mode of living when at Rome was most filthy: he had an old woman, who, as he stated, 'did for him,' and she was so good a cook, that she would often give him a dish for dinner, which cost him no more than threepence. 'Nearly opposite to my lodgings,' he said, 'there lived a pork butcher, who put out at his door at the end of the week, a plateful of what he called cuttings, bits of skin, bits of gristle and bits of fat, which he sold for twopence, and my old lady dished them up with a little pepper and a little salt, and with a slice of bread, and sometimes a bit of vegetable, I made a very nice dinner.' Whenever good dinners were mentioned, he was sure to say, 'Ay, I never tasted a better dish than my Roman cuttings.'—*Nollekens and his Times.*

CAPTAIN JEREMIAH COGLAN, R. N.

Whilst in the command of his majesty's sloop Renard, Captain Coghlan fell in with the Lily, a French privateer ship, (formerly an English sloop-of-war, captured by the enemy on the Halifax station,) off St. Domingo, and brought her to action. During the height of the engagement, the French captain, by way, as he supposed, of intimidating our tars, hailed them to "Strike!" Captain Coghlan, who heard it, instantly took his trumpet, and replied, "Ay, I'll strike, and d—d hard too, my lad, directly." The next broadside fired from the Renard sunk the Lily, with the greater part of her crew.

Whilst commanding the same vessel off St. Domingo, Captain Coghlan had the good fortune to fall in with the French brig of war, Prudent: and though larger and carrying more men and guns than the Renard, she struck without firing a shot. On the French captain's coming on board, and observing the comparative smallness of the English vessel, to that

which he had just given up the command of, he with the greatest coolness requested permission to return to his ship, that he might try his skill in fight; which of course Captain Coghlan laughed at. He then with equal gravity solicited a certificate, saying that he had not acted cowardly. Captain Coghlan replied—"No, I cannot do that; but I will give you one, that shall specify you have acted *prudently*."

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

The following circumstance occurred to a Mrs. Barry, at the town of North Walsham, in the county of Norfolk, in the year 1788, whilst representing the character of Calista, in the Fair Penitent, in a barn. In the last act of the tragedy, where Calista lays her hand on the skull, the above actress, who played the part, was suddenly seized with an involuntary shuddering; she fell on the stage, and was instantly conveyed to her lodgings, and during the night her illness continued, but the following day, when sufficiently recovered to be able to converse, she sent for the stage-keeper and anxiously inquired if

he could tell from whom or whence he procured the skull used the preceding night; he replied, "he procured it from the sexton who informed him it was the skull of one *Norris*, a player, who twelve years before was buried in an obscure corner of the church-yard." That same *Norris* was this lady's first husband; the poor woman never recovered the shock; she died in six weeks.

PRUSSIAN BULL.

The announcement of a new piece at the theatre of Berlin, had excited much curiosity. A student, who had waited all day at the principal door, rushed in the moment it was opened. "Now, shame! shame!" cried he, on gaining a glimpse of the interior, "the house is full already, and yet, by heavens, not a single person has come in."

ADAM AND EVE—AN EPIGRAM.

In the beginning was the word,
And Adam's voice the first was heard;
But Eve declared, when day was past,
'Twas her birth-right to have the last.
P.

NOVEMBER.

By our Saxon ancestors, *Verstegan* says this month was denominated *Wint-Monat*, or wind-month, from the prevalence of high winds during this season, which made it customary for Mariners "to shroud themselves at home, and to give over seafaring (notwithstanding the littleness of their then used voyages) until blustering March had bidden them well to faire." Another historian states that the Saxons styled this month *Blot-monath*, from the circumstance of their storing for winter provision the blood of the cattle which they slew. November, by the Romans, was reckoned the ninth of the ten months which constituted the Romulean year; but when the calendar was reformed by *Numa Pompilius* their second king, who added to the ten of *Romulus* the two months *January* and *February*, it ranked the eleventh of the twelve which was commanded by him to comprise the year. This month appears to have changed its name but once, that once being by the command of *Commodus*, who altered it to *Exuperatorius*, which it retained no longer than the odious tyrant existed. During this month, which was considered under the protection of *Diana*, were celebrated by the Romans the following festivals and ceremonies. On the first they held a feast in honour of *Jupiter*, when games in the circus were performed. The *Neptunalia*, a festival held in honour of *Neptune*, commenced on the fifth, and the sports lasted during eight days. Arbours were formed on the banks of the *Tiber*, in which the Romans diverted themselves. During this feast a bull was sacrificed to *Neptune*. The seventh was one of three days of the year set apart for opening the temple, called *Mundus Patens*, within which a solemnity was performed. Whenever the ceremony of opening this temple took place, the Romans believed that the Infernal Regions were opened, on which day they never offered battle, it being considered unpropitious. On the thirteenth was the *Cœna Capitolina*, a supper given to *Jupiter* in the *Capitol*. With the Romans it was customary to give entertainments on certain occasions to their deities, and to provide seats for them, and act with the same respect towards the representations of their Gods, as if they had been really honoured by their presence. This feast, which was called also *Lectisternium*, was intended to propitiate their deities to preserve the city from pestilence and calamity. When this entertainment took place, foreigners known or unknown were welcome to lodge in their dwellings, and partake of their plenteous boards free of expence; all dissensions between parties on this occasion were healed, and liberty was granted to prisoners. The first celebration of this grand festival of the Romans was observed.

by order of the Duumviri in the year 335, after the foundation of Rome. On the fifteenth, popular games, which lasted three days, began in the Circus. The priests on the nineteenth had a solemn supper in honor of Cybele. The Liberalia, or festivals in honor of Bacchus, were held on the twenty-first. The celebration of these feasts were attended not merely with the utmost gaiety, but with every excess. Libations of honey were poured out to the god, because he was believed to have taught the use of it, and a he-goat was sacrificed to him, from these animals being considered destructive to the vines. The Bacchæ, or priests of the god, who officiated at this ceremony, wore fawn-skins, and had their heads crowned with vine branches, carrying in their hands staves twisted with ivy, and performing the most ridiculous postures. These festivals at last became so degenerate and licentious, that the Consuls Spurious, Posthumius, Albinus, and Quintus Martius Philippus, caused the observance of the Liberalia to be abolished. On the twenty-second, offerings were made to Pluto and Proserpine. The Brumalia began on the twenty-fourth, and lasted for several days. These festivals were celebrated, some writers assert, in honor of Bacchus; the title of the feasts was derived from Brumus, one of his ancient names: and on the twenty-seventh, the mortuary sacrifices, in the Forum Boarium (the market where the oxen were sold) took place.

Till the morning of the twenty-second of this month, the sun is in the sign Scorpio, on which day it enters that of Sagittarius.

The month of November rarely, if ever, presents to us any other weather than such as is calculated to depress the spirits and create ennui; its mornings and evenings come to us wrapt in dense and chilling fogs, of a nature so impenetrable, as to defy, till almost the middle of the day, the dispersing powers of the genial beams of the sun: besides the dusky mantle that shortens the greatly diminished light of day, another unpleasant sight meets the eye if you wander forth into the late green fields during this *month of gloom*, which produces the most melancholy sensations, for no where can the admirer of nature turn without beholding the verdure nipped by the biting morning frosts, and scattered o'er with the leaves from the tall denuded trees, withered, shrunk, and dead, which involuntarily turns your steps back again for home, sickened at the desolating sight, there to forget the drear scene, still green in memory, you have been gazing on, caused by the common enemy,

“ Winter and rough weather,”

amid the social circle crowded around the invigorating fire-side.

The business which occupies the farmer's attention at this season, is the completing of his ploughing before the frost sets in; while this employment is performing without, the busy flail is heard, filling the air about the homestead, with a pleasant sound, occasioned by the fast falling strokes of the thresher within the well stored barn, which ever and anon is answered by the loud sounds from the woodman's axe. These occupations, with the housing of the horses and cattle, the sending forth into the fields the flocks of sheep to browse upon the juicy root, the destroying of ant-hills, and the putting the bees under shelter, for protection from the season's inclemency, form the principal features which distinguish November from the preceding portions of the year.

Having said thus much of this month of “mental despondency,” we must bid adieu to its characteristics; but ere our account closes, we venture to introduce to the attention of our readers a poetical illustration of the practices which pleased our forefathers on the day of Martinmas, (11th November) which we predict will not prove uninteresting to their children's children.

It is the day of Martilmasse,
Cuppes of ale should frelie passe;
What though Wynter has begunne
To push down the Summer sunne.
To our fire we can betake
And enjoy the crackling brake,
Never heedinge Wynter's face,
On the day of Martilmasse.

When the dailie sportes be donne,
Round the market crosse they runne,
Prentis-laddes, and gallant blades,
Dancing with their gamesome maides,
Till the bellman, loud and soure,
Shakes his bell, and calls the houre,
Then farewell ladde, and farewell lasse,
To the merry night of Martilmasse.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Oct. 28	Tues.	St. Simon and Jude. High Water, 32 m. aft. 5 morn. 56 ——— 5 even.	Oct. 28.	St. Simon is styled the Canaanite, from the Hebrew <i>cana</i> —to be zealous; hence his name Simon Zelotes, or the Zealot. Our saint preached the gospel in Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Persia, where he received the crown of martyrdom. St. Jude, or Judas, was also called Thaddeus and Libbius. He was brother to James, the brother of our Saviour. St. Jude was put to death in the city of Berytus in Persia, for reproving the superstition of the Magi. 1216.—Anniversary of the coronation of Henry III of England. The ceremony was performed at Gloucester by Peter, Bishop of Winchester, and Joceline, Bishop of Bath; Cardinal Guallo Bicherius, legate of Pope Honorius, assisting.
— 29	Wed.	St. Chef: Sun rises 6 af. 7 — sets 54 — 4	— 29	St. Chef, or Theuderius is said to have died A. D. 675 1618.—Beheaded on this day in Parliament Yard, the brave Sir Walter Raleigh. This learned man fell a sacrifice to the mortal hatred conceived by the Spaniards against him, and to James the First's unhappy desire to fulfil his son's marriage with the Infanta of Spain.
— 30	Thurs	St. Austerius. Moon's last Qua. 34 m. aft. 4 aft.	— 30	This saint was bishop of Amasia in Pontus. He lived towards the end of the fourth century. Several of his homilies were published at Amsterdam in the year 1608, by Rubemis. 1654.—Anniversary of the death of the learned lawyer and antiquary John Selden, who was styled by Grotius—the Glory of England. The writings of this distinguished man form six vols. folio. Those which are most sought for at the present time, are his Titles of Honour; his Table-Talk; and his History of Tythes; the latter, at the time it appeared, gave great offence to the clergy, and drew upon him a prosecution in the commission court.
— 31	Frid.	St. Wolfgang. High Water, 2 m. aft. 8 morn. 29 ——— 8 aft.	— 31	This saint was bishop of Ratisbon in the tenth century. His death is recorded as happening A. D. 994. This is Allhallow's Eve, or the Vigil of All-Saint's day. Upon this night many singular customs are practised in England, Wales, and Scotland. This night in some parts is termed <i>NUTCRACK-NIGHT</i> , from the practice of flinging nuts in the fire. 1620.—Born on this day at Wotton, near Dorking, John Evelyn, the author of the <i>SYLVA</i> . This gentleman, who was an ornament to his country, is said to have introduced the use of coffee into England. He also laid the first stone of Greenwich Hospital in 1695. The mansion of this celebrated man, <i>Saye's Court</i> , Deptford, where Peter the Great resided when perfecting himself in the art of ship building, in our Dock-yard, now forms the site of the Parish Workhouse.
Nov. 1	Satur.	Ali Saint's. Sun ris. 12 m aft 7 — sets 48 — 4	Nov. 1	ALL SAINT'S DAY. —The church, on this day honours all the saints rising together in glory. This feast was in its first institution kept on the 12th of May, but in the year 835 it began to be observed on this day in France & Germany. 1755.—Anniversary of the dreadful earthquake at Lisbon. This shocking calamity, in less than eight minutes, threw down most of the houses, and destroyed 50,000 of the inhabitants.
— 2	SUN.	22d. Sun af. Trin. LES. for the DAY 2 c. Prov. morn 3 c. ——— even All Souls.	— 2	On All-Soul's Day in Catholic countries, the churches are hung with black; the tombs are opened; a coffin, covered with black and surrounded with wax lights, is placed in the nave of the church; and in one corner, figures in wood, representing the souls of the deceased, are half-way plunged into the flames. This feast was instituted by Odo, abbot of Clugny, A. D. 993.
— 3	Mond.	St. Malachi. High Water, 53 m. aft. 10 mor. 22 ——— 11 even.	— 3	This saint, who was famed for his holiness, was archbishop of Armagh, but before his death, he quitted his archbishoprick for an inferior prelacy in the church of Down. He died A. D. 1148.



See Page 264.

Illustrated Article.

THE GOLDSMITH OF WESTCHEAP.

FOR the following interesting tale of the olden time, we are indebted to MR. ACKERMAN'S splendid Annual and welcome visitant, *THE FORGET ME NOT*, which we recommend to our readers as deserving of their patronage; they will not only find it internally rich in the elegances of art, but equally so in those of literature: we could take up more of our columns in descanting at full upon the great attractions of this volume, were it needful, but as it is our intention to devote a future number to the whole of these gems when they are published, it would only be a futile attempt to "gild refined gold."

AT the close of the fourteenth century, old London presented a noble and picturesque appearance. The eye was not then wearied with unbroken lines of brickwork, pierced full of squares for windows; but the streets displayed rows of lofty houses, lifting their sharp-pointed gables, adorned with many a fanciful and

grotesque device; and the massive stone mansions of the superior class of citizens emulated the castellated dwellings of the nobles of the land. And then, enriched with all the decorations of gothic architecture, arose the various religious establishments, each with its fair chapel and spacious refectory, surrounded by its wide and well-cultivated garden, and overshadowed by century-aged trees; while, on every side, the stately churches, with their pinnacled towers or tall airy spires, stood proud trophies of an era most unjustly termed barbarous.

On one of the handsomest and most frequented of the streets, at the period when the following tale commences (although its Goldsmith's-row, subsequently the boast of the old city, was not yet built), was Westcheap, the Cheapside of modern times. As the inhabitants were mostly dealers in delicate and costly commodities, being mercers, embroiderers, and goldsmiths, and as at this period too (1399,) according to the united testimony of all contemporary historians, luxury had attained a greater height than had ever been anticipated, "alle exceedinge in

gorgeous and costly apparel, farre above theyr degre; yeomen and grooms clothed in silke, saten, and damaske, bothe doublets and gownes—and hadde theyr garments cutte farre otherwise thanne it hadde beene before, withe broidered worke, ryche fures, and goldsmythes work,” as Master Robert Fabian sets forth; it is easy to imagine the splendid appearance of the different shops. Here, a mercer displayed to view damasks, satins, and velvets—even that costly fabric, forbidden to all but the highest order of nobility, “cloth of gold;” and beside him the broiderer exhibited his hoods, girdles, purses, and ecclesiastical vestments embellished with the most delicate needlework; while the precious stores of the goldsmith, from the jewelled buckle for the head to the silver chain that fastened the long-peaked shoe to the knee; from the postel-spoon given by the godmother to the infant, to the large silver dish, or enamelled chalice, given by the noble to “holy church,”—all courted the admiring gaze of the passenger, from beneath the overhanging penthouse of the low unglazed window.

It was a stirring and a lively scene that this street presented one autumn evening, between vespers and complin; for there walked the city dame in bright coloured sweeping mantle, her gold-hafted knife and tasselled purse hanging from her broad girdle; and the city damsel with silken kirtle and laced bodice; and the sober citizen, warden perchance of his company, or common-councilman of his ward (proud offices in those early days,) wrapt in his sad-coloured long gown, and fingering with a kind of quiet ostentation the well-filled velvet purse, or adjusting the rich enamelled brooch that fastened his hood; while, in that strangely grotesque dress, the silken long coat with hanging sleeves that swept the pavement, the tight party-coloured hose, and shoes which turned up “six inches at the end,” and his hood worked with poppinjays, appeared the exquisite of the fourteenth century. Nor were the common people wanting. There, close beside the conduit, was a crowd of apprentices vociferously joining chorus to a ballad sung by a green-coated minstrel, which asserted with laudable patriotism that undoubted

fact, in their estimation, that London was the first of cities, and her citizens the first of men. A little farther on, a more quiet and elderly group surrounded another minstrel (or rather *disour*,) who stood detailing in a kind of monotonous recitative the prowess of King Brut and his very apocryphal descendants, from that ancient compendium of metrical history, "The Chronikyl of Englande." Still farther on, mounted on the shop-board of one of his zealous disciples, a portly gray friar, with stentorian voice, and vehement action, recounted to a large and greatly edified auditory some outrageous miracles from the life of his founder, St. Francis of Assisi, not forgetting, in the pauses of his long narration, to send round the bag for the contributions of the faithful.

In the midst of this lively scene, two men closely wrapt in those large coarse cloaks which formed the common travelling dress of the period, and were often used for purposes of concealment, appeared near the conduit, apparently engaged in deep conversation, and making their way through the crowd in a manner that betokened either a haste which admitted no delay, or a pride which brooked no opposition. Whatever were the cause, it was not without many an angry look and angry word that the multitude gave way; and the strangers, on their arrival opposite to the conduit, inquired of some of the apprentices, in a tone of command, where Arnold de Rothing resided.

"Two worthy personages to ask after goldsmiths!" answered one of the 'prentices, irritated at the haughty manner of the inquirer: "and what do ye lack?—an enamelled brooch, a jewelled thumb-ring, a forty-mark girdle to match your goodly mantles—eh, lordings?" And a loud laugh burst from his well-pleased companions.

"Nothing but a plain answer to my question," retorted the stranger peremptorily.

"Well, then, master questioner," sullenly replied the 'prentice, "as Master de Rothing is not looked upon by his fraternity, I should like to treat him to two such goodly customers as ye. Yonder's his house, next to old Forster's, the mercer, who hath turned the white hart of King Richard into that spotted antelope in honour of our good King Henry, by cutting off his horns and collar and spotting him all over."

"Alas, the goodly white hart!" said the other stranger, in a suppressed tone; but low as was the ejaculation it did not escape the quick ears of the 'prentices.

"Ay, my good master, no wonder ye lament for the white hart," cried one; "ye ruffled in silks and damasks then, perchance, instead of your goodly mantle; but these days are gone, I trow."

"Come on!" whispered the other stranger.

"Ay, on with ye!" cried the first 'prentice, "with the malison of all true English hearts on ye and the white hart too!—Up with your caps, boys, for King Henry of Lancaster, the friend of the commons, who hath driven pilling and polling clean out of the land! Saint Mary, though, I should like to know what you two scatterlings can want with de Rothing. An I had thought their pouches had been lined with rose-nobles, I had sent them to the Silver Unicorn."

"Trust not to outside, Symond," replied his companion; "ye may have lost your master two good customers:—see, there they go!"

"Ay, there they go!" responded a stern voice; "but the cunning shall be taken in his craftiness."

As this was said in Latin, and as the valiant 'prentices were no "Latiners," the solemn denunciation excited not the surprise which was caused by the sudden appearance of the speaker, who was instantly addressed with every mark of the profoundest respect. He seemed to be a very old man; yet it was not his white locks or flowing beard that excited their spontaneous homage; but his shaggy long coat, iron-shod staff, the large wallet, and high-crowned broad hat, bearing the escallop shell—each part of the appropriate garb of pilgrimage—that caused the 'prentices to gather round and pray a blessing from the holy man, whose weary feet had traversed many a far-distant land, and who had, perchance, even beheld the deep blue skies, and breathed the spicy airs, of heaven-favoured Palestine. The pilgrim hastily pronounced a blessing, and proceeded onward, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the two men, who now entered a shop, where the meagre show of "vessayle of golde and sylvere" contrasted most disadvantageously with the splendid appearance of its neighbours; and, taking his stand opposite, he seemed as though he intended to keep watch until they should come out again: but it was in vain. The news that a pilgrim so venerable in appearance was to be seen spread rapidly among the crowd. The minstrel was left to finish his song alone; the reciter of "Chronykil of Englande" was deserted by his auditors, even in the midst of his description of King Bladud's marvellous works at Bath; and the portly

gray friar found himself superseded in his vocation,—the fickle congregation at the first intelligence having scampered off, nothing doubting that they should feast their eyes on some veritable relic, a tooth, or thumb-nail at least, of some wonder-working saint. Nothing of this kind did the pilgrim produce—no marvels nor miracles had he to detail; but, apparently vexed at being made the object of unwished-for attention, pronouncing a few words of counsel to the assembled throng, he disappeared from view so suddenly and so completely, that the populace, ever fond of wonders, were almost inclined to affirm that he had vanished away.

The great attraction removed, the throng, warned by the darkening twilight, and the ringing of the complin bells, quietly took their way to their respective homes; and the heretofore crowded street was deserted, save by two or three 'prentices, who lingered near Arnold de Rothing's door, anxious again to see the two strangers; but in vain; so, marveling what their errand might be, and determining not to rest until they knew somewhat about it, they reluctantly returned to their habitations.

The following morning an unwonted smoke was seen issuing from the workshop of the unfortunate goldsmith; his only assistant seemed bustling about with looks of importance, and the care-worn features of de Rothing himself seemed to have assumed a more satisfied expression.

"I should wonderfully like to know the meaning of all this," said the goldsmith of the Silver Unicorn to his 'prentice, "for, an I find those two strangers ye told me of have given de Rothing a good order, I'll swinge ye soundly for your rudeness to them. Had ye been more mannerly, and told them the best of work could be done at the Silver Unicorn, perchance they might have come to me."

"St. Mary! a likely story, for such beggars to give an order," replied the 'prentice:—"two scatterlings, forsooth, who were most likely some of the disbanded Cheshire-men, and who, having mayhap but one groat between them, wanted it changed into rose-nobles by the craft of multiplication, and so went o de Rothing"—for this unlucky goldsmith, in addition to his other troubles, had the misfortune to be addicted to the "beggarly pursuit of alchemy."

"Ay, boy," returned the master, "see what comes of book-learning and

being wiser than our neighbours; had Master de Rothing never read Latin, he had never been seeking after new things, but, seeking after new things, he must needs go abroad, and there must find out, forsooth, that the Lombard goldsmiths understand polishing and enamelling better than we—a thing not to be thought of—and then must he seek to bring a Lombard among us, even to our very hall. I knew it would be his ruin, and so it was."

"Ay, truly," said the 'prentice, "for none of the guild will even speak to him, and our Lady knows had I thought these men had brought an order, they should never have carried it to him. No, no; if Master de Rothing be so fond of outlandish men, let them help him."

"They have helped him but scantily, it seems," returned the master; "for, methinks, he must soon take up his lodging in Ludgate. Soothly though, I'm sorry for Sybilla; she was brought up to different expectations, and a fairer or better nurtured damsel ye may not meet in a long summer's day. Well, boy, mind this one thing whatever else ye forget, never seek after book-learning, and never consort with foreigners."

"That will I," returned the 'prentice. "Saints know I had liefer hammer by the day than spell the Cross-row for an hour, and far liefer welcome an outlandish man with my club than with my hand."

"'Tis a good lad, after all," said the master, as he went out, "ay, 'tis a good lad, for he speaks like a worthy citizen."

But a few days passed away, and a new marvel was prepared for the wondering inhabitants of Westcheap. On de Rothing's shop-board, lately so bare, were placed six gold chains and two enamelled brooches, of such delicate workmanship that a reluctant tribute of admiration was extorted even from the lips of the goldsmith of the Silver Unicorn. "'Tis an excellent workman," said he, addressing the alderman of the ward, who stood admiring these beautiful specimens of 'ye arte of ye goldsmythe; "but, I marvel who gave him the order."

"So do I," returned the alderman, "for de Rothing says they are quite unknown to him, but they will bring the money and take them away to-night."

The goldsmith of the Silver Unicorn went his way, determined to give his 'prentice a pleasant taste of his cudgel, for his rudeness to men who seemed likely

to prove such good customers, and the alderman entered de Rothing's shop, to order a gold chain of a similar pattern, and a parcel gilt salver. The poor goldsmith, overjoyed at this second piece of good fortune, now began really to believe that prosperity was about to revisit his long deserted dwelling, and with grateful heart returned thanks to Heaven.

The same evening de Rothing, wearied with the labours and anxiety of the day, had gone out to solace himself with that usual recreation of the Londoners at this period, a walk in the adjacent fields, leaving his daughter Sybilla (their altered fortunes not permitting them to retain a single domestic) in charge of the house. Suddenly there was a loud and peremptory knocking at the door, and Sybilla, cautiously opening it, perceived two men wrapt in large coarse mantles, who inquired if de Rothing were within. The answer in the negative seemed greatly to perplex them, but, after some conversation, carried on in too low a tone to enable her to hear a single word, they demanded the chains and the brooches, producing at the same time a purse, so well filled with marks and nobles, that it might have purchased the whole stock of the shop twice over.

"I would we could see Arnold de Rothing," said the first, entering and closing the door, "for our errand brooks no delay, and the city is not the best place for us to sojourn in—but what must we do?" continued he, addressing his companion; and again they commenced a low and earnest conversation, from time to time casting their eyes on the goldsmith's daughter, as though she were the subject of it.

At length, counting out the sum agreed upon for the chains and brooches, and placing them in his purse, the first speaker, in a voice and manner very different from his first address, said, "Well, young maiden, ye must lead a merry life here, for ye have a goodly view of all the shows and ridings in Cheap. Didst see the Earl of Salisbury last tournament? 'tis said he went in gallant array—dost know him?"

"In sooth I do not: we have little pleasure in jousts or ridings," was the maiden's answer, surprised at the abrupt and apparently unimportant question.

"Dost know the Duke of Exeter?—the Earl of Huntingdon?—surely ye must know *him*?"

"Truly, I know none of them save by name," returned she.

"Nor your father? Surely so good a

workman must have been often employed by them?"

"I know not whether my father know them, but they have never employed him," was her answer.

"Well, young maiden," said the first, resuming his commanding and haughty air, "ye seem discreet; so we must even leave our errand with you—now, mark it well: Bid de Rothing make twelve gold rings, each enamelled with this device; a gauntleted hand stretched out, and around it this motto, 'PREST A FAYRE.' Now, bid your father keep counsel, and show the rings to no one, as he values our favour; for tell him, if he be careful to do our will, he shall ere long see himself placed among the first of his fraternity. So remember, a gauntleted hand stretched out, and the motto, 'PREST A FAYRE.'"

The speaker again closely muffled himself in his cloak, and taking the arm of his companion, with a haughty step departed. With a feeling of curiosity she could not resist, Sybilla watched the mysterious strangers until they were lost in the misty distance, when, turning round, she perceived an old man in the garb of a pilgrim close beside the door, apparently like herself anxiously gazing after them.

"Alas my fair maiden, ye little know the danger that threatens you," said he; and his solemn melancholy tone struck ominously on her ear.

"Danger?" replied she; "holy father, wherefore say ye so? Surely heaven hath sent these men to us;" and she glanced an emphatic look at the heap of gold that gleamed with such tantalizing brightness on the board.

"Ah! trust not to the red gold when it shineth," continued he, in the same mild but solemn voice; "and yet how shall I give ye such counsel, when I well know how much ye lack money? Take, then, advice of me, and follow my bidding." Sybilla raised her eyes to the face of the pilgrim, anxious to scan his meaning. There was nothing in the countenance that betokened either fraud or deceit, while the kindly yet mournful expression with which he regarded her gained greatly on the feelings of one, who, though so young, had already learned the bitter lesson, that friendly counsels and kind looks are seldom bestowed on the unfortunate. "Now, be counselled by me," he continued; "ye remember the twelve rings with the gauntleted hand, and the motto, 'PREST A FAYRE.'" The astonished girl started at these words:—how could the pilgrim have become acquainted with this? The

door had been closed the whole time the strangers were within, and they had spoken in so low a tone that it was utterly impossible for any one standing outside to have heard them. Apparently regardless of her wonder, the old man went on.

“ Now, bid your father make *thirteen* rings, carefully and secretly as they ordered you ; let them be left in readiness for these strangers ; then do you take out the thirteenth, and convey it whither I shall direct. Now, take heed to this ; for your father’s safety depends on closely following my advice : take strict heed ; and the blessing of Heaven be on you ! ” Astonished at the strange events of the evening, and absorbed in vague conjectures of impending danger, Sybilla mechanically bent her head and folded her arms to receive the pilgrim’s benediction, but when she raised her eyes he was gone.

It was not with those feelings of delight which his daughter had fondly anticipated that de Rothing, on his return, beheld the heap of gold ; for the vague news that some unexpected good fortune had befallen him had reached the quick ears of his creditors, rendering them doubly importunate for payment, while the one to whom he owed most had that evening threatened to send him to Ludgate, unless he repaid two hundred marks by the morrow of St. Martin, to which little more than a fortnight was now wanting. With intense eagerness, therefore, even as the shipwrecked mariner seizes the rope on which his safety depends, or the dying man drains the chalice that is to restore him to life and health, did the friendless goldsmith listen to his daughter’s account, and devoutly thank heaven that such good fortune had so unexpectedly been thrown in his way. Days passed on ; the furnace smoked ; de Rothing was evidently busily employed, and the neighbours looked anxiously for the result, but in vain.

“ Ye were right, Symond,” said the goldsmith at the Silver Unicorn ; “ de Rothing is at his old trade of multiplying, and with his usual success, for we see nothing but smoke.”

“ Well, whatever he be after, I’ll find it out,” replied the ’prentice. “ St. Mary ! I shall never rest till I know who those two men can be.” It was in vain that, in pursuance of this laudable intention, Symond, to the great loss of his master’s time, was constantly standing at the door, or lingering about the conduit, hoping that chance might again throw in his way the two mysterious strangers.

Two weeks had elapsed, the thirteen rings were completed, but no one came

for them. Martinmas drew near, and the short sunshine of de Rothing’s prospects again became overclouded with fear. It now wanted but three days to the feast of St. Martin ; and collecting all the money he possessed, which, however, did not amount to half the requisite sum, de Rothing set out in the evening to endeavour to propitiate his chief creditor, and obtain a farther extension of the time of payment. As though his mysterious visitants had watched for his absence, scarcely had he departed, when they entered and demanded the rings. Favoured in her project by the absence of her father, Sybilla, securing the supernumerary one, presented the twelve.

“ We have more work for de Rothing,” said the first ; “ but he must closely keep our counsel, for there will be somewhat of risk ; though what of that ? he shall be well paid ; and we well know what need he hath of money ; so bid him——” But here his arm was caught with an expression of great anxiety by his companion, and the unfinished sentence died away on his tongue. There was again a low and earnest conversation ; at length producing his purse, the first speaker counted out a hundred marks, and pushing them toward the astonished girl, said, “ You see, my fair maiden, we can well reward those who fulfil our bidding ; so tell de Rothing to be ready ; for ere long we shall need him.”

The stranger departed, when, like their evil genius compelled to track their footsteps, or rather like some guardian spirit commissioned to watch over the friendless goldsmith and his daughter, the pilgrim appeared. “ Follow my bidding, fear not, and waver not,” said he ; “ but ere the bell summons to morning service to-morrow, take that ring to the chapel of St. Thomas on London Bridge ; stand on the right, beside the second pillar, and give the ring to a man whom ye shall see holding a white greyhound by a red and blue leash.”

“ Alas, holy father ! ” said Sybilla, “ ’tis a perilous errand, and we are surrounded by dangers ; how can ye ensure our safety ? ”

“ My fair girl, I could well show ye how your father’s only security lies in following my counsel,” replied he, “ but I may not—however, by this ye may judge I know more about your concerns than you or even your father. Ye know he is gone to old Fitz-Martyn to pray his charitable forbearance for a few days ; now, that cunning old usurer will dismiss him with hard words and an utter refusal—but afterwards, this very night, will he send a wondrous kind message, bidding

your father use his own convenience, and pay when he pleases. When ye find this, methinks ye will not fear to follow my counsel ;” and then again repeating his directions, he retired.

All came to pass precisely as the pilgrim had foretold ; and, fully determined strictly to follow the counsel of one so much better acquainted with their affairs than herself, Sybilla, ere the thick darkness of a November morning had been wholly chased away by the struggling light, wrapped herself in her mantle, and quitting the house unobserved, took the back road to the bridge. Threading many an intricate passage, where the tall overhanging houses combined to prevent the admission of the little light already perceivable, and fording many a perilous stream, the united tribute of the neighbouring springs and the neighbouring sewers, she at length entered the beautiful little chapel of St. Thomas. It was empty, and taking her stand beside the second pillar, she anxiously awaited the arrival of the unknown object of her mission. In a little time a man, leading a white greyhound by a blue and red leash, his hood drawn so closely over his face that but a very imperfect view could be obtained of his countenance, entered from the door leading to the river. She presented the ring, which the stranger narrowly examined, and commending her conduct, and assuring her that the danger which threatened her father, could only be averted by her giving him, from time to time, such information respecting the two mysterious visitants and their proceedings, as chance may throw in her way, he departed, and Sybilla, with mingled feelings of hope and fear, returned home.

—“ By the shrine of St. Erkenwald ! ye get worse and worse, like the old woman’s parcel-gilt spoon—Two hours only going into Fish Street, ye losel !” was the salutation of master Denny of the Silver Unicorn to his ’prentice a few days after. “ St. Mary ! but I’ll swinge ye soundly.”

“ Not so fast, good master,” answered Symond, too well accustomed to his master’s objurgations to feel them very keenly, and well aware that on this occasion he brought a sufficient excuse to hold him harmless in the cargo of news which he thus proceeded to produce—“ St. Mary ! but methinks you should give me a cup of clary, or a cup of charneco, master, for all the news I’ve got to tell you: here was I ready to come back full an hour ago, walking along Cornhill ‘ in the peace of God and the king,’ as the petitioners say, when behold

you, methought I caught a glimpse of those two men ; so I ran after them, and got close behind them ; and sure enough in they went to de Rothing’s—but who, think ye, went in after ?”

“ Sweet Lady ! if I can tell,” replied the master ; his short-lived anger all evaporated at the very thought of some wonderment ; “ so let’s have it ?”

“ Why, there, creeping along in the dark like a bat, came old Fitz-Martyn, and the door opened, and in he went ; so there I stood outside, wishing I could get in, somewhatlike the knight in the donjon ; only he wished to get out : so, after a while, as I could hear nought, and as my eyes cannot pierce through thick walls, I went over to master Twyford’s ; and sure enough there was Martin, that tall ’prentice of his, on the look out also. ‘ Symond,’ saith he, ‘ ’tis a mad world we live in ; ye mind how old Fitz-Martyn quarrelled with Master de Rothing, and how he swore by the holy rood, and St. Peter and St. Paul, that he would clap him up in Ludgate to keep Christmas ?’ ‘ Truly I do,’ said I ; ‘ for ’tis as well known as Bow steeple.’ ‘ Well, now, look you,’ saith he ; ‘ this same old Fitz-Martyn hath lent him now another two hundred marks, and told my master to-day that he would lend him three times as much more. But there are strange doings over yonder, without question or lesing,’ quoth he. ‘ Do you see yon man ?’ so out I looked, and as the moon gave some little light, I saw some one standing, methought, dressed like a pilgrim, ‘ He yonder is always prowling about,’ quoth he, ‘ and I would give my best kersey jerkin to know wherefore. Moreover,’ saith he, ‘ de Rothing hath had the two quarries of glass in the best room put in, and the cracked one mended, and hath ordered a scarlet in-grain kirtle for his daughter, and a sad-coloured gown for himself, and spoke somewhat about hangings.’ ”

“ Our sweet Lady be gracious !” ejaculated master Denny ; “ it must be through the craft of multiplication—ay, that it must—or he would never have turned old Fitz-Martyn into a friend. I would I had a notion of it ; for saints know I’d soon lay aside tongs, hammer, and graver.”

“ No, no,” replied Symond, “ ’tis not by multiplication. We ’prentices think he is making goldsmith’s work for some outlandish people, for he but yesterday bought fifty marks worth of fine gold. ’Tis no good that he is after, for nobody can see aught he does ; well, we’ll keep close watch on him, and observe what comes to pass.”

Notwithstanding all the efforts of de Rothing's neighbours to discover his occupation, his affairs were still wrapt in impenetrable mystery, and Christmas drew near; not in the quiet and almost unperceived manner in which it now steals upon us, but in all that preparation and solemn observance becoming a festival, which beyond every other our forefathers determined

That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides (ay, highest) of the calendar.

And with a lighter heart and less careworn countenance did de Rothing anticipate the holy tide, and by many little domestic arrangements did he give proof to his marvelling and suspicious neighbours that bitter and hopeless poverty was no longer his lot.

"Here, girl," said he, entering the room where Sybilla, with many an anxious thought that would not be banished, sat beside the cheerful hearth, engaged in the homely labour of the distaff; "here, girl," throwing a purse on her lap, "blessings on the saints! I'm a free man again, all my debts paid, and somewhat to put in the coffer, so lay aside your distaff, and bring forth your gittern, for Master Fitz-Martyn and I will take a cup of clary together, and have a merry evening; and ye shall don your brave new kirtle, Sybilla, at Christmas; and methinks we must get new hangings," glancing a look at the faded and moth eaten tapestry. "Ay, we will not do as of yore, blessings on the saints! why, good Master Fitz-Martyn, methinks I seem raised from the dead."

While the joyful goldsmith, released from that heavy pressure of poverty and anxiety which for so many years had bowed him down, was thus giving utterance to his grateful feelings, the old usurer, with the eye of a basilisk, kept alternately watching his host and his daughter, and starting at even the lightest sound; while Sybilla, laying aside the distaff, took up her long relinquished gittern, and, with a mind filled with melancholy, though vague, forebodings, commenced the following song:—

Dost thou ask what life can be?
Soothly, well I'll answer thee:
'Tis a coil of joy and sorrow,
Smiling eve, and cloudy morrow;
A changeful web to fancy's sight,
With warp of black and woof of white;
A chalice strange, commingling still
Sweet and bitter, good and ill;
Or, likeliest, an April sky,
When swift the passing shadows fly,
And now is darkness, now is light,
And the sunbeam glanceth bright;

Then a dark cloud saileth on,
And the golden light is gone:—
Such is life to thee and me,
Such hath been, and so will be.

"Grammercy, girl! but that song likes me not," interrupted de Rothing, "though soothly, 'tis true enough; but we must have somewhat merrier, and more suited to Christmas, to merry Christmas. Come, pledge me, Master Fitz-Martyn, to a merry Christmas; and Sybilla will sing us somewhat more pleasant." Again Sybilla tuned her gittern, and, with feelings little suited to her song, commenced:

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in blithe spring-tide,
When flowers are blooming on every side;
And the hawthorn buddeth, and skies are clear,
And all things rejoice in the morn of the year;
And knights and fair dames to the tourney
ride;

'Tis merry, ay merry in blithe spring-tide.

'Tis merry, ay, merry, in summer hours,
For brighter the sky and sweeter the flowers,
And with hound and horn, and mickle glee,
The hunter hies to the greenwood tree,
Chasing the hart 'mid his leafy bowers;
'Tis merry, ay, merry, in summer hours.

And merry it is when autumn sere,
Cometh to tell of the closing year,
When the joyful villagers' gladsome din
Telleth the harvest is gathered in,
And the vintage is ripe—though frosts appear:
'Tis merry, ay, merry, in autumn sere.

But merry, most merry, when winter's snow
Spreads his mantle of white on the plains
below,

For then is the midnight minstrelsy,
And the wassail-bowl decked with carol and
glee;

Ay, merriest, when yule-logs blaze clear and
high,

For sport-loving Christmas draweth nigh.

"Lady Mary! what noise is that?" cried de Rothing, starting up. "Be not fearful," replied Fitz-Martyn, at the same time moving toward the door with a quicker step than his bent and feeble figure might have warranted. Ere he reached it, however, a party of men-at-arms rushed in and seized the unfortunate goldsmith.

"What means this? on what charge am I taken?" cried he, looking with terrified wonder at the well-armed company that now filled the room.

"What charge, you scatterling, and disgrace to our good city?" returned their leader: "is it not for imagining and compassing the death of the king—ay, for high treason?"—(*To be continued.*)

CHANGE OF DRESS.

Of yore, it was the fashion, on the stage,
For men in women's dress to play their parts;
But now a just reversion is the rage,
And many a fair one in the breeches starts.

ON SEEING AN UNFORTUNATE
ORPHAN ASLEEP.*(For the Olio.)*

Soft is thy sleeping,
Thou image of rest !
But, sad is the weeping
That lurks in thy breast !
When thy sleep shall forsake thee,
How sad wilt thou seem !
When the morn shall awake thee,
And end thy calm dream !
Oh ! better for feeling
To weep o'er its woes ;
Than, its sadness concealing,
To sink in repose !
For the full cup of sorrow,
While shaken must drip ;
But if still, then, to-morrow,
Comes full to the lip !

Oh ! better to sorrow
Than, cheated, to sleep,
To wake on the morrow
More sadly to weep !
For, the potion once tasted,
To drink is no pain,
But, if left, the taste, wasted,
Must come o'er again.
When the darkness of mourning
By slumber's relieved,
It more darkens the morning
To those who're bereaved :
Oh ! the winter's least dreary
When dreary all through ;
For, when days shine out cheery,
Its darkness we rue !

Oh ! still as thou 'rt seeming,
There's that in thy heart
Will burst through thy dreaming,
And mis'ry impart :
'Tis the loss of each blessing
On earth that is given ;
'Tis thy memory confessing
How sad thou art riven !
Some angel should take thee
Where full is the bliss ;
And in heaven awake thee
By thy fond parents' kiss !
For this world has no treasure
To gladden *thy* brow ;
Oh ! thy only poor pleasure
Is to slumber as now !

R. JARMAN.

DANTE AND POLLOK.

(For the Olio.)

WHEN Homer and Virgil, in the two greatest poems of antiquity, had collected all the mythology and intellectual grandeur of the classic world, there remained but little else to the poets of subsequent ages, but an imitation of those two great models ; the reign of Pericles in which Euripides, Sophocles and Plato flourished, may be compared with the Augustan era, when Cicero, Virgil, and Horace reformed the literature of their country ;—these writers were at length succeeded by numerous imitators who, like the disciples

of the Alexandrian school, facilitated the abolition of knowledge by their servile imitation of the works of genius.

The subsequent dissolution of the Roman Empire produced an interregnum in literature, which existed till Bocaccio and Dante again illumined the western world by the revival of letters, and the triumph of genius was consummated by Ariosto, Tasso, and Menzini ; it was not till this period, when the crusade had attained its splendour, and changed the destiny of nations, that epic poetry assumed its former grandeur ; for, however fatal that event might have been to the political improvement of the western world, there had never been a revolution in the affairs of men, the action and object of which were better adapted to the genius of epic poetry ; the religious enthusiasm of a people, who believed themselves sanctioned by Heaven in effecting the extirpation of a pagan empire, whose monarch had reared the standard of superstition upon the sanctuary of their Christ, was a subject of such immediate importance, and so original in its nature, that when described by Tasso an era in literature was produced, which added to the classic genius of Greece and Rome the romantic chivalry of an age so adventurous.

It is obvious that the long absence of political revolution, which superseded the completion of the crusade, might have induced Dante to have selected for the theme of his song the terrors and delights of immortality ; and which subject, afterwards adopted by Milton, is now the general theme of the poets of the present day. Originality of action, which is the first principle of universal poetry, not being so easily deduced from the physical world, the greater attention has been directed to the mysteries of time and eternity, and the first who selected their attributes was Dante ; and although the splendour of his poetry has been equalled, none have displayed a greater conception in their delineations of metaphysical existence.—Milton confined himself to biblical authorities, and all his descriptions, however grand or great their prototypes, are still to be found in the Scriptures ; Dante leads you into the regions of immortality, and, like the sorceress, unfolds to your view each particular scene, whether of torture or happiness,—he describes for what actions men were thus punished or rewarded, and mourns with the sorrowful and rejoices with the happy.

In "The Course of Time," a less number of classic references and scriptural personifications are to be found than in the "Paradise Lost;" the author has rested more upon his own imagination

than the bard of hell and heaven, and not restricted his genius by the frequent adaptation of scriptural imagery; and although he has not so generally imparted that air of truth and terror to his characteristics of vice and virtue, that is every where so prominent an excellence in Dante, he has equalled, if not surpassed him in poetic creation; indeed there are few instances of more splendid poetry than his opening lines:—

Hold my right hand, Almighty! and me teach
To strike the lyre, but seldom struck, to notes
Harmonious with the morning stars, and pure
As those by sainted bards and angels sung,
Which wake the echoes of eternity;
That fools may hear, and tremble, and be wise
Instructed, listen of ages yet to come.

It might be difficult to suppose an idea could be more grand or effective than that inferred from the fifth line. It will be also perceivable that he has adopted the phraseology of Milton—

me teach
To strike the lyre—

to whom such a construction was peculiar as “him the eternal hurl’d.” This mode of placing the accusative case before the verb is one of the most philosophical idioms of the Latin language.

The following description of “the worm that never dies,” may rival competition with the Cérberé of Dante.

————— how shall I describe
What nought resembles else my eye hath seen?
Of worm or serpent kind it something looked,
But monstrous with a thousand snaky heads,
Eyed each with double orbs of glaring wrath;
And with as many tails that twisted out
In horrid revolution, tipped with stings;
And all its mouths, that wide and darkly gaped,
And breathed most poisonous breath, had each
a sting,
Forked, and long, and venomous, and sharp;
And in its writhings infinite, it grasped
Malignantly what seemed a heart, swollen,
black,
And quivering with torture most intense.

Dante thus describes Cerberus, which was shewn to him by Virgil, in one of the regions of the Inferno.

Cérbero, fiera, crudele e diversa,
Con tre gole, caninamente latra
Sorra la gente che quivi è sommersa.
Gli occhi ha vermigli, e la barba unta ed atra;
E'l ventre largo, è unghiâte le mani,
Graffia gli spirti, gli scuója ed isquatra,
Quando si scorse Cérbero il gran vermo,
Le bocche asperse, et mostrocci le sanne:
Non avéa membro che tenesse fermo.

Some admirers of Dante would think such a picture of terror as that described by Pollok inadmissible; although there are frequent passages to be found in the

Inferno, which indicate a taste no less refined than that evinced by Maturin, who so painfully minutes the gradations of human suffering; the description of the tortures of the Alctrymists, “dal capo a piè di schianze maculati,” is by no means less repulsive than the extravagancies of either Maturin or Lerois. Doubtless, the Cerberus of Dante suggested the idea to Pollok, although he has not evinced any servile imitation of the original. The expression “diversa,” indicating the multifarious form of Cerberus, is splendid, and at once displays the conception of the poet, although our author has depicted his personification with much terror, he has not displayed the conciseness of Dante, who represents so much in a single line—“Gráffia gli spirti gli scuója ed isquatra,” displays at once the destructive cruelty of Cerberus—the simple beauty of “non avéa,” &c. (and not a limb of him but moved) is equalled by the expression “writhings infinite.”

The description of “Eternal Death,” though very different to any creation of Milton or Dante, displays a conception truly grand—

————— out it thrust a dart that might have
made
The knees of terror quake, and on it hung,
Within the triple barbs, a being pierced
Through soul and body both.

The most objectionable part of the poem, is that in which virtue is represented as walking in hell, and who the poet says,

————— from its own essential beams gave
Light to itself, that made the gloom more dark.

The situation of virtue is somewhat ludicrous; and the idea of “giving light to itself” is not original; the same expression is frequent among the Italian poets, and has since been adopted by Shelley and Moore “she moved in light of her own making;” and

————— it moved
In the light of its own loveliness.

Pollok adduces many splendid personifications of virtue and vice; but had he, like Dante, given them a “local habitation and a name,” and not delineated them as abstract beings, which can have no relation with mortality, he would have imparted an additional lustre to the whole poem. Virtue may be described in all the glowing imagery of poetry, and be still incapable of inculcating a moral principle. When we are convinced that the creation is too finely wrought to have existed any where but in the reverie of the poet, as a poetical fiction alone it demands our admiration, for that which has

no physical existence cannot affect the understanding or promote virtue. It is in this observance that Dante stands unrivalled; he everywhere combines truth with grandeur, and the mind recognizes a probability in his descriptions. He does not exhibit virtue or vice as fictitious personages, but represents all the attributes of the one harmonised in the celestial Beatrice, and all the gradations of the other displayed in personages who had been familiar to the world: ambition is personified in Capaneo, and tyranny in Dionysius. However splendid may be the paradise of Milton, its pillars of sapphire and gold, and its gorgeous structures are not believed to exist any where but in the conception of the poet; while that of Dante is described in a manner so simply grand and comprehensible, that it is imperative the greater preference should be given to that poetry which affects the understanding, rather than that which delights the senses: the poet simply describes heaven as that place which divinity illumines more than any other, and that the human mind cannot comprehend its attributes:—

fu' iö
Nostra intelletto si profonda tanto
Che retro la memoria non può ire.

Notwithstanding the comparative inferiority of Pollok to Dante, in giving to virtue and vice poetic attributes, rather than a personification with mortality, he greatly resembles him in the minor beauties of language and expression. Dante beautifully apostrophises Homer—signor dell' altissimo canto. The description of the poet by Pollok—

He from descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought—

and it would be impossible to find a more beautiful appellation than that which he gives to Dante himself—

—darker than aught

That he, the bard three visioned, † darkest saw.

The following animated description of the poet is worthy the graphic pen of its prototype:—

And in the silent vigils of the night,
When uninspired men reposed, the bard
Ghastly of countenance, and from his eye
Oft streaming wild unearthly fire, sat up,
And sent imagination forth, and searched
The far and near, heaven, earth and gloomy
hell,

For fiction new, for thought, unthought before;
And when some curious rare idea peered
Upon his mind, he dipped his hasty pen,
And by the glimmering lamp, or moonlight
beam

That thro' his lattice peep'd, wrote fondly
down

What seem'd in truth imperishable song.

There is sometimes a gloom of misanthropy in his language that we should be willing to think an assumption; Byron has been often instanced as the prince of misanthropists, and from many passages in this poem, we perceive that the author has adopted the same opinion. It has frequently happened that the character of this illustrious individual has been considered with too great a reference to the nature of his poetry; misanthropy is less the attribute of mortality than the feigned assumption of men of genius; and it may be to this circumstance that we must attribute the possession of the following poetical lines, descriptive of the 'victim of disappointment'—

— he as some atom seemed, which God
Had made superfluously, and needed not
To build creation with; but back again
To nothing threw, and left it in the void
With everlasting sense that once it was.

“The Course of Time” displays throughout a vein of poetry and a grandeur of conception truly original, but it is not likely ever to become so popular as “Paradise Lost,” or the “Divina Commedia.” Although the genius of Dante and Milton was not appreciated by their contemporaries, it is not to be inferred that Pollok will also attain the meridian of popularity in some future age. To Dante as to Milton he was equal in point of poetic genius, but was less acquainted with the constituents of universal poetry. In “The Course of Time” there is no regular action displayed, and but little human interest created; the author has carefully avoided every classic allusion or local reference: it is a production isolated from the various species of poetry, whether epic or didactic; and however great the genius of the author might have been, his inadvertence to the more dramatic principles of poetical composition will bereave him of that extensive popularity his talents would have demanded. It was in this combination of art and genius that Dante became superior to every poet that had existed; he represents to the reader a perfect and complete action, and employs no similies but those which have their origin in nature, and delineates no scene of terror which is not capable of exciting emotions in the human breast.—G. M. B.

CRIPPLED JEMMY.

(A STREET CIRCULAR.)

(For the Olio.)

London's proud city's highly famed
By Allen—Maitland—Stow;
The crooked, crippled, halt, and maim'd,
Unite to keep it so;
For, day by day, their merchandise
Is vended in the—'London Cries.'

† Alluding to his three visions, called L'Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso.

Like Bow Church belfry tower that rocks
The clappers in the steeple,
So Jemmy, by his movements shocks
The feelings of the people,
As he in Crutch-ed Friars each day
Pursues the 'Counter in his way.'

His feet are towed, one eye is patch'd,
His face is wan and wizen :
Like a crazed hut his poll is thatch'd
With gloss'd-hat rarely risen ;
His only 'issue's in his leg,'
Which runs, the more he stands,—to beg.

Like Gretna's Smith, he matches makes,
Which flare away with speed ;
And for his brimstone fees he takes
To aid his tramp-led creed :
Though Nature's form'd his figure lame,
He greatly values—Walkingame.

A promontory wen in prime
Stands high upon his chin ;
His dial nose points out of time,
As time his cheek points in :
Could Jemmy reign in civic state
He'd hold his 'Guild' at—Cripple-gate.

While fashion wanes, while health declines,
And youths and pleasures fade,
Pilgrim-like Jemmy courts his shrines,
Making a good crus-ade ;
And when the sun descends the west,
Then down goes Jemmy down to rest.

THE WARRIOR'S SONG.

(FROM THE FRENCH. *)

The star of night, with placid light,
Is looking on the tents of France ;
Without the camp, a valiant knight
Thus sings, as resting on his lance :
Fly, zephyrs, joyous zephyrs fly,
Tell to my faithful love my story,
And say I bear me gallantly
For Love and Glory.

At morning's light full many a knight,
In martial order will advance,
And if I perish in the fight,
I'll perish, grasping tight my lance ;
Then zephyrs, joyous zephyrs fly,
Tell to my sorrowing love my story,
And say in battle-field I die
For Love and Glory.

INDIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM A PUNDIT AT
UMBICA, HINDOOSTAN.

To the Honble.

SIR,

I very poor servant most humbly beg
leave to inform your honour, that I have a
greatist sorrow for no obtained any good
message by the order letters, since you
have set off for that quarter, but in your

kindness I perform that duty on pleased,
where you have appointed me of the courts
to the Pundit's Office, at Burdwan, and
for that is no leisure me. Therefore I am
unable to go to visit your feet, for the fes-
tivals court is over, and I arrived for the
worships of images at home, and for those
performing will stay in house a Umbica,
to the 5 November. You are, Sir, Right
Honourable, noble excellency, your lord-
ship ; and I am a certain refugee unto
your feet, and is expected that you must
be pleased to honour me by the writing
orders, with all good newses, and with
health of body. I am, Sir,

Your true very poor servant,
Jazince Pershad Neray ruten,
Behtacharige Pundit.

The 1st October, 1823.
Umbica, near the Colna.

SINGULAR PHRASES.

Gwabr-Merched.—A payment or fine
made to the lords of some manors upon
the marriage of their tenants' daughters,
or otherwise upon their committing the
act of incontinency.

Hail-Work Folk, (Holy-work folk.)
Persons who hold lands for the service of
repairing or defending some church, or
sepulchre.

Half-tongue.—A jury impanelled in
a cause where a foreigner is a party.

Hay, is derived from the Saxon *haye*,
a hedge ; a net to catch rabbits in ; an
inclosure ; a forest or park fenced
with rails ; hence to *dance the Hay*, is
to dance *in a ring*.

Hobblers.—Men, who by their tenures
were obliged to maintain a little light nag
for certifying any invasion towards the
sea-side ; certain Irish knights, who served
as light-horsemen upon hobbies.

Husseling-people, were formerly con-
sidered as communicants at the sacra-
ment.

Jews' Ears.—A spongy substance
growing about the root of an elder tree.

Lep and Lace.—In the manor of
Whittle in Essex, is a custom that every
cart which comes over a part thereof,
called Greenbury, pays fourpence to the
lord of the manor, except it be a noble-
man's cart. P.

The Note Book.

HATRED OF THE NORMANS.

In the beginning of the Conqueror's
reign, the rancour of the English towards

* The original of this song was a great fa-
vourite in the French imperial army.

the new-come Normans was such, that finding them single in woods, or remote places, they secretly murdered them, and the deed-doers could never be discovered; whereupon, it was ordained, that the hundred wherein a Norman was found slain, and the murderer not taken, should be condemned to pay to the king £36, or £28 according to the quantity of the hundred.

—
EXTRACT FROM A SERMON OF BISHOP
LATIMER, PREACHED BEFORE EDWARD
VI. A.D. 1549.

“ There was a Bishop of Winchester*, in King Henry VIth's days, which King was but a child, and yet there were many good acts made in his childhood, and I do not read that they were broken. This Bishop was a great man born, and did bear such a stroke that he was able to shoulder the Lord Protector†. Well, it chanced, that the Lord Protector and he fell out, and the Bishop would bear nothing at all with him, but played me the Satrapa, so that the Regent of France‡ was fain to be sent for, from beyond the seas, to set them at one, and to go between them. For the Bishop was able to buckle with the Lord Protector, as he was with him. Was not this a good prelate? He should have been at home, preaching in his diocese in a warrian. This Protector was so noble and goodly a man, that he was called of every man, the good Duke Humphrey. He kept such a house, as never was kept since in England, without any enhancing of rents, I warrant you, or any such matter. And the Bishop for standing so stiffly by the matter, and bearing up the order of our mother, the holy church, was made Cardinal at Calais, and thither the Bishop of Rome sent him a Cardinal's hat. He should have had a Tyburn tippet, a halfpenny halter, and all such proud prelates. These Romish hearts never brought good into England.

“ Upon this, the Bishop goeth me to the Queen Margaret, the King's wife, a proud woman and a stout, and persuaded her, that if the Duke were in such authority still, and lived, the people would honour him more than they did the King, and the King should not be set by; and so, between them, I cannot tell how it came to pass, but at St. Edmund's Bury, in a parliament, the good Duke Humphrey was smothered.”

* Henry Beaufort, great uncle to Henry VI.

† Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, uncle to the King.

‡ John, Duke of Bedford, uncle to the King.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

THIS unfortunate knight was the most inconsistent of men: though formed for family life, he could drive his wife to elope by his imprudent sarcasms; and, though said to be humane by nature, he could attend for hours on the agonies of a gentleman (James Bainham) whipped and tortured on suspicion of heretical principles. When we add to these traits, that in Parliament he had, as speaker; shown himself one of the most profligate tools of Henry's despotism, we shall perhaps think that his learning and wit have most strangely fascinated the historians of his period. Sir Thomas More would have taken the oath,† might he have altered the wording of it a little, to make it suit his principles. Cranmer and Cromwell, who both loved him, earnestly pressed him to conform.

Cranmer even condescended to casuistry that he might save his friend. ‘On the one hand,’ said he, ‘you are doubtful as to the point in question; on the other, you are certain that you ought to obey your prince,—let doubt then give way to certainty.’

—
LINNÆUS.

Linnaeus, the celebrated botanist, conceived the idea of propagating cochineal in Europe; and, after many fruitless efforts, he at length succeeded in obtaining through the medium of one of his pupils, who was in Mexico, a nopal covered with cochinillas. The plant arrived at Upsal at a moment when he was busily engaged; but his gardener immediately planted it; and cleaned it so effectually of what he imagined to be vermin, that when Linnaeus hastened to view this rare acquisition, he did not find a single insect alive.

—
H. B.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COFFEE SHRUB.

The coffee shrub grows to the height of eight or ten feet; the twigs rise by pairs opposite to each other, as do the leaves on the twigs, one pair being about two inches from another. The leaves are about four inches long and two broad in the middle, from whence they decrease to both extremities, ending in a point. They are nearly of the form of a bay-leaf, and are smooth, and without any incisures on the edges. The shrub has a grey, smooth

† The oath here mentioned was one which expressed an acquiescence in the divorce of Catharine of Arragon, and the succession of Henry the Eighth's children by any subsequent marriage. Sir Thomas More, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, both refused it,—the consequence of so doing entailed upon them destruction.

bark ; the wood is white, and has not much pith. The fruit hangs on the twigs by a foot-stalk, sometimes one, two, three, or more in the same place. These shrubs are watered by artificial channels, like other vegetables, and after three or four years' bearing, the natives plant new shrubs, because the old ones then begin to decline. The Arabians dry the berry in the sun, and afterwards take off the outward husk with hand-mills. In the hot seasons, they use these husks roasted instead of coffee-berries, and esteem the liquor impregnated with them more cooling and refreshing. — H. B.

MALTESE ORANGES.

“The oranges of Malta,” says Brydone, in his Tour, “certainly deserve the character they have of being the finest in the world. The season continues for upwards of seven months, from November till the middle of June ; during which time, those beautiful trees are always covered with abundance of this delicious fruit. Many of them are of the red kind, much superior, in my opinion, to the others, which are rather too luscious. They are produced, I am told, from the common orange bud, engrafted on the pomegranate stock. The juice of this fruit is red as blood, and of a fine flavour. —

FACULTIES OF BRUTES.

The dog is the only animal that dreams ; and he and the elephant the only animals that understand looks ; the elephant is the only animal that, besides man, feels *ennui* ; the dog, the only quadruped that has been brought to speak. Leibnitz bears witness to a hound, in Saxony, that could speak distinctly thirty words. —

Med. Gaz.

ORIGIN OF JET.

In the Cabinet of Mineralogy, in Languedoc, M. Chaptal preserved several pieces of wood, whose external part is in the state of jet, while the internal part still remains in the ligneous state ; so that the transition from the vegetable to the mineral state may be distinctly observed. At Montpellier have been dug up several cart-loads of trees converted into jet, with their original forms so perfectly preserved that the species of trees thus bitumenised can often be determined. A specimen of jet from Vachery can be distinctly recognized as retaining the texture of the walnut-tree ; and the texture of the beech can be traced in the jet from Bosrup, in Scania. The most singular instances are of a wooden shovel, which M. Chaptal, whose authority is undoubted, affirms to have been converted into pure jet.

Mag. of Nat. His.

Ancient Sports and Pastimes. (No. 1.)

(For the Olio.)

GOLFING.

The Golf is an amusement peculiar to Scotland, where it has been practised from the remotest antiquity. The sport is very popular, and is played by persons of distinction. One, two, or more persons are usually chosen on each side, and “the scene of action,” is a fine level field. The balls used are extremely hard, and about the size of a tennis-ball ; and the club with which the ball is struck is formed of ash, slender and elastic, having a crooked head, faced with horn and loaded with lead, to render it heavy. A set of clubs consists of five in number ; a *play-club*, for giving the stroke ; a *scraper* ; a *spoon iron-headed club* ; and a short club, called a *putter*. The second, third, and fourth of these are used for removing the ball from inconvenient situations, and the *putter* where a short stroke is intended. The balls are struck by these clubs into small holes about a quarter of a mile distant from one another, and he or they who convey the ball into these holes in succession with the fewest strokes, is declared the winner. The distance to which an expert player will strike is amazing.

In 1744, a company of Golfers was established in Edinburgh, at which time the Town Council gave them a *silver Club*, to be annually played for by the members.

By a statute of James II., in 1557, this amusement, together with that of foot-ball, was prohibited, that it might not interfere with the more martial exercises of the “*weapon-shawing*.” Notwithstanding this, however, his Majesty, we are told, was a lover of this game, and an expert player. † W. H. H.

Customs of Various Countries.

CURIOUS ANCIENT NORTHUMBERLAND CUSTOM.

In Alawick, (Northumberland,) a most singular ceremony is practised upon every one who seeks the freedom of that ancient town. By a clause in the charter, every new freeman is obliged to jump into an

† A game similar to this is played in Westmorland, under the denomination of bat-stick, and is, I am inclined to think, a corruption of the above.

adjacent bog, and walk through it. This bog is in some parts much deeper than others, and the unconscious freeman sometimes waddles through parts only knee-deep, when, in the next instant, he sinks up to his chin in filth. Crowds assemble to witness the performance of this ludicrous ceremony; and numerous plans are contrived before the day of trial, to render the passage as difficult as possible. The bog is in a large field, close by the abbey, and is of some extent. And all this must be done before the novice can be free of the city.

The custom has its origin from King John's happening, when riding that way, to stick fast in the bog; and he imposed this penalty on the inhabitants for not keeping their roads in better condition.

W. H. H.

Anecdotaliana.

HENRY FIELDING.

FIELDING being one day in Andrew Millar's shop, the bookseller, in conversation with some others, he was observing that though he allowed Scotchmen a good deal of acumen and learning, they had little or no humour, and were besides very credulous. This being denied by one of the party, Fielding betted him a guinea that he would tell Andrew Millar (who had just at that time stepped into the back parlour) a story that no man would believe but himself. The wager being accepted, and Millar returned to his shop, Fielding very gravely asked his advice about setting up a coach. Millar, who knew his circumstances, at once exclaimed against the extravagance and folly of it. "Nay, but," said Fielding, "you dont know how I intend to manage. This coach shall be ready at my office-door every morning at a certain hour, to carry the people who are brought before me as a police magistrate, to their several destinations. Now, as I have, upon an average 5,000 people brought before me in a year, take the calculation at two shillings per head, that will produce £500 a year, which will give me the convenience and *eclat* of a coach, and put £500 a year in my pocket. Well, what do you think of my scheme?"

Millar seemed astonished for awhile; at last breaking out into a passion, he exclaimed it was the silliest, maddest scheme he ever heard of: that he not only would expose himself to the world, but would likewise run the risk of catching all kinds of those disorders which rogues and vagabonds were subject to." "Well, An-

drew," replied Fielding, "I shall consider of what you say; in the mean time," (looking at the gentleman he had betted with very significantly) "please to hand me over a guinea, which you will believe I have won." The other admitted the wager won, gave Fielding his guinea, and they all heartily enjoyed the laugh at Millar's expense.

BANNISTER THE VOCALIST.

It is related of Charles Bannister, that when returning to town from Epsom, in a gig, accompanied by a friend, they found themselves penniless when they arrived at Kensington Gate, where the man would not let them pass without paying the toll. Bannister, however, offered to sing him a song, and immediately struck up the "Tempest of War;" his voice was heard afar, and "Bannister! Bannister!" was the cry. The gate was soon thronged, and he was loudly encored by the voters returning from Brentford; this he complied with, and the turnpike man declared him to be "a noble fellow," and that he would pay fifty tolls for him at any gate.—*Nollekin's Life and Times.*

HOGARTH.

This celebrated artist, who was a great frequenter of houses supported by libertines, went to Moll King's in Covent Garden, accompanied by his friend Hayman, who was at all times delighted to see that moral teacher of mankind sketch from nature. They had not been in the brothel ten minutes, before Hogarth took out his book to draw two ladies, whose dispute bespoke a warm contest; and, at last, one of them, who had taken a mouthful of gin, squirted it in the other's face, which so delighted the artist, that he exclaimed, "Frank, mind the b——s mouth!" This incident Hogarth has introduced in the third plate of the *Rake's Progress.*

ANTIQUARIAN CURIOSITY.

A Lady, sometime back, on a visit to the British Museum, asked the person in attendance if they had a *skull of Oliver Cromwell*? Being answered in the negative,—"Dear me," said she, "that's something very strange, *they've one at Oxford!*"

EPITAPH

In Denmore Church-yard, Ireland.

"Here lie the remains of John Hall, Grocer.—The world is not worth a *fig*, and I have good *raisons* for saying so."

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Nov. 4	Tues.	St. Brinstan. Sun rises 18 af. 7 — sets 42 — 4	Nov. 4	St. Brinstan was the successor of Erithstan in the see of Winchester. He is said to have been a holy and learned man. His death happened A. D. 431. 1688.—The anniversary of the Revolution is commemorated on this day, when the throne of England became invested in the illustrious house of Orange. Although this day is marked in the Almanacks as the one on which William III landed, yet the event did not take place till the 5th.
— 5	Wed.	St. Bertille. High Water, 15 m. aft. 0 morn. 15 ——— 0 even.	— 5	St. Bertille was appointed for her piety and holy disposition Abbess of the Abbey of Chelles by Barthildas, the wife of Clovis II. A. D. 46, which monastery she governed for the space of forty-six years. She closed her life in 692. 1605.—On this day the conspiracy formed to blow up the Parliament was discovered and happily frustrated. The disclosure of this plot is attributed to Francis Tresham of Rothwell, Northamptonshire, who is recorded to have been the instrument of the discovery of this foul attempt, by sending a letter to Lord Monteagle, the husband of his sister, which led to the detection of the conspiracy, and prevented this dreadful and revolting devastation.
— 6	Thurs	St. Leonard. Sun ris. 21m aft 7 — sets 39 — 4	— 6	St. Leonard was a French nobleman at the court of Clovis I. He was converted to the faith by Remigius, Bishop of Rheims. He left the monastery where he had assumed the religious habit, and retired to a forest four leagues from Limoges. He died at a place called Nobillac, where he had built himself an oratory, A. D. 559. St. Leonard has always been implored by prisoners as their guardian saint. 1817.—On this day died the beloved and universally lamented Princess Charlotte, the only daughter of his present Majesty, in child-bed, æt. 22.
— 7	Frid.	St. Prodecimus New Moon, 4m aft. 3 aft.	— 7	Our saint was the first Bishop of Padua. He died A. D. 104. 1594.—Killed on this day in assaulting a fort near Brest, the gallant Sir Martin Frobisher, one of our earliest navigators. This officer in 1576 attempted to discover a North West passage, but without success. In 1585 he distinguished himself whilst serving under Drake in the West Indies; and he also had a hand in defeating the Spanish Armada in 1585.
— 8	Satur.	St. Willehad. High Water, 42m. aft. 2 morn. 3 ——— 3 aft.	— 8	This saint was by birth an Englishman: he became the first Bishop of Bremen and apostle of the Saxons in the time of Charlemagne. He died in the year 790, after having converted Duke Witikind and his people. 1794.—On this day Warsaw was taken by the Russians under Suwarrow, after a dreadful slaughter. Out of 20,000 Poles engaged in this action, only 2,000 escaped the fury of the Russians.
— 9	SUN.	23d. Sun af. Trin. LES. for the DAY 11 c. Prov. morn 12 c. — even St. Theodorus.	— 9	This saint was martyred for his faith, being first scourged, and then burnt alive, A. D. 306. Lord Mayor's Day. The inauguration feast of the head authority of the City of London, with its pageantry, is an event of the greatest moment to the citizens. The first head magistrate of the city who bore the addition of <i>Lord</i> to that of Mayor was Walworth, the slayer of the rebel Wat Tyler, which title was granted to him by Rich. II.
— 10	Mond.	St. Justus. Sun ris. 28m aft 7 — sets 32 — 4	— 10	St. Justus was the fourth Archbishop of Canterbury; he was a Roman by birth, and previous to his succeeding Mellitus in his see, he filled that of Rochester. He died A. D. 627. 1796.—Died on this day of apoplexy, Catharine II of Russia. The reign of this Empress was pregnant with great political events, which exhibit her mental powers in a conspicuous light, although disfigured by many gross improprieties.



See Page 278.

Illustrated Article.

A TALE OF THE PYRENEES.

THE fair of Oleron, though attended by a concourse of all the neighbouring rustics, was reputed duller, and more brief in duration, than on any former occasion. The bright May day on which it was held served little to animate the crowd; and long before the customary revels by moonlight, Dominic Etchegogen had packed up his little basket, and grasped his stout staff, on his road homewards. It would be idle to seek any certain cause for that stagnation of entertainment which resulted solely from accident. Where scattered people, without common grounds of pleasure or interest, fall together at the hazard of being lively, or the reverse, it will often happen, as on this day, that they require the aid of more social sympathies and personal attachments to secure the happy end for which they have assembled. In vain the puppets doled out their proper parts;—in vain were put forth the little stalls, on

which were gorgeously displayed the famous handkerchiefs from Pau, and the linens still farther brought from the factories of Tarbes;—in vain were the choicest hams of the district suspended in goodly array, and the renowned mountain-mules made to caracole in the exercise-ground. Sunset seemed the signal for an almost general retreat; and Etchegogen, as before-mentioned, was one of the earliest seceders.

He was an honest and substantial householder of the little town of Barcus, seated, as every one knows, in the department of the Bas Pyrenees, and not far from one source of the pleasant river Adour, of which the two principal streams, taking their origin in the same mountains which give rise to the Gallego and the Arragon, finally coalesce near the town of Peyrehorade, and fall into the ocean between Bidart and Ordres. He proceeded on his way, meditating much as concerning the degeneracy of men, and the sluggishness of the market; he thought to have been more fortunate in his sales and purchases, and to have met a pretty face or two, which, for lack of smiles,

seemed to have lost their prettiness. Every now and then a word of mongrel French would escape his lips in testimony of his ill-humour; and the premature dimness brought on by the early sinking of the sun behind the hills of Larreau, seemed to annoy him still more, as if he half regretted that he had come away from the fair, the dulness of which might now be remedied by twilight freaks and festivity. Without pursuing farther the current of his peevishness, he may now be fancied as having arrived within a short distance of his native place, the small town of Barcus, and had reached the old wooden bridge that connects the two banks of the principal stream that gives its tributary waters to the Adour. It seemed to him, in spite of the increasing darkness, that he could distinguish a human form skulking among the brush-wood on the left, as if with the intent to watch his own route. The strangeness of this sight provoked his curiosity rather than his apprehension. He shouted lustily, and in a friendly tone, to the unknown; but an answer far different to any that he had expected was returned to him before his own words had well issued from his lips. A slight movement among the leaves was the prelude to the report of a rifle, levelled too truly at the honest farmer. The shot struck him, but in no vital part; he rolled along the bridge to its very parapet, and had not recovered his consciousness before a number of villagers, startled by the sound, had collected around their wounded friend. The aggressor had fled, or still lay concealed hard by; and the discovery of his name was left to the conjectures of the curious.

Dominic having been carried home, was examined minutely concerning the circumstances of this event; but the nicest sagacity of the village sages, who did not fail to attend his sick-bed, doubtless from pure charity—the inquiries of many, and scrutiny of a few—all were insufficient to explain away the mystery of so unprovoked an attack upon a harmless way-farer. The night passed, and the next morning, which served to summon home the general mass of those who had attended the fair at Oleron, shewed that one at least, and not an inglorious one, was still absent from his

usual haunts. Etchehon, a name pronounced but seldom in accents of unconcern—a name associated with many suspicions, many opposite feelings of pity and terror, marvel and hostility—Etchehon, the wild, the desperate, the wretched—he stood not amongst them as he used to stand—the leader of a few careless spirits—the cast-away, the abandoned of the majority! He was watched, he was hunted for—not from love or anxiety for his welfare, but from the mischievous and cruel longing which unkind tempers manifest to affix on some one, even though he be a familiar companion, the authorship and unravelment of a mystery which might else pass away and be forgotten. But this neighbourly care for his discovery was all without its reward;—he came not—he was not heard of, and the disaster of poor Dominic was imputed to the scape-gallows wretch, whose memory was treated with even less of charity than his conduct when present and in the midst of them.

The character of Etchehon, the miserable subject of so much village talk, was involved in contradiction, but unhappily darkened by suspicions which almost wore the aspect of certainty. Those who remembered him in his younger days spoke of him as a strange, flighty, and daring man; but kind in his disposition, capable of the loftiest sentiments, tender and benevolent. The rough inhabitants of Barcus could trace the progress of his character, without detecting the reasons for its changes. They found him more and more lost in fancies and abstractions: he became restless in his habits; and for a charge of forgery, ill substantiated, he was doomed to a long imprisonment, from which he issued more gloomy and disturbed than ever. Whispers, dark and terrible, were passed respecting his course of life; his home was rarely crossed by his heavy foot; and the credulity of the neighbours fed by rumours studiously circulated, at length invested him with attributes almost fiendish. These short-sighted creatures made him what he was. The imputations thrown upon him were felt, though not heard perhaps; and Etchehon's spirit fell beneath the host of ill-will, in itself adopted as a defence against him—like the warrior who lay overwhelmed by the shields and bucklers of his enemy. What has truth to say in vindication of this imputed sinfulness? His whole story must be recounted.

At an early period of life, the enthusiastic temper of Etchehon urged him to an inconsiderate marriage with a peasant girl of the neighbourhood. His bold and

manly bearing at first pleased the child; but the disproportion between their characters soon estranged him from the heart of her hearts, and another was admitted to the sanctuary, in which he still breathed, and hoped only to live, as in the temple of his idol. Whether his own waywardness or her inconstancy served rather to expel him from her love, I cannot say. There are those who, having a loftier and wider range of thought and feeling, yet can be content to anchor all their hopes on some poor creature moving in a lower sphere, and counting, as the sum of her homely emotions, that which would be no considerable item in the calendar of her worshipper;—and this simple, unadorned mortal may be less satisfied with an adoration the magnitude of which she cannot comprehend, than with the natural regard of an equal friend, moving, thinking, and feeling as she herself has done.

Such was the pitiable lot of Etchehon. Doating more and more on his unworthy wife, he had the torture of beholding her, little by little, abandoning the post she had formerly held; he saw her confidence pass into distrust—her warmth become chilled. She smiled languidly on him, and sought him no longer for her associate. Her beauty, courted by many, was not satisfied with the adoration of one, and in a short time it was evident that she preferred another. The name of this other was Eguiapal—a man destitute of all principle and moral restraint; cruel, hard-hearted, sensual, and mean. He had contrived to ingratiate himself with the wife of his friend; and, partly by advancing his own suit, partly by detraction of Etchehon, he succeeded in gaining over the heart of the wife. At first secretly, but in progress of time, without a show of concealment, these two were accustomed to meet, and pass their guilty time in a manner, which could not be misinterpreted by the quick eye of Etchehon. He knew himself deceived—he thought himself dishonored. His strong love for his wife lay at the bottom of his heart so firmly, that even her infidelity could not shake it from its place. The passion with which it was accompanied was that of hot revenge upon Eguiapal; for his present state of degradation; and the intensity of the one regulated the activity of the other. Many strange schemes, in which he became involved, were the issue of this desire of vengeance. Others were charged upon him by his wife and her paramour, to drive him, if possible, from the country, by imputed crimes, or by the wretchedness which awaited him at home. No means were left untried

that might conduce to either end. He was provoked and enticed to acts of violence. If he resisted the temptation, the deeds were nevertheless presumed to have been done, and busy slander was employed to criminate him. Thus his friends fell away, and his foes became numerous. His temper became more and more wild under the pressure of so much misery; and when he found himself nearly outlawed by mankind for his misfortunes, his only solace was to indulge in fanciful dreams, and communings with the dull objects of nature, and to meditate on defensive acts of blood, which would never have had birth in his original and unaltered character.

The acute reader will readily perceive that he was the concealed person who had fired on Dominic Etchegogen. He will also conclude that he had mistaken the object, and had in reality his foe Eguiapal in his mind when he plotted this mode of removing a fellow creature from the world. Ignorant of the final issue of this transaction, he skulked for a short time among the low trees on the bank; and, when the night closed in, he fled from the scenes of his youth and his distresses, and made for the mountainous district of Larreau, where he hoped to gain a shelter among the simple and hospitable shepherds. He was not disappointed. He found them willing as they were able to receive and assist him. They adopted him amongst their own tribe; and he strove to forget, in the quiet pastoral pleasures of an innocent course of life, the series of wretched and evil thoughts that had so long distracted him. He took his share of daily labour; he watched the flocks, and engaged in the natural interests of his new associates. He was calmed, but not forgetful. On the mountain-tops his spirit became elevated, and the sadness of a despairing man clothed itself in the rich attire of poetical feeling. As he wandered over the unbeaten tracks of that region, tending the herds committed to him by his employer, his thoughts wandered far and free—more purely than heretofore, but not less wildly, or less peacefully. Solitude, that turns the current of our common sentiments, drew off from his their dross and vileness, but deepened and strengthened them. In such a mood, he composed from time to time, many rude and irregular songs referring to his own condition, and used as the interpreters and relief of his strong emotions. Lying beneath the forest-shade, or gazing down upon the surface of the fair world, it was then he used to sing his unheard plaints, inspired only by that innate feeling which is the soul of

poetry. One of these singular compositions, preserved by himself in writing, and afterwards produced as a document of legal evidence, furnishes some idea, though inadequate, of that sweet music which in a few minds is not produced by culture or imitation, but seems whispered at the hour of birth by some angel of heaven, ere the spirit which receives it has become perfectly human.

“The animals of the desert,”—(thus he sung)—“fly from before the face of man, which inspires them with terror; and I also, miserable and in tears, imitate them to lengthen my desolate life.”

“The unfortunate are enough in the earth, but none so unfortunate as me; I have been driven from my own hearth for attempting to sit alone there as a master.

“I lay in ashes—in chains; but was it not my own madness? Of my life, one-half has passed in a dungeon—the other half, in a dungeon of the soul. Why did I love so truly? She cared neither for my prayers, nor my sighing, but for another.

“I see the sun’s rising and its sinking; I count the shadows as they diminish to specks, and lengthen again as they were in the morning. They change the surface; but the earth is always what it was. I believe neither the smiles nor any countenance of a woman; it is evil underneath.

“My home! my home! The wind passes by me here in louder gusts, but not so sweetly to mine ear. I did not wander here before the days of my sorrow. Oh, my home! thou wert a garden of blessedness; but I am sentenced away.

“Ye who pursue Etchegogen, seek him not at Barcus, for he is composing songs at Eginton, the fairest of the pasturages of the Pyrenees, inhabited by the shepherds of La Soule.”

That Etchegogen was for a time soothed by the simple tenor of his present life, is very probable. But that he soon felt an inquietude under the very stillness, and a longing to see once more the familiar things of his native place, is pretty evident, from the querulous tone that occasionally creeps into these fragments of his verse. This feeling, indeed, grew upon him more and more; he would make little excursions from his proper beat to catch a glimpse of some neighbouring height and overhanging forest; and, after a few weeks, he determined to steal once more into some of his old haunts, and learn correctly what had followed upon the death of Eguiapal.

It was a dark, cold night, and the vil-

lagers of Barcus were for the most part collected in their homes, when some one coming from the fields later than was usual, discovered a heavy mass as of a cloud passing low above the house-tops, and followed by little sparks and rays of light shot up from no distant object. He aroused many of the neighbours, and without loss of time proceeded to the source of this illumination, which proved to be a burning cottage, the property of Eguiapal. The fire had seized too surely the rafters and frame-work of the wooden building, and all their efforts were ineffectual to prevent the deathly crash which was heard not an hour afterwards. The owner himself of this ruined place took no share in the attempt to extinguish the conflagration. Where he was detained was not inquired until all remedy was past. Then some one, curious beyond the rest, betook himself to the house of Etchekon, where, as was not uncommon, he might possibly have retired with his false paramour. The door fronting the village highway was closed against intrusion, the windows barred from without, and the wicket-door at the back of the house was held firmly by a stranger, who stood like a spectre, heedless of the cries and entreaties from voices within, and from the rustics who now came up.

“Who keeps this watch? cried the latter.

Silence was the only answer.

“Is Eguiapal in the cottage?”

Still no answer.

“Speak! pray, speak! If Eguiapal be within, let him know at least that his dwelling has been set on fire, and——”

“Consumed?” uttered a low, concealed voice.

“To ashes!” was the reply.

“Then tell him so!” cried Etchekon, in his natural tone; and, with the word, thrust open the door, which he had held tightly grasped, and in spite of all the efforts of the party under the roof.

“Tell him of his ruin, and let me see his agony!”

The tale was a short one; for the expiring flames were a sufficient voucher, and the cracking of timber was heard distinctly, though at some distance. Eguiapal rushed from the house, beseeching the villagers to seize and detain Etchekon, the author, as he supposed, of his misfortune. The order was willingly obeyed, for those who cared little for the discovery of the perpetrator of this last act had still that vague notion of Etchekon's romantic character which rendered his capture a matter of moment. He made little or no resistance, was de-

livered over to the police, and finally committed for trial, not on this charge of arson, which could have been supported by no evidence whatever, but as the person guilty of that assault upon Dominic Etchegogen which was related at the commencement of this narrative.

The grounds of accusation were numerous, and apparently substantial. His former character, as an ill-doer and infringer of law, went through the entire charge, as a prior argument in its behalf. Then it was declared by one of Eguiapal's labourers that he had concerted with him to kill not only his master, but some half-dozen others, who were obnoxious to him. On the morning of the fair, he had been seen casting slugs, similar in shape and size to that one which was extracted from the wound of Dominic: and, moreover, he had been heard to inquire earnestly whether Eguiapal meant to attend the fair that day, and had himself been seen walking in the direction of Oleron. To the questions of the president of the court, he answered with great precision and confidence. He gave a rapid history of his life, coloured with all the enthusiasm natural to him, and enriched by the poetical phraseology of the Basque language, with which he seemed more conversant than with French. From the old treasury of this primitive tongue, he drew the copious expressions and illustrative imagery, which, as a bystander has witnessed, gave to his defence a loftiness and beauty not often reached by the most graceful of poets. The tone was eloquent, but restrained; and the flights of passion, which sometimes whirled him into a species of phrenzy, were completely escaped until the appearance of Eguiapal as a witness to substantiate some of the allegations. Then his moderation expanded into excesses of feeling, for which language seemed to have no adequate expression.

“Villain!” he exclaimed, “would you not be content with the ruin you have already inflicted? Have I not already suffered worse than death by your machinations? Your head was on the pillow of my married bed when I lay on the straw of a dungeon! You drank my wine, and ate my hams, when all that I had was water, and bread moistened by my tears. You are not yet satisfied! Oh, murderous villain! you have spat upon me, and kicked me, and none else has brought me here!”

The trial lasted two days. A host of circumstantial evidence was produced; but the presumptions of his guilt, however strong, amounted to no proof; and he was finally acquitted, on this score princi-

pally—that nothing was admitted to convict him of having had fire-arms in his possession at the time of the transaction. The sympathy of the court with the prisoner was extreme. His singular appearance, and rugged untaught bearing—his imposing language—and, beyond the rest, the unfortunate story of his life, which in itself would have palliated many an error—all won over the interest of the audience; and the verdict of acquittal was received by acclamations of the heartiest approval. He was discharged from the bar, to be once more exposed to the afflictions of his destiny.

His home was still polluted by the occasional visits of his enemy, who with his wife conspired to the utmost to torture and tempt him. For awhile he seemed careless of Eguiapal, and tolerated his presence, if they chanced to meet, without any manifestation of that ardent hate which was rankling in his heart. Only on one occasion did he exhibit his natural sentiments. He was returning to his house, after a day of labour, and was met at the threshold by one whom he did not fail to recognize. He seized him fiercely by the throat, and prevented his egress.

“What, Sir!” he cried, “are you so uncourteous as to pass me without one evening valediction? Whose hospitality have you been enjoying? Not mine, surely, or you would have the grace to thank me for it;—and if not mine, then my wife’s. Come in, thou hate! and thank her for it before me.”

And so saying, he dragged the almost passive coward into the room he had just left. The lights were still burning, and the remnants of the evening meal lay on the round table; but his wife either dreaded or was ashamed to appear before him.

“You have eaten together, I see; you have laughed together; you have— Oh! God! that I should say it! Here, villain! down on thy servile knee; and if thou hast fear of God, who hast no love of man, pray to him for the repose of thy soul. What! is that incomprehensible? Here, then, take this staff, and defend thyself as thou mayest; I would not kill thee unarmed.”

He rushed upon his victim; and few minutes would have intervened between that and his dying minute, but for the shrieks of a woman, who, issuing from an inner room, threw herself between the combatants, and effectually stopped that conflict which would have so assuredly terminated in death.

“For the Virgin’s sake, Bertin!” she exclaimed; “for me—for yourself—as

you hope for happiness—spare him, and take my heart as the return!”

“Your heart!” he said, looking at her sorrowfully. “If I could believe that, Marie——. But my hopes are as chaff upon the wind: I cannot trust again.”

“Yet, for the love you bore me, do not shed his blood! As a testimony of that love—perhaps a last act—Bertin, do not refuse me!”

She clung to his arm, and gazed at him with that eloquent look, which no mortal can resist from the object of his worship. He bent in silence his eyes upon her fair face, and slowly answered—

“It is not that I trust the future—not that I can now be moved into reliance upon you, who have so deceived me;—in memory of the past I listen to you—for your voice has the softness of other days, Marie, and I am not so changed but I must yield to it. Go, wretched villain! and, if this lesson can teach thee aught, let me never see thee more.”

(To be Continued.)

THE FORSAKEN.—(A SKETCH.)

(For the Olio.)

There was a fair one, left all desolate,
The rose which grew beside her found not now
Its blushing rival in her faded cheek;
And that fond eye, which shone in happier
hours

Like the warm sun of bright and early spring,
Was dim and sorrowful, and you might read
In its sad glance a tale of lingering woe—
Of a young heart once beating joyously
Now seared and withered, and without a hope
Left in the lonely darkness of despair.
Thus was she fading, like a summer’s day
Which in its close seems loveliest, for her look
Beamed with such sweet but sad intelligence
It seemed to speak of bygone happiness,
Whose clouded ray told plainly—she had loved.

Yes! she *had* loved, and that now tearful eye
Once gazed with almost fond idolatry
On one unworthy of her guileless heart;
But she—and all that thus like her have known
What ’tis to love so fervently and true
Have been deceived—for ’tis affection’s lot
To be led onwards through a path of flowers
Beneath a sky too beautiful, too dear,
Till storms and clouds, which darkening end
in night,
Tell us we were deceived—’twas but a dream.

And thus it was, like some fair blooming flower
That gives its fragrance to the wooing gale,
Which in the evening when it withering lies
Passes but coldly o’er its sunken form,
She gave up all, to one, alas! who now
Amid far brighter scenes, but hearts less true,
Scarce would bestow a pitying thought on her
Who plined thus lonely and despairingly.

Yet weep not wrong’d one—thou art desolate,
But there is comfort, for beneath the sod
On which thine eye so piteously doth rest

There mayest thou sleep—there find that soft
repose
Which steals so welcome on the mourner's
heart!

Then shall the world—so pitiless and cold—
Which tramples on the being it hath crushed,
Forget thy shame—thy sorrows—and thy love,
And thy remembrance be for ever lost.

M. B. S.

PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES.

Mr. Abernethy.

MR. ABERNETHY is, without exception, the most celebrated follower of Galen in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. He is unique, peculiar, inimitable; every body talks of him—most people abuse him, yet is he sought after with trembling and with fear, and not without eagerness; and his room is crowded every morning, as his card expresses it, “from May to October, Sundays and Thursdays excepted.” How is this inconsistency to be accounted for? We think we can tell. Dining once at his hospitable table, (for hospitable it is, and that, too, without ostentation,) he was descending, with his accustomed eloquence, upon the advantages of a public education for boys, when he concluded by saying, “And what think you of Eton? I think I shall send my son there to learn manners.”—“It would have been as well, my dear,” responded his wife, “had you gone there too.” “Now, much as we dislike to differ from any lady, more especially from a lady so highly gifted as Mrs. Abernethy, yet we must, on this occasion, refuse our assent to her opinion. Had John Abernethy been a polished man, we do not think that he would ever have been a popular one; indeed, it could not be. He would have been *then* one only of a cringing pulse-feeling race, with no other regard for the noble science of which he is so distinguished a professor, than its subserviency to his own personal interests. Abernethy and politeness are truly the antipodes of each other; but, for those external, meretricious, and artificial accomplishments, which, after all, are useful in their way, he possesses qualities of so brilliant and sterling a character as to constitute him a diamond, rough enough, Heaven knows,—but still a diamond of the very first “water.”

Let us just trace Mr. Abernethy's professional career, and we shall soon see why he is so eccentric, and why he is so sought after. When, as a young practitioner, he first began that career, his eager and active mind, instead of wast-

ing its strength in riot and debauchery, was feeding upon the beauties and wonders of the science, to which he intended to devote all its powers. At that time physiology, and its handmaiden, surgery, were emerging from the barbarous empiricism which had till then characterised them. The two Hunters were then teaching and elucidating the mysteries of Nature with a bold, unshrinking, and untiring hand. Rejecting with scorn the fusty dogmata of their bigoted predecessors, they held out to their disciples that the study of Nature, or, to use Mr. Abernethy's own expression, “of that curious concatenation which exists in all the works of Nature,” was the true and only safe guide to that knowledge which is calculated to dispense relief to the sick, and comfort to the suffering. One of the most forward and favoured of these disciples was young Abernethy, and we may easily judge of the influence which the talent and industry of John Hunter had upon the young physiologist, by the fruits which have sprung from his example, as well as by the great respect which Mr. Abernethy always expresses for his memory. “I was acquainted with John Hunter,” he says, “at a period of his life when he must have greatly interested any one, who duly appreciated the result of his talents and labours, or who had any sympathy for the highly susceptible mind of genius, rendered still more so by excess of exertion, and the perturbed feeling incident to bodily disease. He seemed to me conscious of his own desert, of the insufficiency and uncertainty of his acquirements, and of his own inability to communicate what he knew and thought. He felt irritated with the opposition he had met with in establishing his opinions, and still more by finding, when he had surmounted this difficulty, that those opinions were, by the malice of mankind, ascribed to others. All which, I think, may be inferred from a single sentence, which he one day addressed to me, ‘I know, I know,’ said he, ‘I am but a pigmy in knowledge, yet I feel as a giant when compared with these men.’ It interested me to find among his manuscripts a long extract from a French author, who was said to have taught the same opinions relative to absorption before him. Mr. Hunter had made his own commentary upon several of the passages; and, as it seemed to him, that, by nothing short of a new construction of words and sentences, could any resemblance of opinion be made to appear, he was induced to add,—This reminds me of a dispute which took place

between a zealous convert to the Newtonian philosophy, and a Hutchinsonian, in which the latter having, by garbling and transporting certain passages from the Scriptures, seemingly made good a very absurd proposition, the former retorted, 'Yea, but it is also written, 'Judas went out and hanged himself;' moreover, it is added, 'Go thou and do likewise.' Those who were acquainted with Mr. Hunter knew full well that he had a great deal of drollery in his composition."

In such a school as this, and with a such a model for imitation—with a mind, moreover, so well calculated to search out the hidden wonders of science, and, having found them, to convert them into a source of extensive utility—John Abernethy became very speedily eminent, though young, in his profession. He was the first man who was bold enough to discard that patchwork system with which surgery had hitherto been disgraced. His enlarged views of Nature's operations, both in health and in disease, enabled him to discover the uncertainty of all those empirical plans which marked the practice of his brethren, old and young, eminent or obscure; and without regarding their convenience, or even their reputation, the young physiologist, having but one duty to perform, and that an honest one, gave his opinion openly, boldly, and justly. Independence, the most uncompromising independence, characterized, and still characterizes the practice of Mr. Abernethy, and no hope of retaining a rich patient—no by-play or intriguing of a brother practitioner, could ever induce him to depart from that line of conduct which he considers the duty of an honest man to follow. "The education and course of life of medical men," he says, in one of his lectures, "tend to make them sober-minded, moral and benevolent; and their professional avocations equally require that they should possess such characters and dispositions. On no other terms can they be admitted with confidence into the bosoms of those families which may require their medical aid. Whoever, therefore, inculcates opinions tending to subvert morality, benevolence, and the social interests of mankind, deserves the severest reprobation from every member of our profession, because his conduct must bring it into distrust with the public."

Independence, when well directed and consistent, must find favour with a liberal minded public; and Mr. Abernethy's upright conduct soon rendered him a distinguished object of public patronage. His splendid talents had now full scope for exercise; and those, too, brought

him into notice, and made him an object of requisition among his professional brethren, which we take to be the best proof possible that those talents were not meretricious. Of his independence and strict veneration of what is right, we have many examples. Among others, the following is characteristic: A certain noble personage, now enjoying a situation of great responsibility in the Sister Kingdom, had been waiting for a long time in the Surgeon's ante-room, when, seeing those who had arrived before him, successively called in, he became somewhat impatient, and sent his card in. No notice was taken of the hint; he sent another card—another—another—and another; still no answer. At length he gained admission in his turn; and, full of nobility and choler, he asked, rather aristocratically, why he had been kept waiting so long?—"Wh—ew!" responded the Professor; "because you didn't come sooner, to be sure. And now, if your Lordship will sit down, I will hear what you have to say."

(To be Continued.)

THE TEAR OF MEMORY.

(For the Olio.)

Yes, Mary, I'll wander with thee,
And trace back the times that are gone,
For the pleasure's too mournful for me
To gaze on the vision alone;
The vale of our fathers behold,
Where *Granta* glides smoothly along,
And remember how often we've stoll'd
These beautiful meadows among:
O think of the day-dream of happiness here,
And check, if thou canst, fond memory's tear.

For gone is our dear native cot,
And the bower that bloom'd at the door,
The ploughshare has pass'd o'er the spot—
They can shade—they can shelter no more;
Yet often we've shrunk from the blast,
When the snow-storm was hirtling around,
And often, in summer days past,
Would our songs in the bower resound—
But memory mocks with a vision so dear,
For the scene is all sadden'd and dimm'd with
a tear.

Yet in this dear desolate vale
For ever, methinks, I could stay,
For the fragrance I seem to inhale
Of flowers that have faded away;
My youth seems to brighten again,
Thine eyes seem to beam as before,
When Mary tripp'd first in the train,
And mine was the wreath that she wore—
But sorrow and trouble have wrinkled thy brow,
And thy voice seems the knell of happiness now.

The bells from yon mouldering tower
Seem to tell of the triumphs of Death,
And wildly their melody pour
O'er our fathers that slumber beneath:

They cannot awaken the dead,
 My love they can never restore,
 Or bring back the joys that are fled,
 And the pleasures that charm'd me before ;
 And I swear, since the sunshiny morn of our
 bliss,
 I ne'er knew a moment so mournful as this.

Then far from the scene let me fly,
 For pleasure is blended with pain,
 And life seems but one heavy sigh
 For something we never can gain ;
 There's a sorrow that steals to my heart,
 There's an anguish that whirls round my
 brain,
 There's a tear that seems bursting to part
 From the source of my bliss and my bane ;—
 There's a madness, dear Mary, in memory's
 spell,
 So for ever, vain vision, for ever farewell !
 JESSE HAMMOND.

WHAT IS LOVE ?

(For the Olio.)

What is Love?—it is a passion
 Difficult to be defined,
 Through the soul like lightning flashing,
 Blighting oft the strongest mind.

Oft the hardest heart 'twill soften,
 Bring the haughtiest spirit low,
 Disarm the mightiest, and often
 Makes a friend e'en of a foe.

'Tis a heat that's full of coldness—
 Lit by beauty, fired by sense ;
 But extinguish'd by boldness,
 Chill'd by foul impertinence.

'Tis a pain that's full of pleasure—
 Brings at once both joy and grief ;
 Oft afflicting beyond measure,
 And as often brings relief.

'Tis fancy's child—bred by desire,
 Nursed by pure and fond delight ;
 The faithless man will make it expire,
 The ungrateful bury it outright.

'Tis a knot, once tied, it lingers—
 Made fast by thoughts, and not the voice :
 Not to be untied by fingers,
 Not to be unloosed by choice.

S. RIVETT.

THE LOVER'S SAFEGUARD.

(See Chaucer's Romaunt, p. 105.)

Hope catches victory in Desire ;
 In hope of Love is Glory's fire :
 For hope is all that Love may give,—
 The beam that dawns and smiles to live.
 Blessed be Hope !—the lover's breath,
 Which saves him from despair and death !
 Good Hope is courteous, warm ; and kind,
 Health to the body and the mind ;
 Hope guards the lover with a sigh,
 His eyelids wets, or breathes them dry,
 Preserves his lands in peril's day,
 And bears the voyage safe away ;
 Enduring mischief, peril, strife,
 Through all the various years of life,
 And in the charming road, conveys
 Sweet Thought !—sweet Musing !—and sweet
 Praise !

THE GOLDSMITH OF WESTCHEAP.

Continued from page 264.

“ St. Paul and St. Erkenwald watch over us !” ejaculated Master Denny, of the Silver Unicorn, the following morning ; “ alack ! who had thought of plots and conspiracies, and one of the guild and fraternity of goldsmiths among them ? Saints know, that though I had but a sorry opinion of de Rothing, yet I never thought him so bad as this.”

“ Ay, master,” retorted Symond, “ methinks you should give me somewhat for the cudgelling ye treated me with, because I did not ask these scatterlings to come to the Silver Unicorn. Truly, they might well give a high price for their rings, when the man worked with a halter about his neck for them.”

“ And how came it to pass ?” cried old Master Forster, the mercer : “ I saw the gold chains, but methinks there could be no treason in them.”

“ No, truly,” returned Symond, “ but he made rings with a device and motto ; and those very rings, they say, have been sent to those lords who joined in the conspiracy to kill our good King Henry at the masquing that is to be held at Windsor—the fiend confound them !—for who ever heard of treason and foul murder at Christmas ?”

“ And there are some of the first nobles in the plot,” said Master Denny ; “ the Duke of Exeter, and the Earls of Huntingdon and Salisbury.”

“ St. Mary confound them all, and pay off on them the murder of the good Earl of Arundel and the good Duke of Gloucester !” responded the bystanders.

“ But, Master Fitz-Martyn, ye can tell us all about it ?” cried Master Forster ; “ for I mind ye were with de Rothing but yester-even.”

“ I have but scant to tell ye,” returned the old usurer, “ save that he will be hanged, and rightly so.”

“ Alack, poor soul !” cried Master Denny, his hostility to his rival in trade giving way before his feelings of commiseration ; “ he was hardly put to it, or he would not have done so ; but we all know when coin is scant, a man is fain almost to take Sathanas' money rather than go penniless.”

“ But we know de Rothing of old,” returned Fitz-Martyn with a malicious grin ; “ did he not try to bring in foreigners among ye ? was he not always seeking after new things ? Nought's too bad for him to do. Why, if it was said he were a worshipper of Mahound I would believe it.”

Alas for poor de Rothing ! Hated by his fraternity, and an object of suspicion for so many years to his neighbours, it was in vain that he protested his innocence of treason, his attachment to Henry, and his total ignorance of this deeply-laid plot — He had taken money of the traitors, he had worked at their bidding, and though, with the exception of the rings, there was nothing in the nature of the work (it being chiefly ornaments to be worn at the ensuing masquing) to have excited his suspicions ; yet all his protestations were received with indignant scorn, for every one seemed determined to find him guilty.

In the mean time, nothing was thought or talked of throughout London, save this discovered plot. The green-coated minstrel's salutation of " Good morrow, merry gentlemen ! " passed disregarded ; the portly fraternities, " black, white, and gray," chanting, on their gift-seeking perambulations, some saintly carol, found few to listen to their melody ; and when, to " startle the dull ear of night," the city waits came forth, in their anxious converse about " treasons, stratagems, and death," the worthy householders forgot to bring forth the spiced tankard, as of yore, and reciprocate " wassail " with these wandering musicians.

As the ill-omened usurer had predicted, de Rothing was speedily put on his trial, and, as a matter of course, found guilty. Although nothing was proved against him save his having made ornaments which were afterwards traced to the possession of the principal movers of the plot ; although the names and abode of the two mysterious strangers were wholly unknown to him ; and although old Fitz-Martyu, who now took upon himself the credit of being the first discoverer of the plot, appeared as a principal witness against the man whom he had evidently trepanned into it ; yet such was the hostility of the citizens against any one who should seek again to place upon the throne a monarch from whose rapacious exactions and arbitrary conduct they had formerly suffered so severely, that the intelligence that the unfortunate goldsmith was to take his last journey to Tyburn the following morning was received, if not with joy, certainly without any expression of sorrow.

But where was Sybilla ? and with what feelings did she behold all her dismal forebodings realised ? From the fatal night when de Rothing was conveyed from his home, even to the morning of his trial, she remained calm, for she felt confident of his ultimate acquittal ; the mysterious pilgrim having assured her of his safety : but now, when sentence of death was passed, and his execution ordered for the

following morning, her anxiety knew no bounds. The name, the dwelling of the pilgrim were alike unknown ; and yet she felt that on seeing him her only chance of success depended.

At length, as evening closed in, uncertain what course to pursue, she bent her footsteps toward London Bridge, hoping (for who even in the most desperate circumstances, hath not some faint hope, some shadow of expected succour, to which the mind clings with a pertinacity as strong as, often, it is vain ?) that Heaven might throw in her way the pilgrim, or that equally mysterious stranger to whom, in the chapel of St. Thomas, she had delivered the ring. As she approached the bridge-foot, there was a confused murmur of voices, the tramp and neighing of horses, and the clank of armour, while the broad ruddy glare of the cressets, borne by a numerous company of the city watch, gave to view a confused assemblage of citizens, apprentices, and men-at-arms, all with eyes anxiously cast up to the turreted gateway extending across the entrance to the bridge, where two gory heads frowned grimly even in death on the appalled yet apparently gratified multitude. Sickened at this unexpected sight, and fearful to encounter the rude pressure of the crowd, Sybilla drew back, when the firm grasp of an unseen hand arrested her, and, turning round, she beheld the very object of her anxious search, the venerable pilgrim.

" Come hither," said he, drawing her nearer to the gateway. " Look up : know ye not these faces ? "

The shuddering girl glanced one look, and started back, exclaiming,—" Too well !—they are the very strangers who have brought us into this sore jeopardy."

" Ay," continued the pilgrim, fixing his eyes on the pale, blood-stained countenances, where the impress of fierce passions yet remained, adding a deeper horror to the ghastliness of death : " ay and such is the end of wealth, and power, and high ancestry—of the Earls of Salisbury and Huntingdon !—Yes," continued he, and a smile of triumph seemed to light up his placid features ; " and here is motive for ye to place firm trust in Providence. These two wicked men pursued the good Earl of Arundel to death ; and the cup they prepared for him have they not drunk ?—Did not these very eyes see the Earl of Huntingdon when, with that perfidious Richard, he feasted at Plashey with the good Duke of Gloster, and the next day led him forth and embarked him for Calais, where he was foully murdered ? And what did these eyes behold, but yester-even ?—that very Earl of Huntingdon,

driven back in his frail bark on the coast of Essex, and seized and led to the very spot where he arrested the good Duke of Gloster, and there was his head stricken off. Now, be not cast down, Sybilla de Rothing : if Heaven so surely tracks the wicked to destruction, will it suffer the innocent to perish ?”

“ Alas ! but to-morrow morning !” cried Sybilla.

“ Fear not,” replied the pilgrim, “ all shall be well.”

“ But, holy father !—” cried she.— The sentence was not completed, for the pilgrim had vanished among the crowd ; and, uncertain what course to pursue, she took the fatal resolution of proceeding to the lord-mayor’s, and communicating to him her discovery of the names of the two strangers.

“ My fair maiden,” said he, with a look of deep commiseration, “ it is all in vain ; for even had I been able to do aught for your father, your own confession would put it out of my power. It now appears that he was actually in communication with the leaders of the plot ; and your assertion, that he knew them not, would have no chance of belief. Alas ! ye must seek succour of Heaven, for nought can avail you.”

The last morning that Arnold de Rothing was to behold broke slowly but clearly on his sight. It was the depth of winter, yet the sun shone forth with a clear and steady lustre from the faint blue sky, as though to repeat that lesson so often given in vain, that the material world, though made for man, sympathises not (as the visionary has so often and so fondly imagined) in his joys or his sorrows ; and a look of mournful reproach did the hapless goldsmith glance up to that bright sky which seemed shining as in mockery, and many a lingering gaze did he cast on the fair landscape stretched before him, as with his only attendant, the worthy priest of his parish, he proceeded on the fatal road to Tyburn. And along Holborn, then a road bordered with hedge-rows, and scarcely exhibiting a single house, the procession passed, until at length the hurdle stopped before the gate of the hospital of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where, according to the benevolent yet strange custom of our ancestors, the porter had to present the frothing bowl of “ good ale,” the last draught of the condemned malefactor.

De Rothing turned away his head as he gave back the untasted bowl. “ Onward,” said he : “ alas ! all will soon be over.” And yet, as the procession moved forward, he again gazed around at scenes on which he was soon to close his eyes

for ever ; as if a lingering love of life, (though to him so clouded) yet held possession of his breast. A low murmur arose and gradually increased among the crowd that followed, and a horseman with breathless speed galloped forward to the sheriff and presented a sealed billet. The sheriff reverently doffed his bonnet and bowed his head as his eye glanced over its contents, for it was an order, signed by the king’s own hand, instantly to send Arnold de Rothing back to Guildhall.

Ere the astonished goldsmith could recover his self-possession, he was taken from the hurdle, placed on one of the sheriff’s own horses, and, with a speed that left the marvelling crowd at an immeasurable distance, again conveyed to the city. There all was bustle and anxiety ; for the Lord Cobham had just arrived on a mission, it was said, of importance, and every citizen left his business, and every ’prentice his occupation, to welcome that nobleman, whose father, (the Earl of Arundel) was canonized in the memory of a grateful people as the martyr of their liberties, and who, himself, had been among the foremost to unsheath the brand in the cause of Henry of Lancaster.

“ My good citizens,” cried he, as he entered Guildhall, “ it is to perform an act of justice to a worthy member of the brotherhood of goldsmiths that I now appear before you. Long since, from an unknown hand, I had notice of that plot now so happily discovered and put down, and I have sufficient reasons for knowing that Arnold de Rothing was neither art nor part in it. I know too that from his daughter information was obtained, and even a pattern of their rings. The pursuit and overthrow of those traitors hindered me from hastening earlier to rescue good Master de Rothing from the fate that seemed to await him ; but I rejoice in having it now in my power to make some amends to a man to whom lady Fortune hath been so strangely despitous. King Henry hath commanded that five hundred marks be paid to the person who gave the first notice of the plot ; this, therefore, is due to Sybilla de Rothing, his daughter ; and I shall add to it other five hundred marks, as some scant reparation to her father, for all that he has suffered.”

“ My lord ! my very good lord !” exclaimed old Fitz-Martyn, pushing forward ; “ that reward is mine ; did not I give the first intelligence ?”

“ Ho ! Master Fitz-Martyn,” returned Lord Cobham, “ the master ye have so long served hath doubtless sent you here. St. Mary ! but I was e’en about offering

a reward for your head. Know ye this letter?" holding up a small piece of parchment. "O, ye are a worthy usurer! ye'll turn cat i' th' pan with Sathanas himself. Seize him, good people! as arrant a traitor as ever stretched halter! for he was in communication with Lord Huntingdon while he so bitterly pursued Master de Rothing to death." Fitz-Martyn was quickly seized, and ere the week's end, took the same road from which de Rothing had so unexpectedly returned.

Who shall describe the joy of the goldsmith and his daughter at this sudden revolution of fortune? Bowed to by the very men who but one short hour before had followed his hurdle with execrations; welcomed home by neighbours who for years had looked on him with suspicion; and, (more grateful than all besides,) warmly greeted by that fraternity from whose friendly companionship he had been so long exiled, Arnold de Rothing returned to his home the happiest man in all London. It need not be said, that his after-life was marked by uninterrupted prosperity. If any thing were wanting to complete his felicity, it was the circumstance, that, notwithstanding the most sedulous inquiries, no tidings could ever be obtained of the mysterious pilgrim: from the evening when he met Sybilla at the bridge-foot, he was never seen again. Many were the conjectures respecting him: some thought he had been a servant of the Duke of Gloster's, who, subsequently to his master's death, had gone on pilgrimage, and returned just in time to witness the retribution of Heaven (perhaps to aid it) on his murderers. This opinion, which derived considerable plausibility from the intimate knowledge he certainly possessed of all the actors in the plot, and also from the joy and gratitude he expressed when the gory heads of Salisbury and Huntingdon were exhibited to the view of the citizens, did not, however, suit the wonder-loving taste of a generation that considered supernatural agency as necessary to the succour of an individual as to the salvation of an empire, and invoked and expected the assistance of superior intelligences to perform that to which mere human agency was perfectly adequate. Another party, therefore, and it was by far the most numerous, since it comprehended all the servants of the church and all the city apprentices, maintained that he was nothing less than some saint, who, won by the sincere devotion of the unfortunate goldsmith, and the unprotected loveliness of his fair daughter, had condescended to quit the realms of bliss and assume the humble garb of a pilgrim, to succour those

for whom all hope of human aid was vain. The only obstacle to complete uniformity of belief on this momentous subject was the difficulty of determining to which of the crowd of saints in the Roman calendar this honour should be assigned. The most devout vehemently supported the claims of St. Martin, whose real benevolence gave him a far better right to canonization than at least two-thirds of "the blessed host," whose protection each morn and evening they duly invoked; while the 'prentices, unwilling that a Londoner should be rescued save by the intervention of some indigenous saint, strenuously maintained the claim of St. Erkenwald, reminding their opponents, that it was on the very eve of his translation (that festival so devoutly kept by all good citizens), that the pilgrim for the last time appeared. Long did these conflicting opinions continue to agitate the minds of the good people of London, even until Arnold de Rothing, full of years and honours, slept in peace. But long afterwards, and through many generations, was his singular tale handed down; and many a desponding mind was encouraged to hope, and many a sorrowful heart urged to a more firm reliance on Providence, by the eventful history of "The Goldsmith of Westcheap."

WOMAN'S LOVE.

(For the Olio.)

Woman's love is like a dream,
Vanishing when morning's beam
Lighteth up the eastern sky—
Having no reality.

Fair as is the rainbow's hue,
Fair and bright, and fading too,
Changeful as an April sky—
Smiles and tears alternately.

Light as air, and as the wind
Never long in self-same mind;
Here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
Wafting always clouds of sorrow:
Short its joys are, long its woe,
Lady, I have found it so. K.

TO AN INVETERATE CRITIC.

Avaunt, ye critic wight!—quick, quit this isle,
When, on thy dismal face was seen a smile?
Throw down thy pen, 'tis not for thy dull
brains
To guide the weapon;—go where Envy reigns,
For there is space enough for thy designs,
And leave this island free to nobler minds.
G. S—N S—H.

The Note Book.

MYSTERIES.

John Percy, a monk, who lived about the reign of Edward I, speaking of mysteries, says—"Amongst divers things we see God the Son eating apples, laughing with his mother, saying Pater-nosters with his apostles, raising and judging the dead. We hear the blessed singing in paradise with four-score and ten angels, and see the damned weeping in a black and sulphurous hell, encircled with above a hundred devils, who laugh at their misery. We see also a cunning knave, who is first a simple clerk that chaunts an epistle—then a bishop—then an archbishop, and at last a pope, always gormandizing upon chickens and capons."

BOSCOBEL.

In the blank leaf of the first edition of *Boscobel*, in the possession of a friend, printed in the reign of Charles the Second, the following lines are written in the handwriting of that period; evidently by some person inimical to the then existing government.

Chaste pious, prudent Charles ye Second,
The miracle of thy restauration
May, like to that of quails, be reckon'd
Rain'd on the Israelitish nation:
The wish'd-for blessing from heaven sent
Became their curse and punishment.

MACHINERY.

Many persons seem to regard the extended, and still extending use of machinery in this country, with feelings of apprehension, if not of dismay. They consider the substitution of machines for human labour, either in the cultivation of the soil, or in the fabrication of wrought commodities—of the plough for the spade, of the spinning-jenny for the wheel and distaff, as an evil, unavoidable indeed, but still an evil. Commiserating the sufferings which the manufacturing population occasionally experience from the introduction of machinery, they propose that a direct tax should be imposed upon machines, adequate, if not to put them down entirely, at least to check their future increase:—nor, if we really believed the use of machinery to be calculated to injure the interests, abridge the comforts, or abstract from the happiness of any class of the community, do we well see how we could refuse acceding to this recommendation. But we entertain no such belief. So far are we from regarding the increased use of machinery as an evil which requires to be checked, that we hail every such application of the discoveries of science as another step in the

steady course by which the benevolent author of nature pushes forward the improvement of the human race. In our opinion, instead of being an evil to be deprecated, and, if possible, counteracted and repressed, the application of machinery, as a substitute for labour, serves to disengage a large number of human beings from manufacturing toil, in order that they may be employed in perfecting and extending our tillage; thereby increasing at once their own happiness and the resources of the empire. *Quar. Rev.*

ILLUSTRIOUS ANGLERS.

The delight afforded by this animating amusement is of most engrossing character, and has had many illustrious devotees. It was Paley's and Nelson's*; and we have ourselves seen the first sculptor in Europe, when he had taken two salmon on the same morning, and can well believe that his self-importance exceeded twentyfold that which he felt on the production of any of the masterpieces which have immortalized him. But, perhaps, no one has followed this fascinating amusement so far and in so many climates and countries as the distinguished author (Sir H. Davy) of *Salmonia* himself.—*Ib.*

* The author of *Salmonia* mentions Nelson's fondness for fly-fishing, and expresses a wish to see it noticed in the next edition of that most exquisite and touching life of our hero by the Laureate, an immortal monument raised by genius to valour! We believe neither Halieus nor the Laureate will be displeased with the following little anecdote, from a letter of a gentleman now at the head of the medical profession, with which he favoured us shortly after perusing *Salmonia*. "I was," says our friend, "at the Naval Hospital at Yarmouth on the morning when Nelson, after the battle of Copenhagen (having sent the wounded before him), arrived at the Roads and landed on the Jutty. The populace soon surrounded him, and the military were drawn up in the marketplace ready to receive him: but, making his way through the crowd, and the dust, and the clamour, he went straight to the hospital. I went round the wards with him, and was much interested in observing his demeanour to the sailors: he stopped at every bed, to every man he had something kind and cheering to say. At length, he stopped opposite a bed on which a sailor was lying who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder-joint, and the following short dialogue passed between them:—*Nelson*. 'Well, Jack, what's the matter with you?'—*Sailor*. 'Lost my right arm, your honour.'—*Nelson* paused, looked down at his own empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said, playfully, 'Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen—cheer up, my brave fellow!' And he passed briskly on to the next bed; but these few words had a magical effect upon the poor fellow, for I saw his eyes sparkle with delight as Nelson turned away and pursued his course through the wards. As this was the only occasion on which I saw Nelson, I may, possibly, overrate the value of the incident."

DIFFERENT OPINIONS OF FAME.

When Goldsmith boasted of having seen a splendid copy of his works in the cabinet of some great lord, saying emphatically, "This is fame, Dr. Johnson!" the doctor told him, that for his part, he would have been more disposed to self-gratulation had he discovered any of the progeny of his mind thumbed and tattered in the cabin of a peasant.

THE MODERN GREEKS.

The vices of the Greeks and the negative virtues of the Turks are, by some authors, as unfairly contrasted as the splendid and valorous achievements of those who preceded these Greeks are partially and enthusiastically applied to their descendants by the ultra-Philhellenes. The nation of which we are speaking, is not to be compared with any other which has once reached civilization, and, in the lapse of ages, has gradually sunk back into its former elements. In no part of the world, probably, is there more misery, ignorance, and vain-glory.

The inhabitant of Attica or the Morea, while he builds his hovel among the ruined temples of his supposed ancestors, identifies himself with their fame, and with those exploits, which he is by no means calculated to imitate. He forgets, too, while he treads the soil of Hellas, that in all probability his blood is derived from parents far different from those he assumes to be so. The succession of barbarian invaders of this miserable country: the constant intermixture of foreigners from the Roman conquest to the capture of Constantinople—nearly two thousand years of degradation—the lingering occupation, protection, and intercourse, in various parts, of the Venetians and Genoese, have all tended to deteriorate the purity of Grecian origin. In universal wretchedness, however, all who speak the Roman dialect herd together, and claim to be considered as one race.

The vain-glory of the modern Greek is hereditary, a vice once the theme of classical allusion, no less than that of contemporary observation. In his cottage on the hills, as well as in his tower—indigent, while his infidel oppressor flourishes at his side—he is still the same; he is persuaded that he surpasses all men of all nations in intelligence, because his country *once* carried her arts and arms over the civilized world, and, even when conquered, benefitted her conqueror by introducing him to science, taste, and eventual amelioration. This vain-glory might be pardonable, did it not lead to fatal results as the parent of quarrelsome faction.

For. Rev

VALUE OF SIGNS.

A short time ago, a snuff-merchant in one of the streets in the city, who had placed the sign of a Highlander at the door, summoned a young Scotchman to the Police Office, for having upset his figure and done it much damage. In the course of the evidence, a fact transpired which proved the importance of these signs to tradesmen:—he stated that the figure cost him thirteen guineas, but that payment even of that sum would not compensate for the damage and absence of the figure; for since it had been stationed at the door, he had taken on an average *twenty shillings a day* more than he had done before.

Tradesmen went to great prices for a good painting as a sign, and the first artists were employed to execute them. Mr. Cotton, Mr. Lamb, (well known in the middle of the last century,) and even Mr. Wale, one of the founders of the Royal Academy, and first Professor of Perspective in that institution, were sign painters.

In High-street, Mary-le-bone, is an old public-house, considerably lower than the rest, which exhibits a beautifully-painted, but ill-used sign of the Rose and Crown. It is one of the "old school," and has an ornamented frame attached to it.

W. H. H.

Customs of Various Countries.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

Squirrel Hunting, &c.

HASTED, in his History of Kent, speaking of the parish of Ealing, says, that "On St. Andrew's day, November 30th, there is yearly a diversion called Squirrel Hunting in this and the neighbouring parishes, when the labourers and lower kind of people, assembling together form a lawless rabble, and being accoutred with guns, poles, clubs, and other such weapons, spend the greatest part of the day in parading through the woods and grounds, with loud shouting; and under the pretence of demolishing the squirrels, some few of which they kill, they destroy numbers of hares, pheasants, partridges, and in short whatever comes in their way, breaking down the hedges and doing much mischief; and in the evening betaking themselves to the alehouse, finish their career there as is usual with such sort of gentry."

The annual celebration of St. Andrew's day was, in days of yore, conducted with considerable show, the generality of Scotsmen resident in London walked in procession, with a singed sheep's head borne by a man in front. But this is all past and forgotten; and, in the present enlightened age, there are few holidays kept, compared with old times, when every calendar was marked with a profusion of rubrick characters, denoting such days were to be reserved for some particular sport, festival, or ceremony.

BOROUGH ENGLISH.

THE origin of the custom of Borough English, still observed at the Manor of Woodford, Essex, and other parts of the same county (see No. 41, of this work), where the youngest son inherits, has been a subject of much dispute, but it appears to have prevailed greatly in the kingdom of the east Saxons. Dr. Plot has conjectured that it was introduced by the lord of the manor's claiming the right of enjoying the bride-daughter of his tenant on the wedding night: therefore the villain or slave, doubting whether the eldest son was his own, made the youngest his heir; but as there seems not to be sufficient evidence that this ever was an established practice, the doctor's conjecture has been supposed not to be well founded. E.

Anecdotaliana.

NEW REGULATIONS.

A clerk in Chancery, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, had seen, with great indifference, all the alterations that had been made in the constitution, both in church and state; but when he was told there were to be some new regulations in the Six Clerk's-office—"Nay," says he, "if they begin once to strike at *fundamentals*, nobody knows where they will stop."

ROYAL CONDESCENSION.

When the King of Sweden arrived at Manheim in November, 1783, he alighted at the city-gate, and walked up to the house where he was to lodge; on calling for the host, he asked him for the apartments intended for the king and his suite. Being informed of the price, "You ask too little," said he; "kings do not come every day to lodge with you." The host replied, "The honour done me by the monarch, fills my heart sufficiently; why should I make him pay more than another."

Some persons who occupied the first and second floor of that house were preparing to quit them; which the king perceiving, prevented, saying, that his

majesty had good legs, and could get up to the third story very well. At the same time the monarch's retinue arrived, and honest Albert (the host) found with surprise, that he had been talking to the king in person.

The king went to the play, the host gave a ball at which were present 200 persons. The king spoke, with great affability to the widow of the learned Costervelt, who was present. On his departure, his majesty made a present to Albert of a gold watch and chain, besides twenty-four ducats, with leave to put up for a sign a painting of himself.

FAMILIARITY.

When the late venerable president was sitting to Mr. Nollekens for a bust, which the members of the British Institution had requested to have, his Royal Highness the Duke of York arrived, accompanied by his brother the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke of York, at that time, was also sitting for his bust, when Mr. West heard Nollekens inquire "how's your father?" on which the Duke with his usual condescension, smilingly informed him that the king was better. The Duke of Cumberland then asked Mr. Nollekens, why a man of his years wore so high a toupee to his wig? Mr. Nollekens, instead of answering, wished to know why his Royal Highness wore those *mustaquies*? The Duke of York smiled and said, "You have it now, Cumberland."

Nollekens' Life and Times.

A NUMEROUS FAMILY.

In the church-yard of Lenham, Kent, is a remarkable inscription on the tombstone of Robert Thompson, Esq. which mentions that he was a grand-child of Mary Honeywood, wife of Robert Honeywood, of Charing, near the above place, who at her decease had 367 children lawfully descended from her—viz.

Of her own body . . .	16
Grand-children . . .	114
In the third generation . . .	228
In the fourth ditto . . .	9

Total 367

EPITAPH.

His ail was too much *ale*, and so the bier
Was *beer*, they said, that brought Tom Evill
here.

His Evill name, too, caused full many a jest—
Frothy or flat, the *dead* ones were the best:
They said, Alas! we've lost an Evil one,
Who ne'er did harm but to himself alone!
When he was praised, a *but* too oft was named,
But for that butt he never had been blamed.
October killed him, though the month was
May—

By moisture turned to dust—O, well-a-day!

For. Rev

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Nov. 11	Tues.	St. Martin. Sun rises 28 af. 7 — sets 32 — 4	Nov. 11	St. Martin who was a native of Hungary; is said to have been born A.D. 316. He was chosen bishop of Tours in the year 374, and continued in the see for twenty-six years. He died about the year 397. ÆT. 84, greatly esteemed for his piety. The festival of Martinmas was instituted A.D. 650. The word Martilmas is a corruption, like Bartlemy for Bartholemew, &c. 1647.—On this day Charles I. escaped to Tichfield, and from thence to the Isle of Wight.
— 12	Wed.	St. Livin. High Water, 22 m. aft. 5 morn 45 ——— 5 even.	— 12	This saint was a learned bishop of Ireland, he went over to Flanders to convert the idolaters, in the 7th century, and there suffered martyrdom. 1035.—Died on this day, Canute King of England. His successor was Harold, his son by his first wife, Algiva of Northampton.
— 13	Thurs	St. Brice. All Souls' Day. Sun ris. 33m aft 7 — sets 27 ——— 4	— 13	Our saint succeeded St. Martin in the Bishopric of Tours in the year 399. He died A.D. 444. All Souls' day, in various parts of the kingdom, is called <i>Souling day</i> , from the custom of making <i>soul cakes</i> . This practise is very prevalent in Shropshire. The children about Bridgenorth go about singing verses, and begging for a portion of these small cakes; one of the verses which is repeated is the following:— Soul, soul, for a soul cake, I prithee, good mother, a soul cake, One for Peter, two for Paul, And three for him that made us all. Soul, soul, for a soul cake.
— 14	Frid.	St. Dubricius. Moon's 1st quar. 49m aft. 1 aft.	— 14	1690.—Anniversary of the death of George Fox, the founder of the society of people called <i>Quakers</i> . This denomination was first applied to Fox and his followers at Derby, as a term of scorn, from the agitation with which the delivery of his addresses is said to have been attended. Fox, though an illiterate man, was the possessor of strong natural abilities. The persecutions he suffered may be said to have been occasioned by the extravagance and indecorum which he manifested at the early part of his career. This saint was a blshop, and died A.D. 522.
— 15	Satur.	St. Leopold. High Water, 15m. aft. 8 morn. 48 ——— 8 aft.	— 15	1716.—Died on this day the celebrated philosopher, Baron de Leibnitz. At the time of his death, he was engaged in a controversy with Dr. S. Clarke, on free-will, space, and other abstruse subjects. Leibnitz was an able mathematician, an acute philosopher, and a man of lively genius, but vain and avaricious. This saint was Marquis of Austria. He died A.D. 1136.
— 16	SUN.	24th Sun af. Trin. LES. for the DAY 13 c. Prov. morn 14 c. ——— even St. Edmund.	— 16	1741.—Born on this day, at Zurich, John Gaspard Christian Lavater, the distinguished author of the treatise on Physiognomy, a work that has been honoured with a translation into most European languages. St. Edmund, Bishop of Canterbury. This saint was canon and treasurer of Salisbury, till he was appointed to the see of Canterbury. While filling this station, he incurred the king's (Henry III) displeasure for prohibiting his sister from marrying Simon Earl of Leicester. After enduring many vexations for his refusal, he retired to the monastery of Pontigniac in Champagne, and afterwards to Solssy, where he died A.D. 1242. He was canonized by Pope Innocent IV.
— 17	Mond.	St. Hugh. Sun ris. 39m aft 7 sets 21 ——— 4	— 17	Our saint was the successor of Walter de Constans in the see of Lincoln. He paid 1000 marks to Richard the First to acquit his successor from furnishing the king yearly with a mantle of sables on New-year's day. St. Hugh ended a life pregnant with miracles, A.D. 1200.

On Saturday the 29th, with No. 48, will be Published a SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER, entirely devoted to the ANNUALS.



See Page 293.

Illustrated Article.

BLACK WILL.

(For the Olio.)

A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame.

SHAKSPEARE.

This is the man should do a bloody deed,
The image of a wicked, heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled
breast. IB.

In the reign of the weak and pusillanimous King Henry the Sixth, before the commencement of those unhappy differences between the rival roses, there stood, by the road-side leading to Blackheath, a lonely inn, before which, from a rough unhewn post, hung a board on which was painted the rude representation of a drinking measure then much in use; viz. the Black Jack. This vessel, as most of our readers are no doubt aware, was formed of leather, so that it could be

trusted with safety in the hands of those, who, from a too long acquaintance with its contents, might be rendered incapable of protecting a vessel of a more brittle quality.

Mine host was a jolly, portly fellow, and had once possessed a comely figure, but his daily exercise having been, for some years past, confined to the limits of his own house, he had grown somewhat corpulent. Walter Quantock, (for such was his name,) had been a soldier in his youth, and had fought in France, when Henry the Fifth invaded that country: On his return he found himself possessed of a sum sufficient to establish the before-named inn. Such was mine host of the "Black Jack." The house of Master Quantock was much visited on holidays and the many trials of skill which took place on the heath added not a little to the number of his customers, as almost all Greenwich was oft-times emptied to behold the feats of archery, wrestling, &c. which even the rich merchants of London did not disdain to attend.

Towards the close of a dull evening in the spring of the year, the house of mine

host contained only three customers, who sat over their cups, listening to the storm without, which had obliged them to seek the roof of honest Walter on their way to Greenwich.

"A rough night this, my masters," said one of the guests, who had with him a small bag of serge containing a bason and a pair of forceps, with several other articles appertaining to the then joint profession of barber and man-midwife; "a rough night and a stormy; a man need ha' some matter o' courage to venture out alone, an' he had much to lose; thieves and night-walkers are abroad."

"Marry, thou speakest verity, neighbour Sylvester," replied one of the men, "I would not venture out by myself on such a night, an' I had as many lives as a cat; what say you, goodman pedlar?" and he turned to the third person. This man had placed his pack in one corner of the room, and was sitting by the fire in deep thought, occasionally raking with his staff the unconsumed embers of the sticks into the large wood fire which blazed cheerfully, while the smoke escaped through an aperture in the roof, for the luxury of a chimney was then only known

to the rich and powerful. The pedlar, who had been thus addressed, started from his reverie, and replied,

"Good Sirs, you are much of my mind, methinks 'twould not be over prudent to venture abroad at this hour, unless in company; but as you appear to be from the town, I shall be glad of your protection, for my pack here contains some few things which I would not lose; shall we trudge at once?"

"By the rood!" exclaimed the second speaker, "it likes me not, goodman pedlar; what say you, Master Shaver?" The barber was about to reply, when mine host entered the room.

"My friends," said he, "take my advice, and tarry here to-night, the road is somewhat dangerous, and there are those abroad who would take your life for the value of your hose and doublet. I can bestow ye all three here."

"Tut! tut! mine host," interrupted the barber, "fear not, there are three of us, all sturdy men and proper." Quantock smiled at this idle vaunt from the barber, who was in person very diminutive.

"Ye may be all prompt and valiant

men," said he, "an' if ye were attacked manfully and fairly, may return a blow or so, but your true thief gives ye not such 'vantage; ye may be trudging merrily on, and the next moment a broad arrow may quiver in your heart; no man, be he ever so valiant, can guard against an ambuscade. I well remember when I followed the army in the time of our late King Harry, (whom God assoilize,) when on the march and near Falaise, we came upon an ambush of the enemy. Many of our stoutest men-at-arms bit the dust, for the Frenchmen fell upon us 'ere we had time to form: 'twas there I got this hurt, and a fearful one it was too;" here he bared his arm, on which was perceived the mark of a deep scar. The barber stretched out his neck to view it, and shrugged up his shoulders, while mine host continued,—

"Ah, there was sharp work then, and the valley rung like a smithy with the clang of their armour, but we soon cleared the way of them, and continued the march. I got this hurt in my arm from a French bill-man, who was killed by one of our archers. Ah, my masters, there was sharp whistling of bolt and shaft, and loud clang of axe, and bill, and partizan; but the glorious day was at Agincourt; 'twould have gladdened your hearts to have heard our brave King Hall speaking to us as though we were his fellows."— Here mine host was interrupted in his narrative by a loud knocking at the door, accompanied by the gruff voice of a man who desired admittance.

On its being opened, a man abruptly entered, and seating himself on a bench, called for a measure of sack. The barber, who had before spoken so valiantly, now shrunk and quailed beneath the fierce glance of the stranger, whose whole appearance bespoke the hardened and determined ruffian. He was clad in a leathern doublet, soiled with grease and dirt. He wore a small thrum cap, in which was stuck a tuft of cock's feathers; round his neck hung a heavy steel chain, from which was suspended a small gold cross; his legs were covered with hose of blue serge, and his feet were protected by leather sandals, the thongs of which crossed his legs, and fastened at his knees. From a broad belt with which he was girted, hung a heavy, iron-handled sword, and he wore a dudgeon-dagger on his right side. In stature, he was about the middle height, square-built, and muscular. His broad and coarse features were over-shadowed by a profusion of black hair, and his untrimmed beard and mustachios were of the same colour. With such an addi-

tion to their company, it cannot be supposed that the 'guests were much pleased. They stared at the stranger, and then at each other, not liking to begin a conversation with such a ruffianly-looking personage, when mine host entered with a measure of sack and placed it before his customer, at the same time holding out his hand for the money.

"What dost thou thrust out thy paw for, old Boniface?" said the ruffian, in a tone which made the barber shake in his shoes. Mine host answered him carelessly.

"Good master Will," said he, "if thy memory does not play thee false, thou wilt remember that the last flask thou did'st empty at this mine house is still owing for, since which I have forsworn credit to any one."

"Now a murrain on thee, Quantock," replied the ruffian, looking fiercely round at the guests, and then scowling on mine host. "Dost thou think I mean to bilk thee, thou hungry knave?"

"No, master Will," replied Quantock, "but such trifles may escape your memory, therefore you must not refuse to pay me at once." As he said this, he turned away with the sack, when the ruffian, swearing a grisly oath, took from his neck the chain we have just described, and detaching the small cross of gold, he threw it on the table.

"There," said he, "take that in pledge and look that ye keep it safely till I redeem it." Mine host took the cross, and after looking at it, placed the measure of sack on the table, and left the room to put his pledge in a place of security. After tasting his liquor, the ruffian endeavoured to get into conversation with the other guests, who shrunk from him as though he had been the plague, particularly the barber, who a thousand times wished himself at home in his shop at Greenwich. He then addressed himself to the pedlar, who sat eyeing him with a suspicious look.

"Are ye for the town, my friend?" said he.

"Ay," replied the pedlar, "if the storm should clear up in time."

"Then you will hardly do that to-night, for the townspeople are, methinks, snoring soundly by this time."

"I must e'en trudge it at once, then," said the pedlar, shouldering his pack,— when the barber spoke,

"My friend," said he, "you had better tarry here to-night, the road's unsafe, and—"

"Never fear," interrupted the pedlar, "no one will care to disturb me; and if

they do, why I carry a good Sheffield whittle," and touching significantly a long knife which was stuck in a leathern sheath in his belt, he discharged his reckoning, and departed. The ruffian now turned to his sack, and after draining the horn to the bottom, abruptly quitted the inn.

"Now by my holidame," cried mine host, as soon as he was gone, "the pedlar is a doomed man. Will has not a cross in his pouch, and he will not scruple to take from another; would to heaven I were the man I was some twenty years ago, I would spoil the villain: 'tis a pity no sturdy fellow will rid the world of such a hang gallows, who would think no more of killing a man than he would of a capon; pray heaven the pedlar may prove more than his match, or there will be an end of his trade to-night."

"Know ye that black muzzled hound, then?" enquired the barber, with outstretched neck.

"Know him," replied mine host, "ay marry, I have too good cause to know him; but I know not how he lives—his face would tell ye not honestly; several deer have been missing lately from Sir John Creswell's park, and but yesterday se'ennight a traveller was found murdered near Eltham,—though nothing can be proved, suspicion rests on him."

"What is his name?" enquired the other guest.

"His proper name," replied Quantock, "is Will Hamlyn, but he is more often called Black Will, from the colour of his hair and beard, neither of which are, I believe, as black as his soul—'twill be a wonder if the pedlar get safe to the town."

"Saint Bennet preserve us from such men," ejaculated the barber, devoutly crossing himself; "have ye room where we could sleep to-night, mine host?"

"Ay, my master," replied Quantock, "and as fine a litter of straw as ever weary man snored on."

"Then we will tarry here to-night," said both the guests,—and as the night was pretty far advanced, they soon sought their resting-place, where the barber's fears were soon quieted by a sound slumber. The next morning the body of the unfortunate pedlar was found at a short distance from the town, disfigured by a ghastly wound on the head. The broken ground attested the violence of the struggle for existence, and the rifled pack, which lay near, together with a few articles of trifling value, showed the object of the murderous attack. The barber, and his neighbour Hugh Tester, who followed the trade of a fletcher or arrow-maker, left

the Black Jack, happy in having escaped the fate of the less fortunate pedlar.

On the following week, the fletcher was busily engaged in making a quantity of arrows against the morrow, when a grand trial of skill was to take place on Blackheath. His work had lately so much increased, that he had taken another apprentice, in the hope of obtaining assistance in his trade; but as is often the case in the present age, the boy had given him infinitely more trouble. In vain did he attempt to instruct the urchin; he either could not or would not be taught the "arte and mysterie" of arrow-making. On this morning, he had exhausted all his patience in a vain attempt to shew him the proper way of feathering the shafts, and broke out into a violent passion with the lad.

"Did ever yeoman behold such a shaft?" cried he, taking up an arrow on which his 'prentice had glued the feather awry.—"By St. Barnabas, an' thou lettest me see such another, I will cudgel thee till thou howlest like a damned soul in purgatory! Get thee across the Tweed, and make such gear for the beggarly Scots, or to France among the Mounseers, who know not a cloth-yard shaft from a morris-pike. Out, out upon thee! thou should'st have been a tailor's booby, and not a——" A step near the door interrupted the fletcher's invective, and looking round, he beheld with astonishment the athletic form of Black Will about to enter the shop. For a moment his speech failed him, but at length he mustered up courage enough to enquire in a faltering voice,

"What lack ye, worthy Sir, a good yew bow, or a sheaf of well-feathered shafts?"

"Let me see your gear," said the ruffian, gruffly, "I would have a dozen of your strongest and sharpest-headed shafts."

"You shall have them," replied the obsequious fletcher, selecting twelve of his best arrows, which he tied together, and handed to Will.

"What is your price?" enquired the ruffian.

"Three groats an' it please ye, fair sir," was the reply.

"Three groats!" echoed Will in a tone of surprise—"Three devils! why your city fletchers would ha' charged me but two, and cleaner made gear too! I shall pay thee but two groats." Saying this he took two silver groats from his pouch and threw them on a bench near him. "There," said he, "there is thy due, and by the fiends thou shalt have no more!"

“Then I cannot sell them,” replied the fletcher, offended at the abuse bestowed upon his wares, and taking the bundle of arrows, he placed them with the others; but Will sprung forward, seized them and ran off, first tripping up the heels of Tester, who, however, soon regained his legs and pursued him. He soon came up with the ruffian and demanded his goods, at the same time seizing him by the shoulder.

“Away with thee, thou mongrel!” cried the ruffian, incensed at being thus detained—but the fletcher still kept his hold, when Will drew his dagger, and that moment would have silenced for ever the demands of the fletcher, when a monk who was passing saw the struggle, and coming up, seized Will’s arm as the blow descended.

“How now, Jack Priest!” exclaimed the ruffian, “why dost thou meddle in my quarrel? loosen my arm, or by heaven!”

“Profane not that word,” said the monk—“Tester, get thee to thy stall; shame on thee, Will, for ever brawling—dost thou hope to come off scathless in every quarrel; such a life will end at the gibbet.”

“Pshaw!” cried the ruffian contemptuously, “keep thy sermon till next Sunday; ’twill serve for the good-wives and their cuckolds.” The monk’s pale cheek flushed at this insult, as he replied,

“Shame on thee thou reprobate, dost thou still offend the townsmen with thy bullying, I tell thee ’twill bring thy body to the gallows ere long, if they do not beat out thy brains with their bats” (clubs).

“Never fear that, Father Alwyn,” replied Will, “I have been told by a witch woman, that that shall never happen; and her rhyme runs thus. Harkee, sir sleek pate, this is it:—

‘Lance or partizan or brand,
Wielded by any mortal hand,
Thou may’st never fear;
Nor bow of yew, nor staff of ash,
Nor sturdy bill-man’s deadly gash,
Nor hangman’s hempen gear!’

“This is but a snare of Satan’s, to catch thy soul,” replied the monk; “a phantom raised by the devil to lure thee from the right path—’tis the *ignis fatuus* which leads erring mortals into the slough of iniquity and crime. Will the fiend protect thee from the stake, thou scoffer?”

“As to that,” replied the ruffian, “I can guard against it without the devil’s assistance, so farewell, father; thy sermon is worth a stoop of wine, but by the rood I have not a cross in my pouch left.” He turned on his heel, and was soon out of sight, while the monk proceeded on his

way. The fletcher had returned to his shop, and gathered up the money which Will had left on the work-bench, glad at escaping with a whole skin at the expense of the other groat. He recommenced his abuse of his stubborn ’prentice, when he was again interrupted by the entrance of another customer, who was a young man of tall and comely figure. He was clad in a doublet and hose of green, and wore buskins of buff leather, reaching just above the ankle, a small steel-studded belt sustained a dagger of exquisite workmanship. His hair was light and trimmed in short curls, and his mustaches, which were much darker than his hair, shewed to advantage a row of teeth white as pearl. He wore a crimson velvet-cap, without any feather or ornament, save a small image of the Virgin in gold, curiously chased: he was a perfect contrast to the ruffian figure of his other customer.

“What lack ye, most honorable young gentleman?” enquired the fletcher, dressing his face in one of his most courteous smiles, and doffing his leathern cap.

“I would have one of your well-proved yew-bows, and a sheaf of your stoutest and straightest shafts,” replied the youth. Tester selected a bundle of his best arrows, and one of his handsomest bows, for which his customer paid the price demanded without a murmur. The fletcher gathered up the money, which he placed in his pouch.

“Heaven bless you, worthy Sir!” said he. “May your enemies fear the twang of your bow (which is one of the best), and may your arrows ever hit the white.”

“Thanks, Goodman Fletcher,” said the young stranger, as he passed out; “as they turn out so may you thrive in your trade.”

Tester’s customers now flocked in, and before night-fall his stock was almost exhausted. The following morning he attended on the heath, accompanied by one of his apprentices, who carried a bundle of arrows, in anticipation of some of the competitors wanting a fresh supply. All Greenwich was in motion, and hundreds thronged the way to Blackheath. The bowmen of the neighbouring villages were on the ground, clad in Lincoln green, and wearing the badges of their different companies. On a raised platform sat Sir John Creswell, a knight of giant figure and commanding presence, by his side sat his only daughter Bertha, the fairest maid in Kent, the fame of whose beauty had spread not only over the county, but even to the city itself. She wore a close dress of green, and her

long dark tresses escaped from under her small hat of velvet, and fell in wanton ringlets over her shoulders. Many a gallant youth crowded round the platform that day, and little heeded were the sports by them, so that they could gaze on her uninterrupted. The knight, her father, was clad in a doublet of crimson-velvet, and he wore a cap of the same colour, in which blazed a diamond of great value, shaded by a white plume, and many a bright and precious stone flashed on his fingers. His right hand rested on his sword hilt, while his left arm was thrown carelessly round the waist of his beautiful daughter: near him stood the monk we have introduced to our readers; he was Sir John's confessor, a man of learning and strict piety.

It was a clear and beautiful day; the sun shone brightly, and the heath was covered with spectators. The sports began, the wrestlers appeared; and the strength and agility of one of the men soon proved too much for his antagonists, all of whom he threw with apparent ease. A loud shout proclaimed him the victor, as his last adversary lay on the ground sorely bruised; but it instantly gave place to a low murmur among the spectators, when the athletic form of Black Will appeared in the ring.

"Wilt thou try a fall with me?" said he to the wrestler.

"Ay, with thee, or one of twice thy size," was the reply, "an, he have not witchcraft on his side."

"Then I shall toss thee in the air as a bull would fling a cur-dog," said Will, throwing his thrum-cap on the ground, and unbuckling his sword: "Come on!" The struggle commenced. Will had engaged a sturdy fellow, who obliged him to stand upon his guard, but after suffering him to exhaust his strength, he threw his antagonist a heavy fall. The men who attended, lifted the fallen wrestler from the ground, and bore him away, senseless and sorely bruised. Will was now conducted to the platform, and received from the hands of the lovely Bertha a handsome belt, with which he seemed highly pleased, and Sir John complimented him on his skill and great strength.

The next prize was a silver chain, for the man who should first draw blood in a bout at quarter-staff. Will appeared again in the ring, and broke the heads of all who opposed him; when, as the prize was about to be awarded to him, the youth we have introduced to our readers at the shop of Hugh Tester, made his way through the crowd, and throwing down a bow and a sheaf of arrows, which he had with him, he took a staff, and walked into

the ring. The Lady Bertha observed the gallant bearing of the youth, whose appearance also much interested Sir John.

"For our Lady's sake," said the maiden, "let him not contend with that brutal-looking man, 'tis an unequal match."

"Peace, child," said the knight, "if he get a broken cockscomb, 'twill teach him how to bandy blows with his masters—see they are about to begin." In the meantime, the combatants had taken their stand opposite each other, and waited only for the signal.

"Ah! ah! master Green Jerkin," said Will, with a grin,—“art thou come to hear how thy cockscomb will sound? Come hither, and let me show this company if thou hast any brains in that pate of thine.”

"Look to thyself, sirrah," cried the youth:—"I have a mind to see if ash will make any impression on thy thick skull."

"Then hammer away, boy!" cried Will, striking at the youth with all his force.—“No thresher ever beat corn better than I shall thrash thee.” This, and several of the ruffian's strokes were dexterously warded off, when the youth, watching his opportunity, dealt Will a blow on the shoulder. The pain threw the ruffian off his guard, which his antagonist took advantage of, and with a blow on the temple, stretched him on the turf, the blood streaming from the wound. A loud shout arose from the crowd at the ruffian's defeat, and the youth was cheered till he reached the platform and ascended the steps. The Lady Bertha blushed when she beheld the fine figure of the youth. Their eyes met, and she hung the chain about his neck, apparently unconscious of what she was doing. The youth bowed low, and descended, after being complimented by Sir John.

(To be Continued.)

VENISON FEASTING.

(For the Olio.)

After the leap o'er ditch and gate,
And driving, early, wearied, late,
Along his lordship's deer estate,
With dogs to limp scarce able;
Powder and shot in firing spent
To strike like knights at tournament,
And horses to be rubbed are sent
To banquet in the stable.

The sport, the game, the mettled chase,
The deeds are done from place to place,
And riders safe are face to face,
And venison sweetly stinking;

The dinner ended, wines in stores
Are drank, and healths succeed the roars;
The lawyer nods, the vicar snores,
And half the jockies blinking.

The song in death's behalf resounds,
The echoes join like yelping hounds,
And to be merry, Punch abounds,
And Reynard's tail is creaming:
The glasses to the lip convey
That which the head to heels gives sway,
And none can straightly walk away,
Though the hunting moon is beaming.

Sense dies, and folly's laughter feigns,
Weakness controls the 'loins and reins,'
The daring racer scours the plains,
And fancy's vot'ries follow:
The glasses on the tables reel,
The chairs and floor the clamour feel,
But not with lightness, toe and heel,
But weight and *te-ipsi* hallo.

The 'Venison Feast,' as head-aches know,
Hearts which in hunting features glow,
Feats heap'd in memory's pleasant flow,
By country gents are treasured:
Since 'Cranbourne Chase' no more is *dear*,
May bucks and does give fresh career,
And each autumnal passing year,
With *harts* humane, be measured!

P.

THE UNSEASONABLE RESURRECTION.

The following narrative, which we have been favoured with from a correspondent, is a translation of an account of a singular transaction contained in an old French work, entitled the "Travels of Maximilian Mission through Germany and Italy in the year 1687." Most of our readers will readily perceive it contains the ground work of the highly interesting tale, the Sexton of Cologne, which we gave in our sixteenth number.

In the year 1571, at Cologne, in Germany, the wife of a Consul, having been buried with a valuable ring on her finger, the grave-digger opened the tomb the following night to possess himself of the jewel. Imagine his consternation at finding the hand which he had taken hold of, press his own; but when the good lady grasped it hard, and endeavoured to raise herself from the coffin, without any ceremony he disengaged himself in an instant, and fled precipitately, with more fear than gallantry.

The revived lady, whose trance the roguish sexton had disturbed, having extricated herself from her earthy tenement, and enveloped her person with all becoming decency in the cerements of the grave, proceeded home, and knocked loudly at the door. She addressed the servant by name, who thrust his head out of a win-

dow to know who disturbed the family at such an unseasonable hour, and briefly told him how she had escaped, requesting him to be quick, for she shivered in the night air. But the incredulous servant considered her a phantom, and fled in the utmost alarm to tell his master that the spirit of his departed mistress was knocking at the door for admittance.

His master treated him as a fool, and ordered him instantly to open the door, and enquire the person's business, which he at length did; but no sooner did he distinguish the features of his so lately interred mistress, than the light fell from his hand, and he swooned at her feet. The good lady, trembling with the cold, passed over the unfortunate man, and entering, encountered her husband in the passage, whom with difficulty she persuaded or rather held from flying also, till other senses than that of sight had convinced him of the corporal presence of his dear spouse, who having been put to bed, and taken due care of, resumed her place in society, and for seven years after she had been buried, performed the duties of a good mother and mistress of a family.

J. M.

DEITY.

*From an unfinished Poem, entitled,
"The Omnipotence of the Deity," by
R. JARMAN.*

(For the Olio.)

There is in DEITY a wonderous span,
That far outreaches all the thought of man;
Bewilders reason, when she strives to rove
Through the vast mazes of the pathless grove;
Makes Fancy wonder as she wings her flight,
Her bright eyes dazzled, round the darkenin
light;
Seems to the tired mind an endless space,
Without one spot by which its shape to trace;
Presents a desert to the mental eye,
Without one pool of information nigh;
Makes man to shrink into himself again,
And own his wisdom, as his folly, vain!

There is a wildering grandeur meets the soul,
When it would upwards to its MAKER roll,
Which makes it feel how useless its toil,
Where Fate and Nature join the search to foil!
Fate made us mortal, and a mortal mind
In vain its maker's nature seeks to find:
Nature has given us a thought, may rise
Above the hangings of yon clouded skies,
Take in the beauties of a heavenly world,
And read the wonders which are there unfurl'd;
But not to know the POWER that rules them all,
Or read HIS being at whose nod they fall:
No! HE, whom Fate and Nature own for lord,
Has will'd our powers with our state t' accord;
Nor given to man to grasp what angels find
Beyond the knowledge of celestial kind:
Mortals may raise their babel wisdom high,
But none the nearer to their GOD come nigh!

STANZAS,
*Written under a Pencil Drawing of La
 Sœur de Dido, in a Lady's Album.
 (For the Olio.)*

As I gazed intent on the pencill'd page,
 I thought could aught *that* sorrow assuage,
That grief which harrows the inmost heart,
 And shoots through the soul with a restless
 dart;
 It must be to view where the pencil's trace
 Has marked the lineaments of some face,
 Which mortal eye may ne'er again see,
 Which we never can view till from earth set
 free!

I gazed, and I sigh'd o'er the pencil'd page,
 For I thought it a type of that joyous age,
 The spring-time of life, when the budding
 mind
 Receives impressions of every kind :
 When with fancy's eye we seem to view
 Our fond hopes tinged with the rainbow's hue ;
 When the heart is all hope, and the thoughts
 all fire,
 Ere dull disappointment has damp'd desire.

I sigh'd o'er the various eyes, which I thought
 Would gaze with delight where the pencil has
 wrought
 With such exquisite skill--for I thought 'mongst
 them all
 Must be many who knew disappointment's
 gall ;
 Who had tasted how different life's after-years,
 (When time has wove round us his garland of
 cares,)
 To that time, when 'tis view'd by the bright
 eye of youth,
 Ere the young heart hath tasted of sorrow or
 ruth.

E. F.

The Cecilians. (No. 5.)
(For the Olio.)

MR. J. C. NIGHTINGALE.

' Time has thinn'd his flowing hair.'

WHEN the Cecilian Society was held in Painters' Hall, Trinity Lane, Mr. J. C. Nightingale was proposed and admitted as a violoncello player ; but, having access to the organ in Cumberland Street Chapel, by the permission of the minister, Mr. Brown, and the organist, Mr. Leveque, he took lessons on this instrument, and practised so indefatigably, that he soon played during divine service for his preceptor, and, like Mr. Harper, his cotemporary on the trumpet, outmastered the master.* Putting this consideration aside,

* The Olympian and the Pythian games were as famous for musical contests as for those of wrestling and running ; even at Delos, in remote antiquity, musical games were celebrated, in which Homer himself seems to have performed. (See Homer's Hymn to Apollo, quoted by Thucydides.) At the Grecian games, the musical instruments employed were trumpets, flutes, and lyres. Herodotus

we observe that Mr. J. C. Nightingale may be called a self-taught musician. His studies were pursued more by enthusiastic impulse in oratorios, than direction from eminent men as to his future acquirements in the order of scientific melodists. Choosing Handel's works for his execution, he ran a wise course, leaving theory to be felt as his practical knowledge strengthened, and as he was competent to perform. Then, living near the chapel, he persevered with solitary, but pleasurable diligence, and combated and overcame obstacles neither few nor small : he grasped them with so much determination, that the rapidity of his finger, the extent of his octaves, the tenacity of his ear, the easy flow of his harmony, and the success attending his efforts, amalgamated with a great portion of taste and originality, that the circle of his fame, like that of the water when impressed by a heavier body from a small indention, spread wide and wider in the regions of tone. His capacity for the organ thus discovered, he abandoned the rosining the strings, and on the first vacancy was jealously† chosen organist to the Society, and

of Megara was the most famous trumpeter of antiquity, having gained the prize at this kind of music fifteen times. He was a man (not like Harper) of gigantic size and enormous appetite, (Harper is moderate in his gustations), and his lungs were so powerful in blowing the trumpet, that he could not be heard with safety but at a great distance. But on these occasions from the danger of blowing the last blast, they were thankful when they found themselves alive and well when their *solos* were ended. Archias, the celebrated trumpeter of Hybla, dedicated a statue to Apollo, in gratitude for his having been able to proclaim the olympic games with his trumpet *three* times without bursting his cheeks, or a blood vessel, though he sounded all his force, and without a muzzle. (It should seem, by the way, that the cheeks being drawn in, as by the trumpet, horn and bugle players of our days, is an improved advantage—for cherubs, boreases, and all the ancient wind sounders are drawn with puffed countenances, and in accordance with Shakespeare, in King Lear's awful apostrophe,—

' Blow wind and crack your cheeks.')

Lucius tells us, with greater gravity, that Harmonedes, a young flute player and scholar of Timotheus, at his first public performance, in order to elevate and surprise, commenced his solo with so violent a blast, that he breathed his last breath into his flute, and died upon the spot. Mr. Hyde, once a well-known trumpeter at the Cecilian Society, and all the eminent concerts and oratorios, put the cup too often to his lip to keep his lip in order ; but, much to Mr. Harper's better management and self-denial, he abstains from the *cup*, and his *lip* is always in a good state of pressure, so as never to fail him in the hour of need.

† This epithet needs explanation—the truth is, two or three other young organists looked with jealousy on the rising fame of Mr. J. C. N. and solicited the honour to become organists to the Society, both for practice and fame.

has been the faithful and peaceable performer on all subsequent occasions. His head is a fine study for the phrenological school, with no Gall in it. He is born a musician. Nothing is too difficult for his reading eye, galloping fingers and all compassed ear : he makes .

‘The heaving bellows blow,
The organs speak,
And many read the skies with loud applause.’

His intimacy with the late Mr. Russell gave him much strength and popularity. He gradually attained the rules and principles of composition, and at Mr. R.’s decease was elected organist to the Foundling Hospital. He also contested previously with able organists, and successfully obtained the relative situations for which he became candidate, gradually rising into eminence. His general conduct being unexceptionable, his private teaching and miscellaneous engagements are of a profitable but laborious class. Not a sacred concert of any note is held without him, or his brother, or both. He has taken his degrees, and his compositions are sometimes original. His earlier trifles consist of songs and glees, and are remarkable for a pleasing simplicity. His oratorios, dirges, and variations are popular and of the *inter regnum* style.

His soul is wrapped in the volume of melody, and his application to its fulness and glory is a cause for regret as it respects his health ; and those by whom he is respected, and for whom he labours, are solicitous for his relaxing from his more weighty responsibilities. Prudence, soberness and discretion have guided his feet ; and, if his mind does not possess literary stores, he manifests a virtuous adherence to his well-being in the middle term of life.

MUSCULUS.

RETROSPECTION.

A FRAGMENT.

(For the Olio.)

Yes it is sweet

To cast a retrospective glance upon
The scenes, friends and pleasures of our early
youth

That now have pass’d away ; to conjure up
The recollections of our infancy,
Our childhood’s prattle, sire’s approving smile,
And mother’s fond embrace, destin’d for me,
Alas ! no more : to call to mind the dreams,
The vain imaginings of boyhood’s days,
The ardent wishes to become a man,
Unconscious of the sorrows manhood brings :
Then to review the days of after years—
When first we enter’d on the world, which
seem’d

Quite full of sweets delicious, like a rich
And beautiful parterre, whose fragrance fill’d

The passing air with odours ; when the eye
Which now with dark suspicion looks upon
All things around, with admiration beam’d,
And call’d each object fair and beautiful ;
And when the heart, wrapp’d up in innocence,
Measured all others by its own sweet standard,
And fear’d no guile because itself was pure.

But to compare the past with what we now
are,

The former with the present ; now the mind,
Whose structure once was beauteous to behold,
Hath been laid waste and desolate, by the wild,
Wild blast of some friend’s treachery, who had
gain’d

Our confidence to betray it ; to perceive
The fading of our brightest visions ; and the
wreck

Of our most fond desires ; to find ourselves
Cast by an adverse wave on some rude shore—
Oh ! it is misery insupportable. K.

PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES.

Mr. Abernethy.

Continued from page 280.

After all, now that age and much bodily suffering have soured his disposition, Mr. Abernethy is a strange compound of eccentricity, ill-humour, benevolence, and talent. His churlishness—we must say, much exaggerated—is familiar to all, and various causes have been assigned for its existence. Those who know Mr. Abernethy best, attribute it in some measure to affectation, and to an impatient ill-humour, induced by study and illness. He is certainly not enthusiastically attached to the wearing and tearing drudgeries of the profession. He would rather be consulted at home ; and, until very recently, he would rather be employed amidst his pupils at the hospital, than amongst his patients out of it. Most of our popular surgeons have risen to eminence, not altogether by their talent, but by extreme attention, and by skill in operating—two qualifications most assiduously shunned by Mr. Abernethy. As to the first, he is too indolent, and too capricious to attend to it, excepting in cases of real and extreme urgency ; and as to the second, he regards it almost with contempt. An operation, he says, is the reproach of surgery, and a surgeon should endeavour to avoid such an extremity by curing his patient without having recourse to it. It is upon this principle that Mr. Abernethy has acted during the whole course of his long professional career, and it is astonishing how much good he has effected by so acting, to the great annoyance of the pupils, by the way, who used to complain bitterly of the paucity of operations at “ Bartholomew’s.”

In fact, Mr. Abernethy is a man of profound, unrivalled *practical* science. His intimate knowledge of anatomy, and more especially of practical physiology and chemistry, his comprehensive and well-informed mind; his acute perception, and his habits of deep and constant reflection, enable him to effect that good which, notwithstanding his churlishness, so many have experienced; and those who have seen him, as we have, going round the wards of the hospital, and attending to the complaints and sufferings of the poor patients with all the interest of true benevolence, would lament that he should so studiously withhold such attention from the wealthier and more respectable classes of society. Yet notwithstanding the occasional rudeness of his manner, (for, after all, it is only occasional) there is no person in the profession whose opinion we prize so much. In a case of real danger and importance, he will evince all the attention and anxiety that are necessary; but it must be indeed a "trial of temper," to a person whose mind is so constantly and so deeply occupied, to be eternally tormented by the never-fading details and tiresome twaddle of a selfish and bewildered hypochondriac.

We have said, that Mr. Abernethy is only occasionally restive, and we speak from the conviction of our own experience. We hesitate not to declare that, to us, Mr. Abernethy has always appeared full of whim and drollery, replete with agreeable information, always willing to lend an attentive ear to necessary questions, and to impart the professional knowledge of which he possesses such an extensive store. But one thing he cannot abide, that is, any interruption to his discourse. This it is, in fact, which so often irritates him, so often causes him to snarl. "People come here," he has often said to us, "to consult me, and they will torture me with their long and foolish fiddle-de-dee stories; so we quarrel, and then they blackguard me all about this large town; but I can't help that." Let those who wish for Abernethy's advice, and it is well worth having, observe this rule, and they and he will part excellent friends. Let them tell their case in as plain and as few words as possible, and then listen to their adviser's remarks without interruption; this is the only secret of managing this professional bugbear, and it is a secret worth knowing.

That Abernethy is odd all the world knows, but his oddity is far more amusing than repulsive, far more playful than bearish. Yates's picture of him last year

was not bad; neither was it good—it wanted the raciness of the original. Let the reader imagine a smug, elderly, sleek, and venerable looking man, approaching seventy years of age, rather (as novel writers say,) below than above the middle height, somewhat inclined to corpulency, and upright in his carriage withal, with his hair most primly powdered, and nicely curled round his brow and temples: let them imagine such a person in sober black, with his feet thrust carelessly into a pair of unlaced half-boots, and his hands into the pockets of his "peculiar;" and they have the "glorious John" of the profession before their eyes. The following colloquy, which occurred not many days since, between him and a friend of ours, is so characteristic of the professor, that we cannot resist its insertion.

Having entered the room, our friend "opened the proceedings,"—"I wish you to ascertain what is the matter with my eye, Sir. It is very painful, and I am afraid there is some great mischief going on." "Which I can't see," said Abernethy, placing the patient before the window, and looking closely at the eye. "But—" interposed our friend. "Which I can't see," again said or rather sung the professor. "Perhaps not, Sir, but—" "Now don't bother!" ejaculated the other; "but sit down, and I'll tell you all about it." Our friend sat down accordingly, while Abernethy standing with his back against the table, thus began: "I take it for granted that, in consulting me, you wish to know what I should do for myself were I in a predicament similar to yourself. Now, I have no reason to suppose that you are in any particular predicament; and the terrible mischief which you apprehend, depends, I take it, altogether upon the stomach. Mind,—at present, I have no reason to believe that there is anything else the matter with you." (Here my friend was about to disclose sundry dreadful maladies with which he believed himself afflicted, but he was interrupted with "Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, diddle-dum dee!" uttered in the same smooth tone as the previous part of the address—and he was silent.) "Now, your stomach being out of order, it is my duty to explain to you how to put it to rights again; and, in my whimsical way, I shall give you an illustration of my position; for I like to tell people something that they will remember. The kitchen, that is, your stomach, being out of order, the garret (pointing to the head) cannot be right, and egad! every room in the house becomes affected. Repair the in-

jury in the kitchen,—remedy the evil there,—(now don't bother,) and all will be right. This you must do by diet. If you put improper food into your stomach, by Gad you play the very devil with it, & with the whole machine besides. Vegetable matter ferments, and becomes gaseous; while animal substances are changed into a putrid, abominable, and acrid stimulus. (*Don't bother again!*) You are going to ask, 'What has all this to do with my eye?' I will tell you. Anatomy teaches us, that the skin is a continuation of the membrane which lines the stomach; and your one observation will inform you, that the delicate linings of the mouth, throat, nose, and eyes, are nothing more. Now some people acquire preposterous noses, others blotches on the face and different parts of the body, others inflammation of the eyes—all arising from irritation of the stomach. People laugh at me for talking so much about the stomach. I sometimes tell this story to forty different people of a morning, and some won't listen to me, so we quarrel, and they go and abuse me all over the town. I can't help it—they came to me for my advice, and I give it them, if they will take it. I can't do any more. Well, Sir, as to the question of diet. I must refer you to my book. (Here the professor smiled, and continued smiling as he proceeded) There are only about a dozen pages—and you will find, beginning at page 73, all that it is necessary for you to know. I am christened 'Dr. Mybook,' and satirized under that name all over England; but who would sit and listen to a long lecture of twelve pages, or remember one half of it, when it was done? So I have reduced my directions into writing, and there they are for any body to follow, if they please.

"Having settled the question of diet, we now come to medicine. It is, or ought to be the province of a medical man to soothe and assist Nature, not to force her. Now, the only medicine I should advise you to take, is a dose of a slight aperient medicine every morning the first thing. I won't stipulate for the dose, as that must be regulated by circumstances, but you must take some; for without it, by Gad! your stomach will never be right. People go to Harrowgate, and Buxton, and Bath, and the devil knows where, to drink the waters, and they return full of admiration at their surprising efficacy. Now these waters contain next to nothing of purgative medicine; but they are taken readily, regularly, and in such quantities, as to produce the desired effect. You must persevere in this plan, Sir, until you experience relief, which you certainly will do. I am often asked

—'Well, but, Mr. Abernethy, why don't you practise what you preach?' I answer, by reminding the inquirer of the parson and the sign-post; both point the way, but neither follow its course."—And thus ended a colloquy, wherein is mingled much good sense, useful advice, and whimsicality.

As a lecturer, Mr. Abernethy stands unrivalled. His countenance is that of a man of great genius; and a nose of Grecian form adds very considerably to the acute expression of his features; while his light grey eyes, always animated, seem as if they could pierce through the very depths and intricacies of science. His forehead is finely formed, and has afforded Spurzheim (to whose system of craniology Mr. Abernethy to a degree subscribes,) many a luxurious feast; while the scowl of deep thought, which has cast a shade of reflection over his brow, is frequently dissipated by the smile of humour or derision. He begins his lecture in an unconstrained familiar tone of voice, gradually getting more animated and eloquent as he advances toward the pith and marrow of his subject; and, after lopping off all the absurd and useless *minutiæ* of the science, and after refuting all inconsistent theories, he arrives at the conclusion, leaving his auditors deeply impressed with his instruction. He is an excellent chemist, and never fails to point out the agency of this science in the operations and functions of the frame. Of John Hunter he never fails to express his admiration and delight; and repeatedly declares that he has done more for the improvement of modern surgery than any other individual whatever.

New Mon.

A TALE OF THE PYRENEES.

Continued from page 278.

Eguiapal obeyed the word, and days passed before he again ventured to seek the partner of his stolen pleasures, or dared run the risk of encountering the fiery Etchehon. But he could not wholly abandon so confirmed a habit and system of life; and Etchehon again had knowledge of his renewed intercourse with Marie. His determination was now taken, and executed as follows.

It was on the same narrow wooden bridge over the Adour which has before been mentioned, that Eguiapal had to pass, on his return homewards from a marriage-feast a few miles off. The winter's first snow lay on the ground, partly liquified, partly congealed, by the

alternate changes of thaw and frost, which succeed each other in that climate often only for a duration of a few minutes. Picking his way slowly and deliberately, Eguiapal moved on to the bridge; now humming a scrap of a bridal song—now letting fall a word or two of his thoughts, which had been rendered rather more volatile than usual under the magic of copious libations. The name “Marie” fell from his lips more than once with an emphasis of considerable tenderness; and just as he reached the centre of the bridge, he was uttering the words,—

“Toujours fidelle a toi, Marie,
Fidelle toujours a toi,”—

when his progress and his song were stopt in an instant by the appearance of Etchehon, who, springing up from the other bank, darted upon him, and made a bound to clasp him in his arms. The other, urged possibly by despair, possibly animated by the liquors he had swallowed, was not now irresolute in his conduct, but opposed himself stoutly to his aggressor. They struggled for a while together, and the superior strength of Etchehon had at last succeeded in giving him an advantageous hold of his antagonist, when his foot, sliding along the treacherous surface of snow, failed him at the crisis, and both fell headlong to the earth. Their combat was here renewed; neither could regain his footing; but still Etchehon had the mastery in the conflict. He contrived to shift a little, from time to time, towards the edge of the bridge; and, at last, seizing a moment favourable to his purpose, he collected his whole strength—thrust from him, in the direction of the parapet, the stunned body of Eguiapal—and rolling and scrambling himself to the same point, completed his work by urging him onward with his own legs, whilst with his hands he clung to the bars and side-rails of the bridge. A loud splash in the waters told of the end of Eguiapal. Etchehon himself, exhausted, but triumphant, shouted aloud in that his perilous situation, and thanked Heaven that the hour of retribution had at length come. His shout was overheard, and by none other than Dominic Etchegogen, to whom that bridge had before been so nearly fatal. Coming up at the moment, he then witnessed the exultation of Etchehon on the scene of his murderous success. He charged him with the deed—he warned him of his crime. Convicted now of mortal sin, nothing would save him from the vengeance of that

law which he had so often outraged. He was proceeding to seize the criminal, whilst others were flocking to the spot to secure him, but their intentions were frustrated. Still hanging by his arms, and but little supported by the buttress that swelled out beneath him, Etchehon suddenly lifted himself upwards, and, bounding towards the level of the bridge, effecting a secure footing. Then, loudly entreating a moment's pause, he uttered these words:—

“Friends! I have not offended you willingly; the cause of my error lies low beneath those waters. You say that death is at hand for me also; you speak truly. If I do not again see my wife, tell her that we may meet in heaven, if she now can repent of her cruelties to me. Her good is at my heart, I love her still; I love her for ever. Let my name pass away from your traditions, but not from her memory. Bid her weep for me, as she will do for the sinner whom she preferred to me. I follow him!”

He leaped from the bridge, and the waters, which were ruffled with his fall, soon passed quietly and smoothly over his stiffened corpse.—*Old Mon.*

The Pote Book.

DEMADES REPROOF TO THE ATHENIANS.

This famous orator of Athens, two thousand years ago, convened the Athenians, in order that they might hear an oration from him. After a great crowd of them were assembled, and very attentive, Demades thus began:—“The Goddess Ceres, a swallow, and an eel, travelling together, arrived upon the banks of a river. The swallow flew over to the other side, the eel swam through under the water.” Having thus said, the orator held his peace. After waiting awhile, the Athenians eagerly called to him to proceed in his speech, and to tell them in what manner Ceres crossed the river. He replied, “All that I know concerning her is, that she is exceedingly angry at you for neglecting the affairs of your city, and giving ear to fables.” They were no wiser in the days of St. Paul, who tells us, “That the Athenians spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.” According to the accounts of travellers, they are still of the same disposition.

THE DOMESTIC HABITS OF DR. PALEY.

This celebrated writer “would employ himself in his Natural Theology, and

then gather his peas for dinner, very likely gathering some hint for his work at the same time. He would converse with his classical neighbour, Mr. Yates, or he would reply to his invitation that he could not come, for that he was busy knitting. He would station himself at his garden wall, which overhung the river, and watch the progress of a cast iron bridge in building, asking questions of the architect, and carefully examining every pin and screw with which it was put together. He would loiter along a river, with his angle rod, musing upon what he supposed to pass in the mind of a pike when he bit, and when he refused to bite, or he would stand by the sea-side, and speculate upon what a young shrimp could mean by jumping in the sun.

“ With the handle of his stick in his mouth, he would move about his garden in a short hurried step, now stopping to contemplate a butterfly, a flower, or a snail, and now earnestly engaged in some new arrangement of his flower pots.

“ He would take from his own table to his study the back bone of a hare, or a fish’s head, and he would put out of his pocket, after a walk, a plant or stone, to be made tributary to an argument. His manuscripts were as motley as his occupations, the workshop of a mind ever on the alert, evidences mixed up with memorandums for his will, an interesting discussion brought to an untimely end by the hiring of servants, the letting of fields, sending his boys to school, reproving the refractory members of an hospital, here a dedication, there one of his children’s exercises—in another place a receipt for cheap soap. He would amuse his fire-side by family anecdotes: how one of his ancestors, (and he was praised as a pattern of perseverance) separated two pounds of white and black pepper, which had been accidentally mixed, ‘*patiens pulveris,*’ he might truly have added; and how, when the *Paley arms* were wanted, recourse was had to a family tankard which was supposed to bear them, but which he always took a malicious pleasure in insisting it had been bought at a sale.

‘ Hæc est

Vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique;’

the life of a man far more happily spent than in the composition of political pamphlets, or in the nurture of political discontent.”

Q. Rev.

ROBIN HOOD.

The true name of the renowned Robin Hood was Robin Fitz-ooth; the addition

of Fitz, common to many Norman names was afterwards omitted, or dropped. The two last letters *th* being turned into *d*, he was called by the common people Ood, or Hood. This famous outlaw and deer-stealer, who robbed the rich and spared the poor, was a man of quality, grandson to Ralph Fitz-ooth, Earl of Kyme, a Norman, whose name is in a roll of Battle-Abbey amongst the Normans there. He came into England with William Rufus. Robin Hood’s maternal grandfather, was Gilbert de Gaunt, Earl of Lincoln; his grandmother was the Lady Roisia de Vere, sister to the Earl of Oxford, and Countess of Essex, from whom the town of Royston, where she was buried, takes its name. Robin Hood’s father William was under the guardianship of Robert, Earl of Oxford, who, by the King’s order, gave to him in marriage the third daughter of Lady Roisia.

The coat-armour borne by Robin Hood was Gules, two bends engrailed Or.

At Kirklees, in Yorkshire, the seat of the Armitage family, formerly a benedictine nunnery, Robin Hood lies buried under a grave stone, which lately remained there, near the park. The inscription upon it is now illegible; but the epitaph, which run as follows, was preserved by Dr. Gales, Dean of York, among his papers.

Hear, undernead dis laitl stean
Laiz Robert Earl of Huntingtun.
Nea arcir ver az hie sa geud :
An pipl kauld him Robin Heud.
Sick utlaur az hi, an iz men
Vil England nivv si agen.

Obiit 24 Kal. Dekembris, 1247.

It appears by the pedigree of Robin Hood, that he had some title to the Earldom of Huntingdon.

(A BRIDLE FOR A SCOLD)

THE CUCKING STOOL, OR COKE STOOL.

The useful instrument of *minor police* bearing the above appellation, now become obsolete, was much in use among our Saxon ancestors, who had very summary modes of punishing offences committed within the view and hearing of occasional passengers: they used to call it *scealding stole*, and drenching (epencan) stole, from the custom of throwing buckets of water over the culprit; it also obtained at different periods, the names of *tumbrel* and *trebucket*. “Every one,” says Kitchen, “having view of frankpledge, ought to have a pillory and tumbrel. It has likewise been termed (from another use to which it was

properly applied*) the *gazing stole*, and offenders were to be ducked in *stercore*, in some muddy or stinking pond; it was therefore in Domesday called *Cathedra stercoris*. It is stated by Mr. Moser, in his *Vestiges*, that there was a stool or chair of this kind erected over the prison, called the *Tun* in Cornhill, which was of great use in correcting the exuberant loquacity of the civic livery women. This machine was placed on the edge of the stone conduit, so that the tankard-bearers and bucket-girls could, with great convenience, administer *quantum sufficit* of the cooling medicine so liberally supplied below. But although this mode of treating scolds was excellent, yet it was not quite so efficacious as that practised at Congleton † and Macclesfield, in either of which towns, the offending fair one was obliged to stand, at least one hour in the market or other public place, with a bridle, most ingeniously constructed for the purpose over her mouth. This rhetorical curb was so tightly bound, that the sufferer could not reply to the numerous observations, however provoking, that might be made upon her disgraceful situation and condition. From this custom came the phrase.

To *bridle* a woman's tongue :

a practice which teemed with advantages, as it forced the lovely culprit "to hear without reply;" it also taught her patience in adversity, and the Epictetan maxim, "to *bear* and to *forbear*."

ALICE PIERCE.

Alice Pierce, concubine to Edward III, was, in the latter end of his reign, so impudent, presuming upon his favour, whose weakness she had subdued, that she herself would sit in courts of justice to effect her own desires; and at a parliament held the 50th year of his reign at her suit, she caused Sir Peter de la Mare to be committed to perpetual imprisonment at Nottingham.

Customs of Various Countries.

A FUNERAL SOLEMNITY AT SALERNO.

M. Galiffe, in his work on Italy and its inhabitants, says, at Salerno, "I saw a funeral ceremony which is worth de-

scribing. The corpse of a woman was brought to the church, laid not *in*, but upon a coffin, covered with fine cloth, with gold fringe and tassels. The body was very decently attired, and showed the deceased to have been a person in a respectable station of life; but the only attendants were a young man, who preceded it with a torch, four penitents in their white gowns and masks, who carried the bier, and a woman who followed. As soon as they came into the church, a monk began to sing the office for the dead, to which one of the penitents shouted or rather yelled the responses. The latter had very comfortably seated himself in a chair, with his greasy cap on his head, and during all the time that he was thus joining in the service, he was busily occupied in packing up the mortuary cloth, the gowns and other paraphernalia, which had been hired for the ceremony. He mingled the two occupations with the utmost composure and impartiality, sometimes singing with one end of the packing strings in his mouth; and the whole proceeding was the oddest burlesque of devotion—the most comical solemnity I ever beheld. As soon as the singing was concluded, they placed the body in a vessel like a kneading-trough on the floor, and the woman took away the pillows which had supported her departed friend (or mistress's) head together with the white shoes from her feet, thereby exposing a pair of ragged stockings. A trap door, formed of two square stones, was then raised, and one of the men taking the body in his arms, carried it down a flight of steps into a spacious vault below, where he placed it in an arm chair, in a numerous circle of dead gentlemen and ladies, who were all in a like manner gravely seated round the vault, waiting till the places should be entirely occupied. When the circle is complete, all the corpses are then taken together, and thrown, without further ceremony, into another and a deeper vault. When I observed to one of the attendants, that the stench of all these bodies must be dreadful, and might even be pestilential in summer, the man replied, "What shall I say to you?—it is our profession." ("E nostra arte.") Just as if his health, and that of his brother "artists," were all that I could be solicitous about.

Anecdotaliana.

THALES.

This philosopher, prest by his mother to enter into a state of wedlock whilst a youth,

* The correction of short weights and measures, and also of frauds by brewers and bakers.
† Cheshire. For an account of a similar punishment practised at Montgomery, see No. 5, p. 77, of our first volume.

replied, "It was not yet time." When advanced in years, her request was repeated; then he told her, "It was too late in life."

LORD BURLEIGH

Was very much pressed by some of the divines in his time, in a body, to make some alteration in the Liturgy. He desired them to go into the next room by themselves, and bring him in their unanimous opinion upon some of the disputed points. They returned to him, however, very soon, without being able to agree.—"Why, gentlemen," said he, "how can you expect that I should alter any point in dispute, when you, who must be more competent, from your situation, to judge than I can possibly be, cannot agree among yourselves in what manner you would have me alter it."

SIR THOMAS BROWN

Tells us, "That beggars, by their daily observations of people's faces, make a shrewd guess at the tender and compassionate, and, therefore, lift up their tone and pursue those they esteem merciful with the greatest passion and concern."

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

(Upon the banks of the Clyde, Mr. Todd, of Glasgow, has erected a temple to the memory of the late Mr. Fox, and under his bust, by Nollekens, are these beautiful lines, written by Mr. Roscoe.)

Champion of freedom! whose exalted mind
Grasp'd at the general good of human-kind!
Patriot! whose view could stretch from pole to
pole,
And whilst he blest his country, lov'd the whole.

A BOOKSELLER'S REASON.

Cawthorne, the bookseller, would not treat with Henry for the purchase of a History of the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey, *because* he had no views to accompany it.—"Nay, Sir," said he, "I have recently refused from a Scottish author as well written a book as ever I read, and for the same reason—the public prefer books with pictures in them!!!"

FUSELI.

Upon one of the private days for viewing the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Fuseli coming in contact with Nollekens, who at that time had a scorbutic irruption on half his mouth and chin, fell back and said, "Why, Nollekens, what the devil's the matter with you? You look like Valentine and Orson united—one half shaved and the other not at all."—Mr. Nollekens greatly annoyed the members of the Aca-

demy by coughing incessantly when they were engaged in re-touching their pictures, before the opening of an exhibition. As he was passing Fuseli, after coughing several times, he muttered, "Oh! dear, I am sure I shall die!" To which Fuseli humorously replied, "While you have a cough, Nollekens, you can never die!"—
Nollekens' Life and Times.

NIGHT AMUSEMENT IN INDIA.

A curious scene is exhibited when a European is disappointed in obtaining mosquito-curtains. He lies down, faint with the heat, anticipating a night of refreshment and repose. He begins to get sleepy; his mouth opens; his eyes shut; he sinks, perhaps, into partial unconsciousness.—Hollo! what is this? He starts up—seizes on his own nose and ears, and begins to swear and lay about him like a trooper. The enemy retreats from the nose and ears with a furious buzz! buzz! buzz! and a detachment commences an attack upon his feet. In go their lances—out comes the blood; the exasperated stranger aims an annihilating blow at the place, and is instantly taken by the nose again. Dislodged from the front, they fasten upon the flank; and if beaten in the flank, they deploy upon the rear; fists and lances fly about in all directions;—the man cries "d—n," and the mosquito cries "buzz!" In conclusion, the sufferer has just to choose between giving up his blood to the conquerors, who will never retire till they have sucked to repletion, and sitting up and fighting it out manfully till morning. In either case, he retires from his gory bed with a determination to beg, borrow, or steal mosquito-curtains.
Week. Rev.

ANOTHER BATCH.

Why is the main-spring of a watch the same when you break it as it was before?—Because it's a-last-tick (elastic).

Why is a man who beats his wife like a quack medicine?—Because E-lix-ir.

Why is marriage like truth?—Because it's a certain-tie.

Why is a stick shop-man sure to deceive you?—Because he's a bamboo-seller.

Why are clumsy servants like the sea among rocks?—Because they're breakers.

Why would the present Lord Chancellor, if he were swallowed by a whale, be like Sir Francis Burdett?—Because he'd become a baron-eat.
Lit. Gaz.

THE WORTHY BARONET'S LAST.

Why is a good fire like a glutton?—Because it is a great h-eater.
JOIDA.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Nov. 18	Tues.	St. Hilda. Sun ris. 19m aft 4 — sets 41 — 7	Nov. 18	Our Saint, who by birth was a Saxon princess, was abbess of a convent at Streenshalt, in Yorkshire. Her learning and piety was so much esteemed in the seventh century, that a synod held at that time about the celebration of Easter consulted her. She died A.D. 680. 1530.—Died on this day at Leicester Abbey, on his way to the Tower, of a flux, Cardinal Wolsey. This talented but ambitious man gained so complete an ascendancy over Henry VIII, that during the greater part of his reign every thing, previous to his disgrace, was conducted by him.
— 19	Wed.	St. Pontian. High Water, 34m. aft. 11 morn 0 ——— 0 aft.	— 19	St. Pontian was chosen pope instead of Urban; A.D. 231. He was banished by Alexander Severus to the island of Sardinia, where he was martyred during a persecution raised by his successor against the Christians in the year 235. 1824.—A tremendous hurricane was experienced on this day on the coast of England, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, St. Petersburg being inundated.
— 20	Thurs	St. Edmund. Sun ris. 43m aft 7 — sets 17 ——— 4	— 20	St. Edmund was king of the East Angles. He being invaded by the Danes in 870, and unable to resist them, heroically offered to surrender himself a prisoner provided they would spare his subjects. The Danes, however, having seized him, used their utmost endeavours to induce Edmund to renounce his religion; finding him firm and their efforts unavailing, they first beat him with clubs, then bound him to a stake, and afterwards killed him with arrows. His body was interred in a town where Sigebert and one of his predecessors had built a church: afterwards, in honor of his name, a more spacious building was erected, which together with the town, was called St. Edmundsbury, now Bury St. Edmunds.
— 21	Frid.	St. Gelasius. Full Moon, 40m aft. 2 aft.	— 21	Gelasius, who was by birth an African, succeeded Felix III, in the Papacy; he expelled the Manicheans out of Rome, and anathematized the king of the Vandals, for Arianism. He died A. D. 496. 1759.—Anniversary of the victory obtained by Lord Hawke, over the French fleet, in Quiberon Bay, under the command of M. Conflans, though it was a lee-shore, and the sea ran high, in the midst of a storm, which rendered the service particularly hazardous.
— 22	Satur.	St. Cecilia. High Water, 45m. aft. 2 morn. 3 ——— 3 aft.	— 22	St. Cecilia was a Roman lady. She was early converted to the faith, and forcibly compelled to become the wife of Valerian, who she converted, together with his brother Tiburtius, and an officer named Maximus. Their conversion led to their martyrdom, which took place A.D. 230. 1775.—Died on this day, Sir John Hill, the medical practitioner, and voluminous writer. This author, who was an empiric, produced a System of Botany, under the patronage of the Earl of Bute. He was also the author of Mrs Glasse's Cookery, the Supplement to Chambers' Dictionary, a Natural History, some novels, and a few farces. His dramatic labours brought him into a controversy with Garrick, who ridiculed him in the following epigram: For physic and farces his equal there scarce is, His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.
— 23	Sun.	25th Sun af. Trin. LES. for the DAY 15 c. Prov. morn 16 c. — even	— 23	St. Clement succeeded Cletus in the pontificate A.D. 91. He is supposed to have died a natural death in the time of Trajan, but his legend states him to have been martyred, by being cast into the sea with an anchor fastened to his neck.
— 24	Mond.	Sts. Flora & Mary Sun ris. 48m aft 7 sets 12 ——— 4	— 24	These saints were beheaded at Cordova A.D. 851. 1790.—Death of the celebrated historian Robert Henry, the author of the greatly esteemed History of England.



See Page 307.

Illustrated Article.

ISABELLE DE JAUNAY ; OR, THE RIVAL SUITORS.

NOTHING was ever more ridiculous than the coxcomby of an old Frenchman of the time of Louis XIV. Old age, like death, is a calamity which must be bravely encountered face to face ; he who thinks to evade either is equally a fool. In that day, in France, old men painted their faces, wore false teeth and eyebrows, enormous perukes concealed their grey hairs ; plaister filled up the furrows in their cheeks ; and, clad in the latest fashion, stuffed out, ruffled, and gold-laced, they frequently ventured to address their love to the young and beautiful, and were not always unsuccessful ; for who can calculate upon the result of female caprices !

Isabelle de Jaunay was young and handsome, with a heart which love had never troubled, and spirits buoyant as youth could make them. The Count D'Arcy was selected for the husband of Isabelle by her father, who judged of his

fitness solely from the number of arpents of which his estate consisted, and the numerous chateaux in which the Count kept up establishments. Taking these into consideration, old De Jaunay found the Count the most accomplished man in the world for a son-in-law. Isabelle had never loved, nay hardly thought of the passion : not to have thought of it at all would have been unnatural ; but the truth was, she had never troubled her head about it, because she had never yet seen any one who attracted her affections. When her father expressed his wishes to her respecting the Count D'Arcy she gave a sort of indifferent assent.

" I must be married, papa, I suppose, and therefore it does not much matter to whom. When I am married, I shall have my liberty you know."

" D'Arcy is very rich, my love, and you act like a dutiful daughter. I will introduce him to you to-morrow."

" Is the Count young or old, papa ?"

" Not very old, my dear. The Baronne de Sablon married at your age, and her husband was fifteen years older than D'Arcy."

“ And what age is he, papa ? ”

“ Just over sixty, my love ; but he does not look fifty.”

“ Forty-two years older than I am !—well, I shall get my liberty—what matters it ? ”

On the following day, Count D’Arcy was introduced in form. Isabelle balancing the Count and liberty against her difference of age, chose the former. She supposed all men were nearly the same. To be sure, the Count wore a huge white perruque ; his eyes time had sunk deeply into the hollows of age,—but these latter were smoothed with paint ; his cheeks, naturally of a jaundiced yellow, looked very blooming by the aid of rouge ; his eyebrows were painted black ; his teeth artificial ; a large nosegay was stuck in his coat on the left side ; false calves gave a rotundity to his legs ; and his richly laced vest, buttoned over padding, imparted a courtly convexity to his figure. Though, in reality, a sort of adonized spectre, he did not seem so bad as many other persons of his years then about the court,—old grey drones, that hummed round the flowers from whence they could not extract honey.

Isabelle looked at him with some little repugnance notwithstanding ; but the love of liberty, which no female then enjoyed in France, until married, soon overcame it. Her father strengthened her resolution, reasoned upon the folly of long courtships, love without riches, and filial duty. D’Arcy, in a voice feeble from age, but which he modulated so as to simulate emotion, seconded the kind efforts of parental solicitude, and it was agreed that, prior to the nuptials taking place, entertainments should be given in honour of the expected wedding. No money was spared. Old De Jaunay threw open his house. Music, wine, and dancing enlivened the *fete*,—the most brilliant ever given in Blois ; and when Isabelle surveyed the preparations, all the love of her sex for gaiety broke forth, and she whispered to herself a thousand times, “ What a delightful thing it must be to be married, when the preparations are so charming.” Poor Isabelle ! The company arrived from far and near ; D’Arcy moved up and down among them like a withered leaf of the wood amongst the fresh grass. Isabelle entered. “ How charming ! ” “ How beautiful she is ! ” were on a hun-

dred tongues. The old people talked of the prudence of the match, and congratulated her father. The young people—but no matter.

Among the visitors was a young Chevalier of good family, but little fortune. His air was noble; his age under thirty, in the very prime of manhood. He was struck with the beauty of Isabelle, and the pearl about to be flung away. "Were she but mine," said he to himself, "what a treasure should I possess!" He took an opportunity of speaking to her, and handing her refreshments; he also opened a dance with her; many timid but kind sentences he addressed to her, and she heard him say to himself after they parted, "Sacrificed one!" The guests were gone; and when Isabelle retired to her chamber, his manly form, and the words she heard him speak to himself recurred vividly to her recollection. She thought how much sooner she could marry the Chevalier than the Count. The next day and night these ideas strengthened. At length she decided she would rather have her liberty through him, and she determined to tell her father she could not marry D'Arcy.

"I do not think I shall marry the Count, dear papa," said Isabelle to her father.

"*Parbleu*, but you shall though, hussey!" was the reply.

"But I wont, my good papa, nor shall any one make me."

"Then you shall enter a convent."

"With all my heart; but I wont marry that old man."

"Take time, girl, and repent. I will not allow trifling—get you to your chamber."

To her room Isabelle went, and spent the day alternately laughing and crying, to think in one case of the change of her resolution and D'Arcy's chagrin, in the other of her father's anger. Night found her half in mind to wed the old imbecile after all. That night, however, brought her a letter from the Chevalier, full of agreeable compliments, expressive of a love which the writer could not controul, and asking for leave to hope, if it were not too late.—"I will never marry that odious D'Arcy, if I die for it," said Isabelle, "once for all."

It would be tedious and common-place to relate the progress of affection between the two lovers. They soon understood that they were made for each other; and Isabelle learned how to estimate truly the difference between old age and youth in affairs of the heart. A thousand times she wondered how she could ever have been the novice she had shewn herself, in

agreeing to marry D'Arcy. In the mean while, the time rapidly passed away ere she must wed D'Arcy or enter a convent, her father leaving her no other alternative. Isabelle had succeeded in gaining some little delay; but the day was just arrived, and no chance appeared of avoiding the dreadful alternative but by an elopement. This, for many reasons, was impracticable. The Chevalier at last devised a method which was successful. They were, one day, in the garden of her father's house, in Paris, a city celebrated for its delicious garden-houses. Beaux and belles were seated in arbours cut in walls of dark green foliage, or sauntering in alleys perfumed with orange and lemon trees, and ornamented with statues or vases of white marble, cooled by fountains that arose sparkling in the noontide beam. Isabelle was seated by the old Count, to whose tedious thrice-repeated tale of an ancient court scandal, she listened with her hand upon his shoulder, her heart sickening at the duplicity of her situation. The Chevalier leaned upon the back of the seat, listening also, apparently, to the Count's story. He now took advantage of his position to slip a small billet into the hand of Isabelle, communicating the scheme he had matured, to which she, in due time, signified her assent. The Chevalier caused it to be hinted to D'Arcy, as from the minister, that a *lettre de cachet* was to be issued against him, for a charge of a serious nature. The Count hid himself in consequence, while he implored the intercession of his friends in his behalf, having reluctantly postponed his wedding. None knew whither he had fled. As, however, the lovers were aware that their stratagem must speedily be discovered, they determined to get united in wedlock at all risks. This was no difficult matter, happening to be in Paris at the time.

Father Bernardo was an orthodox son of the church, to appearance at least. Lean and sallow abstinence had long been a foreigner to his cell at Montmartre. If a young noble demanded a secret union with his mistress according to the rites of the holy church, the good man was ever ready to tie the knot, for proper considerations, with which he never dispensed. Now and then the recesses of his sojourn concealed a light offender against the laws; for who would dream of searching there for a criminal? it would have been an insult to religion itself! Thither hied our lovers on tip-toe with palpitating hearts. Before the crucifix, in the cold stone cell, knelt the fond pair; behind it was a small door which led to a little room

some six feet square ; (there father Bernardo kept his potatoes and various comforts for the edification of the internal man) ; the service was nearly concluded—when a feeble voice, strengthened somewhat by rage, screamed out “ Bernardo ! ” and in a moment, just behind the crucifix, up rose the wigless head of Count D’Arcy, the wig had dropped off during his hitherto stifled passion ; the black from his eyebrows streamed down and mingled with the rouge on his cheek. Regardless at first of his concealed situation, he forbade the conclusion of the service. It had proceeded too far to make what remained unrecited of any consequence. Fear mingled with his anger when he recollected that he had disclosed his place of concealment to his rival. The intercession of Bernardo, however, produced an agreement, written and witnessed by himself, to the effect, that in consideration of the non-disclosure of his hiding-place, he should resign all pretensions to Isabelle, to which he the more willingly acceded, as the recent ceremony made an opposite line of conduct of no avail. The Chevalier and Isabelle presented themselves to her father, who was soon reconciled ; while the trick played off on the old coxcomb D’Arcy even now furnishes a joke to the good people of Blois in their proverb—that “ *toothless dogs should choose old mates.* ”

Friendship’s Offering.

THE SUTTEE.

(For the Olio.)

Hard were that heart who could relate
Nor sigh at hapless Maya’s fate :
Her parent held the post divine
Of Priest at Seva’s awful shrine ;
Where oft, in gentle spring of years,
Array’d in loveliest maiden fears,
His daughter offering flowrets brought,
To pilgrims who that temple sought :
And scarcely rose her bosom’s swell
The riper hour of love to tell,
Ere own’d that breast an inmate dear ;
And she had lent affection’s ear
To softest, sweetest tales from one,
In whom fond youthful passion shone.
But—fled this dream of bliss away,
And dark was soon sad Maya’s day :
For, trembling, to the Temple came
An aged chief, of wither’d frame,
Whose boundless votive gifts of wealth
Proclaim’d his sigh for peace and health :
He Maya saw, as from her bower
She coyly cull’d each mystic flower :
And fired was then his feverish breast,
Nor knew the hoary lover rest,
Till, from her heartless parent gain’d,
The maid in loath’d embrace he strain’d.
But soon among the rebel foes,
Who brav’d the vengeance of Feroze,

He left his young and lovely bride,
To seek afar the battle’s tide.
Amid the fight, an unseen hand
Struck to the bridegroom’s heart its brand,
And hurl’d him headlong to the ground :
But as he fell—appalling sound !
A savage, phrenzy-breathing laugh
Peal’d on his ear in bitter scoff :
It told him ’twas no battle foe
That gave the overwhelming blow—
He shudder’d at the assassin’s yell,
And knew his youthful rival well !
His followers raised their bleeding lord,
And bore him thence :—he spake no word,
But lingering lay—till o’er his cheek
Came death in wan and livid streak ;
And ere had ceased the vital tide,
He motion’d that his lovely bride
Should seek with him the funeral pyre,
And o’er his murder’d corse expire.

She heard her doom,—her lover came
In deep disguise—in guilt and shame ;
And own’d ’twas his the vengeful blow,
That laid the dotard Rajah low.
But shrunk she from his fond embrace,
And hid from murderer’s view her face ;
And spurn’d—ay spurn’d—the proferr’d flight,
Tho’ lone the hour and dark the night.
Yet, when her fancy drew his heart
Writhing in future ceaseless smart ;
And when she sighed, and sighing thought,
For her the daring crime was wrought ;
Oh, then she soften’d, sobb’d, and wept,
And stubborn unforgiveness slept :—
Till, every other feeling dead,
That moment had she with him fled ;
But—by the lamp’s uncertain light,
His blood-stain’d poignard glanced to sight ;
She saw : unconscious swell’d her shriek,—
Her handmaids rush’d her couch to seek ;
And holy Brahmans gather’d there,
To soothe her last sad hours in prayer—
All speeding came.—The stranger fled,
Despairing—plrenzied—worse than dead ;
Fled, to bewail in distant clime,
His fatal love—his fruitless crime ;
And rankling in his bosom bear,
The hell of ever-stinging care !

Now are the fatal rites begun,
As gleams on high the eastern sun ;
The singhas’ sounds are now more loud,
More wild the shout of frantic crowd.
Pale Maya from her bosom draws
Her richer veil of silver gauze ;
And gives, to loved companions near,
The flowrets, once in childhood dear.
She lifts one parting glance—her eye
Rests on the temple towering by,—
It was the scene of youthful hour,
Where fled life’s spring in joyous bower ;
Where every moment seem’d to move
On blithest wing of joy and love.
She turns away—that deep, deep sigh,
Betrays her bosom’s agony !
And now she nears the awful pile,
Yet strives to force one parting smile,
Or breathe one faint endearing sound
To weeping relatives around—
In vain !—upon her trembling knee
They place a load she dare not see ;
It is her murder’d husband’s head—
Cold—ghastly—wan—its colour fled.
And, now her friends—the priests retire—
They raise the torch—the pile they fire !
Enough—enough—such harrowing scene
Thrills to the heart in horror keen ;
Description fails—racked vision flies—
Oh God !—the victim shrieks—she dies !

VICISSITUDES EXPERIENCED IN
EARLY LIFE, BY A POOR PROS-
CRIBED ANIMAL.*Written by Himself.*

THE race to which I belong is generally said to have come from some of the Islands in the Levant, or according to others from Sweden, but I can ascertain with certainty, that my family came from France along with the Huns, and that my immediate ancestors came over to England with William the Conqueror, in 1066. I consider my blood, therefore, as purely British as any of the inhabitants of the island. There is a tradition among us, that the descendants of the pair who cruised with old Noah, settled in the north of Asia, and that we were to be found nowhere else for about 500 years afterwards. As to this, however, I do not pretend to speak with certainty; but one thing I know, that wherever man is seen to inhabit, we are to be found—wherever he goes we attend him. We sent our parties to make discoveries with Vasquez de Gama, Dampier, Anson, and Cook, and although we English gentlemen (who have no blood-relationship with the Norwegians) are known to have such a natural abhorrence at cold, the love of science prevailed, and a strong party were sent to the frozen seas with Ross, Lyon, and Parry. Pontoppidan sagely observes, that “neither the wood nor water R—ts can live farther north than Norway: that there are several districts, as that of Hordenvor, in the diocese of Bergen, and others in the diocese of Aggerhum, where no R—ts are to be found; and that the R—ts on the south banks of the Vormen soon perish, when carried to the north side of it.” But we do not reckon Mr. Pontoppidan a historian implicitly to be believed, and indeed the Admiralty took such care of us, that we might have remained for years at the Pole itself, without even having the toothache!

We always accompany the first visitors of countries, and when they take possession for their king, we do so for ourselves; and without being put to much trouble in carrying out stores, we have always the best and the pick of every thing. Often have I laughed at the pains man took to preserve his property from man. Stone and iron are made to do their best—armed sentries walking night and day—when all the time I have, with the coolest composure, been daily wallowing in the best of every thing. Nature abhors a vacuum, and will not allow us to starve, especially in the midst of plenty; but I may safely say, that I never wantonly destroyed, and, if possi-

ble, have always preferred the rich man's store.

Before the flood, as the cave of Yorkshire no doubt proves, we were to be found in this island—but upon this subject I shall not enter at present. Probably what is now Britain, was not then an island—I leave this, however, to wiser heads!

In the beginning of the year —, my parents accompanied the baggage of the — Dragoon Guards to Scotland. They told me they came in the carts with the sergeants' wives, as being the most comfortable. I was born above one of the stables on the east side of the court of Piershill barracks, or, as I used to hear the soldiers then call it, “Jock's Lodge,” which is within a mile and a half of Edinburgh. My father was a kind, sensible gentleman, and was much esteemed by all his friends; and I sincerely forgive him for the great desire, and the many attempts he made to eat me up. It was a natural instinct, and, poor fellow, he could not be blamed for it. If he had succeeded, it would have saved me many vexations and trials; but my poor mother thought otherwise, and I am sure she fought most valiantly with my father whenever he made any attempt of the kind.

I might perhaps have lived and died in the barracks where I was born, if it had not been for the following adventure:—My eleven brothers and sisters and myself, when about three weeks' old, after being instructed by my mother in the intricacies of our habitation, made a few excursions beyond it. One morning, I am sure I shall never forget it, we were standing at the entrance. What I was told was daylight was visible—every thing appeared to be perfectly quiet, and she thought it a good opportunity of extending our walk, and expounding to us the wonders of the outward world. We proceeded cautiously along, delighted with all we saw. My eyes, I remember could scarcely take in at once the immense animals we beheld; but as my mother told us they were harmless, we were not afraid. Unluckily by degrees we got more bold, I soon observed a less animal, which I foolishly thought would be less dangerous than the others, although I at once recollected it to be a dog. It was lying on some straw, apparently quite motionless, and my eleven brothers and sisters and myself seemed all at once seized with a desire to run upon it, so as to be better able to ascertain what it was like. Our mother had found a prize, so that she did not for the moment observe us, and when she did it was too late. We

had scarcely proceeded a few steps in our ascent, when the animal darted up, shook itself violently, uttered a dreadful noise, and, before many moments were over, it had killed five of the family. Our mother darted on it with the most headlong fury, and a most fearful engagement took place. In the midst of it the door opened, and a couple of dragoons entered. Our mother instantly sounded a retreat; but in her hurry of flight, she unfortunately tumbled into a water-pail, and was instantly secured. My brothers and sisters ran in all directions, but only three of them reached our habitation. The others, with myself, were all laid hold of, and were tumbled into the pail, where we found our mother. The stable seemed to be again dark, and all was quiet. I cannot say I was much alarmed at our situation; I was young and foolish, and I had an idea man would be kind to us; I even most stupidly thought that under my present wretched form I might be recognised by them as one of themselves. Our mother, however, knew better, she told us we were a proscribed race, and she warned us to prepare for a most cruel and barbarous death. Several of her own family, she said, had fallen into the hands of man, and she had witnessed their agonizing sufferings.

While she was thus comforting us, my father, who had been told of what had happened by my brothers who escaped, accompanied by a few friends, came into the stable to see if we were still alive, and if any thing could be done for us. He soon found out where we were confined, and after endeavouring to raise our spirits as well as he could, with a prospect of deliverance, he and his friends made a most minute survey of how matters stood. Upon inspection, they did not look flattering. On the top of the pail where we were, they found there was another nearly full of water, the weight of which made it almost impossible to be moved. My father's first plan was to endeavour to overturn both pails, and to let us have our chance of escape as we best could. He accordingly got his whole band to make a united effort by applying their backs to our dungeon. This was done by word of command in the most regular manner; but after repeated trials, it was found totally impossible, as scarcely the slightest motion was produced. All this time our poor mother's agony was much increased by fears for my father's life, and she used every argument to endeavour to persuade him to leave her and us to our fate. My father's next idea was to endeavour to upset the upper pail, and this he thought might be effected by throwing all their weight to one side (providing little water

should be found to be in it,) we prisoners at the same time making our utmost exertions to raise the weight as much as possible. This had been no sooner planned than my father made a spring to ascertain as to the water; but at this moment the key was heard in the door—our sentinel gave the alarm—a retreat was sounded. Alas, however, my father lost his balance and fell into the water. He was a capital swimmer, and might soon have got out if his retreating friends had not made so much noise, that it instantly made the dragoons who entered, think that something was wrong. The two who had taken us prisoners were now accompanied by a couple of sergeants, whose favour by such a treat, they did not doubt they would gain. Each sergeant had a terrier with him, both of which were famed for their bloody deeds. Upon their entrance the dogs barked loudly, and their masters immediately went to where we were; when they found my father in his sad plight, a loud vulgar laugh first apprised us of their discovery. My father had remained so very quiet, that we were in hopes he had escaped their notice; but all in vain. The one sergeant now said to the other, that as there was to be such good sport, he thought he would go and tell Lieutenant —— and Cornet ——, both of whom he was sure would thank them all, and perhaps help them out of the next scrape.

“If you are to do that,” says his comrade, “I may as well also just tell my Captain, old ——, who has been rather sulky of late, and I think it may help me on a bit in his good books—I know he likes good sport, and I don't think he has tried his new ferrets yet.”

The Captain, the Lieutenant, and the Cornet, I suppose, thought it but friendly to tell some of their companions, for in a few minutes the two sergeants returned with five or six officers of the regiment. All this time the two dragoons had held the dogs, who did not fail to give plenty of tongue, I assure you.

“Pity, a'nt it, ——,” says a young Cornet, “that the good fat Colonel should not see the fun?”

“And the Major too,” said one of the others:

They were both duly informed, and in a little time, puffing and blowing, they both made their appearance.

“I hope you have not begun, yet,” was the worthy commandant's first words. “I was very busy with the Paymaster, but faith I could not afford to miss this.”

Being assured they had waited for him, he wiped his forehead, and seemed in the best possible good-humour; and indeed

a good-natured fellow he always was, I am told. A regular court-martial was now held. The sergeants and the privates modestly stood aside, but were soon called up by the Colonel.

“ Well, Sergeant ——, is this your doing? Ha, ha, ha!”

The sergeant could not resist silently assenting; and would thus modestly have claimed the whole merit, if his brother sergeant had not at the moment taken the liberty of treading on his toe.

“ Sergeant —— and I thought it was a pity not to let your honour know, please your honour,” was the reply.

The result of this drum-head court martial was instantly proclaimed, viz. that we should be taken to the mess-room and there have each a fair chance, at least, for our lives. A hand-barrow was provided, and the whole party immediately adjourned to the scene of action, the officers bringing up the rear. We seemed to make no small sensation in our progress across the barrack-yard. The Adjutant instantly dismissed the men at drill. The Surgeon made a right about wheel on his way to the hospital, and found that the Assistant would do equally well; and two young Cornets made a sudden escape from the riding school.

I do not blame any of the regiment for the pleasure they all seemed to feel at the amusement to be derived from our torture. Any other cords would have done exactly the same. A barrack-yard has not many amusements, and every little event is looked upon with interest. In former days, perhaps, I might probably have been one of the first to join, though I cannot blame myself with ever having been fond of unnecessary cruelty.

We reached the field of combat. The water in the pail, where my father was, was carefully removed by being poured off. He was allowed ten minutes to recruit, in case, as the Colonel, who loved fair play, said, he should be at all exhausted by his immersion. The tables were by this time removed, and a large circle of chairs was made, in the centre of which it was arranged that the combat should take place. In case of accidents, the spectators were to stand on their chairs, the sergeants, messmen, &c. remaining behind. Our father, it was determined, should commence the amusements of the day. Captain ——’s ferrets were produced, muzzled. They were said to be in famous fighting order. You may imagine; reader, that our family party was at this moment in no very enviable situation. For my part, I scarcely as yet knew my own powers. I, however, was resolved to do my best, and, at all events, die like

—a man, I was almost going to say—but let it be like a hero. My teeth I found sharp, and tolerably long; but more calculated for gnawing than for biting, as they seemed to be situated at the extremity of the lever or jaw, and had not therefore so much force as they should have had. But I need not, I am sure, distress you, gentle reader (if any there ever be,) with the particulars of the battle which ensued. Suffice it to say, that our father, mother, brothers and sisters, died fighting bravely. I believe it is impossible for our species, although our strength is said to be nearly equal, to overcome the ferret. He bites with his whole jaw, and instead of ever quitting his hold, sucks the blood from the wounded part, till at last exhausted nature gives way. One of them, however, I was happy to hear, was very much bitten; and both the terriers by their cries, shewed they had suffered severely. I was now alone left, and as it was said, I was a fine tight fellow, it was agreed I should be well fed till next day, by which time Cornet —— expected his new dog home. Before the party broke up, as it was a wet day, and they had nothing better to do till six o’clock, they thought they would amuse themselves by having a nearer look of me: and the pail was accordingly put upon the mess-table. The old Colonel seemed to enjoy the sight, and kept turning the pail from side to side. I began to have hopes; I watched my opportunity—I made a spring full in the Colonel’s face. He tumbled over a chair. Cornet —— upset the Major; the Major pulled Captain —— to the ground along with him. A rush was made to the door, and it seemed to be *sauve qui peut*. In the confusion I easily made my escape; and although I could not regain my old habitation for some days, I secured myself in a safe retreat. *Blackw. Mag.*

GREECE.

(For the Olio.)

A murmur rose upon the shore
Of Glory’s native clime,
That oft had echoed there before,
When freedom was no crime.

The cheering sound, so small at first,
Increased by gradual swell,
Till, like a thunder-clap, it burst,
A glorious shout—a warlike yell.

The raging Hellespont was still
Around her laughing isles;
The Crescent’s disk was pale and chill,—
She trembled for her spoils,

The mighty phalanx proudly rose,
To claim its by-gone fame,
And fiercely rush'd upon its foes,
To prove itself the same.

Thermopylæ, nor Marathon,
Nor sea-born Salamis,
Than Misolonghi's heroes won,
No prouder wreath possess.

Tho' fallen, her ashes shall inspire
A dark determined hate,
To mingle with the patriot fire,
That will avenge her fate.

The breath of Freedom, once abroad,
Will brave the tyrant's power;
Slaughter may mark his bloody road,
The mind unhurt will tower.

Till from the Attic shore expell'd,
The barb'rous bands shall fly,
And Turkey yield the right withheld,
The war-shout shall not die.

Nor shall the standard of the brave
Be ever furl'd again,
Till Greece, no more the Othman's slave,
Its ancient fame sustain.

Sigh not, fair land, that other climes
Can view thy fate unmoved,
While memory lasts of olden times,
Thou ever must be loved. J. M—N.

THE ADVENTURES OF ALLAN A SOP.

SINCE our last, another series of the "Tales of a Grandfather" has been published. These, like the former, are "humbly inscribed by Sir Walter Scott to Hugh Littlejohn, Esq. his grandson, the eldest born of Mr. Lockhart; and we are very much mistaken if the charming contents of this publication, in every respect equal, if not superior to its precursor, does not afford as much delight to the children of large growth as it is capable of doing to those of less riper years, for our own part we have derived such a fund of amusement from them that we think it would be committing a wrong towards our readers not to bring them acquainted with the interesting matter which they contain. Our extract this week is limited, but in our next we shall "return to the mutton again."

"The MacLeans," we are told, "a bold and hardy race, who, originally followers of the Lords of the Isles, had assumed independence, seized upon great part both of the Isle of Mull and the still more valuable island of Ilay, and made war on the MacDonalds with various success. There is a story belonging to this clan, which I may tell you, as giving another striking picture of the manners of the Hebrideans. The chief of the clan, MacLean, of Duart, in the isle of Mull, had

an intrigue with a beautiful young woman of his own clan, who bore a son to him. In consequence of the child's being, by some accident, born in a barn, he received the name of Allan-a-Sop, or Allan of the Straw, by which he was distinguished from others of his clan. As his father and mother were not married, Allan was of course a bastard, or natural son, and had no inheritance to look for, save that which he might win for himself. But the beauty of the boy's mother having captivated a man of rank in the clan, called MacLean of Torloisk, he married her, and took her to reside with him at his castle of Torloisk, situated on the shores of the sound, or small strait of the sea, which divides the smaller island of Ulva from that of Mull. Allan-a-Sop paid his mother frequent visits at her new residence, and she was naturally glad to see the poor boy, both from affection and on account of his personal strength and beauty, which distinguished him above other youths of his age. But she was obliged to confer marks of her attachment on him as privately as she could, for Allan's visits were by no means so acceptable to her husband as to herself. Indeed, Torloisk liked so little to see the lad, that he determined to put some affront on him, which should prevent his returning to the castle for some time. An opportunity for executing his purpose soon occurred. The lady one morning, looking from the window, saw her son come wandering down the hill, and hastened to put a girdle-cake upon the fire, that he might have hot-bread to his breakfast. Something called her out of the apartment after making this preparation, and her husband entering at the same time, saw at once what she had been about, and determined to give the boy such a reception as should disgust him for the future. He snatched the cake from the girdle, thrust it into his step-son's hands, which he forcibly closed on the scalding bread, saying, 'Here, Allan—here is a cake which your mother has got ready for your breakfast.' Allan's hands were severely burnt; and, being a sharp-witted and proud boy, he resented this mark of his step-father's ill-will, and came not again to Torloisk. All this time the western seas were covered with the vessels of pirates, who, not unlike the sea-kings of Denmark at an early period, sometimes settled and made conquests on the islands. Allan-a-Sop was young, strong, and brave to desperation. He entered as a mariner, on board of one of these ships, and in process of time obtained the command, first of one galley, and then of a small flotilla, with which he

sailed round the seas, and collected considerable plunder, until his name became both feared and famous. At length he proposed to himself to pay a visit to his mother, whom he had not seen for many years: and setting sail for this purpose, he anchored one morning in the sound of Ulva, and in front of the house of Torloisk. His mother was dead, but his step-father, to whom he was now an object of fear, as he had been formerly of aversion, hastened to the shore to receive his formidable son-in-law, with great affectation of kindness and interest in his prosperity; while Allan-a-Sop, who, though very rough and hasty, does not appear to have been sullen or vindictive, seemed to take his kind reception in good part. The crafty old man succeeded so well, as he thought, in securing Allan's friendship, and obliterating all recollections of the former affront put upon him, that he began to think it possible to employ him in executing his private revenge upon MacKinnon of Ulva, with whom, as was usual between such neighbours, he had some feud. With this purpose, he offered what he called good advice to his son-in-law:—'My dear Allan you have now wandered over the seas long enough; it is time you should have some footing upon land, a castle to protect yourself in winter, a village and cattle for your men, and a harbour to lay up your galleys. Now, here is the island of Ulva, near at hand, which lies ready for your occupation, and it will cost you no trouble, save that of putting to death the present proprietor, the Laird of MacKinnon, a useless old carle, who has cumbered the world long enough.' Allan-a-Sop thanked his step-father for so happy a suggestion, which he declared he would put in execution forthwith. Accordingly, setting sail the next morning, he appeared before MacKinnon's house an hour before noon. The old chief of Ulva was much alarmed at the menacing apparition of so many galleys, and his anxiety was not lessened by the news that they were commanded by the redoubted Allan-a-Sop. Having no effectual means of resistance, MacKinnon, who was a man of shrewd sense, saw no alternative save that of receiving the invaders, whatever might be their purpose, with all outward demonstrations of joy and satisfaction. He caused immediate preparations to be made for a banquet as splendid as circumstances admitted, hastened down to the shore to meet the rover, and welcomed him to Ulva, with such an appearance of sincerity, that the pirate found it impossible to pick any quarrel which might afford a pretence for executing the violent purpose

which he had been led to meditate. They feasted together the whole day; and in the evening, as Allan-a-Sop was about to retire to his ships, he thanked the Laird of MacKinnon for his entertainment, but remarked with a sigh, that it had cost him very dear. 'How can that be,' said MacKinnon, 'when I bestowed this entertainment upon you in free good-will?' 'It is true, my friend,' replied the pirate; 'but then it has quite disconcerted the purpose for which I came hither,—which was to put you to death, my good friend, and seize upon your house and island; and so settle myself in the world. It would have been very convenient this island, but your friendly reception has rendered it impossible for me to execute my purpose; so that I must be a wanderer on the seas for some time longer.' Whatever MacKinnon felt at hearing he had been so near destruction, he took care to shew no emotion save surprise, and, replied to his visitor—'My dear Allan, who was it that put into your mind so unkind a purpose towards your old friend, for I am sure it never arose from your own generous nature? It must have been your father-in-law, old Torloisk, who made such an indifferent husband to your mother, and such an unfriendly step-father to you when you were a helpless boy; but now, when he sees you a bold and powerful leader, he desires to make a quarrel betwixt you and those who were the friends of your youth. If you consider this matter rightly, Allan, you will see that the estate and harbour of Torloisk lie as conveniently for you as those of Ulva, and that if you are to make a settlement by force, it is much better it should be at the expense of the old churl who never shewed you kindness or countenance, than at that of a friend like me, who always loved and honored you.'

Allan-a-Sop was struck with the justice of this reasoning; and the old offence of his scalded fingers was suddenly recalled to his mind. 'It is very true what you say, MacKinnon,' he replied; 'and besides, I have not forgotten what a hot breakfast my father-in-law treated me to one morning. Farewell for the present; you shall soon hear news of me from the other side of the sound.'

Having said thus much, the pirate got on board, and commanding his men to unmoor the galleys, sailed back to Torloisk, and prepared to land in arms. His father-in-law hastened to meet him in expectation to hear of the death of his enemy, MacKinnon. But Allan greeted him in a very different manner from what he expected. 'You hoary old traitor,' he said, 'you instigated my simple good-

nature to murder a better man than yourself. But have you forgotten how you scorched my fingers twenty years ago with a burning cake? The day is come that that breakfast must be paid for.' So saying, he dashed out his father-in-law's brains with a battle-axe, took possession of his castle and property, and established there a distinguished branch of the clan of MacLean.

STANZAS.

(For the Olio.)

I mark'd the daylight when it rose,
And hail'd its joyous smiling face ;
But long before it reach'd its close,
Dark clouds had dim'd its loveliness.

And then I mourn'd to think that tho'
We oft commence life's journey thus,
How many clouds of care and woe
There are reserved in store for us.

I gazed upon the lovely moon
In beauty beaming, mildly pale ;
I look'd again, and found full soon
Her light decay, her lustre fail.

"And thus," cried I, "will Beauty fade,
Thus will our fondest hopes decay—
As day melts into evening's shade,
So will our pleasures die away." K.

VOLTAIRE'S INSCRIPTION FOR THE
GALLERY OF CERCY.

WRITTEN IN 1744.

(Translated from the French.)

(For the Olio.)

Asylum of the Fine Arts!—Solitude
In which my soul forgets her gloomy mood ;
In which a peace—a peace profound I gain—
Peace, which is promised by the world in vain. K.

A PEEP AT THE HEROES OF
SMITHFIELD, IN THE
NEATHERD'S NORTHERN DEPOT.

(For the Olio.)

"The better day, the better deed."

By death we are made acquainted with 'strange bedfellows ;' in life we are forced into strange company—necessity joins us to society, and the result of our connexion may not be dissimilar to the narrator's saunter out of town in a drizzly Sunday's morn in the middle of November. The rain beat down umbrellas,—the wind blew hats, bonnets, and thin ladies, out of the pale of vision ; and it

was not easy to make way through the ' pelting of the pitiless storm.' No refuge appeared—shops were shut for church, inns were closed from passengers' intrusions, bakers' ovens choked, and the cobbler's shutters admitted but just light enough for him to finish his job for the children hitherto kept at home. No receptacle offered its sheltering aid till a chasm suddenly invited a temporary retreat in the extensive yards of a celebrated grazing cow-herd. Here, as the rain continued, such a scene was witnessed as is only to be described by ocular demonstration. From fifty to a hundred men were chiefly sitting in a long row on unpainted rough hewn stools fixed under the shed against the wall, while others were standing in threes and fours, cracking their jokes, and waiting the issue of the weather. These were drovers. So motley a collection of human pictures was never seen elsewhere. Not two alike in face, figure, clothes or manner ; in hats and gaiters of the most unlike and unique character :—halt, young, lame, old, middle aged, short, thin, stout, fair, red, tall, stooping, erect, crooked, writhed, withered, nipped, sallow, and blowzy. None wore their badge of distinction, nor exalted the goad ; but nearly all used a crooked stick, tough, unvarnished, and to their taste. These men were assisted by a few of their superiors,—comfortable, jolly, well-fed, christmas-hued salesmen, some of whom, with their drabs on their arms, and others, leaning askance on horseback, managed the state of ' Monday's Smithfield Market,' by the return of the heads of cattle safely lodged in the pens, and duly notified. Like as electioneers, when not clamorous, chuse their candidate who shall govern the nation, so these party-coloured men, fix the price which shall be adopted by the butchers and carcase-dealers within the bills of mortality.

The drops which fell from the eaves of the shed, lessening, a move was made, and the herdsmen dispersed, and like sheep astray, every one went his own way. A cockney party in a chaise under the opposite shed, who began to think they had seen enough of the country, pulled the horse round, and returned townward well soaked. Oh, Sir Richard ! oh, ye licensed inquisitors ! who scare a victualler by the difference of a clock, and render informations formal !—Ye who drive poor barrow women out of their beat, and clear their fruitful commodities out of the streets, do ye ken this cattle monopoly, during the time when half the world is on its knees, and the other half in need of sustenance ? P.

BLACK WILL.

Continued from page 294.

The ground was now cleared by the knight's men, and a target was fixed at a distance of two hundred and fifty paces from the platform. The archers stepped forward and delivered their arrows with various success, but none hit the white: when, to the surprise of all, Will appeared again with a bandage round his head. He had a bow in his hand, and several arrows in his belt. The spectators laughed loudly, and cracked their jokes at the strange appearance of the ruffian, as he fitted an arrow to his bow.

"Fast*!" roared Will, as he drew his arrow to the head. The shaft flew, and fixed itself within an inch of the bull's eye.—"Now the fiend rive the knave who fashioned the shaft!" cried he, stamping with rage,—"had it been well feathered, 'twould have hit the white." As he said this, he shot another arrow, which lodged in the centre of the target. Will chuckled and cried out,

"There, Sir Grey Jerkin, what think ye of that? You must bring Robin Hood or George-a-Green to beat it!" The youth stepped up, and drawing his bow, sent an arrow so true, that it split in twain the shaft which Will had fixed in the centre of the target. A loud shout rose from the multitude, and the fair Bertha smiled on beholding the youth again victorious. The ruffian's countenance lowered.

"'Tis all chance!" cried he; "chance or the devil guided your shaft!"

"Ah," said his rival, "sayest thou so?—look up!" At this moment a crow came sailing over the ground, but so high indeed, that it appeared beyond bow-shot. The youth let fly an arrow, and the next moment the bird fell circling to the ground. A tremendous shout burst from the crowd at this wonderful display of skill, mixed with the taunts of some who spared neither jest nor laughter at Will's expence.

"Ah, thou doughty knight o' the thrum cap," cried one, "that was chance too!" While another shouted, "That beats the Pindar of Wakefield, Sir Blue Stockings!—Hurrah for Green Jerkin!" The ruffian's countenance, already rendered more frightful by the wound he had received on the forehead,

now assumed a livid hue; he paused like the boar at bay, and his eyes flashed fiercely as he glanced round at the spectators, in the hope of finding one on whom he could wreak his vengeance; but each countenance relaxed his scornful smile as he glared around him,—save the fletcher's, who, thinking himself safe, could not let slip such an opportunity to laugh at the discomfiture of the man who had treated him so basely. Will observed this, and swearing a deep oath, cried, or rather roared out—

"Ah, dost *thou* taunt me, knave? then take back thy rascally gear!" and drawing an arrow from his belt, he let fly at the fletcher. So swiftly flew the shaft, that the very feather was buried in his left side. The unfortunate arrow-maker fell to the ground with a gasp, and almost instantly expired. Will at the same time fled through the crowd, and, though instantly pursued by a party of Sir John's men, he got clear off. After the tumult occasioned by this catastrophe had subsided, the stranger youth again ascended the platform, and received from the hands of the lovely Bertha a silver arrow.

"By the bones of St. Thomas!" exclaimed Sir John, "thou art a gallant shot.—What name bear ye?—dost lack employ?"

"Noble Sir," replied the youth,— "my name is Walter Blount; my father is a tanner dwelling near the abbey at Bermoudsey: I like not his business, and have travelled thus far to seek employment which suits me better."

"Ah, ah, thou'rt right to seek better amusement than tanning hides; can'st handle an arbalist?"

"Yes, an't please ye, noble Sir."

"Then attend us to Eltham, and may the next venison pasty be my poison if thou shalt not have a good post."

At the close of the day, when the sports were ended, the knight and his daughter retired from the heath, and repaired to their castle. The stranger youth, whom we shall now call Walter Blount, attended them, and the next morning was appointed head park-keeper to the knight. This situation gave Blount frequent opportunities of enjoying the company of the Lady Bertha, for he always attended her when she hunted; but when he thought on the high birth of her whom he adored, he sighed deeply at their vast disparity of rank. The many times they were left alone, afforded him the pleasure of gazing on her beautiful features, but it was only to awaken the maddening thought that she could not be his. Bertha had observed his attentions, and spite of her

* *Fast*—i. e. *stand fast*. The usual cry of the Archers, to warn the spectators to keep out of the way. If any persons were injured after this warning the bowman was held blameless.

high birth, felt herself irresistibly drawn towards him; his fine manly person had made no slight impression on her, when she first beheld him, his amiable disposition and gallant bearing now completed the victory. Her heart told her that she loved, but then the object of her affection was her father's keeper, and a youth of obscure parentage. She several times resolved to obtain the knight's consent to his discharge, but the next day her heart failed her; the situation of both was painful in the extreme.

After a long struggle with his hopeless passion, Blount, seeing that his feelings might betray him if he remained longer in the Knight's service, resolved to leave it, and one evening acquainted Sir John with his determination. The Knight was much surprised and pressed him to remain, offering him better pay, and several other inducements; but Blount fearing the consequence of his remaining with his beautiful mistress was obstinate in his determination. In the evening, he, in company with two of the under-keepers, took, as he supposed, his last round of the park and wood of Sir John. He passed down the lawn before the castle, and entered the park with an aching heart, as the sun was sinking behind the distant hills.—“Alas!” sighed he, “to-morrow's sun will behold me far from this spot, and my dear mistress will be for ever lost to me, but a few short hours and we part, perhaps for ever—but it is madness to remain.—” Here he perceived the keepers were observing his emotion; to avoid this, he bade them separate and walk round the park. They obeyed his orders, and he strolled carelessly on till he came to the verge of the wood, where he was startled on beholding, under the shade of some bushes, a man in the act of concealing the carcass of a deer, which had been just killed, among the tall grass and underwood: his astonishment increased, when the sturdy form of Black Will started up, and seized his bow, which lay on the ground by his side. The shaft from Will's bow whistled past the head of Blount, who instantly drew his sword and sprung forward to meet the ruffian. Will's sword was bared in a moment, and he showered his blows so fast that Blount was nigh sinking under them, when the ruffian's sword broke, and left him but the fragment of a blade. Blount pressed forward, and Will retreated before him, but happening to stumble against the root of a tree, he fell on his back. Blount quickly placed his foot on the broad chest of the fallen ruffian, and holding the point of his sword to his throat, bade him surrender; but at the same moment

an arrow hit him in the shoulder, and on looking up he beheld another villain. Death now seemed inevitable, when a cross-bow-bolt struck the ruffian who had wounded him, and stretched him lifeless; at the same instant the two keepers came up, and secured Will after a desperate struggle.

“Ah, Master Green Jerkin, is it you?” said Will, with a grin. “What, has my comradeset his mark on you? How like ye that cloth yard shaft in your dainty shoulder?”

“No better,” answered one of the keepers, “than you will like the hempen collar to-morrow; thy comrade has been sent to the devil with my assistance, and thou wilt follow him right early.”

“Give me my sword,” replied Will; “and I will not flinch from all three of ye.”

“No, that will be treating ye like a true man,” replied the keepers. “Come you must trudge.”

Will was conveyed to the castle, and Blount, as soon as he arrived there, sank down in a swoon through loss of blood. Bertha from a window, beheld the approach of the keepers with their prisoner, and hurried down into the hall, and beheld, with surprise and horror, Blount stretched on the floor covered with blood. She thought him dead, and uttering a wild and hysterical shriek, fell fainting by his side. Her waiting-maids raised her from the floor, and immediately conveyed her to her chamber. For a long time their efforts to restore her were fruitless; at length she recovered, and her eager enquiries after Blount betrayed her feelings, her maids having thought she had fainted at the sight of the blood. Blount's wound was dangerous, and it required the utmost skill of Father Alwyn, who had the care of both the souls and bodies of Sir John's household, to extract the arrow from his shoulder; this, after some difficulty, he accomplished, though the operation nearly cost Blount his life.

[To be resumed in our next.]

The Note Book.

A PRISON.

(From a Tract printed in 1687, entitled “*Twelve Ingenious Characters.*”)

A prison is the grave of the living, where they are shut out from their friends; and the worms that gnaw upon them are their own thoughts, and the jailor. 'Tis a house of meagre looks, and ill smells, for vermin, drink, and tobacco, are the

compound. Pluto's court was exprest from this fancy, and the persons are much about the same party that is there. You may ask, as Manippus, in Lucan, which is Nireus? which Thersites? which the beggar? which the Knight? for they are all suited in the same form, of a kind of nasty poverty; only to be out of elbows is in fashion here; and 'tis a great indecorum not to be threadbare. Every man shows here like so many wrecks upon the sea; here the ribs of a thousand pounds; here the relic of so many manors is a doublet without buttons; and 'tis a spectacle of more pity than executions are. The company, one with another, is but a vying of complaints, and the causes they have to rail on fortune and fool themselves; and there is a good deal of good fellowship in this. They are commonly, next their creditors, most bitter against the lawyers, as men that have had a great share in assisting them thither. Mirth here is stupidity, or hard-heartedness, yet they feign it sometimes to shun melancholy, and keep off themselves from themselves, and the torment of thinking what they have been. Men huddle up their life here as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old suit, the faster the better! and he that deceives the time the best, best spends it. It is the place where new comers are most welcomed, and next to them, ill news, as that which extends their fellowship in misery, and leaves few to exult; and they breathe their discontents more securely here, and have their tongues at more liberty than their bodies. Men see how much sin and calamity, and when the last does not mortify, the other hardens; and those that are wicked here, are desperately wicked, as those from whom the honour of sin is taken off, and the punishment familiar: and commonly a hard thought passes on all that come from this school, which, though it teach much wisdom, it is too late, and with much danger; and it is better to be a fool than come here to learn it.

HIPPOCRAS WINE.

Hippocras was a medicated wine held in considerable repute by our ancestors, and was one of those offerings which corporate bodies presented to noble personages. In an entertainment given by the town of Shrewsbury, in 1495, to Henry the Seventh, the following items appear in proof thereof:

“4s. for six flagons of wine, to make ypocras for the Queen.

“13s. 9d. for spices and sugar, (speciebus et segur,) to make the same.”

And again, in an entertainment bestowed on Sir Henry Sidney, Lord Deputy of Ireland, in 1558,

“It'm, on pottell of Iepocrass, 3s. 4d.

“More for a pottell of Ipocrasse given to Mr. Justeece, 4s. 2d.”

This wine has been considered to derive its name from two Greek words; and also from the great physcian Hippocrates, who, as some presume, gave the first formula for its preparation; and to have been introduced into England about the close of the 14th, or early in the 15th century, though it is a matter of surprise our dramatic bard Shakspeare has made no mention of it in his writings. We are certain of this, however, that it was in use as late as 1663, for Mr. Pepys, in his Diary, observes, that at the Lord Mayor's dinner he drank no wine but Hypocras, “which do not break my vow, it being, to the best of my present judgment, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine.”

Gent's. Mag.

CARDINAL D'OSSAT.

The counsellor of state to Henri Quatre, in his writings, has the following maxims—

A prince who quarrels with the laws, quarrels with his best friends.

A prince that lifts up his own authority above that of the laws, conspires with his enemy to surprise his guards.

A prince who says that he cannot do well unless he does every thing, teaches his people that they are slaves, unless that they can do every thing that they please.

Arbitrary power is like all hard substances, which, in consequence of their hardness, are more likely to break.

Power and liberty are like heat and humidity; when well mixed, they make every thing prosper, when alone, they destroy every thing.

ROYAL CASUISTRY.

Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, was Earl of Kent; he, upon some discontent given to his brother, William the Conqueror, was imprisoned by him. The King excuses it to the church, that he imprisoned not a Bishop of Bayeux, but an Earl of Kent. So Hugh, Bishop of Durham, purchased the manor of Sadborough, with the dignity of pallatinate of this whole province, of Richard the First, and was by him made an Earl, the king jocosely boasting what a cunning workman he was, that could make of an old Bishop a new Earl.

Londoniana.

ANCIENT LONDON.

There are very few, we apprehend, that have more than vague and general notions of the magnitude of the increase which London has received within the last half-century; still less have they any ideas of the recent dates at which many of the ancient nuisances have been supplanted by more elegant and convenient structures. The ancient capital of England, under the earlier Roman conquerors, was Verulum, or the modern St. Albans. It is doubtful whether Julius Cæsar ever saw London, the walls of which were first built by Theodosius, governor of Britain, A.D. 369. Lyn-den, or the City of the Lake, was then bounded on the east by the Fleet, on the west by the Walbrook, and on the north by an extensive morass, running in the line of Holborn and Smithfield. On the south was the Lake, formed by an immense bend of the banks of the Thames, since filled up, or much straightened by wharfs and embankments.

On the site of London Bridge was a ferry, the property of the monks of St. Mary Over-eye, (over the water.) In 1000, these monks built the first wooden bridge over the Thames, which was deemed so impregnable by Canute, that he cut a canal from Rotherhithe, to let his fleet pass above the bridge, for the blockade of London. This bridge was burnt, and in 1176, in the reign of Henry II. the present London Bridge was erected on its site, so that it has stood no less than 650 years. There are persons yet living who remember the old rows of houses upon this bridge, overhanging the huge starlings on each side*, with the dirty, dark, and narrow passage between them. These houses were inhabited by pin-makers, the first of whom was a Spanish negro, who introduced the manufacture into England. The drawbridge in the centre was then guarded by an antique tower, and another fort stood at the foot of the bridge, to protect it from the people of Southwark. These fortifications, with the old

* The truth of this assertion we ourselves can vouch for, from our having a knowledge of an individual who not only remembers the bridge as it stood previous to the removal of the houses, in 1760, but can tell the names of most of the inhabitants who occupied the numerous dwellings, and their respective callings. The person who possesses this knowledge is a Mr. John Woollett, of Peckham, (a first cousin of the celebrated engraver of that name,) who used when a lad, to assist his relatives in taking the toll upon the bridge. ED.

moth-eaten houses on the bridge, and all the city gates and bulwarks, were removed by an Act of the 1st Geo. III. It was not until 1738, that London Bridge was found insufficient for the convenience of the inhabitants; and in that year Westminster Bridge was built by Labeyle, a Swiss. In 1761, the second year of the late king's reign, Blackfriars' Bridge was built by Milne. The first was thirteen years constructing, and cost £389,000; the second was built in ten years, and cost only £152,840. Waterloo Bridge, cost nearly a million.

The most ancient relic in the city, is 'London Stone,' which may still be seen inserted in the wall of St. Swithin's church, Cannon-street. This stone was wont to be regarded with superstitious reverence, and when Jack Cade entered London, he struck his sword on this stone, saying, "Now is Mortimer lord of this citie." The fine old Gothic cathedral of St. Paul's or Eastminster, was consumed in the fire of 1666. In front stood Paul's Cross, a pulpit of wood, noted for political sermons: it was demolished in 1641, by the Long Parliament, together with the beautiful cross of Queen Eleanor, in West Cheap, (Cheapside,) and the Maypole which stood on the site of the New Church, Strand, was removed by Sir Isaac Newton to Wanstead-park, to support his large telescope.

In 1560, Finsbury, Holborn, St. Giles's and St. Martin's were distinct villages, and the nobility had their town-houses in Aldgate. In the village of Charing, another of Eleanor's crosses stood, where now stands Le Sœur's statue of Charles I. It was an immemorial custom for the twelve judges, on the first day of term, to breakfast at the village of Charing, on their way to Westminster Hall. The present Whitcomb-street was once Hedge-lane; and on the top of the Haymarket stood the gibbet of Sir Thomas Wyatt. At Spring-gardens were a species of Vauxhall, and a celebrated bowling-green, famous for its *piccadillas*, a species of cake from which Piccadilly derived its name. The Chevalier de Grammont gives a pleasant account of the grand fete given at this Vauxhall or Spring-gardens, by the Lord Howard, where the gallantries of Sidney with the Duchess of Shrewsbury led to the fatal duel in which one of the seconds was killed, and Sidney severely wounded.

Clarendon speaks of the Earl of Bedford, and other noblemen meeting, under pretence of playing bowls, at a *country tea-garden in Piccadilly*, their real object being to mature designs against the court. To the north of the Earl of Lei-

cester's house, (now Leicester-square,) stood King-square, on one side of which was the Duke of Monmouth's house, after whose execution his friends changed the name to Soho-square, Soho being the watch-word with which he advanced to the fatal battle of Sedgemore. Hanover and Cavendish-squares were built about the year 1720, in the reign of George the First—the latter by the Duke of Chandos, who, in anticipation of immense profits from the South Sea scheme, designed the north side for his own palace, one wing of which, intended for the servants, was the corner house of the square and Harley-street, recently the residence of Mr. Hope, now converted into about six houses.

In 1720, Oxford-street or road, extended only to Prince's-street; and Bond-street terminated at Conduit-street. The present Trinity Chapel, Conduit-street, was originally a popish chapel, of wood, mounted upon wheels, which followed the camp of James II. to Hounslow, where it long remained, till Archbishop Tension, then rector of St. Martin's, brought it back to its present position, and built it of more durable materials. Westminster Abbey then stood upon Thorney Island, surrounded by a creek that supplied the canal in St. James's Park with water. Westminster Hall, built by William Rufus, is almost the only remains of the once immense palace of Edward the Confessor, which extended to Whitehall. Charles the Second inclosed and planted St. James's Park. The magnificent palace of Whitehall was designed by Inigo Jones to consist of six distinct courts, of which only the hall was finished. The previous palace occupied both sides of the way, and stood upon the site of the present Horse Guards, the Treasury, and the Home Office: where the admiralty now stands was formerly the house of the infamous Countess of Essex, from the roof of which, Archbishop Laud beheld the execution of his master Charles I. Scotland-yard is the site of the extremely ancient palace of King Kenneth.

After the fire in 1666, Sir Christopher Wren's plans for the improvement of London, though supported by the King and nobles, were successfully resisted by the corporation. He, however, effected so much in point of cleansing and ventilating the city, that, although the plague, the year preceding the fire, had carried off 160,000 persons, it never after returned. It is singular that, in 1766, an architect named Gwynn, addressed proposals to the late king for the improvement of London, most of his plans being those recently effected; and particularly the building of a bridge where Waterloo Bridge now stands

and the pulling down of the King's Mews. Northumberland-house, at Charing Cross, was formerly the Hospital of St. Mary, Rounceval.

In the reign of Charles II. Exeter Change was the fashionable lounge and parade of the *beau monde*, while, in the reign of Queen Anne, the grand mall was Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. From thence it shifted to Bond-street. There are persons yet living who remember when the last house in Bond-street was the most northern house of London, whilst many recollect the snipe-shooting in the swamps of our present Manchester-square. This last square, with Baker-street, were erected by the capital of the celebrated Elwes, the miser. It is no less than thirty years ago, that Guildford-street was a turnpike-road, the north side of Bloomsbury-square consisting of the Duke of Bedford's house, the present Russel-square forming his gardens. *Times' Tel* :— 1829.

Anecdotaliana.

EVIL ARISING FROM THE FLATTERY OF A PAINTER.

Holbein was dispatched by Cromwell to draw the Lady Anne of Cleves. He brought over so favourable a likeness of the lady that Henry consented to wed; but when he found her so inferior to the miniature, the storm, which should really have been directed to the painter, burst on the minister; and Cromwell lost his head because Anne was a Flanders mare and not a Venus, as Holbein had painted her.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

Some law-suit of importance required that Richard Cromwell should appear in the King's Bench. The buiness of the court being transacted, his curiosity carried him to the House of Peers, where he stood below the bar, looking around him, and making observations on the alterations which he saw. A person who heard a decent-looking old man speaking in this way, said to him civilly, "It is probably a long while, Sir, since you have been in this house?" "Not since I sat in that chair," answered the old gentleman, pointing to the throne, on which he had been indeed seated as sovereign, when, more than fifty years before, he received the addresses of both Houses of Parliament, on his succeeding to his father in the supreme command.

LITTLE TOM JUST, THE GLUTTON.

Paul to the Romans saith,
 'The just shall live by faith :'
 But thou, in spite of Paul, or Peter,
 Art the least Just, most faithless eater.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Nov. 25	Tues.	Saint Catherine. High Water, 19m. aft. 4 morn. 45 ——— 4 aft.	Nov. 25	St. Catherine, by birth, was a native of Alexandria. It is recorded of this saint, that her mental abilities were so great that, in 305; she disputed with fifty heathen philosophers, and converted them all to Christianity, which so incensed the Emperor Maxentius, that he had her cast into prison, where, by her eloquence and learning she converted the Empress and one of his principal generals, which so enraged Maxentius that he ordered her to be tortured by four cutting wheels, in which were saws and other sharp instruments turning one against the other, which caused the saws, &c. to meet. To one of these wheels she was so fastened, that when the other was turned the contrary way, her body was lacerated in every direction by the keen instruments. After being thus tortured, she was beheaded A. D. 305. 1748.—Died on this day the learned and pious Dr. Watts at Stoke Newington, after a residence for 36 years in the house of Sir Thomas Abney, whose hospitable kindness and constant friendship he uninterruptedly enjoyed during the whole of this long term of years.
— 26	Wed.	St. Nicon. Sun ris. 52m aft 7 — sets 8 ——— 4	— 26	This saint was an Armenian monk; his great holiness and pressing exhortations to repentance acquired him the additional name of Metanoite. St. Nicon, after using his utmost endeavours to convert the Armenians, travelled into Crete, then possessed by the Saracens, to whom he preached the Gospel with the greatest zeal, his mission being confirmed by frequent miracles. His death is supposed to have taken place A.D. 998. 1693.—Died on this day, in retirement, at his native place, Fressingfield, Suffolk, æt. 77, William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Charles II. This prelate was one of those who attended the King in his last moments. Archbishop Sancroft formed one of the seven bishops who was committed to the Tower by the superstitious James II. for presenting to him a petition against reading the declaration of indulgence. At the Revolution he also refused to take the oaths required by William and Mary, for which he was deprived of the primacy. Sancroft, when a Dean of St. Paul's, contributed 1400l. towards the rebuilding of that Cathedral.
— 27	Thurs	St. James Inter- cisus. High Water, 41m. aft. 5 morn. 3 ——— 6 aft.	— 27	This saint suffered martyrdom A.D. 241. 1710.—Anniversary of the birth of the pious and learned Dr. Robert Lowth, the distinguished and zealous Bishop of London. The memory of this worthy and amiable divine is revered, for his splendid abilities, exemplary life, and zeal for true religion.
— 28	Frid.	St. James. Mich. term ends Sun ris. 53m aft 7 — sets 6 ——— 4	— 28	This saint, who was of Ancona, is recorded as having ended his days A.D. 476. 1806.—On this day the French took the city of Warsaw, which event caused the overthrow of the power of Prussia, and led to the formation, by Napoleon, of the independent state called the Duchy of Warsaw.
— 29	Satur.	St. Saturninus. Moon's Last Qr. 45m aft. 1 aft.	— 29	This saint was Bishop of Toulouse in France; he was martyred A. D. 257, by being tied to a bull and the animal made to run down a hill. 1682.—Died on this day, in London, Prince Rupert, the third son of Frederick, King of Bohemia, by Elizabeth, daughter of James I., the firm adherent of his royal uncle, Charles I. During the troubles, this brave man won several engagements for the King, but his greatest successes were achieved as a naval commander after the restoration.



Cream of the Annuals FOR 1829.

“All hail to this twelfth of October,
One thousand eight hundred and twelve,”
sang the sprightly authors of the “Rejected Addresses;” and it is with an echo long due, considerably after date, and very much in imitation of that celebrated one at Killarney, that we reiterate their humorous “All hail,” and welcome the first of November, 1828—a day and date dear to the lovers of the arts, the muses, and the sisters three, and such like destinies. “Dan November may put on his coat of *frieze* (start not at the atrocious pun, pun-despising spirit of Thomas Hood!) and make himself, and those who succumb to his gloomy reign, very uncomfortable; the French, since the English have left off the habit, may hang, drown, poison, and pistol themselves off by *centuries*; the Dutch may dive down to Death in their dikes, never to rise again—for what but a steam-engine of forty-thousand-horse power could ever bring up a Dutchman that had sunk to the bottom of any thing;—the Germans may creep between their two feather-beds, and ring the bell for the waiter to pile on two more; but we in “merry England,”

“What have we with care to do?
Sons of ”

France, Holland, and Germany, “it was made for you.” It is true that the sun is seldom seen; but we have a substitute for his *warmth* in our sea-coal fires, “which make a summer still;” and for his beams, which poets have sung and

said so much about) our table is shining with the golden-leaved glories of about twelve of the most splendid *Annuals* which sun or summer ever glanced eye upon. Can nature, clever, and indeed ingenious, creature as she is, can she turn out her annual leaves with half the editorial skill of Messrs. Watts, Hall, Croker, Pringle, Hood, Shoberl, and Cunningham? Can she illustrate her poetry with such plates, or her plates with such poetry? We shall be happy to see her do it; and we promise her, when she does, a favourable review, and as copious extracts as our space will allow, to make her genius known to the ten thousand readers of the *OLIO*—persons, we can assure her, of great taste, who will appreciate her humble endeavours to please.

Having bantered thus far, we will now proceed to business. We shall, as the French say when they speak English, begin with the beginning—that is, with the Father of English Annuals, the

Forget Me Not,

Edited by Frederick Shoberl.

SONG.

BY JOHN CLARE.

O the voice of woman's love!—
What a bosom-stirring word!
Was a sweeter ever utter'd,
Was a dearer ever heard,
Than woman's love!

How it melts upon the ear!
How it nourishes the heart!
Cold, ah! cold must his appear
That has never shared a part
Of woman's love.

'Tis pleasure to the mourner,
'Tis freedom to the thrall:
The pilgrimage of many,
And the resting-place of all,
Is woman's love.

'Tis the gem of beauty's birth,
It competes with joys above,
What were angels upon earth,
If without woman's love—
Sweet woman's love.

LOST AND WON.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

“NAY, but my dear Letty—”

“Don't dear Letty me, Mr. Paul Holton! Have not the East Woodhay Eleven beaten the Hazelby Eleven for the first time in the memory of man? and is it not entirely your fault? Answer me that, sir! Did not you insist on taking James White's place, when he got that little knock on the leg with the ball last night, though James, poor fellow, maintained to the last that he could play better with one leg than you with two? Did not you insist on taking poor James's place? and did you get a single notch in either innings? And did not you miss three catches—three fair catches, Mr. Paul Holton? Might not you twice have caught out John Brown, who, as all the world knows, hits up? And did not a ball from the edge of Tom Taylor's bat come into your hands, absolutely into your hands, and did not you let her go? And did not Tom Taylor after that get forty-five runs in that same innings, and thereby win the game? That a man should pretend to play at cricket, and not be able to hold the ball when he has her in his hands! Oh, if I had been there!”

“You!—Why Letty—”

“Don't Letty me, sir!—Don't talk to me!—I am going home!”

“With all my heart, Miss Letitia Dale!—I have the honour, madam, to wish you a good evening.” And each turned away at a smart pace, and the one went westward and the other eastward-ho.

This unloverlike parting occurred on Hazelby Down one fine afternoon in the Whitsun-week, between a couple whom all Hazelby had, for at least a month before, set down as lovers—Letty Dale, the pretty daughter of the jolly old tanner, and Paul Holton, a rich young yeoman, on a visit in the place. Letty's angry speech will sufficiently explain their mutual provocation, although, to enter fully into her feelings, one must be born

in a cricketing parish, and sprung of a cricketing family, and be accustomed to rest that very uncertain and arbitrary standard, the point of honour, on beating our rivals and next neighbours in the annual match—for juxtaposition is a great sharpener of rivalry, as Dr. Johnson knew, when, to please the inhabitants of Plymouth, he abused the good folks who lived at Dock; moreover, one must be also a quick, zealous, ardent, hot-headed, warm-hearted, girl like Letty, a beauty and an heiress, quite unused to disappointment, and not a little in love, and then we shall not wonder, in the first place, that she should be unreasonably angry, or, in the next, that before she had walked half a mile her anger vanished, and was succeeded by tender relentings and earnest wishes for a full and perfect reconciliation. “He'll be sure to call to-morrow morning,” thought Letty to herself; “He said he would, before this unlucky cricket-playing. He told me that he had something to say, something particular. I wonder what it can be!” thought poor Letty. “To be sure, he never has said any thing about liking me—but still—and then aunt Judith, and Fanny Wright, and [all the neighbours] say—However, I shall know to-morrow.” And home she tripped to the pleasant house by the tanyard, as happy as if the East-Woodhay men had not beaten the men of Hazelby. “I shall not see him before to-morrow, though,” repeated Letty to herself, and immediately repaired to her pretty flower-garden, the little gate of which opened on a path leading from the Down to the street—a path that, for obvious reasons, Paul was wont to prefer—and began tying up her carnations in the dusk of the evening, and watering her geraniums by the light of the moon, until it was so late that she was fain to return, disappointed, to the house, repeating to herself, “I shall certainly see him to-morrow.”

Far different were the feelings of the chidden swain. Well-a-day for the age of chivalry! the happy times of knights and paladins, when a lecture from a lady's rosy lip, or a buffet from her lily hand, would have been received as humbly and as thankfully as the Benedicte from a mitred abbot, or the accolade from a king's sword! Alas for the days of chivalry! They are gone, and I fear me for ever. For certain our present hero was not born to revive them.

Paul Holton was a well-looking and well-educated young farmer, just returned from the north, to which he had been sent for agricultural improvement, and

now on the look-out for a farm and a wife, both of which he thought he had found at Hazelby, whither he had come on the double errand of visiting some distant relations, and letting two or three small houses recently fallen into his possession. As owner of these houses, all situate in the town, he had claimed a right to join the Hazelby Eleven, mainly induced to avail himself of the privilege by the hope of winning favour in the eyes of the ungrateful fair one, whose animated character, as well as her sparkling beauty, had delighted his fancy, and apparently won his heart, until her rude attack on his play armed all the vanity of man against her attractions. Love is more intimately connected with self-love than people are willing to imagine; and Paul Holton's had been thoroughly mortified. Besides, if his fair mistress's character were somewhat too impetuous, his was greatly over-firm. So he said to himself—"The girl is a pretty girl, but far too much of a shrew for my taming. I am no Petruchio to master this Catherine. 'I come to wive it happily in Padua;' and let her father be as rich as he may, I'll none of her." And, mistaking anger for indifference—no uncommon delusion in a love quarrel—off he set within the hour, thinking so very much of punishing the saucy beauty, that he entirely forgot the possibility of some of the pains falling to his own share.

The first tidings that Letty heard the next morning were, that Mr. Paul Holton had departed over night, having authorised his cousin to let his houses, and to decline the large farm, for which he was in treaty; the next intelligence informed her that he was settled in Sussex, and then his relations left Hazelby—and poor Letty heard no more. Poor Letty!—Even in a common parting for a common journey, she who stays behind is the object of pity; how much more so when he goes—goes, never to return, and carries with him the fond affection, the treasured hopes, of a young unpractised heart,

“And gentle wishes long subdued—
Subdued and cherish'd long!”

Poor, poor Letty!

Three years passed away, and brought much of change to our country-maiden and to her fortunes. Her father, the jolly old tanner, a kind, frank, thoughtless man, as the cognomen would almost imply, one who did not think that there were such things as wickedness and ingratitude under the sun, became bound

for a friend to a large amount; the friend proved a villain, and the jolly tanner was ruined. He and his daughter now lived in a small cottage near their former house, and at the point of time at which I have chosen to resume my story, the old man was endeavouring to persuade Letty, who had never attended a cricket match since the one which she had so much cause to remember, to accompany him the next day (Whit-Tuesday) to see the Hazelby Eleven again encounter their ancient antagonists, the men of East-Woodhay.

“Pray come, Letty,” said the fond father; “I can't go without you; I have no pleasure any where without my Letty, and I want to see this match, for Isaac Hunt can't play on account of the death of his mother, and they tell me that the East-Woodhay men have consented to our taking in another mate who practises the new Sussex bowling—I want to see that new-fangled mode. Do come, Letty!” And, with a smothered sigh at the mention of Sussex, Letty consented.

Now old John Dale was not quite ingenuous with his pretty daughter. He did not tell her what he very well knew himself, that the bowler in question was no other than their sometime friend, Paul Holton, whom the business of letting his houses, or some other cause, not perhaps clearly defined even to himself, had brought to Hazelby on the eve of the match, and whose new method of bowling, (in spite of his former mischances) the Hazelby Eleven were willing to try; the more so as they suspected, what, indeed, actually occurred, that the East-Woodhayites, who would have resisted the innovation of the Sussex system of delivering the ball in the hands of any one else, would have no objection to let Paul Holton, whose bad playing was a standing joke amongst them, do his best or his worst in any way.

Not a word of this did John Dale say to Letty; so that she was taken by surprise, when, having placed her father, now very infirm, in a comfortable chair, she sat down by his side on a little hillock of turf, and saw her recreant lover standing amongst a group of cricketers, very near, and evidently gazing on her—just as he used to gaze three years before.

Perhaps Letty had never looked so pretty in her life as at that moment. She was simply drest, as became her fallen fortunes. Her complexion was still coloured like the apple-blossom, with vivid red and white, but there was more of sensibility, more of the heart in its quivering mutability, its alternation of paleness and blushes; the blue eyes were still as bright, but they were oftener cast down;

the smile was still as splendid, but far more rare; the girlish gaiety was gone, but it was replaced by womanly sweetness; sweetness and modesty formed now the chief expression of that lovely face, lovelier, far lovelier, than ever. So apparently thought Paul Holton, for he gazed and gazed with his whole soul in his eyes, in complete oblivion of cricket and cricketer, and the whole world. At last he recollected himself, blushed and bowed, and advanced a few steps, as if to address her; but, timid and irresolute, he turned away without speaking, joined the party who had now assembled round the wickets, the umpires called "Play!" and the game began.

East Woodhay gained the toss and went in, and all eyes were fixed on the Sussex bowler. The ball was placed in his hands; and instantly the wicket was down, and the striker out—no other than Tom Taylor, the boast of his parish, and the best batsman in the county. "Accident, mere accident!" of course, cried East-Woodhay; but another, and another followed: few could stand against the fatal bowling, and none could get notches.—A panic seized the whole side. And then, as losers will, they began to exclaim against the system; called it a toss, a throw, a trick; any thing but bowling, any thing but cricket; railed at it as destroying the grace of the attitude, and the balance of the game; protested against being considered as beaten by such jugglery, and, finally, appealed to the umpires as to the fairness of the play. The umpires, men of conscience, and old cricketers, hummed and hawed, and see-sawed: quoted contending precedents and jostling authorities; looked grave and wise, whilst even their little sticks of office seemed vibrating in puzzled importance. Never were judges more sorely perplexed. At last they did as the sages of the bench often do in such cases—reserved the point of law, and desired them to "play out the play." Accordingly the match was resumed, only twenty-seven notches being gained by the East-Woodhayians in their first innings, and they entirely from the balls of the old Hazelby bowler, James White.

During the quarter of an hour's pause which the laws allow, the victorious man of Sussex went up to John Dale, who had watched him with a strange mixture of feeling, delighted to hear the stumps rattle, and to see opponent after opponent throw down his bat and walk off, and yet much annoyed at the new method by which the object was achieved. "We should not have called this cricket in my day," said he, "and yet it knocks down

the wickets gloriously, too." Letty, on her part, had watched the game with unmingled interest and admiration: "He knew how much I liked to see a good cricketer," thought she; yet, still, when that identical good cricketer approached, she was seized with such a fit of shyness—call it modesty—that she left her seat and joined a group of young women at some distance.

Paul looked earnestly after her, but remained standing by her father, inquiring with affectionate interest after his health, and talking over the game and the bowling. At length he said, "I hope that I have not driven away Miss Letitia."

"Call her Letty, Mr. Holton," interrupted the old man; "plain Letty. We are poor folks now, and have no right to any other title than our own proper names, old John Dale and his daughter Letty. A good daughter she has been to me," continued the fond father; "for when debts and losses took all that we had—for we paid to the uttermost farthing, Mr. Paul Holton, we owe no man a shilling!—when all my earnings and savings were gone, and the house over our head—the house I was born in, the house she was born in—I loved it the better for that!—taken away from us, then she gave up the few hundreds she was entitled to in right of her blessed mother, to purchase an annuity for the old man, whose trust in a villain had brought her to want."

"God bless her!" interrupted Paul Holton.

"Ay, and God will bless her," returned the old man solemnly—"God will bless the dutiful child, who despoiled herself of all to support her old father!"

"Blessings on her dear generous heart!" again ejaculated Paul; "and I was away and knew nothing of this!"

"I knew nothing of it myself until the deed was completed," rejoined John Dale. "She was just of age, and the annuity was purchased and the money paid before she told me; and a cruel kindness it was to strip herself for my sake; it almost broke my heart when I heard the story. But even that was nothing," continued the good tanner, warming with his subject, "compared with her conduct since. If you could but see how she keeps the house, and how she waits upon me; her handiness, her cheerfulness, and all her pretty ways and contrivances to make me forget old times and old places. Poor thing! she must miss her neat parlour and the flower-garden she was so fond of, as much as I do my tan-yard and the great hall; but she never seems to think of them, and never has spoken a hasty word since our misfortunes, for all you know,

poor thing ! she used to be a little quick-tempered !”

“ And I knew nothing of this !” repeated Paul Holton, as two or three of their best wickets being down, the Hazelby players summoned him to go in. “ I knew nothing of all this !”

Again all eyes were fixed on the Sussex cricketer, and at first he seemed likely to verify the predictions and confirm the hopes of the most malicious of his adversaries, by batting as badly as he had bowled well. He had not caught sight of the ball ; his hits were weak, his defence insecure, and his mates began to tremble and his opponents to crow. Every hit seemed likely to be the last ; he missed a leg ball of Ned Smith’s ; was all but caught out by Sam Newton ; and East Woodhay triumphed, Hazelby sate quaking ; when a sudden glimpse of Letty, watching him with manifest anxiety, recalled her champion’s wandering thoughts. Gathering himself up, he stood before the wicket another man ; knocked the ball hither and thither, to the turnpike, the coppice, the pond ; got three, four, five, at a hit ; baffled the slow bowler James Smith, and the fast bowler Tom Taylor ; got fifty-five notches off his own bat ; stood out all the rest of his side : and so handled the adverse party when they went in, that the match was won at a single innings, with six-and-thirty runs to spare.

Whilst his mates were discussing their victory, Paul Holton again approached the father and daughter, and this time she did not run away : “ Letty, dear Letty,” said he ; “ three years ago I lost the cricket-match and you were angry, and I was a fool. But Letty, dear Letty, this match is won ; and if you could but know how deeply I have repented, how earnestly I have longed for this day ! The world has gone well with me, Letty, for these three long years. I have wanted nothing but the treasure which I myself threw away ; and now, if you would but let your father be my father, and my home your home ! if you would but forgive me, Letty !”

Letty’s answer is not upon record ; but it is certain that Paul Holton walked home from the cricket-ground that evening with old John Dale hanging on one arm, and John Dale’s pretty daughter on the other ; and that a month after the bells of Hazelby church were ringing merrily in honour of one of the fairest and luckiest matches that ever cricketer lost and won.

SUNSET.

By the Rev. Charles Strong.

My window’s open to the evening sky,
The sombre trees are fringed with golden
light,
The lawn here shadowed lies, there kindles
bright,
And fragrant roses lift their incense high.

The punctual thrush, on plane-tree warb-
ling nigh,
With loud and luscious voice calls down the
night :

Dim waters, flowing on with gentle might,
Between each pause are heard to murmur by.

The book, that told of wars in Holy Land,
(Nor less than Tasso sounded in mine ears)
Escapes unheeded from my listless hand—

Poets, whom Nature for her service rears,
Like priests in her great temple minist’ring
stand,
But in her glory fade when she appears.

The Winter’s Wreath,

SONG.

Lassie, let us stray together,
Far from town or tower ;
O’er the mountain, where the heather
Spreads its purple flower ;—
Princely halls were made for pride,
Towns for low deceit, dear Lassie !—
’Tis but near the brae’s green side,
Thou and I should meet, dear Lassie !

Where the mountain-daisy’s blowing
On the turf we tread,
Where the rippling burn is flowing
O’er its pebbly bed,
There—while ev’ry opening flower
As thy smile is sweet, dear Lassie !
Shelter’d in some leafy bower,
Thou and I should meet, dear Lassie !

KESTER HOBSON.

A TALE OF THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS.

IN a retired part of the Yorkshire Wolds, stood, some years ago, the Castle of Lonsborough, an ancient seat of the noble house of Cavendish, which had long been in such a state of desertion and decay, that it has lately been thought expedient to demolish it altogether. At the commencement of the great civil war, on Sir Charles Hotham taking possession of Hull for the parliament, it had been, for several years, a place of refuge for several wealthy royalists. For this reason, perhaps, or for some others more valid, a tradition had long prevailed in the neighbouring villages, that many hidden treasures had been discovered at different times, about the house and grounds of Lonsborough castle. The noble owners,

of course, treated these rumours with contempt; and never took any steps for asserting their manorial rights, or investigating their supposed claims.

About the middle of the last century, the charge of the ancient domain was committed to a man of the name of Christopher Hobson, who, with his wife and two daughters, constituted its sole occupants. The females were employed in keeping the house in decent order, whilst Christopher, or as he was commonly called *Kester*, busied himself in the gardens and grounds,—so that in case of an unexpected visit from the noble owners, which sometimes happened, the family were not wholly unprepared for their reception.

Kester Hobson was in the habit of spending two or three evenings a week at a small public house in the adjacent village, where a few of the peasants and small farmers of the neighbourhood usually assembled. At the period we are speaking of, many of the lingering superstitions of the darker ages still maintained their ground in various parts of the kingdom, and in none did they keep their hold with greater tenacity than in the villages of the Yorkshire Wolds. At their fireside meetings, the conversation frequently turned on various old traditions respecting Lonsborough Castle; and amongst other legends, equally veracious, it was affirmed that on one occasion, towards the close of the civil war, a band of round head *Guerillas*, under Harrison, having suddenly surprised the castle, where some Baltic merchants from Hull, of the King's party, had taken refuge, the unfortunate cavaliers had been obliged to bury their money, and having afterwards made a desperate resistance, were all killed in defence of their precious deposits. So strong, however, was the attachment of these worthy traders to their beloved wealth, that even after death, their shadowy forms had often been seen hovering round the obscure places of the castle domain, like the ghosts of unburied heroes on the banks of Styx. Indeed it is well known to have been one of the most deep-rooted opinions of the *olden time*, that if any person had buried money or jewels during his life-time, his spirit could take no repose till the treasure was discovered. It may seem strange to some readers that, at this late period of history, there should have prevailed "such utter darkness in the land, and such gross darkness in the people;" but the author of this little narrative is well assured of their reality.

Haud ignota loquor.

These oft-repeated and well-attested stories made a deep impression on Kester's mind; and often, whilst sitting alone in

his chimney corner, he would muse on these marvellous circumstances, and reflect with bitterness on his own misfortune, in being doomed to live in poverty amidst these countless hoards of wealth, and perhaps, day after day, to tread it under his feet, without being able to reach even a single noble,—but compelled to toil throughout his whole life, for a miserable pittance of a few shillings a week. One winter's night, having retired to bed full of these melancholy thoughts, he fell into a deep sleep; and dreamed that a sober, business-looking man, with a ledger under his arm, and a pen behind his ear, appeared at his bedside, and, after giving him a solemn and sepulchral look, such as be-seemed a messenger from the tomb, delivered a portentous injunction to the following effect:—Christopher Hobson was commanded to depart immediately for London, and when arrived there, was ordered to walk backwards and forwards over London-bridge for an hour, on three successive nights, immediately after dark, during which he would hear of some very important event that materially concerned himself and family.

This vision was so much more vivid, consistent and striking than an ordinary dream, that it left a very deep impression on Kester's mind, and he thought of little else the whole of the following day. But though sufficiently superstitious, yet the expense and trouble of a journey to London, were at that time matter of such serious import, that he could not bring himself to resolve on so perilous an undertaking, on grounds which he could not help feeling to be rather equivocal. The next night, however, the same visitation was repeated, and in terms and manner still more awful and peremptory. His mind now became quite bewildered, and he began to think seriously that an admonition, thus solemnly repeated, could not with safety be disregarded. But on the third night the spectre again appeared, and delivered the same injunction with such an alarming and menacing aspect, that on awaking the next morning, Christopher hesitated no longer, but began instantly to make preparations for his journey. He told his family that an affair of importance, which he could not then explain, required his immediate presence in London; and begged them to defer asking any questions till his return.

He next applied to an old friend, a neighbouring farmer and a tenant of his master, for the loan of a steady old horse, which he had sometimes borrowed for short journeys; assuring him with a mysterious air, that he was going on an affair of great importance, in which, if

he succeeded, the favour he was now asking should be amply compensated. He then took out from a small secret store which had long been accumulating, a sum which he thought sufficient for the journey; and thus equipped and provided, he boldly set out for the metropolis.

Though the autumn was far advanced, and the roads consequently very bad, he arrived in town without any accident, and put up at a small inn in the Borough, to which he had been recommended. Though he had never been in London before, he resolved to lose no time, but to proceed immediately to business. The night after his arrival, therefore, he betook himself to the foot of London-bridge; and as soon as he heard St. Paul's clock strike seven, by which time it was quite dark, he commenced his walk backwards and forwards over the bridge. He continued this exercise till he heard the same clock strike eight; when, having observed nothing more remarkable than the coming and going masses of a busy crowd of passengers, he returned to his hotel. He was not much disappointed at the ill suc-

cess of his first essay, as two more nights still remained. The second night passed exactly like the first, and he began to be a little disheartened. He commenced, however, the labours of the third night with renovated hope;—but when he heard the deep-mouthed bell again toll eight o'clock, his spirits sunk within him. With a heavy heart he prepared to quit the bridge, inwardly cursing his own credulity, and the devices of Satan, who, he doubted not, had lured him on this ill-fated expedition.

It may be necessary to remind some of our readers, that at the period we are speaking of, the entire length of London-bridge was flanked by two rows of houses and shops, and a great retail business was carried on in this singular situation. On one of these shops, decorated by the sign of a Negro Boy with a pipe in his mouth, Kester Hobson happened to cast his eye as he was about to quit the bridge—and it reminded him that his tobacco box was empty; for the necessities of established habit will duly recur, even amidst our sorrows and disappointments. He entered the shop, therefore, with a view of



purchasing a small supply: and found behind the counter, an elderly sedate-looking quaker, whose contented and well-fed person indicated the prosperity of his calling. Whilst weighing the tobacco, he surveyed our Yorkshireman with some earnestness, and then in a tone which expressed a sort of good-natured curiosity, accosted him as follows—"I have observed, friend, with some surprise, that for several nights thou hast employed thyself for a considerable time in walking to and fro across this bridge, and thy anxious looks seemed to expect something very particular; I am afraid thou hast been waiting for some person who has disappointed thee and failed in his engagement. If any advice or information of mine can be of use, as thou seemest to be a stranger in London, I should be glad to offer thee any assistance in my power." Our hearts are never more warmed than by an offer of kindness in a strange place and amongst strange people. Kester Hobson possessed perhaps a greater portion than usual of that mixture of simplicity and cunning, which has been so often ascribed to his countrymen, but

though always a little on his guard, he was not quite proof against this open and disinterested kindness. He expressed his thanks very heartily, but declared he was quite ashamed to confess his business in London, and the nature of those night-walks which had excited the attention of the honest tobacconist. By degrees, however, his inquisitive friend got out of him, that he had, in fact, been deeply mortified and disappointed; that he had expected to meet with a very particular person or occurrence on London-bridge;—and, in short, that he had undertaken a long, expensive, and laborious journey to London, merely at the instigation of a dream. He suppressed, however, his name and residence, from a vague apprehension that such disclosure might by possibility expose him to ridicule, or to some other unpleasant consequence.

The quaker heard this strange confession with much surprise, and then replied with great solemnity: "It strikes me with astonishment, my good friend, that a man of thy decent and sober appearance should have come a journey of two

or three hundred miles on such an errand as this! I thought such vain imaginations and weak superstitions had long since been eschewed by all men of sense, and abandoned to children and old women. It is deplorable to think that thy parents and instructors did not take care to root out all such idle fancies in early life, and then wisdom might peradventure have come with years and experience. However," continued he, "it does not become me to erect mine horn aloft, and look down upon the weak and ignorant, because my own lot has fallen in better places. If I have been hitherto enabled to turn aside from all such vain devices, is it not because, having been brought up, as it were, at the feet of Gamaliel, I have learnt from the lessons of a wise father the ways of truth and soberness? And yet," added he, smiling at Christopher; "I can assure thee, friend, that if I have constantly kept clear of all such delusions, it has not been from lack of temptation. I have, all my life long, been a great dreamer; and often my midnight visions have been so express and surprising, that it has required the strong arm of truth and reason to resist their allurements. Even this very last night, I was beset with this temptation. I dreamed that an elderly man, in a snuff-brown coat, with a pen stuck behind his ear, came to my bed-side, and told me, that if I went into a back garden, belonging to an ancient castle in Yorkshire, and dug the ground under the stone seat of an old Gothic summer-house, I should find a great treasure. Now," continued he, with a look of conscious superiority, "if I had been so foolish as thou, I might have neglected my business, and set off on a toilsome journey, in search of this imaginary treasure." Here Kester Hobson, who had thus far thought the good quaker's harangue rather prosing and tedious, began to prick up his ears, as the ancient poets express it; for he was well aware, that there was exactly such an old summer-house as this, in a retired garden, in the grounds of Lounsbrough Castle. His countenance betrayed a visible agitation; but fortunately he stood in a dark part of the shop, where the light did not fall upon his face. He could hardly forbear shouting with exultation; but, by a violent effort, he suppressed his emotion, and replied as indifferently as he could, that it was true he had indeed been guilty of a great weakness, but he hoped he should be wiser for the future.

It is useless to say that Kester treasured up this momentous information carefully in his mind, and soon after took leave of his valuable friend. "We shall soon see," thought he exultingly, "which of

us two is the wiser man in his generation." The next day he took his departure for Yorkshire, and in about a week reached his home in safety. On the very night of his arrival, he dismissed his family to bed in good time, telling them that he had some accounts to settle, which required him to be alone. When the household was all sunk in repose, he took a spade and a lantern, and repaired in silence to the old summer-house. He removed the stone seat, took up the pavement, and after digging about three feet deep, he felt the spade strike against some hard substance. His nerves were all agitation,—but he went on, and soon drew out a large earthen jar, of the capacity of about half a bushel, fastened with a wooden cover. He eagerly broke it open, and found it quite filled with the gold coins of the reign of Elizabeth, James the First and Charles the First. He instantly conveyed it home, and got it safely locked up in his desk without the least appearance of interruption.

Kester Hobson's wife was, like himself, famous for prudence and reserve;—and to her, therefore, but not to his daughter, he determined to reveal the secret. They used their treasure cautiously and discreetly, so as to avoid particular remark or conjecture; and he often laughed in his sleeve at the good quaker's sage discourse, and airs of lofty superiority. He thought himself dispensed from making any disclosure to his noble master; for, though a man of fair character, and reasonably honest when temptation did not press him too hard, yet on the present occasion, he thought all he had got was the fair reward of his own acuteness and perseverance.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY (AUTHOR UNKNOWN.)

By the Rev. W. Shepherd.

A miser saw a little mouse
Running about his empty house;
And "Mousey!" says he, "pretty dear,
Tell me what errand brings you here?"
Then, squatting in a distant nook,
The mouse replied with merry look,
"Fear not, good Sir! to waste your hoard,
I come to lodge and not to board."

Literary Souvenir.

Edited by Alaric A. Watts.

TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

By Mrs. Hemans.

From the bright stars, or from the viewless air,
Or from some world, unreach'd by human
thought:
Spirit! sweet spirit! if thy home be there,
And if thy visions with the past be fraught,
Answer me, answer me!

Have we not communed here, of life and death ?

Have we not said that love, such love as ours,
Was not to perish, as a rose's breath,
To melt away, like song from festal bowers ?
Answer, oh ! answer me

Thine eyes last light was mine—the soul that shone

Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze,
Didst thou bear with thee, to the shore unknown,
Nought of what lived in that long, earnest gaze ?
Hear, hear, and answer me !

Thy voice—its low, soft, fervent, farewell tone,
Thrilled through the tempest of the parting strife,
Like a faint breeze :—oh ! from that music flown,
Send back one sound, if love's be quenchless life !
But once, oh ! answer me !

In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush,
In the dead hour of night, when thoughts grows deep ;
When the heart's phantoms from the darkness rush,
Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep,
Spirit, then answer me !

By the remembrance of our blended prayer,
By all our tears, whose mingling made them sweet :
By our last hope, the victor o'er despair ;
Speak :—if our souls in deathless yearnings meet,
Answer me, answer me

The grave is silent—and the far-off sky,
And the deep midnight ;—silent all, and lone,
Oh ! if thy buried love make no reply,
What voice has earth ? Hear, pity, speak mine own :
Answer me, answer me !

A MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A MADHOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PELHAM.

I AM the eldest son of a numerous family—noble in birth, and eminent for wealth. My brothers are a vigorous and comely race—my sisters are more beautiful than dreams. By what fatality was it that I alone was thrust into this glorious world distorted, and dwarf-like, and hideous—my limbs a mockery, my countenance a horror, myself a blackness on the surface of creation—a discord in the harmony of nature, a living misery, an animated curse ? I am shut out from the arms and objects of my race ;—with the deepest sources of affection in my heart, I am doomed to find no living thing on which to pour them. Love !—out upon the word—I am its very loathing and abhorrence : friendship turns from me in disgust ; pity beholds me, and withers to aversion. Wheresoever I wan-

der, I am encompassed with hatred as with an atmosphere. Whatever I attempt, I am in the impassible circle of a dreadful and accursed doom. Ambition—pleasure—philanthropy—fame—the common blessing of social intercourse—are all, as *other* circles, which *mine* can touch but in *one* point, and that point is torture. I have knowledge, to which the wisdom of ordinary sages is as dust to gold ;—I have energies to which relaxation is pain ;—I have benevolence which sheds itself in charity and love over a worm !—For what—merciful God !—for what are these blessings of nature or of learning ?—The instant I employ them, I must enter among men : the moment I enter among men, my being blackens into an agony. Laughter grins upon me—terror dogs my steps ;—I exist upon poisons, and my nourishment is scorn !

At my birth, the nurse refused me suck ; my mother saw me and became delirious ; my father ordered that I should be stifled as a monster. The physicians saved my life—accursed be they for that act ! One woman—she was old and childless—took compassion upon me ; she reared and fed me. I grew up—I asked for something to love ; I loved every thing ; the common earth—the fresh grass—the living insect—the household brute ;—from the dead stone I trod on, to the sublime countenance of man, made to behold the stars, and to scorn *me* ;—from the noblest thing to the prettiest—the fairest to the foulest—I loved them *all* ! I knelt to my mother, and besought her to love me—she shuddered. I fled to my father—and he spurned me ! The lowest minion of the human race, that had its limbs shapen, and its countenance formed, refused to consort with me ;—the very dog, (I only dared to seek out one that seemed more rugged and hideous than its fellows), the very dog dreaded me and slunk away ! I grew up lonely and wretched ; I was like the the reptile whose prison is the stone's heart,—immured in the eternal penthouse of a solitude to which the breath of friendship never came—girded with a wall of barrenness, and flint, and doomed to vegetate and fatten on my own suffocating and poisoned meditations. But while this was my *heart's* dungeon, they could never take from the *external* senses the sweet face of Universal Nature ; they could not bar me from commune with the voices of the mighty Dead. Earth opened to me her marvels, and the volumes of the wise their stores. I read—I mused—I examined—I descended into the deep wells of Truth—and mirrored in my soul the holiness of her divine beauty. The past lay before me like a scroll ;

—the mysteries of this breathing world rose from the present like clouds;—even of the dark future, experience shadowed forth something of a token and a sign; and over the wonders of the world, I hung the intoxicating and mingled spells of poesy and of knowledge. But I could not without a struggle live in a world of love, and be the only thing doomed to hatred. “I will travel,” said I, “to other quarters of the globe. All earth’s tribes have not the proud stamp of angels and of gods, and amongst its infinite variety I may find a being who will not sicken at myself.”

I took leave of the only one who had not loathed me—the woman who had given me food, and reared me up to life. She had now become imbecile, and doating, and blind;—so she did not disdain to lay her hand upon my distorted head, and to bless me. “But better,” she said, even as she blessed me, and in despite of her dotage,—“But better that you had perished in the womb!” with a loud laugh, when I heard her, and rushed from the house.

One evening, in my wanderings, as I issued from a wood, I came abruptly upon the house of a village priest. Around it, from a thick and lofty fence of shrubs, which the twilight of summer bathed in dew, the honey-suckle, and the sweet-brier, and the wild rose sent forth those gifts of fragrance and delight which were not denied even unto me. As I walked slowly behind the hedge, I heard voices on the opposite side, they were the voices of women, and I paused to listen. They spoke of love, and of the qualities that could create it.

“No,” said one, and the words couched in a tone of music, thrilled to my heart,—“no, it is not beauty which I require in a lover; it is the mind which can command others, and the passion which would bow that mind unto me. I ask for genius and affection. I ask for nothing else.”

“But,” said the other voice, “you could not love a monster in person, even if he were a miracle of intellect and of love?”

“I could,” answered the first speaker, fervently; “if I know my own heart, I could. You remember the fable of a girl whom a monster loved. I could have loved *that* monster.”

And with these words they passed from my hearing; but I stole round, and through a small crevice in the fence, beheld the face and form of the speaker, whose words had opened, as it were, a glimpse of Heaven to my heart. Her eyes were soft and deep—her hair parting from her girlish and smooth brow, was of the hue of gold—her aspect was pensive and melancholy,

—and over the delicate and transparent paleness of her cheek, hung the wanness but also the eloquence of thought. To other eyes she might not have been beautiful—to me, her face was an angel’s. —Oh! lovelier far than the visions of the Carian, or the shapes that floated before the eyes of the daughters of Delos, is the countenance of one that bringeth back to the dark breast the glimmering of hope! From that hour my resolution was taken; I concealed myself in the wood that bordered her house; I made my home with the wild fox in the cavern and the shade; the day-light passed in dreams and passionate delirium,—and at evening I wandered forth, to watch afar off her footstep; or creep through the copse, unseen to listen to her voice; or through the long and lone night, to lie beneath the shadow of the house, and fix my soul, watchful as a star, upon the windows of the chamber where she slept. I strewed her walks with the leaves of poetry, and at midnight I made the air audible with the breath of music. In my writings and my songs, whatever in the smooth accents of praise, or the burning language of passion, or the liquid melodies of verse, could awaken her fancy or excite her interest, I attempted. Curses on the attempt! May the hand wither! —may the brain burn! May the heart shrivel, and parch like a leaf that the flame devours,—from which the cravings of my ghastly and unnatural love found a channel, or an aid! I told her in my verses, in my letters, that I had overheard her confession. I told her that I was more hideous than the demons which the imaginations of a northern savage had ever bodied forth;—I told her that I was a thing which the day-light loathed to look upon;—but I told her also that I adored her: and I breathed both my story and my love in the numbers of song, and sung them to the silver chords of my lute, with a voice which belied my form, and was not out of harmony with nature. She answered me,—and her answer filled the air, that had hitherto been to me a breathing torture, with enchantment and rapture. She repeated, that beauty was as nothing in her estimation,—that to her all loveliness was in the soul. She told me that one who wrote as I wrote—who felt as I felt, could not be loathsome in her eyes. She told me that she could love me, be my form even more monstrous than I had portrayed. Fool!—miserable fool that I was, to believe her! So then, shrouded among the trees and wrapped from head to foot in a mantle, and safe in the oath by which I had bound her not to seek to penetrate my secret, or to behold my form before the hour I myself should appoint, arrived—I

held commune with her in the deep nights of summer, and beneath the unconscious stars; and while I unrolled to her earnest spirit the marvels of the mystic world, and the glories of wisdom, I mingled with my instruction the pathos and the passion of love!

“Go,” said she, one night, as we conferred together, and through the matted trees I saw—though she beheld me not—that her cheek blushed as she spoke;—“Go,—and win from others the wonder that you have won from me. Go,—pour forth your knowledge to the crowd; go, gain the glory of fame—the glory which makes man immortal—and then come back, and claim me—I will be yours!”

“Swear it,” cried I.

“I swear!” she said; and as she spoke the moonlight streamed upon her face, flushed as it was with the ardour of the moment, and the strangeness of the scene; her eye burnt with a steady and deep fire—her lip was firm—and her figure, round which the light fell like the glory of a halo, seemed instinct and swelling, as it were, with the determinate energy of the soul. I gazed—and my heart leapt within me;—I answered not—but I stole silently away: for months she heard of me no more.

I fled to a lonely and far spot—I surrounded myself once more with books. I explored once more the arcana of science: I ransacked once more the starry regions of poetry; and then upon the mute page I poured the thoughts and the treasures which I had stored within me! I sent the product, without a name, upon the world; the world received it; approved it; and it became fame. Philosophers bowed in wonder before my discoveries; the pale student in cell and cloister, pored over the mines of learning which I had dragged into day; the maidens in their bowers blushed and sighed as they drank in the burning pathos of my verse. The old and the young,—all sects and all countries, united in applause and enthusiasm for the unknown being who held, as they averred, the Genii of Wisdom and the Spirit of verse in mighty and wizard spells, which few had ever won, and none had ever blended before.

I returned to *her*. I sought a meeting under the same mystery and conditions as of old,—I proved myself that unknown whose fame filled all ears, and occupied all tongues. Her heart had foreboded it already! I claimed my reward! And in the depth and deadness of night, when not a star crept through the curtain of cloud and gloom—when not a gleam struggled against the blackness—not a breath stirred the heavy torpor around us—that re-

ward was yielded. The dense woods and the eternal hills were the sole witness of our bridal;—and girt with darkness as with a robe, she leant upon my bosom, and shuddered not at the place of her repose!

Thus only we met;—but for months we *did* meet, and I was blessed. At last, the fruit of our ominous love could no longer be concealed. It became necessary, either that I should fly with her, or wed her with the rites and ceremonies of man—as I had done amidst the more sacred solemnities of nature. In either case, disclosure was imperious and unavoidable;—I took therefore that which gratitude ordained. Beguiled by her assurances—touched by her trust, and tenderness—maddened by her tears—duped by my own heart—I agreed to meet her, and for the first time, openly reveal myself—at the foot of the altar!

The appointed day came. At our mutual wish, only two witnesses were present beside the priest and the aged and broken-hearted father, who consented solely to our singular marriage because mystery was less terrible to him than disgrace. *She* had prepared them to see a distorted and fearful abortion,—but—ha! ha! ha!—she had not prepared them to see *me*! I entered:—all eyes, but *her's*, were turned to me,—an unanimous cry was uttered, the priest involuntarily closed the book, and muttered the exorcism for a fiend—the father covered his face with his hands, and sunk upon the ground—the other witnesses—ha! ha! ha! (it was rare mirth)—rushed screaming from the chapel! It was twilight—the tapers burnt dim and faint—I approached my bride, who, trembling and weeping beneath her long veil, had not dared to look at me. “Behold me!” said I, “my bride, my beloved!—behold thy husband!” I raised her veil—she saw my countenance glare full upon her—uttered one shriek, and fell senseless on the floor. I raised her not—I stirred not—I spoke not—I saw my doom was fixed, my curse complete; and my heart lay mute, and cold, and dead within me, like a stone! Others entered, they bore away the bride. By little and little, the crowd assembled to gaze upon the monster in mingled derision and dread:—*then* I recollected myself and arose. I scattered them in terror before me,—and uttering a single and piercing cry, I rushed forth, and hid myself in the wood.

But at night, at the hour in which I had been accustomed to meet her, I stole forth again. I approached the house, I climbed the wall; I entered the window; I was in her chamber. All was still and solitary; I saw not a living thing there,

but the lights burned bright and clear. I drew near to the bed; I beheld a figure stretched upon it—a taper at the feet, and a taper at the head,—so that there was plenty of light for me to see my bride. She was a corpse! I did not speak—nor faint—nor groan;—but I laughed aloud. Verily, it is a glorious mirth to behold the only thing one loves stiff, and white, and shrunken, and food for the red, playful, creeping worm! I raised my eyes, and saw upon a table near the bed, something covered with a black cloth. I lifted the cloth, and beheld—ha! ha! ha!—by the foul fiend—a dead, but beautiful likeness of myself! A little infant monster! The ghastly mouth, and the laidley features—and the delicate, green, corpse-like hue—and the black, shaggy hair—and the horrible limbs, and the unnatural shape—there—ha! ha! ha!—there they were—my wife and my child! I took them both in my arms—I hurried from the house—I carried them into the wood. I concealed them in a cavern—I watched over them—and lay beside them,—and played with the worms—that played with them—ha! ha! ha!—it was a jovial time that, in the old cavern!

And so when they were all gone but the bones, I buried them quietly, and took my way to my home. My father was dead, and my brothers hoped that I was dead also. But I turned them out of the house, and took possession of the titles and the wealth. And then I went to see the dotting old woman who had nursed me; and they showed me where she slept—a little green mound in the churchyard, and I wept—oh, so bitterly! I never shed a tear for my wife—or—ha! ha! ha! for my beautiful child!

And so I lived *happily* enough for a short time; but at last they discovered I was the unknown philosopher—the divine poet whom the world rung of. And the crowd came—and the mob beset me—and my rooms were filled with eyes—large, staring eyes, all surveying me from head to foot—and peals of laughter and shrieks wandered about the air like disembodied and damned spirits—and I was never alone again!

Friendship's Offering.

Edited by T. Pringle.

A CHEVALIER'S SONG.

BY PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, ESQ.

If burnish'd helm, and spear in rest,
And knightly deeds of high renown,
Had any power to move thy breast,
I'd throw my ready gauntlet down;
And challenge all, both prince and peer,
For thy dear sake to break a spear.

Or if thou dost these triumphs scorn,
And penance drear and deep enjoin,
A shirt of hair, a scourge of thorn,
I'd gladly bear to make thee mine;
And in the lonely desert lie,
My bed the rock, my roof the sky.

But nought will do! thy cruelty
Is proof 'gainst penance, glory, grief?
Th' unfeeling glance of that cold eye
Too plainly tells there's no relief;
And all my love for many a year
Will ne'er wring out one little tear.

SCHOOL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY DELTA.

—They who in the vale of years advance,
And the dark eye is closing on their way,
When on the mind the recollections glance
Of early joy, and Hope's delightful day,
Behold in brighter hues than those of truth,
The light of morning on the fields of youth.

SOUTHEY.

THE morning being clear and fine, full of Milton's "vernal delight and joy," I determined on a saunter; the inclemency of the weather having for more than a week kept me a prisoner at home. Although now advanced into the heart of February, a great fall of snow had taken place; the roads were blocked up; the mails obstructed; and while the merchant grumbled audibly for his letters, the politician, no less chagrined, conned over and over again his dingy rumpled old newspaper, compelled "to eat the leek of his disappointment." The wind, which had blown inveterately steady from the surly north-east, had veered, however, during the preceding night, to the west; and, as it were by the spell of an enchanter, an instant thaw commenced. In the low grounds the snow gleamed forth in patches of a pearly whiteness; but on the banks of southern exposure, the green grass and the black trodden pathway again showed themselves. The vicissitudes of twenty-four hours were indeed wonderful. Instead of the sharp frost, the pattering hail, and the congealed streams, we had the blue sky, the vernal zephyr, and the genial sunshine; the stream murmuring with a broader wave, as if making up for the season spent in the fetters of congelation; and that luxurious flow of the spirits, which irresistibly comes over the heart, at the re-assertion of Nature's suspended vigour.

As I passed on under the budding trees, how delightful it was to hear the lark and the linnet again at their cheerful songs, to be aware that now "the winter was over and gone," and to feel that the prospect of summer, with its lengthening days and its rich variety of fruits and flowers, lay

fully before us. There is something within us that connects the Spring of the year with the childhood of our existence, and it is more especially at that season, that the thrilling remembrances of long departed pleasures are apt to steal into the thoughts; the re-awakening of nature calling us, by a fearful contrast, to the contemplation of joys that never can return, while all the time the heart is rendered more susceptible by the beautiful renovation in the aspect of the external world.

This sensation pressed strongly on my mind, as I chanced to be passing the door of the village school, momentarily opened for the admission of one, creeping along somewhat tardily with satchel on back and "shining morning face." What a sudden burst of sound was emitted—what harmonious discord—what a commixture of all the tones in the vocal gamut, from the shrill treble to the deep under-hum! A chord was touched, which vibrated in unison; boyish days and school recollections crowded upon me, pleasures long vanished, feelings long stifled, and friendships—ay, everlasting friendships—cut asunder by the sharpe stroke of death!

A public school is a petty world within itself—a wheel within a wheel—in so far as it is entirely occupied with its own concerns, affords its peculiar catalogue of virtues and vices, its own cares, pleasures, regrets, anticipations and disappointments—in fact a Lilliputian fac-simile of the great one. By grown men, nothing is more common than the assertion, that childhood is a perfect elysium; but it is a false supposition that school days are those of unalloyed carelessness and enjoyment. It seems to be a great deal too much overlooked, that "little things are great to little men;" and perhaps the mind of boyhood is more active in its conceptions—more alive to the impulses of pleasure or pain—in other words, has a more extended scope of sensations, than during any other portion of our existence. Its days are not those of lack-occupation; they are full of life, animation, and activity, for it is then we are in training for after life; and, when the hours of school-restraint glide slowly over, "like wounded snakes," the clock, that chimes to liberty, sends forth the blood with a livelier flow; and pleasure thus derives a double zest from the bridle that duty has imposed, joy being generally measured according to the difficulty of its attainment. What delight in life have we ever experienced more exquisite than that, which flowed at once in upon us from the teacher's "bene, bene,"—our own self-approbation, and

release from the tasks of the day?—the green fields around us wherein to ramble, the stream beside us wherein to angle, the world of games and pastimes "before us, where to choose." Words are inadequate to express the thrill of transport, with which, on the rush made from the school-house-door, the hat is waved in air, and the shout sent forth!

Then, what a variety of amusements succeed each other. Every month has its favourite ones. The sportsman doth not more keenly scrutinize his calendar for the commencement of the trouting, grouse-shooting, or hare-hunting season, than the younker for the time of flying kites, bowling at cricket, football, spinning peg-tops, and playing at marbles. Pleasure is the focus, which it is the common aim to approximate; and the mass is guided by a sort of unpremeditated social compact, which draws them out of doors as soon as meals are discussed, with a sincere thirst of amusement, as certainly as rooks congregate in spring to discuss the propriety of building nests, or swallows in autumn to deliberate in conclave on the expediency of emigration.

Then how perfectly glorious was the anticipation of a holiday—a long summer day of liberty and ease! In anticipation it was a thing boundless and endless, a foretaste of Elysium. It extended from the *primo luce*, from the earliest dawn of radiance, that streaked the "severing clouds, in yonder east," through the sun's matin, meridian, postmeridian, and vesper circuit; from the disappearance of Lucifer in the re-illuminated skies, to his evening entrée in the character of Hesperus.—Complain not of the brevity of life; 'tis *men* that are idle; a thousand things could be contrived and accomplished in that space, and a thousand schemes were devised by us, when boys, to prevent any portion of it passing over without improvement. We pursued the fleet angel of time through all his movements till he blessed us.

With these and similar thoughts in my mind, I strayed down to the banks of the river, and came upon the very spot, which, in those long vanished years, had been a favourite scene of our boyish sports. The impression was overpowering; and, as I gazed silently around me, my mind was subdued to that tone of feeling which Ossian so finely designates "the joy of grief." The trees were the same, but older, like myself; seemingly unscathed by the strife of years—and herein was a difference. Some of the very bushes I recognized as our old lurking places, at "hunt the hare;" and, on

the old fantastic beech-tree, I discovered the very bough, from which we were accustomed to suspend our swings. What alterations,—what sad havoc had time, circumstances, the hand of fortune, and the stroke of death, made among us, since then! How were the thoughts of the heart, the hopes, the pursuits, the feelings changed; and, in almost every instance, it is to be feared, for the worse! As I gazed around me, and paused, I could not help reciting aloud to myself the lines of Charles Lamb, so touching in their simple beauty.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school
days;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
Some they have died, and some they have left
me,

And some are taken from me—all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

The fresh green plat, by the brink of the stream, lay before me. It was there that we played at leap-frog, or gathered dandelions for our tame rabbits; and, at its western extremity were still extant the reliques of the deal seat, at which we used to assemble on autumn evenings to have our round of stories. Many a witching tale and wonderous tradition had there been told; many a marvel of “figures that visited the glimpses of the moon;” many a recital of heroic and chivalrous enterprize, accomplished ere warriors dwindled away to the mere pigmy strength of mortals. Sapped by the wind and rain the planks lay in a sorely decayed and rotten state, looking in their mossiness like a signpost of desolation, a memento of terrestrial instability. Traces of the knife were still here and there visible upon the trunks of the supporting trees; and, with little difficulty, I could decypher some well-remembered initials.

‘Cold were the hands that carved them there.’

It is, no doubt, wonderful that the human mind can retain such a mass of recollections; yet we seem to be, in general, little aware that for one solitary incident in our lives, preserved by memory, hundreds have been buried in the silent charnel-house of oblivion. We peruse the past, like a map of pleasing or melancholy recollections, and observe lines crossing and recrossing each other in a thousand directions; some spots are almost blank; others faintly traced; and the rest a confused and perplexed labyrinth. A thousand feelings that, in their day and hour, agitated our bosoms, are now forgotten; a thousand hopes, and joys, and apprehensions, and fears are vanished without a trace. Schemes, which cost us much care in their formation, and much anxiety in their fulfilment, have glided,

like the clouds of yesterday, from our remembrance. Many a sharer of our early friendships, and of our boyish sports, we think of no more; they are as if they had never been, till perhaps some accidental occurrence, some words in conversation, some object by the wayside, or some passenger in the street, attract our notice—and then, as if awaking from a perplexing trance, a light darts in upon our darkness; and we discover that thus some one long ago spoke; that there something long ago happened; or that the person, who just passed us like a vision, shared smiles with us long, long years ago, and added a double zest to the enjoyments of our childhood.

Of our old class-fellows, of those whose days were of “a mingled yarn” with ours, whose hearts blended in the warmest reciprocities of friendship, whose joys, whose cares, almost whose wishes were in common, how little do we know! how little will even the severest scrutiny enable us to discover? Yet, at one time, we were inseparable, “like Juno’s swans;” we were as brothers, nor dreamt we of aught else, in the susceptibility of our youthful imaginations, than that we were to pass through all the future scenes of life, side by side; and, mutually supporting and supported, lengthen out the endearments, the ties, and the feelings of boyhood unto the extremities of existence. What a fine but a fond dream—alas, how wide of the cruel reality! The casual relation of a traveller may discover to us where one of them resided or resides. The page of an obituary may accidentally inform us how long one of them lingered on the bed of sickness, and by what death he died. Some we may perhaps discover in elevated situations, from which worldly pride might probably prevent their stooping down to recognise us. Others, immersed in the labyrinths of business, have forgot all, in the selfish pursuits of earthly accumulation. While the rest, the children of misfortune and disappointment, we may occasionally find out amid the great multitude of the streets, to whom life is but a desert of sorrow, and against whom prosperity seems to have shut for ever her golden gates.

Such are the diversities of condition, the varieties of fortune to which man is exposed, while climbing the hill of probationary difficulty. And how sublimely applicable are the words of Job, expatiating on the uncertainty of human existence: “Man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down and riseth not till the heavens be no more.”

While standing on the same spot, where of yore the boyish multitude congregated in pursuit of their eager sports, a silent awe steals over the bosom, and the heart desponds at the thought, that all these once smiling faces are scattered now! Some, mayhap, tossing on the waste and perilous seas; some the merchants of distant lands; some fighting the battles of their country; others dead—inhabitants of the dark and narrow house, and hearing no more the billows of life, that thunder and break above their low and lonely dwelling-place.

The Anniversary.

Edited by Allan Cunningham.

LORD BYRON.

[We cannot resist the temptation of inserting the following characteristic letter from Lord Byron, dated Genoa, 1823, and addressed to one of his best and wisest friends. It is an answer to a letter advising economy and retrenchment. Its peculiar humour cannot be mistaken; the Poet's resolution to become parsimonious was but a pleasant theory, for in practice he spent a fair fortune.]

ED. OF THE ANNIVERSARY.

* * * This is merely a line of advice to your honour, to get me out of the tremulous funds of these oscillatory times. There will be a war somewhere, no doubt; and wherever it may be, the funds will be affected more or less; so pray get out of them with all proper expedition. It has been the burthen of my song to you these three years and better, and about as useful as wiser counsels.

With regard to Chancery, appeals, arbitrations, surveyings, bills, fees, receipts, disbursements, copyrights, manorial ditto, funds, land, &c. &c. &c. I shall always be disposed to follow your more practised and practical experience. I *will* economize, and *do*, as I have partly proved to you by my surplus revenue of 1822, which almost equals the ditto of the United States of America, in proportion, (vide President's report to Congress); and *do* you second my parsimony by judicious disbursements of what is requisite, and a moderate liquidation. Also make an investment of any spare monies as may render some nsance to the owner; because, however little, "Every little makes a meikle," as we of the north say, with more reason

than rhyme. I hope that you have all receipts, &c. &c. &c. and acknowledgments of monies paid in liquidation of debts, to prevent extortion, and hinder the fellows from coming twice, of which they would be capable, particularly as my absence would lend them a pretext.

You will, perhaps, wonder at this recent and furious fit of accumulation and retrenchment; but it is not so unnatural. I am not naturally ostentatious, although once careless, and expensive because careless; and my most extravagant passions have pretty well subsided, as it is time that they should on the very verge of thirty-five. I always looked to about thirty as the barrier of any real or fierce delight in the passions, and determined to work them out in the younger ore and better veins of the mine; and I flatter myself that, perhaps, I have pretty well done so, and now the *dross* is coming, and *I loves lucre*. For we must love something. At least, if I have not quite worked out the others, it is not for want of labouring hard to do so. But, perhaps, I deceive myself. At any rate, then, I have a passion the more; and, thus, a feeling.—However, it is not for myself; but I should like, God willing, to leave something to my relatives more than a mere name; and besides that, to be able to do good to others to a greater extent. If nothing else will do, I must try bread and water, which, by the way, are very nourishing and sufficient, if good of their kind.

NOEL BYRON.

THE preceding morceaux, culled from the LARGER CLASS of ANNUALS, form a portion of the brilliant effusions which are scattered thickly through the pages of these eagerly looked for enliveners of long evenings and Winter fire-sides; we regret that our want of space precludes us from dilating more fully on their several literary and graphic beauties, and have only to add, that those who possess either of these elegant, seasonable visitants, of which this country may be justly proud, have a treasure, which, to the enlightened, will prove a welcome companion, capable of dissipating the gloom-engendered spirits of this dreary season.

We need not hint to the enamoured swains who are held captive by their fair ones, that one of these glittering *tomes* cannot fail to be a most acceptable "*Gage d'Amour*."



See Page 239.

Illustrated Article.

EXPLOITS OF EVAN DHU.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTI.

EVAN CAMERON of Lochiel, chief of the numerous and powerful clan of Cameron, was born in 1629. He was called Mac-Connuill Dhu, (the son of Black Donald,) from the patronymic that marked his descent, and Evan Dhu, or Black Evan, a personal epithet derived from his own complexion. Young Lochiel was bred up under the directions of the Marquis of Argyle, and was in attendance on that nobleman, who regarded him as a hostage for the peaceable behaviour of his clan. It is said, that in the civil war, the young chief was converted to the side of the King by the exhortations of Sir Robert Spottiswood, then in prison at St. Andrews, and shortly afterwards executed, for his adherence to Montrose.

Evan Dhu, having embraced these principles, was one of the first to join in the insurrection of 1652. During the best part of two years, he was always with his

clan, in the very front of battle, and behaved gallantly in the various skirmishes which took place. He was compelled, however, on one occasion to withdraw from the main body, from learning that the English were approaching Lochaber, with the purpose of laying waste the country of Lochiel. He hastened thither to protect his own possessions, and those of his clan.

On returning to his estates, Lochiel had the mortification to find that the English had established a garrison at Inverlochy, with the purpose of reducing to submission the Royalist clans in the neighbourhood, particularly his own, and the Mac-Donalds of Glengary and Keppoch. He resolved to keep a strict watch on their proceedings, and, dismissing the rest of his followers, whom he had not means of maintaining without attracting attention to his motions, he lay in the woods with about fifty chosen men, within a few miles of Inverlochy.

It was the constant policy of Cromwell and his officers, both in Ireland and Scotland, to cut down and destroy the forests in which the insurgent natives found places

of defence and concealment. In conformity with this general rule, the commandant of Inverlochy embarked three hundred men in two light-armed vessels, with directions to disembark at a place called Achdalew, for the purpose of destroying Lochiel's cattle and felling his woods. Lochiel, who watched their motions closely, saw the English soldiers come ashore, one-half having hatchets and other tools as a working party, the other half under arms, to protect their operations. Though the difference of numbers was so great, the chieftain vowed that he would make the red soldier (so the English were called from their uniform) pay dear for every bullock or tree which he should destroy on the black soldier's property, (alluding to the dark colour of the tartan, and perhaps to his own complexion.) He then demanded of some of his followers who had served under Montrose, whether they had ever seen the Great Marquis encounter with such unequal numbers. They answered, they could recollect no instance of such temerity. "We will fight, nevertheless," said Evan Dhu, "and if each of us kill a man, which is no mighty

matter, I will answer for the event."— That his family might not be destroyed in so doubtful an enterprise, he ordered his brother Allan to be bound to a tree, meaning to prevent his interference in the conflict. But Allan prevailed on a little boy who was left to attend him, to unloose the cords, and was soon as deep in the fight as Evan himself.

The Camerons, concealed by the trees, advanced so close on the enemy, as to pour on them an unexpected and destructive shower of shot and arrows, which slew thirty men; and ere they could recover themselves from their surprise, the Highlanders were in the midst of them, laying about them with incredible fury, with their ponderous swords and axes. After a gallant resistance, the mass of the English began to retire towards their vessels, when Evan Dhu commanded a piper and a small party to go betwixt the enemy and their barks, and there sound his pibroch and war-cry, till their clamour made it seem there was another body of Highlanders in ambush to cut off their retreat. The English, driven to fury and despair, by this new alarm, turned back,

like brave men, upon the first assailants, and, if the working party had possessed military weapons, Lochiel might have had little reason to congratulate himself on the result of this audacious stratagem.

He himself had a personal rencontre, strongly characteristic of the ferocity of the times. The chief was singled out by an English officer of great personal strength, and, as they were separated from the general strife, they fought in single combat for some time. Lochiel was dexterous enough to disarm the Englishman; but his gigantic adversary suddenly closed on him, and in the struggle which ensued, both fell to the ground, the officer uppermost. He was in the act of grasping at his sword, which lay near the place where they lay in deadly struggle, and was naturally extending his neck in the same direction, when the Highland chief, making a desperate effort, grasped his enemy by the collar, and snatching with his teeth at the bare and out-stretched throat, he seized it as a wild-cat might have done, and kept his hold so fast as to tear out the windpipe. The officer died in this singular manner. Lochiel was so far from disowning or being ashamed of this extraordinary mode of defence, that he was afterwards heard to say, it was the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted.

When Lochiel, thus extricated from the most imminent danger, was able to rejoin his men, he found they had not only pursued the English to the beach, but even into the sea, cutting and stabbing whomsoever they could overtake. He himself advanced till he was chin-deep, and observing a man on board one of the armed vessels take aim at him with a musket, he dived his head under the water, escaping so narrowly that the bullet grazed his head. Another marksman was foiled by the affection of the chief's foster brother, who threw himself betwixt the Englishman and the object of his aim, and was killed by the ball designed for his lord.

Having cut off a second party, who ventured to sally from the fort, and thus, as he thought, sufficiently chastised the garrison of Inverlochy, Lochiel again joined Middleton, but was soon recalled to Lochaber by new acts of devastation. Leaving most of his men with the Royalist General, Evan Dhu returned with so much speed and secrecy, that he again surprised a strong party when in the act of felling his woods, and assaulting them suddenly, killed on the spot a hundred men, and all the officers, driving the rest up to the very walls of the garrison.

Middleton's army being disbanded, it was long ere Lochiel could bring himself to accept of peace from the hands of the

English. He continued to harass them by attacks on detached parties who straggled from the fort,—on the officers who went out into the woods in hunting-parties,—on the engineer officers who were sent to survey the Highlands, of whom he made a large party prisoners, and confined them in a desolate island on a small lake, called Loch Ortuigg. By such exploits, he rendered himself so troublesome, that the English were desirous to have peace with him on any moderate terms. Their overtures were at first rejected, Evan Dhu returning for answer, that he would not abjure the King's authority, even though the alternative was to be his living in the condition of an exile and an outlaw. But when it was hinted to him that this would not be required, but that he was only desired to live in peace under the existing government, he made his submission to the existing powers with much solemnity.

Lochiel came down at the head of his whole clan in arms, to the garrison of Inverlochy. The English forces being drawn up in a line opposite to them, the Camerons laid down their arms in the name of King Charles, and took them up again in that of the States, without any mention of Cromwell. In consequence of this honourable treaty, the last Scotsman who maintained the cause of Charles Stuart, submitted to the authority of the republic.

It is related of this remarkable chieftain, that he slew with his own hand the last wolf that was ever seen in the Highlands of Scotland. Another anecdote is recorded of him by tradition. Being benighted on some party for the battle or chase, Evan Dhu laid himself down with his followers to sleep in the snow. As he composed himself to rest, he observed that one of his sons, or nephews, had rolled together a great snow-ball, on which he deposited his head. Indignant at what he considered as a mark of effeminacy, he started up and kicked the snow-ball from under the sleeper's head, exclaiming,—“Are you become so luxurious that you cannot sleep without a pillow?”

After the accession of James II., Lochiel came to court to obtain pardon for one of his clan, who fired by mistake on a body of Athole men, and killed several. He was received with the most honourable distinction, and his request granted. The King desiring to make him a knight, asked of the chieftain for his own sword, in order to render the ceremony still more peculiar. Lochiel had ridden up from Scotland, being then the only mode of travelling, and a constant rain had so rusted his trusty broad-sword, that at that

moment no man could have unsheathed it. Lochiel, affronted at the idea which the courtiers might conceive from his not being able to draw his own sword, burst into tears.

“Do not regard it, my faithful friend,” said King James, with ready courtesy—“your sword would have left the scabbard of itself, had the Royal cause required it.”

With that he bestowed the intended honour with his own sword, which he presented to the new knight as soon as the ceremony was performed.

Sir Evan Dhu supported, for the last time, the cause of the Stuart family in the battle of Killiecrankie. After that civil strife was ended, he grew old in peace, and survived until 1719, aged about ninety, and so much deprived of his strength and faculties, that this once formidable warrior was fed like an infant, and like an infant rocked in a cradle.

Tales of a Grandfather.

LONDON LYRICS.

Merchant Tailors' School.

At Merchant Tailors' School, what time
Old Bishop held the rod,
The boys rehearsed the old man's rhyme
Whilst he would smile and nod.

Apart I view'd a little child
Who join'd not in the game;
His face was what mammas call mild
And fathers dull and tame.

Pitying the boy, I thus address'd
The pedagogue of verse:—
“Why doth he not, Sir, like the rest,
Your epigrams rehearse?”

“Sir!” answered thus the aged man,
“He's not in Nature's debt;
His ears so tight are seal'd, he can-
Not learn his alphabet.”

“Why not?” I cried;—whereat to me
He spoke in minor cleft:—
“He cannot learn his A, B, C,
Because he's D, E, F.” *New Mon.*

HORÆ PHILOLOGICÆ. (For the Olio.)

The Greek Language.

Ils (les écrivains grecs) écrivent sans autre modèle que les objets mêmes qu'ils retraçoient aucune littérature antécédente ne leur servoit de guide; l'exaltation poétique s'ignorant elle même, à par cela seul un degré de force et de candeur que l'étude ne peut atteindre, c'est le charme du premier amour.

MAD. DE STAEL, SUR LA LITTÉRATURE.

WHATEVER may have been related of the grandeur of the eastern nations, of

the splendid magnificence of Babylon, of the vast treasures of the Lydian and Persian kings, of the mystic learning of the ancient Hindoos, and of the wisdom of the Egyptians, it is to Greece alone that the world is indebted for the invention of those arts, which confer a charm upon existence, and which elevate the mental dignity of man.

The Orientals were luxurious, but not refined; they were possessed of all the materials of poetry, yet had no poets; surrounded by models of exquisite beauty, the arts of sculpture and painting were equally unknown,—with them vastness supplied the place of elegance and beauty; they were divided but into two classes, the masters and their slaves, strength was therefore venerated, since it was terrible; the chief end of the powerful was to secure their possessions, and their means was terror; thus the human mind was held in complete subjection to the will of a superior, the slave fulfilled his masters mandate because he dreaded the inevitable consequence of disobedience; he dared not to invent, he had only to obey—taste implies choice but the effeminate Asiatic feared to choose. Hence arose those flagrant instances of absurdity in eastern poetry and architecture. In an empire in which “an Amurath succeeds,” where despotic decrepitude is followed by infantine impotency, it is impossible the fine arts could ever have arisen. It was a free state alone which produced, organised, and perfected them. The progress of most nations from barbarism to civilization, from weakness to power, and from ignorance to knowledge has been slow; retarded by a variety of obstacles, and when finally achieved many ages have intervened between the commencement and the consummation; with the Greeks, however, their acquisitions in the knowledge of the arts was as rapid, as their military conquests; we beheld a pelagic tribe settled in the fertile plains of Ionia, and on the sea coast of the Pelopenessus, an incursion of the Hellenes from Thessaly at first overpowers them, the conquerors and the vanquished unite, their language though differing in idiom and inflexion is radically the same, and from this union arises Greece,—within a space of time almost incredible, poets, philosophers, statesmen and warriors appear, and an æra of glory begins, which the subsequent history of the world produced nothing to parallel. The first attempts of all other nations to emerge from ignorance have been rude, as the poems of the Provençals in modern Europe, and the works of Chaucer and Gower, our own countrymen. This

crepusculum which precedes the rise of intellectual splendour, seems not to have happened to the Greeks, the earliest Grecian poems display a purity of taste which received but little perfection from the added acquirements of four centuries; a simplicity indeed pervades the works of their elder poets, but it never degenerates into insipidity or vulgarism. The language of the Greeks, as it has descended to us, unable as we are to appreciate many of its minor delicacies—and utterly ignorant of its true pronunciation, is in itself a mighty monument of the intellectual labours of a great people, more sonorous than the Spanish, more copious and more expressive than the English, more polished than the French, and more melodious than the Italian; it possessed in the earliest periods of its history an excellence which the most elaborate refinements of other tongues has never equalled; attempts have been made by some curious critics to deprive the Greeks of their claim to originality, much has been said of their pupilage among the Phœnicians, and many stories told of the learned treasures of the disciples of Brama; the charge of plagiarism is futile and absurd, was it the monstrous abortions in sculpture of the Egyptians that formed the examples of Phidias and Praxiteles? or, did the architect of the Parthenon copy from a pagoda or a pyramid? The original source of the Greek language was derived from the east, but how exquisitely was it modelled, the gutturals and the aspirates, which are heard in Oriental words, in the Greek are superseded by softer sounds; this also has offended one writer, who after praising the beauty of the Irish language, condemns “the mistaken euphony of the ancient Greeks.” Exquisite taste, which prefers the cawing of the rook to the song of the nightingale.—It was a peculiar felicity in the Greek language, that it admitted a variety of dialects, without suffering a deterioration in purity or elegance. In other nations the language of the provinces is rude and barbarous, and almost wholly unfitted for the purposes of composition. This was not the case with Greece—the discrepancy produced no solecism, it was only the source of varied excellence. The Doric and Æolic blending a broadness of sound with rustic sweetness, was admirably adapted for the delineation of pastoral manners, and appears to the greatest advantage in the beautiful *Idylo* of Theocritus. The Ionic abounding in a concurrence of vowels, excelled in grace and harmony, and being least used in conversation, threw a solemn, an antique grandeur over the

works of Homer and Hesiod, and added beauty to the delicate touches of Anacreon. The attic, the most polished and elegant of all the dialects, contrary to the forms of the Ionic, used contracted syllables, and delighted in brevity and precision; it was of most extensive use among the Grecian writers, and adapted itself to almost every variation of style and genius; it was alike suited for the gloomy grandeur of the tragic poets, and the masterly eloquence of Demosthenes;—it clothed the sublimity of Plato, and pointed the railery of Aristophanes. In addition to this excellence, derived from a variety of written dialects, the Greek possesses a great advantage in the number of its tenses, and in the elegant and forcible use of those connective particles, by which language is explained, limited, and adorned.

The politics of Greece are so eminently connected with its literature, that it is difficult to separate their respective histories; the two governments of Sparta and Athens, alike in language and religion, were totally dissimilar in their institutions and their genius; the rigid customs of Sparta repressed the powers of imagination, and made the fulfilment of duty alone the highest good. Among the Athenians a fondness for amusement, and an enthusiastic admiration of genius absorbed all other feelings. Hence they passed from one extreme to another with great facility and indifference, and hence arose many of those acts which have stained the name of freedom by connecting it with licentiousness. The general whose courage and conduct had increased their fame and territory, might by one fatal mischance incur the displeasure of the people, and be banished from the land he had devoted his life to protect; and the philosopher was condemned to die, whose lectures, a few days before, were heard with admiration. Yet, even in this fickleness of mind, there were still some consistent principles; they admired their poets and paid them a respect which no alteration of taste could induce them to lessen. But this attachment to amusement, this enthusiasm for genius, which elevated them to so high a rank among nations, was one of the causes of their ruin; freedom, once the darling passion of the Greek, was forgotten among the blandishments of pleasure, and it needed all the thunders of Demosthenes to awaken them from their apathetic trance. As they declined in power their taste became corrupted: the sublime and the simple gave place to the bombastic and the pretty, and the purer doctrines of Plato were succeeded by the

mystic absurdities of the Alexandrian School. The last act of military glory which the Greeks achieved was the conquest of Persia, under the command of Alexander, but how different were they then from their illustrious fathers? They fought not for the defence of their altars and their hearths,* they were only a predatory band, headed by a young and daring chieftain. The conquest of the east was the most fatal blow which the liberty of Greece ever received. Already sufficiently enervated, they became doubly so among the luxuries of the Oriental world; their subjection to the tyrants of Macedon, and their internal commotions made them an easy prey to the incursions of the Roman legions, and the last scene that closed this fatal drama was that in which Perseus, in chains, adorned the triumph of Paulus Emilius. Such was the termination of that splendid dynasty of Grecian genius, which rose with the political greatness of the nation, and set for ever at its fall.

ON SYMPATHETIC NUMBERS.

[We have received the following paper from an unknown correspondent, and, of course, cannot 'form' any sort of 'conjecture' of who the writer is. The philosophy displayed in the sentiments, and the grand and imposing indignation which swells the diction into eloquence, must be obvious to every reader. Dull, indeed, must be the mind, and cold the temperament, which would not be excited by the sympathies awakened by the consideration of "Sympathetic Numbers," in the point of view taken by our correspondent. We have ventured to add a few running comments of our own upon this invaluable text, which we hope the writer will pardon.] *Ed. of Lon. Mag.*

If the title I have selected should induce any of my readers to apprehend an enquiry into the doctrines of Lily or Albertus Magnus, let them be undeceived. I am as guiltless of the occult sciences, as of those that court the open face of day. I am a dunce,—a noodle,—a "courteous reader," like themselves. I could as easily build a ship as write a book.

Having thus bespoken the sympathy of their good fellowship, I proceed to unfold the true nature of my views upon their attention and support; but I do it in the strictest confidence, and I trust to the fidelity of my public. Know then, that I

am, an Agitator,—a Liberal,—a Radical Reformer:—the Hunt, Cobbett, O'Connell, of the literary world! And, in this capacity, I call upon my suffering public to arise, and shake off the tyranny with which it is held in thrall by the typographical despots of the land. What!—shall Murray be perpetual Dictator of the republic of Letterdom? Shall Colburn and Longman, the Brutus and Cassius of the commonwealth, conspire against the usurpation, and push him from his stool, only that they may fight over his succession? Shall Paternoster-row send forth its bulletins, and Burlington-street issue its ukases, to paralyze the trembling readers who groan under their iron sceptre of empire?—Forbid it, shade of Fust!—Forbid it, ye lettered spectres of Poets' Corner! Once more, I call upon you, my public to arise! The Philistines are upon us,—Euphrates hath burst its bed!—and rising torrents of ink are about to form one universal deluge,—one filthy blot upon the foolscap face of nature!!

Having duly honoured this burst of oratory with your plaudits,—and the prospective echo of your "Hear! hear!" already warms my very heart!—you will naturally, and according to the most approved precedents, turn round, each to his several neighbours, and demand my meaning and intention. "Arrah! honey, what are we howling for?"

You are, I verily believe, innocently, unconscious of the conspiracy which menaces your rights, and violates the ancient Charta of your literary liberty. In the lettered ease of your well-cushioned libraries, clubs, and reading-rooms, ye are little aware of the plot which hath already sapped and mined their foundations. Lost in the lap of hot-pressed luxury,—betrayed into libertinism by the meretricious attractions of vellum and morocco,—ye mark not the machinations of the incendiary—ye heed not the incursions of the invader! Philip is at your gates!—and you are reading Sir Walter Scott's last new novel!

Let your first exertions in your own defence be, I implore you, an examination into the political state of the republic of letters. Who,—look well into the subject ere you decide,—who are the real arbiters of the public taste?—"The booksellers!" you reply with an universal shout. True!—the power of criticism itself is secondary to their omniscient fiat. Not the acerb Edinburgh; the pungent Blackwood,—not the Quarterly; nor oleaginous New Monthly; not the united cruets of critical condiments, can season the palate of the gaping public, like the

* Pro aris et focis.—HOR.

ipse dixit of a solitary bookseller. "Let there be fame!" quoth John Murray—and who gainsayeth?

Secondly, my trusty lectors,—not *e*-lectors,—inquire of yourselves what are the claims to which this factitious printing-press renown is conceded?—To bulk, length,—extent,—to the influence, in short, of the booksellers' sympathetic numbers! He, she, or it, which can draw his, her, or its slow length along with the greatest deliberation, wins this tortoise race of fame. "It was an excellent work, Sir," said a modern bibliopole, speaking of a defunct novel, which had been heralded in vain by that flourish of trumpets wherewith, like the besieging priests of Jericho, he batters down the walls of our understandings, "A very excellent work!—three volumes, post octavo, four hundred pages each; a more complete production never issued from my press,—yet it failed;—did not pay its advertisements!"

My public! we have borne much at the hands of these wise men of Gotham; but a stroke is meditated against your peace, at the present crisis, which demands self-defence.—resistance,—vengeance!* So long as *three* remained the sympathetic number of the Row, I bowed uncomplainingly to the yoke of our oppressors. 3 is a classical as well as a constitutional numeral; it is that of the Graces, of the Destinies,—of the operative witches in Macbeth, "Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed;" Cerberus hath three heads, and a Pasha three tails—Great Britain hath three kingdoms,—a bill in parliament three readings, and—a joint stool three legs! Scott himself, endeared to our hearts the annual arrival of three welcome drab-suited visitants; Cooper flung them at our heads, and we pocketed the volumes and the affront; and we shook hands regretfully with Horace Smith at the close of his twelve hundredth page. But then came the vulgar host of imitators, pushing their elaborate inanity on our forbearance. The fair sex and the foul, the *thirds* of wives and of widows, overwhelmed our creaking shelves. English in Italy,—India,—Kamschatka;—Voyagers on Sea,—Proserps on shore,—combined against our gross of green spectacles. Mummies, and Last Men, and

* Our author had here added the word death—we have struck our pen through it, thinking it merited only damnation (in its histrionic sense,)—but we daren't put the word in the text for fear we should be thought profane.

Sinumbra Men, and such "stupend figments," as old Burton would term them, dared our credulity. Tales were unfolded beyond the tale of reckoning by the retail trade,—and *lex-tal-ionis* was the cry of all the rivals of immortal Colburn.

Can these things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud?

Shall our modern Lintots, instead of seeking among

The mob of gentlemen who write with ease,

style, learning, comment, argument, and pith,—shall they simply demand of the rising aspirants for applause, "How many volumes?—how many pages?" and *we* submit to the result? Shall the drivellings of the diffuse replace the terseness of the concise,—and *we* endure? What is their plea of the expense of their puffing advertisements to *us*? The book-clubs, say they, will gorge, like a rapacious Boa, any volume of matter we choose to present; new novels they must have, were they in fifty volumes each! But must *we* suffer for the avidity of our country-cousins?†

Go to—I'll not endure it!

Reading public! let us resist the innovation.

But what innovation, I hear you say, and why this outcry of consternation? Turn your Argus eyes upon the columns of the *Times* or the *Chronicle*; there shall they read—

O'Brians and O'Flaharties, 4 volumes!
Zillah, a Tale of Jerusalem, 4 volumes!!
The Disowned, by the Author of Pelham, . . . 4 volumes!!!

Note ye not the result? Do ye not foresee the yoke that is about to be imposed on your unresisting neck? Consider it well before ye rush into the snare—

† Certainly not; country-cousins have no sort of right to bore us anywhere but in London, and there only for a fortnight in May. This allowance is a great deal too liberal; and if their voracious country-appetite dares to soar from beef to books, and thus induce the bibliopoles to imitate the size of a sirloin in their publications, we shall inexorably cut them the next time they come to town. It is for us to regulate what books and of what size should be published: don't let us hear of *their* acting the part of the horse-leech's daughter, crying "Give, give!"

suspend your hands upon your half-drawn purse-strings. Let not the great names, which, those of the Royal Family at the head of a subscription, are but the precedents of a rabble rout; let not the names of your favourite writers allure you to destruction. Think of *four* volumes from the pen of Lady A.—of Mrs. B.—of Miss C.; *think of that Master Brook!* and resist.*

Again I say unto you, that the booksellers make not only our books, but our authors. It is well known that during the popularity of *Tristram Shandy*, nothing was bought, or thought of, but humorous productions. "We want nothing now but humour," said the booksellers, "there is no demand in the trade for any thing else." And they even mortally offended a Durham Prebendary, who came to London to dispose of the MS. of his Discourses, by enquiring whether the reverend gentleman could not contrive to introduce a little humour. In France a *Rousseau* mania equally prevailed. "*Il nous faut du Rousseau. Hélas! Monsieur le Professeur que faire de vos manuscrits? tout ça ne vaut rien sans du Rousseau!*"

A fourth volume is now the "humour," and the "Rousseau" of the trade; but—

A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.

What has 4 done in the world to become a sympathetic number? The fourth Henry of France, and the fourth George of England, being illustrious exceptions to its insignificance. The earth, to be sure, has four mighty regions,† and the year four mighty seasons; but who would not dispense with winter,‡ and with Africa, and with a fourth volume?

* *Master Brook* should even flow against the *stream*, should it be necessary.

† We beg pardon, respected correspondent; you are not doing justice to your own argument. The earth has now *five* "mighty regions," as the land of convicts and kangaroos can testify. We trust, however, that the worthy Bibliopoles will not take this hint, and cram a *fifth quarter* down our throats, because the earth has committed the bull of acquiring one.

‡ We beg pardon again. We cannot dispense with winter. Africa we give up with pleasure. Who cares for Algiers, Senegal, Timbuctoo, or even Fernando Po, where our navigators have named the native who has been the kindest to them, "Cut-throat?" We are quite willing to resign Africa, even including Sierra Leone and its fevers. But Winter! our good

To conclude, suffer me, my beloved public, to point out the horrors entailed by your submission in the present instance; let me *fore-show* the occult mischief of the number 4. Our *fore-fathers*—omnious sound!—endured this aggregation of volumes until they sank, like *Tarpeia*, overwhelmed by the load. Think of *Clarissa*—of *Sydney Biddulph*—of *Grandison*§. Think of *Clelia*, with her seven heavy pieces of ordnance pointed against you! Think of *Cyrus the Great*—

And, lo! an eighth appears.

Think of this; restrict your numeral sympathies; do not let the dence take the *tray*; select your favourite authors "by one, by two, and by *three*." "*Leggiámotu-ti tre.*" Remember that the true British sceptre is a *trident*, and by that association regulate your "sympathetic numbers||."

Customs of Various Countries.

SINGULAR NORMAN CUSTOM.

During Advent, says *Times' Telescope* for the present year, a very singular spec-

old, cheerful, fire-side, English Winter! Oh, no! We had rather resign the other three seasons of the year, (provided things would promise to grow without them,) than frosty-footed, warm-hearted Winter. We wonder at so estimable a person, as the Sympathetic Numeralist manifestly is, should dream of discarding jolly old Winter. But hold, in our eagerness to defend our excellent friend, we shall far out-step the limits of a note. We will write an article in his praise, when the frosts set in, by way of antidote to the only heterodox doctrine we have found in our esteemed correspondent's letter.

§ "We have heard," says the '*Edinburgh Review*,' in an article on *Standard Novels and Romances*, (Feb. 1815, vol. xxv. p. 331,) "that *Sir Charles Grandison* was originally written in eight-and-twenty volumes; but we suppose this must be a pleasant exaggeration." We hope so, indeed, especially if we are advancing towards the same issue.

|| Most cordially do we concur in this recommendation. What are *Reviewers* to do, if novels take it into their heads to be thus prolific, and come into the world, like a Highland chief, with his tail on? It will drive us to disown the Disowned, and to doubt whether "*Zillah's a Lady.*"

tacle presents itself to the stranger, who, unacquainted with the customs of the country, finds himself alone, among the corn-fields and pastures of the department of the Eure et Loire. On every side, he can discover nothing but fires and flames running over the fields, and every now and then he hears a certain shrill, but modulated noise. This phantasmagoria, which at first astonishes, and even alarms him, arises from the practice of a very ancient custom, still in use in this country, and in certain cantons of Normandy. Every farmer fixes upon some day in Advent, for the purpose of exorcising such animals as prove injurious to his crops, and for this purpose, he furnishes his youngest children with a prepared flambeaux, well dried in the oven, and provided with combustible materials. If he has no children, his neighbours lend him theirs; for none but young and innocent children can command these injurious animals to withdraw from his lands. After twelve years of age, children are rendered unfit to perform the office of exorcists. These young children run over the country like so many little spirits, set fire to bundles of hay placed there for the purpose, go under the trees, and flourish their torches among the branches, burn the straw placed underneath, and continually cry out:—

Taupes, chenilles, et mulots,
Sortez, sortez, de mon clos,
Ou je vous brule la barbe et les os.
Arbres, arbrisseaux,
Donnez-moi des pommes a mirot,

“ Mice, caterpillars, and moles, get out, get out of my field; I will burn your beard and your bones: trees and shrubs, give me three bushels of Apples.”

Many farmers, says M. Cochin, have given up this custom; but it is remarked, that they have more vermin in their grounds than those who practice it. The reason however, is evident; it is quite true that fire and smoke will destroy the eggs of the caterpillar; but as to the mice and moles, I must confess, says M. Cochin, I have discovered no convincing proof of the power of our young exorcists; the good people of the country, however, believe the remedy infallible, and this must surely satisfy the most incredulous! Many accidents might be supposed to arise from this lawless assembly of young torch-bearers, scattering their flames around them on every side:—but there is a remedy for all dangers; this fire never burns or injures any thing but the vermin against which it is directed, for such is the belief of the simple folks who inhabit the Department of the Eure et Loire.

CREAM OF THE ANNUALS,

*Continued.***Amulet.***Edited by S. C. Hall.*

ADVICE TO BACHELORS AND SPINSTERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

A dashing Captain of Hussars,
Dressed in the livery of Mars,
Mustachio, lace, and sabre;—
Who talks soft nonsense—sings a song,
Waltzes, quadrilles the whole night long,
To fiddle, pipe, and tabor,—

Oh! grant me such a man, ye Fates!
Some giggling girl ejaculates,
Whose heart is Cupid's Ætna;
She loves his golden epaulettes,
He loves her gold to pay his debts,
So off they dash to Gretna.

The Scottish Vulcan, who unlocks
To runaways, Pandora's box,
That holds his marriage charters,
Soon makes them one, and they who came,
False worshippers of Hymen's flame,
Return as Folly's martyrs.

Forger of Gretna chains! that gall
And grind the very soul, could all
That erst thine altar flew to,
Their present wretchedness reveal,
From thee such iron tears would steal
As once were shed by Pluto.

From foppery, lucre, rashness—free
Your minds, if ye expect to be
By marriage bliss rewarded;
For its pure joys can never greet
The thoughtless and the indiscreet,
The forward and the sordid.

The knave who traffics in a wife,
Content, if rich, to take for life,
A wanton or a ninny,
Will gain small pity if instead
Of Fortune's fool, he chance to wed
A fool without a guinea.

She who for fashion, figure, birth,
Not kindred tastes or moral worth,
Her happiness will barter,
Who thinks each dear Adonis-love,
Must needs be constant as the dove,
May sometimes catch a Tartar.

Useless when both are thus deceived,
To balance which is most aggrieved,
Each may lament the other;—
Nor need relations scold and huff,
The wretched pair are sure enough
To punish one another!

Be not of future joys too sure,
Rather the present share secure,
And prize them ere they leave thee;
Distrust appearances, for bliss
May greet thee with a Judas kiss,
When plotting to deceive thee.

The wise, the virtuous, the discreet,
 May oft in life's probation meet
 Disastrous disappointment ;
 But friends will honour them the more,
 And their own minds for every sore
 Will yield a healing ointment.

Not so when Providence condemns
 The man of guilt and stratagems
 To ruinous reverses ;
 His own black thoughts—the public hate,
 His ill success will aggravate,
 And prove his direst curses.!

A WALK IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS

IN THE SUMMER OF 1827.

*Affectionately inscribed to her companions in
 that Walk.*

BY AMELIA OPIE.

THERE is a melancholy pleasure in visiting the scenes which we first saw in early youth, when youth has long been past, and when life, which then stretched widely, and brightly before us, its pains as yet unknown, and its pleasures only too vividly anticipated, is drawing, comparatively, to a close.

I have recently experienced this pen- sive gratification while walking in the Temple Gardens—a spot which I first visited in my youthful days, and with a bridal party ; and I had scarcely taken one turn on the walk along the river side, before that long-forgotten scene appeared in all its gaiety to “my mind’s eye.” I saw the beautiful bride with her bloom heightened by a sense of happiness, and the consciousness of the admiration which followed her steps ; I also remembered, that even in those days of my own un- blighted expectations, the instability of human enjoyment was ere long painfully forced upon me ; for the lovely being in whose bridal train I had followed in those cheerful gardens, was, ere another year had revolved, a mother, and a corpse !

While recalling these visions of van- ished days, I fell into thoughtful silence, till I was roused from my reverie by the admiration which my companions ex- pressed of the increased beauty thrown over the scene by the gradual approach of twilight.

But, lovely as was the *present* view, it could not entirely wean me from con- templation of the past, and I began to put them in comparison.

Then a full tide of ever-changing hu- man beings was running along its walks— *now*, my companions and myself were almost its only visitants :—*then* it was enlivened by the bright sun of a summer

afternoon—*now* it was clothed in the pale tinted shadows of evening, and the magic of light and shade was rapidly spreading around, while the view from the bank of the river was acquiring in- creasing solemnity and beauty ; for the mysterious power of twilight was making the tall columns of the shot manufactories appear as grand as the more distant tow- ers of Westminster Abbey, and the lights on the graceful arch of the Waterloo Bridge were reflecting themselves in the clear waves beneath ; still, it was not yet dark enough for the windows of the rooms around to be closed, nor for can- dles to be lighted ; when, as we were walking opposite the high range of cham- bers on the outside of the garden gates which fronts the river, I observed at the very top of the building one single globe of burning light, but I could not discover whether it was outside, or inside the win- dow. My companions, however, assured me that it was only a globe lamp, stand- ing, no doubt, on the table of the person to whom the room belouged. But while the other rooms in these vast buildings lay darkening in the twilight, this, and this alone, was illuminated : therefore, as we argued, the student who occupied that apartment (if student he was) must be peculiarly diligent and praiseworthy, and as soon as we had so judged of the owner of the lamp, our imaginatious took fire.

One fancied him a young barrister, who was looking over his first brief, with anxious and pleased diligence ; a second suggested that he was possibly a Henry Kirke White—that beloved, and lamented son of genius,—and was burning the *evening* as well as the midnight oil, be- cause he was jealous of every minute which did not tend to the improvement of *time*, and to a preparation for eternity. While we willingly adopted this pleasing suggestion, we gazed on the lamp with a sort of reverent interest, and one of us expressed a strong desire to ascend the staircase and visit the interesting student. In short, we were uttering a great deal of amusing nonsense, and were watching the lonely light with an absorbing curiosity, when one of my companions exclaimed, “I see a face ;” but, before the rest of us could see it, it had disappeared ; pre- sently, another cried out, “I see a hand ;” and the friend who first spoke observed, “Yes ; I too see a hand, and it is *light- ing a segar!!!*”

In a moment the sweet illusion was dis- solved ; and in the owner of the lamp we beheld, instead of the pale, interest- ing, intellectual, self-denying student, a pampered sensualist, indulging in Asiatic

luxury, and enjoying his indolent leisure and his segar after a probably [luxurious] repast, alone, or with a companion as earthly and indolent as himself!

Perhaps we were a little mortified at this discovery; but we could not help indulging in the most innocent of all laughter—laughter at ourselves, for our fantastic fancies: we had also the satisfaction of knowing that as we had not degraded but exalted the unconscious object of them, we had neither injured ourselves nor him by the short-lived delusion.

By me, however, the little romance of the lamp was not soon forgotten, and it made me fall into a train of serious thought and moral reflections.

I could not but remember with some bitterness of spirit and humiliation of heart, how often delusions of the imagination, like those of the student and his lamp, had strewed thorns on my path of life; but that, unlike the temporary delusion in the gardens, this fallacious fancy had sometimes clothed my days in gloom, and my pillow in wakefulness. I could not but own, that I had often thrown over both near and distant objects, the glow of my embellishing imagination, and then had reason to mourn over the different view in which they appeared to me when the sober realities of life had stript them of their delusive covering, and that they stood before me as they really were.

But was this infirmity of nature, and were these pernicious illusions confined to me alone? Were not my beloved companions of my walk in the Temple Garden, as liable to be deceived as I had been? Were they never to experience again illusions and delusions like those of the lamp? Was I alone exposed to be the victim of fancies which, though equally absurd, might not be so harmless nor so innocent? Alas! I could only answer the question with a peremptory *no*, especially as their youth was as yet in its prime, and they had not the shield of experience.

“Let me then,” said I to myself, “endeavour to impress the remembrance of our evening walk more deeply on their youthful minds, by committing an account of it to paper, and drawing a moral from the incident by which it was distinguished.”

Yes, dear young friends, I could not be satisfied till I had fulfilled this task; and often, since we parted, as I was wandering in distant scenes, that solitary lamp has beamed before my fancy, as if inviting me to finish my manuscript, and reproving me for my neglect.

The moral which I would draw from our adventure in the garden is this—the

necessity of checking every tendency to overrate the value of *persons*, *pursuits* and *things*, and the propriety of endeavouring to see them as they *really are*.

I would advise you to examine every thing with the discriminating and sober eye of truth—supplicating at the same time the God of all truth to bestow upon you what *He* alone can give—power to sift the wheat from the chaff, and to separate the gold from the dross.

But I must here observe that if, through the delusions of the imagination, we converted the inhabitant of the chamber into a Henry Kirke White, we might be equally under a delusion when we pronounced him to be an earthly-minded sensualist, because we saw his hand employed in lighting a segar—it does not follow that a man cannot be intellectual or spiritual-minded because he smokes segars. His health might require him to smoke; and though my first impressions were against the fancied student when you discovered his employment, a little reflection convinced me that we might only be exchanging one fallacy for another, and that we might still be as far removed from the truth as before.

Then, let me again presume to assure you, my beloved companions, and from my own painful *experience*, that you cannot be too much on your guard against hasty judgments of persons and things; believe me, that a lively imagination is the greatest of all enemies to that *true, sober, just* view of this world, its pleasures, its pain, its temptations, and its dangers, which constitutes our safety as we go along the path of life. But if our imagination will put in its claim to be occasionally indulged as well as our other faculties, let its powers be exercised where even its loftiest flights can be productive only of benefit and enjoyment, namely, in the glories of the unseen world, and on the greatness of Him, who is the light thereof.

The brightest dreams of fancy must fall far short of the reality of Him, and of His kingdom; for it is written, that “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.” Those glorious sources of admiration and interest can never, like our earthly idols, change and fade to our view, calling forth in us feelings of aversion, contempt and disgust, instead of love, confidence and respect; but while we contemplate *them*, we shall feel our hearts animated to desire, and encouraged to hope that, through faith in the Redeemer, we may at last be permitted to enter into those realms of glory where no

change comes, where "faith is lost in sight," and where we shall behold the face of Him "who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

The Keepsake.

TO A PEARL.

BY LORD PORCHESTER.

I have not seen thee shine in crowded hall
On gala night, 'mid gorgeous festival,
But thou wert to the southern stranger given
By the lone stream beneath a stormy heaven.
And, lady, when I took it from thy hand,
I deem'd there breathed no fairer in the land,
And thought when last I heard thee speak,
no mind
More pure was e'er in mortal mould enshrined.
At times athwart thy calm and passive brow,
A rich expression came, a sunny glow,
That well might seem engender'd by the sky,
That canopies the maids of Italy.
It told that young Romance, a lingering guest
Was still the inmate of thy chasten'd breast,
That fond illusive mood, which makes us
still
Forget, in promised pleasure, present ill;
That makes me now, though years have roll'd
away,
Cherish the mem'ry of that distant day,
And prize this relic of our friendship, far
Beyond the fabled gems of Istakhar.

EPIGRAMS.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

I asked my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay,
By what sweet name from Rome, or Greece.
Nææra, Laura, Daphne, Chloris,
Carina, Lalage, or Doris,
Dorimene, or Lucrece ?

—"Ah," replied my gentle fair ;
"Dear one, what are names but air ?—
Choose thou whatever suits the line ;
Call me Laura, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage, or Doris,
Only—only—call me *thine* !"

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad
thing
Did certain persons *die* before they sing.

DEATH OF THE LAIRD'S JOCK.

By the Author of *Waverley*.

BERNARD GILPIN, the apostle of the north, the first who undertook to preach the protestant doctrines to the Border dalesmen, was surprised, on entering one of their churches, to see a gauntlet or mail, glove hanging above the altar. Upon inquiring the meaning of a symbol so indecorous being displayed in that sacred place, he was informed by the clerk that the glove was that of a famous swordsman, who hung it there as an emblem of a general challenge and gage of battle, to any who should dare to take the fatal token down. "Reach it to me," said the reverend

church-man. The clerk and sexton equally declined the perilous office, and the good Bernard Gilpin was obliged to remove the glove with his own hands, desiring those who were present to inform the champion that he, and no other, had possessed himself of the gage of defiance. But the champion was as much ashamed to face Bernard Gilpin as the officials of the church had been to displace his pledge of combat.

The date of the following story is about the latter years of Queen Elizabeth's reign; and the events took place in Liddesdale, a hilly and pastoral district of Roxburghshire, which, on a part of its boundary, is divided from England only by a small river.

During the good old times of *rugging and riving* (that is, tugging and tearing,) under which term the disorderly doings of the warlike age are affectionately remembered, this valley was principally cultivated by the sept or clan of the Armstrongs. The chief of this warlike race was the Laird of Mangerton. At the period of which I speak, the estate of Mangerton, with the power and dignity of chief, was possessed by John Armstrong, a man of great size, strength, and courage. While his father was alive he was distinguished from others of his clan who bore the same name, by the epithet of the *Laird's Jock*, that is to say, the Laird's son Jock or Jack. This name he distinguished by so many bold and desperate achievements, that he retained it even after his father's death, and is mentioned under it both in authentic records and in tradition. Some of his feats are recorded in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and others mentioned in contemporary chronicles.

At the species of singular combat which we have described the Laird's Jock was unrivalled, and no champion of Cumberland, Westmoreland, or Northumberland could endure the sway of the huge two-handed sword which he wielded, and which few others could even lift. This "awful sword," as the common people term it, was as dear to him as *Durindana* or *Fushberta* to their respective masters, and was near as formidable to his enemies as those renowned falchions proved to the foes of Christendom. The weapon had been bequeathed to him by a celebrated English outlaw named *Hobbie Noble*, who, having committed some deed for which he was in danger from justice, fled to Liddesdale, and became a follower, or rather a brother-in-arms to the renowned *Laird's Jock*; till venturing into England with a small escort, a faithless guide, and with a light single-handed sword instead

of his ponderous brand, Hobbie Noble, attacked by superior numbers, was made prisoner and executed.

With this weapon and by means of his own strength and address, the Laird's Jock maintained the reputation of the best swordsman on the border-side, and defeated or slew many who ventured to dispute, with him the formidable title.

But years pass on with the strong and brave as with the feeble and the timid. In process of time, the Laird's Jock grew incapable of wielding his weapons, and finally of all active exertion, even of the most ordinary kind. The disabled champion became at length totally bed-ridden, and entirely dependent for his comfort on the pious duties of an only daughter, his perpetual attendant and companion.

Besides this dutiful child, the Laird's Jock had an only son, upon whom devolved the perilous task of leading the clan to battle, and maintaining the warlike renown of his native country which was now disputed by the English upon many occasions. The young Armstrong, was active, brave, and strong, and brought home from dangerous adventures many tokens of decided success. Still the ancient chief conceived, as it would seem, that his son was scarce yet entitled by age and experience to be intrusted with the two-handed sword, by the use of which he had himself been so dreadfully distinguished.

At length, an English champion, one of the name of Foster had the audacity to send a challenge to the best swordsman in Liddesdale; and young Armstrong, burning for chivalrous distinction accepted the challenge.

The heart of the disabled old man swelled with joy, when he heard that the challenge was past and accepted, and the meeting fixed at a neutral spot, used as the place of rencontre upon such occasions, and which he himself had distinguished by several victories. He exulted so much in the conquest which he anticipated, that to nerve his son to still bolder exertions he conferred upon him as champion of his clan and province, the celebrated weapon which he had hitherto retained in his own custody.

This was not all. When the day of combat arrived, the Laird's Jock, in spite of his daughter's affectionate remonstrances, determined, though he had not left his bed for two years, to be a personal witness of the duel. His will was still a law to his people; who bore him on their shoulders, wrapt in plaids and blankets, to the spot where the combat was to take place, and seated him on a fragment of

rock, which is still called the Laird Jock's stone. There he remained with eyes fixed on the lists or barrier, within which the champions were about to meet. His daughter, having done all she could for his accommodation, stood motionless beside him, divided between anxiety for his health, and for the event of the combat to her beloved brother. Ere yet the fight began, the old men gazed on their chief, now seen for the first time after several years, and sadly compared his altered features and wasted frame, with the paragon of strength and manly beauty which they had once remembered. The young gazed on his large form and powerful make, as upon some antediluvian giant who had survived the destruction of the deluge.

But the sound of the trumpets on both sides recalled the attention of every one to the lists, surrounded as they were by numbers of both nations, eager to witness the event of the day. The combatants met in the lists. It is needless to describe the struggle: the Scottish champion fell. Foster, placing his foot on his antagonist, seized on the redoubted sword, so precious in the eyes of its aged owner, and brandished it over his head as a trophy of his conquest. The English shouted in triumph. But the despairing cry of the aged champion, who saw his country dishonoured, and his sword, long the terror of their race in possession of an Englishman, was heard high above the acclamations of victory. He seemed for an instant animated with all his wonted power, for he started from the rock on which he sate, and while the garments with which he had been invested fell from his wasted frame, and showed the ruins of his strength, he tossed his arms wildly to heaven, and uttered a cry of indignation, horror, and despair, which, tradition says, was heard to a preternatural distance, and resembled the cry of a dying lion more than a human sound.

His friends received him in their arms as he sank utterly exhausted by the effort, and bore him back to his castle in mute sorrow; while his daughter at once wept for her brother, and endeavoured to mitigate and soothe the despair of her father. But this was impossible; the old man's only tie to life was rent rudely asunder, and his heart had broken with it.

The death of his son had no part in his sorrow: if he thought of him at all, it was as the degenerate boy, through whom the honour of his country and clan had been lost, and he died in the course of three days, never even mentioning his name, but pouring out unintermitted lamentations for the loss of his noble sword.

THE WARRIOR.—(From the Anniversary.)

His foot in the stirrup,
 His hands on the mane—
 He is up and away,
 Shall we see him again?
 He thinks on his ladye-love,
 Little he heeds
 The levelling of lances
 Or rushing of steeds:
 He thinks on his true love,
 And rides in an armour
 Of proof woven sure
 By the spells of his charmer.

How young and how comely—
 Lo! look on him now,
 How steadfast his eye
 And how tranquil his brow;
 The gift of his ladye-love
 Glitters full gay,
 As down, like the eagle,
 He pours on his prey.
 Go, sing it in song;
 And go tell it in story—
 He went in his strength
 And returned in his glory.

DECEMBER,

THOUGH the last month of the year, according to the three Roman Calendars, was not originally the twelfth month, as at present, till the time of Numa, who added January and February to the ten months, which constituted the Romulean year. According to the division of time as established by Romulus, the year commenced with March, consisting only of three hundred and four days. Numa's year began with January, and contained three hundred and fifty-five days. December, according to his calendar, comprised but twenty-nine days, and so it remained till the Dictatorship of Julius Cæsar, who, being aware of the disordered state of the Roman Calendar, thought it an object worthy of his attention; he, therefore, after the battle of Pharsalia, set about the reforming of it. The important task of effecting this desired and necessary improvement was intrusted in chief by him to Sosigenes, a learned astronomer of Alexandria, who performed the labour imposed on him so much to the satisfaction of the "mighty Julius," that he published an edict, commanding the reformation he had made in the Calendar to be used throughout the Roman empire. The improvement made by Sosigenes partly consisted in adding ten days to Numa's Calendar, which augmented the number to three hundred and sixty-five. These ten additional days were added to the months as follows:—January, August, and December each received two, and to April, June, September, and November was added one; the other five months remaining as they were. By this alteration December was increased to thirty-one days, as it at present remains. The flatterers of the odious tyrant Commodus gave it the name of *Amazonius*, in compliment to a mistress of the emperor, whom he had had painted in the dress of an *Amazon*: but this name was abolished after that monster's death. Our ancestors, the Saxons, according to Verstegan, called this month *winter-monat*, or winter-month; but after their conversion to Christianity, they termed it by the name of *heligh-monat*, or holy month. Another writer says, the Saxons, who could give more satisfactory reasons for the names of their months than we can for ours, styled it *Midwinter-monath*, from their entertaining an idea that when this month arrived, the winter was half over. During the continuance of the festive month of December, which was under the protection of Vesta, the Romans celebrated the following ceremonies and festivals, being permitted at this season to play at games of chance, which were forbidden at all other times.

The Festum Fortuna Muliebris, or festival of female fortune, was celebrated on the first of the month, to commemorate a war having ended on that day. On the fourth, sacrifices were offered to Minerva and Neptune. The fifth was devoted to the festival of the *Faunalia*. This feast was held in honour of Faunus, to whom a goat was sacrificed and libations of wine were made. On this day the peasantry indulged in feasting, merriment, and dancing. On the ninth, offerings were made to Juno Jugalis, as presiding over marriage. Under this character, she had an altar erected to her in one of the streets of Rome, which bore the name Vicus Jugarius, or street of yokes. The festival of the Agonalia, a feast held in honour of Janus, or Agonius, was celebrated for the third time in the year on the eleventh; this feast was first instituted by Numa. On the thirteenth, the ferix of Septimontium was celebrated, which was instituted at the enclosing of the seventh mount within the compass of the city; upon which occasion equestrian exercises were performed. The Consualia took place on the fifteenth. According to Livy, this festival was established by Romulus when he stole the Sabine virgins: upon the celebration of which the altar dedicated to Consus, the god of counsel, was freed from its covering, and sacrifices were offered upon it, attended with great illuminations and equestrian games. The Saturnalia commenced on the seventeenth. This solemn festival, one of the grandest observed by the Romans, was consecrated to Saturn, and at first lasted but one day, till the

time of Augustus, who ordered it to continue for three : afterwards the Sigillaria was coupled with it, which Martial affirms lengthened the festival for seven days. While the Saturnalian feast lasted, it was considered a time of unlimited freedom and gaiety; all business was suspended, nothing being attended to but pleasure. The debates of the senate ceased, the courts of law paused, and the academies were closed; all ranks of people, rich and poor, masters and slaves, were considered on an equality, and even the serving men had liberty to speak and act in whatever manner they pleased on this occasion, without rebuke from their masters. During this festival sacrifices were offered to Saturn bareheaded, contrary to the custom observed at other sacrifices. The statue of the god was freed from the woollen bands which enveloped it through the rest of the year, to commemorate the captivity to which he had been reduced by the Titans and Jupiter. The first establishment of the Saturnalia, Livy states, took place three years after the victory which Posthumius the Dictator obtained over the Latins, near the Lake Rigellium, in the year 257. Aulus Sempronius and M. Minutius Augurinus filling the consulship, after the reign of Tarquin, the celebrating of the Saturnalia was discontinued, but was resumed, by order of the Senate, during the second Punic war.

Four other festivals were connected and formed a part of it; these were the Opalia, the Sigillaria, the Larentalia, and the Juvenalia. The Opalia was in honour of the Goddess Ops or Cybele, and was held on the eighteenth. The Sigillaria took place on the nineteenth. This festival derived its name from the custom of persons presenting to their friends small figures of copper, silver, gold, and even clay. Similar figures were offered to Pluto on this occasion, and tapers to Saturn. The Larentalia was held in memory of Acca Laurentia, the foster mother of Romulus and Remus, and wife of the shepherd Faustulus. The twenty-third was the time appointed for its celebration. The Juvenalia, which took place on the following day, was instituted by Caligula.

Between the commencement and the conclusion of the Saturnalia, the Angeronalia and the Lararia or Compitalia was observed. The first of these fell on the twentieth, and was dedicated to Angerona, the goddess of silence. The latter was solemnized on the twenty-second, in honour of the Gods Lares. On which day honied wine was offered to Hercules and Venus. The twenty-seventh, and two subsequent days were devoted to the offering of sacrifices to Phœbus. At the latter end of the month they had the festival of the Juveniles Ludi; at which time the husbandmen kept the Feast of the Vacunalia in the open fields, having then gathered their fruits and sown their corn. At this festival the Goddess Vacuna, who presided over repose and labour, was invoked.

This month the sun continues in the sign Sagittarius until the morning of the twenty-first, when it enters Capricorn.

Our remarks on the natural appearances of December having been anticipated in the observations on November, what remains for us to say will be brief. Shakspeare calls this month "dark December," and surely no signification was ever more aptly applied, the short gloomy days of the winter solstice being truly deserving of the term. But this month, gloomy though it be, brings a season, described by Lamb, in his 'Mirror of the Months,' as "coming all the year (like a waiter at an inn), which amply repays us for the shrewd and biting storms of snow and sleet, and the drizzling rains which we are compelled to bear, often to the discomfiture of our feelings and the outward man. The season to which we allude, all our readers, we are sure, look forward to with the same never-failing emotions of pleasure as ourselves, hailing the happy and joyous period that makes men happy, and brings but one regret, which crosses the mind in the ideal form of a wish that whispers, would that this time could oftener come; but, alas! it cannot be; and if it were, the charm would be destroyed; for where should we find the characteristics which tells us that it is really Christmas that is with us. The following lines, with which we close our page, are a happy illustration of some of the festivities of the approaching hallowed season, which we hope will be enjoyed by all our patrons without alloy.

On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
 That only night in all the year
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
 The hall was dressed with holly green;
 Forth to the wood did merry men go
 To gather in the mistletoe.
 Then opened wide the baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Nov. 30	SUN.	St. Andrew, (Advent Sun.) LESS. for the DAY 1 c. Isaiah, morn 24 ————— even	Nov. 30	St. Andrew, who is regarded as the tutelar saint of bonnie Scotland, was the younger brother of Simon Peter, the first apostle who joined our Saviour; he was condemned to be crucified on a cross of the form of an X, A. D. 339. This day is also the anniversary of the ancient order of the thistle, which was first instituted by Achaius, king of Scotland, in 787.
Dec. 1.	Mon.	St. Eligius. High Water, 55m. aft. 8 morn. 25 ————— 9 aft.	Dec. 1	This saint who was born at Catalat about the year 588, is regarded as the patron of blacksmiths. He became bishop of the sees of Noyon and Tournay in 649; after having discharged his arduous task for nineteen years with the utmost zeal and ability, he was favoured with the foresight of his death, which happened on this day, A. D. 659, in the 71st year of his age. 1135.—On this day Henry I. surnamed Beanclerc, surfeited himself with Lampreys at Lyons, near Rouen, in Normandy, and died æt. 68; his body was brought over to England and buried at Reading.
— 2	Tues.	St. Bibiana. Sun ris. 58m af. 7 — sets 3 ——— 4	— 2	This virgin saint, who was a native of Rome, was sentenced to be tied to a pillar and scourged to death, A. D. 363, during the period when Aproianus governed Rome. 1697.—The first performance of service in the Cathedral church of St. Paul's took place on this day. The first church of St. Paul was built in 610, by Ethelbert, King of Kent, on the foundation of an old temple of Diana, and burnt 964; rebuilt 1240, having been 150 years building; the steeple fired by lightning 1443; rebuilt, having been in great part consumed by fire, 1631; totally destroyed by the great fire of London in 1666; first stone of the present structure laid 1681; finished 1710; having taken twenty-nine years in the erection, and cost 1,000,000£. The iron balustrades round the church-yard are said to measure three furlongs and one fifth.
— 3	Wed.	St. Lucius. High Water, 53m. aft. 10morn 25 ————— aft. 11	— 3	St. Lucius, King of South Britain, is said to have been the first christian monarch of the world. He was the son of Collus or Coel, the seventh British king, and sealed his faith with his blood in Germany A.D. 182. Lucius was the founder of the church of St. Peter's in Cornhill, the first christian and cathedral church in London.
— 4	Thurs.	St. Chrysologus. Sun ris. 0m aft 8 — sets 0 ——— 4	— 4	This saint was bishop of Ravenna, which see he governed with great prudence. He died A.D. 450. 1664.—On this day James Duke of York, brother of Charles II. when Lord High Admiral, destroyed 133 ships of the Bordeaux fleet.
— 5	Frid.	St. Nicetius. High Water. 25m. 0h. morn. 53 ————— aft.	— 5	Our Saint was bishop of Triers. He died A.D. 566. 1759.—On this day Dr. John Shebbeare the physician and political writer was pilloried, for writing the Seventh Letter to the people of England. After this disgrace, on the accession of George III, he obtained a pension from Lord Bute. Dr. Smollett has introduced him in no very favourable light, under the name of Ferret in Sir Launcelot Greaves, and Hogarth made him one of the group in the third election print. Dr. Shebbeare was the author of Chrysal, or the adventures of a Guinea, and many voluminous works on politics, history, and medicine.
— 6	Satur.	St. Nicholas. Sun ris. 1m aft 8 — sets 59 ——— 3	— 6	Our saint, who is considered as the patron of virgins, children, and sailors, was a native of Pataro in Lycia. He was made archbishop of Myra by Constantine the Great; in which exalted station he was famed for his piety. He died A.D. 343. 1718.—Died on this day Nicholas Rowe, (ÆT. 44) the poet and dramatic writer; of whose many dramatic pieces, none but Jane Shore and the Fair Penitent (an unfair adaptation of Massinger's Fatal Dowry) hold a place on the stage.



See Page 358.

Illustrated Article.

THE TAPESTRIED CHAMBER; OR, THE LADY IN THE SACQUE.

For the following interesting tale, bearing the above title, by the author of *Waverley*, with which we season our pages in a somewhat abridged form, we are indebted to the *KEEPSAKE*, one of the richest and rarest volumes ever given to the public, whether considered as to its literary or graphic departments; and we believe as to the number of its original contributors, the proprietor may boast of its being unique; for, as far as our knowledge goes, we do not think that the whole *Annals of Publishing* furnishes another instance of a single volume of three hundred and sixty pages possessing such a brilliant catalogue of names, (nearly forty,) of talented writers, as does the one under notice.

If liberality and strenuous exertion on the part of a proprietor, to procure men eminent in art and literature, have any

claim upon public attention, then, the adventurous and fearless speculator, who has produced to the world this triumph of science and art, is highly entitled to a large share of it; and we sincerely hope that his remuneration will be as ample as are the merits of his splendid *tome*.

ABOUT the end of the American war, when the officers of Lord Cornwallis's army, which surrendered at York-town, and others, who had been made prisoners during the impolitic and ill-fated controversy, were returning to their own country, to relate their adventures, and repose themselves, after their fatigues, there was amongst them a general officer, named Browne. He was an officer of merit, as well as a gentleman of high consideration for family and attainments.

Some business had carried General Browne upon a tour through the western counties, when, in the conclusion of a morning stage, he found himself in the vicinity of a small country town, presenting a scene of uncommon beauty, situate amidst pastures and corn-fields, of small

extent, bounded and divided by hedge-row timber of great age and size,—with its stately old church, the tower of which bore testimony to the devotion of ages long past.

Upon a gentle eminence, nearly a mile to the southward of the town, were seen, amongst many venerable oaks and tangled thickets, the turrets of a castle, as old as the wars of York and Lancaster, but which seemed to have received important alterations during the age of Elizabeth and her successor. It had not been a place of great size; but whatever accommodation it formerly afforded, was, it must be supposed, still to be obtained within its walls; at least, such was the inference which General Browne drew from observing the smoke arise merrily from several of the ancient wreathed and carved chimney-stalks.

The general, delighted with the partial glimpses which he was able to obtain of the castle, through the woods and glades by which this ancient feudal fortress was surrounded, determined to inquire whether it might not deserve a nearer view, and whether it contained family pictures or

other objects of curiosity worthy of a stranger's visit; when, leaving the vicinity of the park, he rolled through a clean and well-paved street, and stopped at the door of a well-frequented inn.

Before ordering horses to proceed on his journey, General Browne made inquiries concerning the proprietor of the chateau which had so attracted his admiration; and was equally surprised and pleased at hearing in reply a nobleman named, whom we shall call Lord Woodville. How fortunate! Much of Browne's early recollections both at school, and at college, had been connected with young Woodville, whom, by a few questions, he now ascertained to be the same with the owner of this fair domain. He had been raised to the peerage by the decease of his father a few months before; and, as the general learned from the landlord, the term of mourning being ended, was now taking possession of his paternal estate, in the jovial season of merry autumn, accompanied by a select party of friends to enjoy the sports of a country famous for game.

This was delightful news to our traveller. Frank Woodville had been Richard

Browne's fag at Eton, and his chosen intimate at Christ Church; their pleasures and their tasks had been the same; and the honest soldier's heart warmed to find his early friend in possession of so delightful a residence, and of an estate, as the landlord assured him with a nod and a wink, fully adequate to maintain and add to his dignity. Nothing was more natural than that the traveller should suspend a journey, which there was nothing to render hurried, to pay a visit to an old friend under such agreeable circumstances.

The fresh horses, therefore, had only the brief task of conveying the general's travelling carriage to Woodville Castle. A porter admitted them at a modern gothic lodge, built in that style to correspond with the castle itself, and at the same time rang a bell to give warning of the approach of visitors. Apparently the sound of the bell had suspended the separation of the company, bent on the various amusements of the morning; for, on entering the court of the chateau, several young men were lounging about in their sporting dresses, looking at, and criticising the dogs which the keepers held in readiness to attend their pastime. As General Browne alighted, the young lord came to the gate of the hall, and for an instant gazed, as at a stranger, upon the countenance of his friend, on which, war, with its fatigues and its wounds, had made a great alteration. But the uncertainty lasted no longer than till the visitor had spoken, and the hearty greeting which followed was such as can only be exchanged betwixt those, who have passed together the merry days of careless boyhood or early youth.

"If I could have formed a wish, my dear Browne," said Lord Woodville, "it would have been to have you here, of all men, upon this occasion, which my friends are good enough to hold as a sort of holiday. Do not think you have been unwatched during the years you have been absent from us. I have traced you through your dangers, your triumphs, your misfortunes, and was delighted to see that, whether in victory or defeat, the name of my old friend was always distinguished with applause."

The general made a suitable reply, and congratulated his friend on his new dignities, and the possession of a place and domain so beautiful.

"Nay, you have seen nothing of it as yet," said Lord Woodville, "and I trust you do not mean to leave us till you are better acquainted with it. It is true, I confess, that my present party is pretty large, and the old house, like other places of the kind, does not possess so much ac-

commodation as the extent of the outward walls appears to promise. But we can give you a comfortable old-fashioned room, and I venture to suppose that your campaigns have taught you to be glad of worse quarters."

The general shrugged his shoulders, and laughed; "I presume," he said, "the worst apartment in your chateau is considerably superior to the old tobacco-cask, in which I was fain to take up my night's lodging when I was in the Bush, as the Virginians call it, with the light corps. There I lay, like Diogenes himself, so delighted with my covering from the element that I made a vain attempt to have it rolled on to my next quarters; but my commander for the time would give way to no such luxurious provision, and I took farewell of my beloved cask with tears in my eyes."

"Well, then, since you do not fear your quarters," said Lord Woodville, "you will stay with me a week at least. Of guns, dogs, fishing-rods, flies, and means of sport by sea and land, we have enough and to spare; you cannot pitch on an amusement but we will find the means of pursuing it. But if you prefer the gun and pointers, I will go with you myself, and see whether you have mended your shooting since you have been amongst the Indians of the back settlements.

The general gladly accepted his friendly host's proposal in all its points. After a morning of manly exercise, the company met at dinner, where it was the delight of Lord Woodville to conduce to the display of the high properties of his recovered friend, so as to recommend him to his guests, most of whom were persons of distinction. He led General Browne to speak of the scenes he had witnessed; and as every word marked alike the brave officer and the sensible man, who retained possession of his cool judgment under the most imminent danger, the company looked upon the soldier with general respect, as on one who had proved himself possessed of an uncommon portion of personal courage; that attribute of all others, of which every body desires to be thought possessed.

The day at Woodville Castle ended as usual in such mansions. The hospitality stopped within the limits of good order; music, in which the young lord was a proficient, succeeded to the circulation of the bottle; cards and billiards, for those who preferred such amusements, were in readiness; but the exercise of the morning required early hours, and not long after eleven o'clock, the guests began to retire to their several apartments.

The young lord himself conducted his friend, General Browne, to the chamber destined for him, which answered the description he had given of it, being comfortable, but old-fashioned. The bed was of the massive form used in the end of the seventeenth century, and the curtains of faded silk, heavily trimmed with tarnished gold. But then the sheets, pillows, and blankets looked delightful to the campaigner, when he thought of his "mansion, the cask." There was an air of gloom in the tapestry hangings, which with their worn-out graces, curtained the walls of the little chamber, and gently undulated as the autumnal breeze found its way through the ancient lattice-window, which pattered and whistled as the air gained entrance. The toilette, too, with its mirror, turbaned, after the manner of the beginning of the century, with a coiffure of murrey-coloured silk, and its hundred strange shaped boxes, providing for arrangements which had been obsolete for more than fifty years, had an antique, and in so far, a melancholy aspect. But nothing could blaze more brightly and cheerfully than the two large wax candles; or if aught could rival them, it was the flaming bickering faggots in the chimney, that sent at once their gleam and their warmth through the snug apartment; which, notwithstanding the general antiquity of its appearance, was not wanting in the least convenience that modern habits rendered either necessary or desirable.

"This is an old-fashioned sleeping apartment, general," said the young lord, "but I hope you find nothing that makes you envy your old tobacco-cask."

"I am not particular respecting my lodgings," replied the general; "yet were I to make any choice, I would prefer this chamber by many degrees, to the gayer and more modern rooms of your family mansion. Believe me, that when I unite its modern air of comfort with its venerable antiquity, and recollect that it is your lordship's property, I shall feel in better quarters here, than if I were in the best hotel London could afford."

"I trust—I have no doubt—that you will find yourself as comfortable as I wish you, my dear general," said the young nobleman; and once more bidding his guest good night, he shook him by the hand, and withdrew.

The general once more looked round him, and internally congratulating himself on his return to peaceful life, the comforts of which were enhanced by the recollection of the hardships and dangers he had lately sustained, undressed himself, and prepared for a luxurious night's rest.

Here, contrary to the custom of this species of tale, we leave the general in possession of his apartment until the next morning.

The company assembled for breakfast at an early hour, but without the appearance of General Browne, who seemed the guest that Lord Woodville was desirous of honouring above all whom his hospitality had assembled round him. He more than once expressed surprise at the general's absence, and at length sent a servant to make inquiry after him. The man brought back information that General Browne had been walking abroad since an early hour of the morning, in defiance of the weather, which was misty and ungenial.

"The custom of a soldier," said the young nobleman to his friends; "many of them acquire habitual vigilance, and cannot sleep after the early hour at which their duty usually commands them to be alert."

Yet the explanation which Lord Woodville then offered to the company seemed hardly satisfactory to his own mind, and it was in a fit of silence and abstraction that he awaited the return of the general. It took place near an hour after the breakfast bell had rung. He looked fatigued and feverish. His hair, the powdering and arrangement of which was at this time one of the most important occupations of a man's whole day, and marked his fashion as much as, in the present time, the tying of a cravat, or the want of one, was dishevelled, uncurled, void of powder, and dank with dew. His clothes were huddled on with a careless negligence, remarkable in a military man, whose real or supposed duties are usually held to include some attention to the toilette; and his looks were haggard and ghastly in a peculiar degree.

"So you have stolen a march upon us this morning, my dear general," said Lord Woodville; "or you have not found your bed so much to your mind as I had hoped and you seemed to expect. How did you rest last night?"

"Oh, excellently well! remarkably well! never better in my life," said General Browne rapidly, and yet with an air of embarrassment which was obvious to his friend. He then hastily swallowed a cup of tea, and, neglecting or refusing whatever else was offered, seemed to fall into a fit of abstraction."

"You will take the gun to-day, general?" said his friend and host, but had to repeat the question twice ere he received the abrupt answer, "No, my lord; I am sorry I cannot have the honour of spending another day with your lordship; my

post horses are ordered, and will be here directly."

All who were present showed surprise, and Lord Woodville immediately replied, "Post horses, my good friend! what can you possibly want with them, when you promised to stay with me quietly for at least a week?"

"I believe," said the general, obviously much embarrassed, "that I might, in the pleasure of my first meeting with your lordship, have said something about stopping here a few days; but I have since found it altogether impossible."

"That is very extraordinary," answered the young nobleman. "You seemed quite disengaged yesterday, and you cannot have had a summons to-day; for our post has not come up from the town, and therefore you cannot have received any letters."

General Browne, without giving any further explanation, muttered something of indispensable business, and insisted on the absolute necessity of his departure in a manner which silenced all opposition on the part of his host, who saw that his resolution was taken, and forbore all further importunity.

"At least, however," he said, "permit me, my dear Browne, since go you will or must, to show you the view from the terrace, which the mist, that is now rising, will soon display."

He threw open a sash-window, and stepped down upon the terrace as he spoke. The general followed him mechanically, but seemed little to attend to what his host was saying, as, looking across an extended and rich prospect, he pointed out the different objects worthy of observation. Thus they moved on till Lord Woodville had attained his purpose of drawing his guest entirely apart from the rest of the company, when, turning round upon him with an air of great solemnity, he addressed him thus:

"Richard Browne, my old and very dear friend, we are now alone. Let me conjure you to answer me upon the word of a friend, and the honour of a soldier. How did you in reality rest during last night?"

"Most wretchedly indeed, my lord," answered the general, in the same tone of solemnity;—"so miserably, that I would not run the risk of such a second night, not only for all the lands belonging to this castle, but for all the country which I see from this elevated point of view."

"This is most extraordinary," said the young lord, as if speaking to himself; "then there must be something in the reports concerning that apartment." Again turning to the general, he said, "For

God's sake, my dear friend, be candid with me, and let me know the disagreeable particulars which have befallen you under a roof where you should have met nothing save comfort."

The general seemed distressed by this appeal, and paused a moment before he replied. "My dear lord," he at length said, "what happened to me last night is of a nature so peculiar and so unpleasant, that I could hardly bring myself to detail it even to your lordship, were it not that, independent of my wish to gratify any request of yours, I think that sincerity on my part may lead to some explanation about a circumstance equally painful and mysterious. To others, the communication I am about to make, might place me in the light of a weak-minded, superstitious fool, who suffered his own imagination to delude and bewilder him; but you have known me in childhood and youth, and will not suspect me of having adopted in manhood, the feelings and frailties from which my early years were free." Here he paused, and his friend replied:

"Do not doubt my perfect confidence in the truth of your communication, however strange it may be," replied Lord Woodville; "I know your firmness of disposition too well, to suspect you could be made the object of imposition, and am aware that your honour and your friendship will equally deter you from exaggerating whatever you may have witnessed."

"Well then," said the general, "I will proceed with my story as well as I can, relying upon your candour; and yet distinctly feeling that I would rather face a battery than recall to my mind the odious recollections of last night."

He paused a second time, and then perceiving that Lord Woodville remained silent and in an attitude of attention, he related as follows the history of his night adventures in the Tapestry Chamber.

"I undressed and went to bed, so soon as your lordship left me yesterday evening; but the wood in the chimney, which nearly fronted my bed, blazed brightly and cheerfully, and, aided by a hundred exciting recollections of my childhood and youth, which had been recalled by the unexpected pleasure of meeting your lordship, prevented me from falling immediately asleep. I ought, however, to say that these reflections were all of a pleasant and agreeable kind, grounded on a sense of having for a time exchanged the labour, fatigues, and dangers of my profession, for the enjoyments of a peaceful life, and the reunion of those friendly and affectionate ties, which I had torn asunder at the rude summons of war.

“While such pleasing reflections were stealing over my mind, and gradually lulling me to slumber, I was suddenly aroused by a sound like that of the rustling of a silken gown, and the tapping of a pair of high-heeled shoes, as if a woman were walking in the apartment. Ere I could draw the curtain to see what the matter was, the figure of a little woman passed between the bed and the fire. The back of this form was turned to me, and I could observe, from the shoulders and neck, it was that of an old woman, whose dress was an old-fashioned gown, which, I think, ladies call a *sacque*; that is, a sort of robe completely loose in the body, but gathered into broad plaits upon the neck and shoulders, which fall down to the ground, and terminate in a species of train.

“I thought the intrusion singular enough, but never harboured for a moment the idea that what I saw was any thing more than the mortal form of some old woman about the establishment, who had a fancy to dress like her grandmother, and who, having perhaps been dislodged from her chamber for my accommodation, had forgotten the circumstance, and returned by twelve, to her old haunt. Under this persuasion I moved myself in bed and coughed a little, to make the intruder sensible of my being in possession of the premises.—She turned slowly round, but, gracious heaven! my lord, what a countenance did she display to me! There was no longer any question what she was, or any thought of her being a living being. Upon a face which wore the fixed features of a corpse, were imprinted the traces of the vilest and most hideous passions which had animated her while she lived. The body of some atrocious criminal seemed to have been given up from the grave, and the soul restored from the penal fire, in order to form, for a space, an union with the ancient accomplice of its guilt. I started up in bed, and sat upright, supporting myself on my palms, as I gazed on this horrible spectre. The hag made, as it seemed, a one single and swift stride to the bed where I lay, and squatted herself down upon it, in precisely the same attitude which I had assumed in the extremity of my horror, advancing her diabolical countenance within half a yard of mine, with a grin which seemed to intimate the malice and the derision of an incarnate fiend.”

(The conclusion in our next.)

The Cecilians.—No. 6.

(For the Olio.)

MISS GRAY AND MRS. BARTON.

The sex that best does music understand,
And sisters in the realms of Albion's land.

WHAT the Mr. Nightingales are as brothers, Miss Gray and Mrs. Barton are, as sisters, in their respective talents to the Cecilian Society.* Indeed, female vocalists, with capabilities for ancient music, are almost as rare as aloe blossoms—many females though there be, that possess most of the essentials, but who do not thoroughly love the difficult songs and duets in Handel's Oratorios, if a few of their favourites are excepted.—The true love of melody, and of this kind too, seems to have strengthened with Miss Gray's strength and grown with her growth, in the musical hemisphere of sacred feeling.

If practice has not made her perfect in the science to which she is so meritoriously attached, the improvement she has shewn by the tasteful and correct manner in which she executes pieces of great difficulty, is at once gratifying, and insures her a large portion of friendly and critical approval. A good vocalist, like a good actor, is quite at home with the allotted part, and hence with the audience.† Miss Gray's voice is sufficiently good. Like the lark, she does not always soar into the highest element, nor “ever and anon” remain bound, as it were, to her native turf. The “happy medium” is the more frequent course she takes, and in which, perhaps, she most excels.—Without pretending to the loftiness of Mara, the range of Billington—the “I've been roaming” notes of Catalani—she possesses purity of tone, unimitative; and her style and execution are her own. A greater infliction can scarcely happen to a

* Amongst the booty that Cyrus ordered to be set apart for his uncle Cyaxares, mention is made of two female musicians, very skilful in their profession, who accompanied a lady at Susa, and were taken prisoners with her.

† Socrates himself, in a very advanced age, was not ashamed of learning to play upon musical instruments. Themistocles, however otherwise esteemed, was thought deficient in polite accomplishments, because at an entertainment he could not touch the lyre like the rest of the company. Epaminondas was praised for dancing and playing well upon the flute. The Romans were far from having the same opinion with the Greeks with regard to music and dancing, and set no value upon them. And Philip's expression to his son, Alexander, who had shewn too much skill in music at a feast, induces me to be of this opinion—‘Are you not ashamed,’ said he, ‘to sing so well?’

vocalist than not being *felt* by the accompaniments—whether the voice be bad, indifferent, or good, it is really a misfortune of no mean consequence. Those persons who have seen, or heard, Mr. Cramer in an orchestra, can appreciate our allusion. We regret to say, very few, if any, of the instrumental performers who accompany Miss Gray, attend to the graces of her songs, or improve them by their habitual exercise. Feeling, even to a sympathy, in every principal instrumental piano, ought, like the rays on a waterfall, to add lustre, and unite in the effect of beauty and perfection. In Albion Hall we have observed the “crashing system” carried most exemplary into fashion by those gentlemen whose better judgment might alleviate, and whose duties ought most certainly to produce cadence, rather than cut it into discord. But more of this hereafter. In her person Miss Gray is at all times neat, and she sets a pattern to ladies (who are apt to “bedizen themselves out,”*) in her dress, which is very becoming, and in perfect keeping with the nature of the place and performance. Her figure, too, is genteel, and it partakes of none of the masculine character which is the aboriginal nature of the “Lancashire Ladies.” It would be superfluous to mark particular songs, as “I know that my Redeemer”—“Oh had I Jubal’s lyre,” or “Pious airs,” which this lady sings, because she is, an “at sight” songstress, various, easy and harmonic. Had her career been trained by an eminent professor, or had she been apprenticed, as it is termed, to music, greater things might have been done.† But having said so much already, in candour, and with the same pleasure, we return to the title of this paper, and are reminded of Mrs. Barton, who forms our

duet in writing, as well as engages our attention in hearing. If this lady is not so scientific, nor has a voice so powerful as her sister, she inherits great sweetness and shakes very prettily. Her notes are uncommonly well told and exquisite, with those of Miss Gray in the ‘Wavy Corn.’ Mrs. Barton is at once modest and prepossessing, and unites many of the qualities of which a musical partner might be proud to harmonise in the domestic occurrences of life, and in which, “Conubial felicity,” is “Dear liberty!” when sounding the loud “Timbrel.”‡

While fashionable and highly excited audiences are disappointed, even to distraction and fainting, by the coquetry, and hoarsenesses, and indispositions of the Patons, Vestrises, and other “Loves of the Angels,” the Cecilians, and their friendly auditors, have rarely a complaint of absenteeism in the willing and obliging constancies of their vocalists, and particularly of those we have embraced,—we do not mean otherwise than, with our pen.

MUSCULUS.

IN MEMORY OF JOHNNY ARMSTRONG.
(For the Olio.)

After fifty-four years earning dutiful bread,
And discharging with zeal the repose of his trust;
Johnny Armstrong, the terror of thousands, is dead,—
In his eighty-fourth year, he’s laid down in the dust.

By his double cross-eye that was dark as ’twas keen;
By his crumplet-mark’d face, nearly beardless to shave;
By the gait of his progress, the crown partly seen
Peeping out of his pocket, for burglar, or knave,

He was daring and firm in the heat of the fray,
He was foremost to grasp in the course of his track;
And he took more to Justice than aught in his day,
And the Worship-street worships ne’er turn’d Johnny back.

* We are by no means desirous to see ladies otherwise than ornamental, and fashionable too, even to a folly: but we have observed the strictest care to an appropriate costume in the female singers at that prince of the ancients, the Hanover Rooms, and which is imitated at other concerts, most reputably, to feminine appearances. Her ladyship, as an auditoress, is allowed by courtesy to flirt her fan, toss her plume, and tattle small nonsense in bad French and worse English; but quietness and chaste repose are orchestral requisites, and the Italian vocalists, who are often bending in the weight of their costly jewels and pearls, generally simplify their dresses in their concertal engagements.

† Pericles first introduced the prize of music; and it was highly glorious to be declared victor in the contest. Æschylus is reported to have died with grief upon seeing the prize adjudged to Sophocles, who was much younger than himself. When will the Cecilians persevere in emulative contests?

‡ The Oracle of Dodona, a city of the Molossians in Epirus, was much celebrated;—where Jupiter gave answers, either by vocal oaks or doves, which had also their language, or by resounding basins of brass, or by the mouths of priests and priestesses: hence the origin of sounding the brass to detain the bees in their swarming. Certain instruments were fastened on the tops of oaks, which being shaken by the wind, or by some other means, gave a confused sound. Servius observes, that the same word in the Thessalian language, signifies *dove* and *prophetess*, which had given room for the fabulous tradition of doves that spoke; intimating also, that though the beating of brass produced inarticulate sounds, it was the dove of peace that spoke.

Jerry Abershaw, trembling, was caught by his
ken :
Huffey White, by his force, was consigned
to the law ;
And Barrington, thought the genteelest of men,
Most politely submitted, when Johnny he
saw.

There was Holloway, noted for crime on the
Heath,
And the black-hearted Haggerty, murd'ers
of Steale !
After conflicts, when Johnny shewed steel
from his sheath,
Gave their prowess as nought by the trip of
his heel.

He cuffed not the ear, but his cuffs on the wrist
Which to ' have and to hold,' would to
safety convey ;
And the culprits, who mutter'd in vain to resist
Went to Hulk, to the wheel, for the lash,
or the Bay.

With the Leet and the barrow, the clipper and
scale,
He paraded and cut weights and measures in
twain ;
That where cheating prevail'd, his research
should not fail
To keep rogues from the *light*, over careful
of gain.

Rare Johnny !—His fame to the Indies has
stretch'd,
And the living Grim Joey his pranks has
played o'er ;
But that fetch who comes after us all, DEATH !
has fetch'd
Him the sire of police, that is *arm-strong*
no more ! P.

BLACK WILL.

Continued from page 316.

WE must now return to the ruffian
Will, who was conveyed to a strong room
in a turret on the east wing of the castle.
After dressing his patient's wound, father
Alwyn proceeded to the room in which
the ruffian was confined, in the hope that
he would receive some ghostly comfort.
He found Will sitting on a log, and whist-
ling a tune with the most perfect indiffer-
ence ; he was secured by the ankle by a
heavy iron chain fastened by a staple to
the wall, but his hands and arms were
left at liberty.

" Well, Sir Priest," growled the ruf-
fian, " what dost thou seek ?"

" To prepare thee for another state,"
replied the monk.

" Then let us have a stoup of wine
ere thou beginnest," returned Will, " for
my throat is horribly parched, and I am
not fit to talk or pray 'till I have wetted
it."

" Shame on thee, thou scoffer," re-
plied the monk, " think not on the things
of this world, but prepare to meet thy

fate ; for in a few hours thou wilt quit
this world, and stand before the judgment
seat of God—repent thee of thy crimes,
and throw thyself at the foot of the cross,
for mercy in this world thou can'st never
hope to find."

" Nor mercy will I ever crave from
aught born of woman," replied the ruf-
fian. " I fear not the vengeance of thy
lord, let him do his worst."

" Wilt thou confess, then, and be shri-
ven of thy sins ?"

" No !" thundered Will. " I fear not
to die ; cowards only have the axe and
the gallows before their eyes, but they
will never fright me ; my time is not yet
come ; and if it were, the hangman will
not have my doublet ; for hearkee,

" Lance or partizan or brand,
Wielded by any mortal hand,
'Thou may'st never fear ;
Nor bow of yew, nor staff of ash,
Nor sturdy bill-man's deadly gash,
Nor hangman's hempen gear."

No, no, tough hemp nor sharp steel will
never harm Will Hamlyn, so get thee
away, Sir Priest—I want not thy com-
pany."

" Shame on thee : repent and be shriv-
ed : the blood of the poor fletcher, on
whose body thou did'st do so vile and
cowardly a murder, cries aloud for ven-
geance !"

" Get thee gone," cried Will, in a
voice almost inarticulate with passion ;—
" Tramp off, or may the fiend rive me if
I do not spoil thy sermon."

" Then God have mercy on thy soul !"
ejaculated the monk ; and closing the
door, he retired. On the following morn-
ing, a servant was sent with some food to
Will's prison, when on opening the door,
he was astonished to find the room empty.
The chain by which the ruffian had been
secured was broken ; and one of the iron
bars of the window having been forced
away, he had got clear off. Sir John
sharply reprimanded his men for not plac-
ing the ruffian in stronger confinement.
He visited Blount frequently, and desired
that he should receive every attention.
Blount's wound healed fast, and he daily
gained strength. Bertha visited him often,
and Father Alwyn was not long in per-
ceiving that his patient's pulse changed,
and his colour went whenever she entered
the room. This gave the good monk no
little uneasiness, as he foresaw the con-
sequence of its being discovered by Sir
John ; he therefore, one day, while sitting
alone with Blount, mentioned his suspi-
cions. Blount coloured deeply, while the
monk said—

" Alas, then, 'tis too true that thou

hast suffered the beauty of this maiden to lead thee from thy duty ; fye on thee, my son ; this is but a poor requital for Sir John's kindness."

"Forgive me, father," replied Blount, "I have not neglected my duty since I entered the service of Sir John ; and God forbend that I should repay his bounty with ingratitude ; 'tis too true that the charms of my beautiful mistress have created in my breast feelings which I was before a stranger to. Oh, woe the day when I first beheld her at the tournament in the Chepe ! there did she eclipse all the beauties of the court. Father, hast thou ever loved ? Perchance thou hast, for thou wert once young. If thou hast not, I cannot paint to thee the pangs which I have felt, and thou can'st not sorrow with one so wretched. Had it not been my lot to have met with that ruffian Will, I should, ere this, have left Sir John, and bade adieu to my heart's idol ; for I well know 'tis madness to remain here ; I love Bertha, but——"

As he spoke this, Sir John burst into the room, his countenance crimsoned with rage, and his eyes flashing vengeance.

"Thou base hind," cried he, "am I bearded in mine own house ? Thus then I spill thy base blood to wash out the damning insult thou would'st put upon me." As he spoke, with his left hand he dragged Blount from his pallet, and unsheathed his sword with his right. Blount, enfeebled by his illness, could make no resistance, and Sir John, dashing him to the ground, raised his arm to pierce him through, when the monk sprung forward, and rendered desperate by the danger of his patient, clung to the knight, crying—"Hold, my son, forbear!—why this madness?" But Sir John heeded him not, and vainly endeavoured to shake him off : the monk held him tightly.

"Madman," cried he, "why dost thou seek to shed the blood of this youth?—What crime has he committed, that thou should'st desire his life?"

"Unhand me, father," cried Sir John ; "unhand me ; by the mass he dies this instant !"

"I will not," cried the monk, "so long as my old frame will hold out. Put up thy sword and leave the room. I will come to thee and explain all. Shame, shame on thy knighthood ! would'st thou slay thy servant ?"

This reproach had the effect of appeasing in some degree the knight's anger, and sheathing his sword he said to Blount, "Look to thyself, sirrah, we must have a reckoning, and that right early."—He then left the room, but suddenly returned, and continued,—"If I hear aught of her

that thou hast dared to talk of love, I'll have thee torn asunder by my horses." He then passed out, and meeting a servant, he said, "Seek thy mistress ; she is in the close adjoining the park, bid her attend me instantly." The man obeyed, and Sir John hurried to his own room.

Father Alwyn assisted Blount to regain his pallet, on which he sunk exhausted. "I must now leave thee," said the monk, "be of good cheer, I will appease Sir John's wrath. He left Blount, and proceeded to the knight's room, and found him pacing up and down the apartment in great agitation of mind, the blood had forsaken his cheeks and he looked pale and ghastly.

"Father," said the knight, "sit ye down ; I would have ye tell me, and tell me true, how long this base groom has dared to think of loving my child ; knows she aught of it ? If the knave has dared to talk to her of love, thou nor a legion of thy brothers shall protect him, no, not if he seeks shelter in the convent : I will pursue him thither and slay him ; aye, though he should be at the foot of the altar."

"Moderate thy anger, my son," replied the monk, "he merits not such treatment ; 'tis true he has loved your daughter."

"Ah ! sayest thou so," cried Sir John, starting up and grasping the handle of his dagger—

"Peace, peace, my son, have patience and I will tell thee all ; he has loved, and too well knew the danger of encouraging his passion ; the evening he encountered that ruffian was the last he thought of passing under your roof ; 'twas your daughter, and the fear of your displeasure which induced him to leave—now confess if"—

As the monk spoke, the man whom Sir John had dispatched for his daughter, entered the room breathless.

"Arm ! arm !" said he ; "my mistress has been captured by a troop of men."

"What mean ye ?" inquired Sir John in a tone of alarm.

"First order the gates to be shut," replied the man, "for the danger is pressing."

"Peace, thou babbling knave," cried Sir John, "bring me my coat of mail, and tell Old Gabriel to ring the alarum bell, to call in the knaves from the village."

"'Tis useless," replied the man, "they are some thousands strong, and the main body have halted on the heath ; they are headed by one who calls himself Mortimer ; the party who have seized our

mistress is led by that fiend in human shape who escaped from the strong room in the turret."

"Then all is lost," cried Sir John, as he clasped his hands in despair;—"quick, bar the gates and bid the men hold themselves in readiness; we can keep the castle against them; 'tis better to fall with arms in our hands than ask quarter of such a crew of ruffians." Then his thoughts recurring to his daughter, he ground his teeth with rage, and his eyes flashed fiercely. "The fiend seize these wretches," cried he; "if they should dare to use my Bertha roughly, I'll have a bloody vengeance."

"Calm yourself my son," said the monk, "if it be true that the villain Will Hamlyn is the leader of the band who have seized your daughter, I can save her; here is a scroll which contains the names of a number of men whom I never heard of, and here is an agreement to deliver them up to justice for fifty marks. I found it in the turret where this ruffian was confined; these men are his victims; but how can they be warned of their peril?"

A loud shout was heard at this moment on the outside of the castle, and the knight starting up, hurried to the battlement which commanded the gate, followed by the monk and his servants. A strong body of men were in front of the castle, and at their head was Black Will, clad in an iron cap and a jazerant of rusty iron.

"What seek ye?" demanded the knight in a fierce tone.

"A cup or two of your best, Sir Knight," replied the ruffian; "so open thy gates and give us good cheer, for we have marched far to day."

"Out with thee, thou filthy looking fiend," cried Sir John, "get thee gone and slake thy thirst at the next pond or ditch."

"Ah, ah, Sir Knight, is it so," said Will, laughing aloud; "then bring forward the damsel with the pretty face." Several men entered the throng at Will's command, and brought forward the Lady Bertha, whom her father could not see before. The men led her out, and Will taking her by the arm with his left hand, drew his dagger with his right. "Now, old Sir Knight," said the ruffian, "choose whether thou wilt open thy gates, or see thy dainty chick killed before thy face;" he raised his dagger as he spoke, and grasped his prize so tightly, that his fingers were buried in her arm.

"Wretch!" shrieked Sir John, "thou wouldst not murder my child?"

"Not I; but thy obstinacy will mur-

ther her," replied the ruffian, coolly; "open thy gates, and we will have a merry wassail, and my pretty bird here shall be the Queen of the feast.—But this is losing time, hast thou determined?" and he again raised his dagger, and swore a tremendous oath.

"Hold!" cried the monk, shewing the scroll of parchment which Will had left in the turret. "Look here, my sons," said he to the rebels, "here is a contract made by that villain to deliver ye all up to the government; shake off the damning stain of rebel, and lay down your arms." The ruffian's countenance fell as he saw the parchment in the monk's hand.

"D——n!" muttered he, "this will spoil all," then raising his voice he cried, "Silence, Jack Priest, put up thy counterfeit, or by the Mother of God thou shalt die. Here, Hal Petworth," said he to a man near him, "drive a cloth yard shaft through that old lying hypocrite's skull." At this command, the man stepped forward, and an arrow from his bow whistled past the head of the monk who instantly disappeared. Several of the knight's men bent their bows to revenge this, when Sir John bade them desist; well knowing that the rebels were in too great force, and hoping to appease them—Will became impatient.

"Open thy gates," cried he, "open, Sir Knight; if thou delayest another moment, my pretty mistress will be worms' meat, 'tis a pity so dainty a damsel should suffer through her father's obstinacy."

"Spare her," cried Sir John, "I implore thee, spare my child, I will enrich thee, and thou shalt not want gold."

"No, no, Sir Knight," replied Will, "this is but paying off old scores." At this moment Blount, accompanied by father Alwyn, ascended the stairs of one of the opposite turrets unobserved, and took his stand at a loop hole, with an arbalest or large cross bow in his hand. The monk took away the sharp pointed bolt which Blount had charged it with, and gave him a quarrel.* "This," said he, "will touch him, but sharp steel he is proof against, aim at his face."—In the mean time, the ruffian Will became more impatient, and dragged Bertha nearer to the gate. He looked fiercely on the knight, and then on his victim. "Now," said he, "determine, Sir Knight, I give thee but short time, and he grasped his dagger tightly, and glared on his prey,

* Quarrel. This missile differed from the ordinary cross bow bolt. The head being of square or pyramidal form, the bolt was sharp pointed. Some quarrels have heads of a clove-like shape.

while the terrified girl shrieked aloud, Sir John covering his face with his hands spoke not, his whole frame shook, and the convulsive heaving of his shoulders told what he felt. Bertha fell on her knees before the ruffian, and implored him to take compassion on her: but the wretch turned a deaf ear to her prayer. The rebels seemed touched with this scene, but their cause was desperate, and the angel of pity strove in vain to soften their hearts, rendered callous by the recollections of their wrongs: their cause was justifiable; they sought justice for themselves, and their families; the ruffian Will, vengeance and blood. The knight well knew that by opening the gates, the ruffian would take vengeance on him and his household, and his daughter meet perhaps a worse fate than death. The ruffian now frowned upon his prey, his dagger gleamed in the air. Sir John saw it—the blow was descending, and the knight, in a tone of frenzy, cried—

“Hold! we surrender,” but the word came too late for Will to hear. Blount, who viewed with horror the whole scene from the loop hole, loosened his bow. The quarrel flew, and ere the ruffian’s hand descended, it struck him full on the forehead, tearing away the upper part of his head, and dashing the iron cap which he wore to some distance. The ruffian dropped his dagger, threw out his arms, and falling on his back, died instantly.

A wild shout of vengeance rose from the rebels, and various weapons were brandished above their heads. Scythes fixed on long poles, spears, lances, mallets, halberds and bills, were intermingled in this motley band. Several who had bows advanced to the front, and fitted their shafts, to revenge the death of Will, when the monk, at the highest pitch of his voice, cried—

“Hold, my sons! forbear, till ye have read this scroll,” he cast as he spoke the parchment from him. Several of the rebels hastily pressed forward to pick it up, though not one who was thus eager to obtain it, could read a word of its contents; they looked at it, and then on each other, and then went round with it to their comrades; but each shook his head as he looked at the writing. At length, as if a thought had suddenly occurred to him, one of the men said aloud, “Bring forward that old snivelling fool we took near the heath, he looks like a merchant, and can no doubt read this scribbling,—bring him out.” Three men now led forward a man having the appearance of a merchant; he appeared to

have passed his fiftieth year. A short sheath was suspended from his girdle, and had probably contained a knife or dagger which the rebels had deprived him of. He had a fine venerable look, and a long beard which was turning grey descended over his breast. The paper was presented to him, and he was desired to read it aloud, which he did clearly and distinctly. The effect it produced on the rebels was surprising. “Fear not, Sir Knight,” cried they, “we will not harm thee nor any of thy house, for ye have rendered us a great service; take your daughter, she is free.”

Blount at this moment came forward; but the instant he espied the old man, the arbalest dropped from his hand, and he was nigh falling, when one of the knight’s men supported him. The old man perceived him, and cried out—

“Ah! thou truant boy, thou hast cost thy father many a pang, why didst thou leave thy home?” Blount made no reply to this, and Sir John ordering the gates to be opened, he passed out to the old man, who received him with open arms. The rebels allowed him to go free, and Blount, leading him forward, introduced him to the knight as his father, Michael Haverhill, the rich goldsmith of the Chepe, near the Conduit. Sir John stared at the goldsmith with surprise, for he recognised in him his sister’s husband, who had married him against the consent of her family, the Cresswells.

The knight, after such a miraculous deliverance, forgot their former enmity, and embraced his brother-in-law; then taking the hands of Blount, or Walter Haverhill, as we must now call him, and Bertha, he joined them together. “By my Holidame,” said he, “I could ha’ sworn thou hast noble blood in thy veins, though thou wouldst descend to be my keeper; forget my temper and be happy, Bertha is thine.”

“Then blessed be the day,” cried old Haverhill; “I will give them five thousand marks on their marriage.”

They entered the castle, and the knight ordered several casks of wine to be set out on the lawn for the use of the rebels, as he feared his denying them might provoke their resentment; the casks were soon emptied, and after giving several loud cheers the whole body moved off to join their comrades on the heath. Some of them, ere they left, threw the body of Will into a ditch hard by; but by the command of Sir John, it was a few days after decently buried. Walter Haverhill was shortly after united to the lovely Bertha, and old Haverhill dying on

the following year, left a large fortune, which made Walter Haverhill one of the richest gentlemen in Kent.

On the breaking out of the civil war in the following year, he joined the standard of the Yorkists, and was knighted by Edward the Fourth, soon after the cessation of hostilities between the houses of York and Lancaster.

J. Y. A—N.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

BY T. ROSCOE, ESQ.

Apostates to their sires' most glorious fame,
And traitors to their sacred native land,
Leagued with the tyrant and his hated band
That sought to stain the pure and holy name
Of Rome's young freedom, and with sword and
flame

To spoil her citizens, and fix the brand
Of slavery on them,—with an angry hand
The father doom'd his sons to death and shame.
Yet gentler feelings were within his heart
Throbbing and strong—and to his burning eye
He felt the hot tear of affliction start;
For Justice fought with nature's agony—
And conquer'd:—turning not his head aside,
He sat in sternness while his children died!

Friendship's Offering.

SONG.

FROM THE SLAVONIAN.
By John Bowring, Esq.

ON wings of fresh'ning fleetness
The airy Zephyrs move;
Their every breath is sweetness,
That falls on her I love.

Where oaken boughs hang over,
The village youths are met;
"Which, maiden, is the lover
On whom thy heart is set?"

"Forgive me my refusing
My secret thoughts to tell;
While I've the power of choosing,
I value *that* too well."

The Gem.

The Note Book.

PENGEERSWICK CASTLE.

In the county of Cornwall, about four miles from Marazion, and half a mile from the coast, are the remains of a building called *Pengerswick* castle, a square stone tower, with a smaller one annexed, and some ruins of walls, are all that remain of this ancient edifice, but its machiolated gate and embattled turrets are still preserved to announce its military origin. The different rooms are now converted into granaries; but the oak wainscot, which is curiously

carved and painted, remains in a tolerable state of preservation. On one of these pannels, under a rude representation of water dripping from a rock, with the title "Perseverance," is the following poetical inscription:—

"What thing is harder than a rock?
What softer is than water clear?
Yet will the same with often drop
The hard rock pierce, which doth appear;
Even so there's nothing so hard to attain,
But may be had with labour and pain."

The classical reader will at one recognise in this inscription, a paraphrase of the well known lines of Ovid:—

"Quid magis est saxo durum,—Quid mollius
unda?
Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aqua."

There exists a tradition that this place belonged in the reign of Henry VIII, to one Milliton, who having slain a man privately, purchased the castle in the name of his son, and immured himself in a secret chamber in the tower.

FLIES.

Many persons have expressed their surprise at seeing flies on ceilings, glass, &c. The means by which they accomplish this is as follows:—A circular membrane terminates each foot, beneath which a vacuum takes place, and the fly maintains its footing upon glass, &c. owing to the pressure of the external air upon this membrane.

MASONS.

Masons were first brought into England by a monk, the preceptor of the venerable Bede, about the middle of the seventh century, together with the arts of painting and glazing. About this time, the monastery of Ely was founded, and the abbeys of Abingdon, Chertsey, and Barking were built. The monastery of Gloucester was also established.

PUNISHMENT OF A TRAITOR.

Sylla having called a senate, had sentence of death passed on Marius, and some few others, amongst which was Sulpitius, tribune of the people. Sulpitius being betrayed by one of his slaves, was immediately seized and executed. Sylla enfranchized the slave, who had betrayed him, but at the same time, ordered him to be thrown over the Tarpeian rock.

DIANA OF POICTIERS, AND PRIMATICCIO THE PAINTER.

By *W. J. Thoms, Esq.*

“Vray Dieu, madame, are you hurt? By the beauty of woman, I hope not,” said a reasonably well-featured and handsome man, somewhat advanced in years, as he raised from the ground a lady who had been accidentally dismounted by the sudden curvetting of the milk-white palfrey on which she rode.

The exertions of the lady, and the assistance of the speaker, whose morning reveries, it being yet scarcely two hours after day-break, had been interrupted by the event, soon replaced her in her saddle. “Grace a Dieu, no,” said the lady, hastily adjusting her veil. “Grace a Dieu, no; and many thanks to you, Sir, for your imely courtesy, which, did I know whom I address, I would find a fitter opportunity of expressing.”

“Madame,” said the stranger, “my name is Primaticcio, an indifferently well known artist, attracted to this neighbourhood, by a desire of beholding the magnificence of the Chateau d’Anet, of which fame speaks so loudly, and I have taken up my residence in the village of Dreux, till chance shall throw me in the way of some one with power and inclination to gratify my curiosity. But, Madame, would you confer an obligation upon me, by informing me whom I have the honour and happiness to meet thus betimes?”

“’Tis a small boon for so great a courtesy,” replied the lady, “and shall be as you wish, but not at present. Suffice it to say, I am called La Grande Sénéchale, and am in high favour with the Duchess of Valentinois; where shall I send to you, should an opportunity present itself of shewing you the beauties of the chateau?”

“My present residence,” replied Primaticcio, “is the Poitiers Arms, where I shall most anxiously await your commands.”

“Adieu, then, Signior Primaticcio, my servants will be here anon, and there will be little good in making them acquainted with this affair. Adieu!”—Thus speaking, she laid her finger upon her lip in token of silence, and gracefully bowing her head in return for the doffed bonnet of the artist, the fair equestrian pursued her course.

This event, which occupied less time in action than in the recital, plunged the artist into profound thought for the remainder of his walk; and his mind was busily engaged in meditating upon the change

of his condition since the day, when as the favourite painter of Francis the First, his praises were sounded by all, and his society courted by the whole throng of nobles who formed the brilliant court which boasted for its head the “King of Gentlemen,” as that monarch was fondly called by his dependants; and in considering whether he had done justice to himself in instantly withdrawing from the court on the death of his beloved patron, and thereby not affording to his successor a similar opportunity of befriending him, should he have been so disposed.

Occupied by these reflections, and heedless of the direction in which he was wandering, he unconsciously bent his steps towards the little auberge, where he had slept the previous night. The appearance of breakfast speedily banished thought, and after having finished his repast, the artist determined not to leave the auberge, lest in his absence a communication should arrive from his fair friend at the chateau, requiring his immediate presence there. Seeking, therefore, amusement in the exercise of his pencil and in the beautiful scenery which surrounded his present picturesque abode, he contrived to wile away the day so pleasantly and so rapidly, that he was surprised when the grey tints of evening, darkening into night, warned him to retire to his welcome, though humble bed.

At the first dawn Primaticcio arose, and though he himself scarcely knew the motives which influenced him, he walked towards the spot which had been the scene of the previous morning’s adventure. On his arrival there he leaned his back against a tree, and mentally reviewed the whole of that extraordinary occurrence; he, however, had not long been thus engaged, before he was aroused by the approach of La Grande Sénéchale attended by two servants, wearing the colours assumed by the Lady Diana—black and white.

Primaticcio recovered from his surprise in time to salute her as she passed, while the lady, waving her riding rod in return for the salutation with which he greeted her, contrived at the same time, unobserved by her attendants, to let a neatly folded billet fall at the feet of the astonished artist, and it was with great difficulty he could restrain his anxiety to become acquainted with the contents of her epistle, until the lady and her attendants were out of sight. The moment he could do so with safety, he snatched the billet from the ground, and read as follows:—

“La Grande Sénéchale, mindful of her promise to Signor Primaticcio, has

made arrangements which will enable him to view the Chateau d'Anet this day. As owing to the presence of the King, who objects to its inspection by strangers, it is a task of some difficulty, she was not enabled as she wished to accomplish it yesterday. If Signor Primaticcio will, at noon, be in waiting near the five oaks on the left hand of the great gate of the Park, *le joli Henri* will join him there, and conduct him through the apartments. The mention of *La Grande Sénéchale* will enable the Signor to pass the Porter's Lodge, and silence all inquiries which may be addressed to him."

"A very agreeable and lady-like communication, and courtesy is yet something more than a name in *la belle France*," ejaculated the artist, as he placed the letter in his bosom, and prepared to retrace his steps to the *Poictiers Arms*.

The interval between breakfast and mid-day appeared an age to Primaticcio, who was at the spot at the appointed time. "The lady has shewn exquisite taste in her choice of a waiting-place," he thought; "but surely that is the great clock of the chateau striking twelve, and *le joli Henri*"—"Is here, signor Primaticcio," said a voice behind; and on turning round, the artist discovered a young man, clad in the habit of a page, the colours of his dress being the same as those of the attendant who followed the lady in the morning.

"Allons, Monsieur, we have no time to lose," said the page, and hastily crossing a small open space between the clump of oaks and a little wood which apparently led to the house, shewed no disposition for further conversation till they turned off through a small gate, of which he had the key, into what appeared to be the private garden of the chateau. Meanwhile Primaticcio, who at first sight thought he recognised in the face of his conductor features which had long been familiar to him, shrugged his shoulders when the likeness which his companion bore to the late king, suggested the possibility of his being the offspring of one of those amours in which Francis so notoriously indulged.

They had now arrived at the chateau, and the page having warned the artist that they must make as little noise as possible, and be careful lest the King should meet them in any of the apartments, led the way by a private staircase to the armoury, and from thence through the splendid suits of rooms which the royal lover had built and furnished for his beautiful and accomplished mistress.

Primaticcio, who was delighted with the taste and judgment shewn in all the

arrangements, expressed himself in terms of the warmest admiration; but his praises were little heeded by the page, who greatly annoyed him by the disrespectful terms in which he spoke of the monarch and the fair partner of his abode. At last Primaticcio could bear it no longer; "Young man," said he, "you have spoken repeatedly of him who is both your master and my sovereign, in language which it becomes not you to utter nor me to hear; and of a lady whom, before you reached my knee,"—here the page bit his lip—"I knew for the possessor of many of the most amiable qualities which adorn the sex. Prithee, no more; such conduct is both uncharitable and ungrateful."

From this time both were silent; till they arrived at the private door of the library. "The king is here," said the page, gently turning the lock, and motioning the artist, that he might enter and view the apartment from behind the arras. Scarcely had he done so, attracted by the voice of some one reading aloud, when the page suddenly closed and locked the door. The artist knew not what to do, for should he be discovered by the king his ruin would be inevitable. But the danger of his situation prompted him to peep through the arras, and reconnoitre who might be in the apartment. He did so, and beheld the celebrated *Diana of Poictiers* negligently reclining on a sofa, and playing with a fan of peacock feathers, while the poet *Ronsard* recited to her his last production. In a few moments an opposite door opened, and the king, magnificently attired, entered the room; on his arrival the poet discontinued his reading, and at a signal from his majesty prepared to leave the Library by the door near which Primaticcio was concealed. As he lifted the arras, the king's voice inquiring who had dared to intrude so unceremoniously into his presence, proclaimed to the affrighted painter that his endeavours at concealment had been fruitless. Cursing the treachery of the page, and dreading lest the resentment of the monarch should fall on the lady who had been the innocent means of placing him in his present predicament, he almost sunk with fear. He was, however, soon relieved from his embarrassment by hearing the voice of *la grande Sénéchale* exclaim, "Come forward, Signor Primaticcio, you have nothing to fear but the resentment of the page whom you so properly took to task."

Here was an *eclaircissement*—his unknown friend proving to be the beautiful *Diana of Poictiers*, and *le joli Henry* no less a person than the king himself.

This event proved a fortunate one for Primaticcio: at the command of the king he painted the portrait of the peerless Diana, which so pleased the monarch that the artist became as great a favourite of his as he had been of his father; and often, when he was in a sportive mood, would Henry relate to his courtiers the adventure of Diana of Poitiers and Primaticcio the Painter. *The Bijou.*

Science and Art.

COBBETT'S NEW MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

A friend of ours has favoured us with specimens of paper made from the *husk* and *stalk* of the Indian corn raised in this country by Mr. Cobbett, on his farm at Barn-Elm. Without entering into a discussion upon Mr. Cobbett's merits as a politician, we may be allowed to say, that his profound knowledge in all matters relating to agriculture and general husbandry, which knowledge he has never withheld from the world, will always render his name famous in this country. The two specimens now before us; one white or nearly so, the other of a delicate olive brown; were, we are informed, made in the space of *five days!* without time for the trying of experiments for the bleaching of it. It is not, like the paper made from straw, of a brittle quality, but on the contrary, possesses a surprising tenacity, and the darker sort (made from the *stalk* and *root* of the plant,) will, we have no doubt, if made in any quantity, entirely supersede the use of the common brown paper, while that manufactured from the husk which surrounds the ear of the corn will be converted into the best writing or printing paper.

The title-page to Mr. Cobbett's Treatise on the cultivation of the Indian Corn has been printed on the last mentioned paper, and though of a yellowish tinge, is certainly much better than some printing paper now in use. Of the work itself it will be quite unnecessary for us to speak, after the encomiums bestowed upon it by the public press. The thanks of all those engaged in agricultural affairs, especially the *peasantry* of England, are due to Mr. Cobbett for the introduction of this very valuable plant.

GERMAN METHOD OF EXPEDITING VEGETATION.

A branch proportioned to the size of the object required, is sawn off the tree, the flowers of which are to be produced, and is plunged into a spring, if one can

be found; where it is left for an hour or two, to give time for such ice as may adhere to the bulb to melt, and to soften the buds; it is then carried into a chamber, heated by a stove, and placed in a wooden vessel, containing water; quick lime is to be added to the water, and left for twelve hours. The branch is then to be removed into another vessel, containing fresh water, with a small quantity of vitriol to prevent its becoming putrid. In a few hours, the flowers will begin to appear, and, afterwards the leaves; if more quick lime be used, the branch will vegetate more slowly, and the leaves will precede the flowers.

Anecdottiana.

THE BARD OF THE AVON.

Shakspeare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children; and, after the christening, being in a deep study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and asked why he was so melancholy. "No, faith, Ben!" says he, "not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow on my god-child, and I have resolved at last." "And prithee, what is it?" says Ben. "I'faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a dozen of *latten* spoons, and thou shalt translate them!"

JEUX DE MOTS.

What fish would a sleepy bird prefer for repose?—A *Perch*.

In what does Dryden's Alexander's Feast resemble bad poetry?—Because the stanzas are *in-different* verse.

W. D. P.

A CURIOUS CIRCULAR.

The following is a copy of a written notice sent round to the inhabitants of the parish of Castle Eaton, in Wiltshire, in the summer of 1824.

"Castleaton On Monday June 7th.

A Capitil Good Sow in Pig to be Bowled for Or Raffled And 6 Good Cheeses to be Bowled for And Donks (i.e. Donkies) to Race for A Good New Bridle And Men To Run in Sacks for A Good New Hott And Ribons To be Danced for."

WIT.—AN EPIGRAM.

True wit is rare—false wit is so obscure,
Whether 'tis sense, or folly, none are sure:
The finest wit is that which darts between,
Like lightning's flashes in a thundering scene.
P.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Dec. 7.	SUN.	2 Sun. in Advent. St. Fara. LESS. for the DAY 4 c. Isaiah, morn 24 ————— even New Moon, 15m aft 4 morn.	Dec. 7	St. Fara was the virgin abness of the monastery of Faremontier. She died A.D. 655. Her relics were enshrined, and numbers of miracles are recorded as having been wrought through her intercession. 1431.—Henry VI. on this day was crowned king at Paris, in the ninth year of his age. 1683.—On this day, Colonel Algernon Sydney was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the charge of being engaged in the Rye-house Plot. He rejoiced that he died for the good <i>Old Cause</i> , which he had been engaged in from his youth. This illustrious victim, like Lord Russell, was condemned without the slightest evidence of his being privy to the intended assassination of Charles II. and the Duke of York.
—	S. Mon.	Conception of our Lady. Sun ris. 3m aft. 8 — sets 57 — 3	— 8	This solemn festival is held by the church to commemorate the miraculous conception of the Virgin Mary. It was instituted by Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, because William the Conqueror's fleet being in a storm, afterwards returned in safety. 1154.—Anniv. of the arrival of Hen. II. in England, after the death of Stephen, to receive the crown and government. He landed at Hurst Castle in Hampshire. Henry was the eldest son and heir of the Empress Maud, by Geoffrey, earl of Anjou, and the only surviving legitimate issue of Henry I. He was also the first of the Plantagenet line.
— 9	Tues.	St. Wulfhilde. High Water, 41m. aft. 3 morn. 59 ————— 8 aft.	— 9	This virgin saint, who is said to have been of noble birth, was placed when very young in the monastery of Winchester. King Edgar, who made many unsuccessful attempts to obtain her for his bride, was so struck with her fidelity to the cause of religion, that he made her abness of a monastery at Barking, which house he enriched with vast possessions. She died A.D. 990.
— 10	Wed.	St. Miltiades. Sun ris. 4m aft 8 — sets 56 — 3	— 10	St Miltiades succeeded Eusebius in the papacy in the early part of the 4th century. He was martyred by order of Maximine, in the fifth year of his pontificate, A.D. 314. 1813.—On this day, the French forces evacuated the Dutch sea-port Williamstadt, esteemed one of the bulwarks of the Dutch on the side of Brabant.
— 11	Thurs	St. Damascus. High Water, 3m. aft. 5 morn: 24 ————— 5 aftn	— 11	This saint, who was pope, succeeded Liberius in the papacy. When chosen bishop of Rome, and ordained in the basilic of St. Lawrence's, which title he bore previous to that of pope; he was sixty years old. He filled the papal seat upwards of eighteen years, dying on this day, A.D. 384. 1718.—Killed on this day, after a reign of twenty-one years, Charles XII. of Sweden, at the siege of the fortress of Frederickstein. There is no longer any doubt in Sweden that this monarch was assassinated, as an officer named Cronsted, who died at a very advanced age, declared that he himself committed the act at the instigation of the brother-in-law of Charles.
— 12	Frid.	Sts. Epimachus & Alexander. Sun ris. 5m aft 8 — sets 55 — 3	— 21	These saints suffered martyrdom during the persecution of Decius, A.D. 250. 1724.—Born on this day, the brave admiral, Lord Hood, at Thorncombe in Devonshire. The brilliant successes that attended the career of this distinguished naval character, procured him the title of a Viscount, as a reward for his great services.
— 13	Satur.	St. Kenelm. Moon's 1st quar. 39m aft. 9 night	— 13	This saint was son to Kenulph, of royal blood, descended from Wibba, father of King Penda. He was murdered very young. His legend informs us that the place of his murder was discovered by a ray of light over the corpse, and by these words in Saxon found somewhere inscribed :— In Clent Cowpasture, under a thorn, Of head bereft, lies Kenelm king-born.



See Page 371.

Illustrated Article.

THE SOLDIER FIEND.

(For the Olio.)

“—— Sometimes the Fiend himself
Stalks through the world in human guise,
And tempts the sons of men with flattering
tales
Of hidden treasures deep buried i’th’ earth;
Of honour to be gained by fierce and bloody
wars;
And offers ’vantage to the bold and credulous
Over their fellow mortals—the price,
For aye, their souls!” MS.

It was on a fine evening, in the month of April, just about sun-set, in the year 1630, that a party of hackbutteers arrived at a little village near Strasburg. They entered a small inn, and soon applied themselves vigorously to the good cheer which their host set before them; after which they commenced their potations, and their licentious jests, fierce oaths, and mutual bantering, gave evident token of the strength of his liquors.

“Oh, Hagel!” exclaimed one, snatching the can from his companion, “you,

Ruprecht Steinbergen, will drain the measure, and leave not a drop for your comrades—greedy dog!”

“Donner and blitzten!” roared the other, enraged, “thou hast spilt the liquor over my buff coat, thou graceless hind.”

“Had I my will, I would drown thee in a butt of it. Verily thou would’st drain the great tun of Heidelberg,” retorted the first speaker; “but what says the proverb—

He who was born for the gallows tree
Will in no liquor drowned be.”

“Strache mich helle,” cried the other, grasping the handle of his dagger, “I’ll strike thee over the pate with this good steel—I’ll teach thee to jibe an old soldier!”—and, unsheathing his weapon as he spoke, he attempted to put his threat into execution; when the serjeant of the troop interposed.

“Hold, Ruprecht Steinbergen!” cried he, “what, Der teufel! would ye smite your comrade for an idle word? Put up your tool, or it may be worse for ye—I’ll have no brawling here. Sit ye down, sirrah!” The soldier, muttering a curse,

sheathed his weapon, and resumed his seat, while the serjeant continued—"If ye cannot sit here in peace, get to your cribs. Thou, Hans Horst, hast a tongue that would anger St. Bernhard himself. I would advise thee to keep a guard over it, or it may one day bring thee to the halberds. Comrades, have ye no song, or a merry tale to tell?"

"Soldiers have no time to hear idle stories, serjeant," replied Hans, who had not been long in the troop, and was noted for his mischievous and quarrelsome disposition. His deportment was superior to that of his comrades, who looked upon him as some nobleman's son, who had been disinherited by his father for some real or pretended fault. "Short time have they for merry tales," continued he; "and if they have, they are all on the same subject—full of oaths, curses, match-locks, culverins, drums, trumpets, sabres, and daggers; not forgetting a sprinkle of broken costards and slit weazans. Hagel and Sturmwater! we have of late had enough o' that, methinks."

"Thou art a prating knave," replied the serjeant; "thou should'st have been

made a doctor o' laws. The Devil never had a better subject."

"Ah! ah! ah!" laughed Hans,— "think ye so?" and his lip curled with a scornful smile—"Then I'm in my proper place, among men who cut throats for a few groschen per diem!"

"Nay, nay," replied the serjeant, "thou art abusing thine own trade wrongfully—ye reckon not the honour!"

"Honour!" interrupted Hans, while his countenance again assumed its bitter smile. "Honour! ah! ah! ah!—Honour, master serjeant; and what is that but the bright steel, which the breath of any villain may sully. Pray, how keep ye that dainty article?"

"Thou art a shrewd caviller, Hans Horst," said the serjeant, "and art read in the books of the wise men: thank heaven, I cannot read our muster-roll. I am puzzled to think what could induce thee to enter our troop; for I am sometimes inclined to think thee of gentle blood."

"Honour, master serjeant," replied Hans ironically, and with his usually wild and peculiar laugh—"I gained mine honour

once in the University of Gottingen ; but I've lost it somehow, probably among our company ;"—and he looked significantly at his companions.

"Well done, bully Hans!" roared one of the troop, a young fellow named Albrecht Kreutzer ; "so thou hast lost thy good name among us, ay?—Why, thou mischievous dog, thou hast corrupted the whole troop, who, instead of thumbing their prayer-books, and chaunting their hymns, rattle the dice box, and sing such songs as thou hast introduced—I leave thee to confess what *they* are."

Albrecht spoke truly : Hans had certainly set an example of profligacy and impiety to the whole troop, and over no one of them did he possess greater influence than over Albrecht Kreutzer. Indeed Horst had made him as bad as himself, or nearly so ; so that they were both dreaded and despised by their comrades, who, daring and reckless as they were, could never behold Hans without a mixed feeling of awe and disgust. Albrecht was an excellent swordsman, and had come off victorious in several encounters. There was a sort of companionship between the pair, who were seldom separate ; and once, in an engagement, Hans bore off his wounded comrade, who lay at the mercy of the enemy, after striking down all who opposed him. Horst, as he received this pretended rebuke, which was given in a bantering tone, smiled sarcastically, and replied—

"I am no snuffling priest, and cannot look sanctified when the wine flaggon or a pretty wench is near—Such an one as this, for instance."

He turned round as he spoke, and addressed some impudent remark to a young girl who had entered the room with some liquor for the troop. She was the host's daughter, a comely German lass, who had already engaged the affections of a young peasant in the neighbourhood. Hans attempted to salute her, when Albrecht started up, and hurling him aside, threw his arm round the girl's neck, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips, when at the same instant he found himself rudely seized from behind. Turning quickly round, he perceived a young man who had entered the room, and who now dealt him a smart buffet on the cheek. Enraged at this insult, the young soldier attempted to draw his sword, when Hans Horst interposed.

"Hold, comrade," said he, "your man is unarmed—wait till to-morrow and give him a fair field, like a soldier : with a proper division of wind and sun."

"Ay, when it pleases ye, Sirs," said the young man, "I am for you where

ye shall think proper to meet me. You have you choice,—either single rapier, rapier and dagger, back-sword, or your hackbutt† there."

"My comrade will give you the meeting," said Hans eagerly.—"We will meet you under the old tower in the meadow yonder, by sunrise.—What say ye Albrecht Kreutzer?"

"I will," said Albrecht sullenly, "and there I'll drill such an oilet-hole in thy jerkin as shall teach thee to give a blow to one of his Highness's hackbutteers."

"You will find me ready," said his rival, coolly, as he quitted the room with the maiden, who with tears besought him to abandon his intention.

We must leave the peasant Wilhelm and his love, and return to the troop, who were now engaged in conversing upon a new topic,—the approaching combat. In a short time, Hans Horst and Albrecht, who had been in close conversation, left the room, taking with them their hackbutts and lighted matches.

"Comrade," said the former to his companion, as they gained the street, "I have been thinking of a plan, by adopting which ye may come off scathless, and revenge yourself by shooting your rival through the heart. Come, taste of this flask, 'tis a cordial for those who travel in the night, and has saved me from many a cold. Albrecht took the flask, which he half emptied.

"Here," said he, giving it back to Hans, "'tis the right schnapps ;—but how can'st thou bring me through this business without danger?"

"Harkee, comrade," said his companion, "thou knowest I am possessed of more knowledge than the noisy fools in our troop—dost thou think that knowledge was gained without trouble?"

"I understand you not," said Albrecht, staring at the erect and gallant figure of his companion, who stalked down the

† The HACKBUTT was a large match-lock, fired with a rest. Many German Hackbutteers were in the pay of the princes of Europe from the time of the invention of fire-arms, to the reign of Elizabeth, and even later. Sir Walter Scott has a beautiful and graphic description of the Hackbutteers in his poem of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Speaking of Conrade and his band of mercenaries, he says,

They were not armed like England's sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns.

Meaning the HACKBUTT, or, as Hollinshed and others wrote it, HAQUEBUT. The Germans and Flemings formerly excelled in the management of this heavy and unwieldy engine, which was not generally adopted in England until after the invention of the *wheel-lock*, which was wound up with a key called a *spanner*, and ignited the powder by its friction in rapidly revolving.

street with a rapid pace ;—“ what mean ye, Hans ?”

“ I mean,” grasping hold of Albrecht by the cloak,—“ that I would befriend ye: hast ever heard of a *charmed gun* ?”

“ Charmed—— !”

“ Ay, a charmed gun. The one thou bearest may be made so, if thy heart be stout.”

“ I have heard of such things,” said Albrecht, “ when a child ; but among men the story is laughed at.”

“ Ay, ay ; that which all are possessed of is of little value. This I would give thee is meant for none but the bold and fearless. Can’st thou procure a holy wafer or host, as your monk calls it ? The thing before which your *pious* prostrate themselves.”

“ What would’st thou with it ?” inquired the astonished Albrecht.

Hans made stand and grounded his hackbutt. “ Simply this, comrade,” said he, “ I would have you place it against a tree, fire upon it, and as you shoot, abjure the Trinity.”

“ Never,” said Albrecht, firmly,—“ thou hast led me into the commission of many a sin ;—ay, many crimes ; my soul sometimes shrinks at the remembrance of them—Away with thee, thou tempter, and seek not to destroy my ——”

“ Pshaw ! then I’ve mistaken thee, Albrecht. Can the simple act of firing upon that which your Englishman and Hollander now look upon as a piece of paganism, be endangering thy soul ? By this belt I am ashamed of thee. Guten nacht, faint heart,” he shouldered his hackbutt as he spoke, and was walking away, when Albrecht said—

“ Stay friend Hans, a word with thee, I will consider of this by to-morrow.”

“ To-morrow,” said Hans Horst, sneeringly, “ to-morrow at sun-rise thou wilt in all probability, be worms’ meat ; for, harkee, I am one who can read the stars ; thy destiny is known to me ; to-morrow is a black day for thee ; yet thou may’st escape it, but the chances are against thy coming off harmless. Ingrate too, was it for this I saved thy life in t’other day’s ruffle.”

A long pause ensued, Albrecht leant on his piece and mused for several moments.

“ Come,” said his companion, impatiently, “ have you resolved ? The night is cold, and I am getting chilly ; here, take another schnapps.”

The soldier drained the proffered flask, but was still irresolute—he looked around him, all was dark and dreary, and no light appeared in sight save a pale glimmer from some sick chamber. The moon was hidden, not a star was to be

seen, and the wind blew in strong gusts, which made the lighted matches of Albrecht and his companion burn briskly.

“ Come, come, Albrecht Kreutzer,” said Hans, “ our matches are burning away, the night advances, and we may not procure a wafer.”

“ Well, as thou wilt,” replied Albrecht, “ but how may we obtain the thing you speak of—and when obtained, how shall I find the heart to lift my hackbutt against our Lord’s body ?”

“ Pshaw ! cease this childish nonsense comrade ; ’tis folly, believe me ; I am one who would stand thy friend, ay, thy real friend, in time of need. Come, shake off this mummery, and follow me ; or, if thou wilt, return to the inn and rise to-morrow, a fair mark for your adversary, who will, perhaps, be contented if he wings you, and spoils your soldiership for ever. Would it not be a glorious thing to have the whole place point thee out as the hackbutteer, the bold soldier, who was spoiled by the hand of a loggerhead peasant ?”

“ By heaven, I cannot bear it !” exclaimed Albrecht, “ lead on, comrade.”

“ Spoken like a true son of Mars,” cried Hans Horst, grasping the hand of Albrecht, “ follow me.”

During this dialogue, Albrecht, absorbed in his own reflections, did not perceive the approach of two figures, who were advancing towards him, and as he and his companion walked on again, followed them cautiously.

It was not long before a light appeared at a little distance before them, when Hans slapping Albrecht on the shoulder, cried, “ This is lucky, comrade, yonder comes that we are seeking. Here is a fat priest coming to shrive some dying wretch, whose conscience pricks him at the last struggle ; forward, comrade, and seize the host from the boy who is with him. Remember thy life and thy honor both depend upon it !”

The next moment they came up with the priest, and Albrecht, springing upon the boy, extinguished the light ; seized the host, which he thrust into his bosom ; and then fled with his companion. After running to some distance, they left the village behind them, and Hans called to his companion to stop.

“ Hast thou got it my valiant heart ?”

“ Ay,” replied Albrecht, taking the wafer from his bosom.

“ Then quick, follow me to yon wood on the other side of this meadow ; haste, or we may experience interruption.”

Setting forward again, they stopped not till they had reached the middle of the wood, when Hans made a stand.

"Now, Albrecht," said he, "fix your prize against yonder oak, and charge your hackbutt."

Albrecht did so, and as his ramrod, or "scouringe sticke," as it was then called, rung in the barrel, Hans contemplated him with a look of savage exultation.

"Ram home," said he, "ram home! you will never charge for a bolder shot!"

Albrecht returned his ramrod, and after priming his piece, prepared his match. At this moment voices were heard.

"Quick," said Hans, "up with your target, and the thing will be done in an instant: you can fasten the wafer against the tree with your dagger."

Albert thrust his dagger through the host and stuck it against a huge oak, then retreating a few paces, he placed his rest in the ground, and laid his hackbutt upon it.

"Why dost thou hesitate, comrade?" said Horst, perceiving him irresolute; "dost thou fear the shot?—draw your trigger and fire."

"I cannot," replied Albrecht, in a faltering tone, "the host appears to move—a cloud floats before mine eyes, the fiend himself seems to look at me from the tree. Oh! Hans Horst, I cannot shoot."

"Ah! ah! ah! ah!" laughed Hans; "fool! pitiful minion! I renounce thee as my friend; to-morrow the peasant Wilhelm's hand will remove thee from my sight, thou chicken hearted hind!"

"But," said Albrecht, attempting to speak.

"Answer me not," said his companion, "I will not listen to thee, thou heartless slave. Can this act endanger thy soul? If so, what think ye is prepared for those, (and they are thousands) who believe not in the monkish mystery? The man whose eyes are open laughs at such mummery!"

"But the words thou wouldst have me repeat, I cannot utter them."

"Pshaw! pitiful fool!" cried Hans, "I took thee for a man of sense and courage; away, I know thee now!"

"Nay, nay, reproach me not, I'll fire at once,"—and he levelled his hackbutt at the host. Voices were again heard, and a rustling among the leaves and brushwood at a little distance.

"Quick, quick," said Hans, "*Batti il ferro mentre e caldo,*" as the Italian has it,—fire!"

At that moment, Albrecht's finger pressed the trigger

We have before mentioned that Albrecht and his companion were tracked by two

persons. These were Ruprecht Steinbergen and the serjeant, Ernest Freylinghauson, who fearing that Hans was endeavouring to persuade Albrecht to revenge himself in some secret manner, had stolen from the inn and followed them unperceived. As they approached Albrecht and his companion, they could hear, though but indistinctly, that Horst was exerting his influence over him. Resolving to discover the plot, the serjeant and Ruprecht followed at their heels, though with great caution, when, on a sudden, they perceived Albrecht spring upon the boy who carried the host. This act confirmed their worst fears, for Ruprecht, who was an old soldier, guessed the reason of the sacriligious robbery.

"By heaven," exclaimed he, "Horst will work his ruin, I foretold that he would be the death of one of our troop before long. The villain too, to seek to destroy our comrade's soul; forward, serjeant, and let us warn the mad boy of his danger."

"With all my heart," said the serjeant.

"Hark! I hear their footsteps, to the right, forward."

They both ran with all speed in the same direction as Albrecht and Horst had fled, and perceived through the gloom that they were crossing the meadow.

"They are making for yon wood," said Ruprecht, "hasten, or it may be too late."

Quickening their pace, they reached the wood, and as they entered it, they distinctly heard the rustling of the branches in the direction which Hans and his companion had taken, when on a sudden the sound ceased, and they had now nothing to guide them. They advanced cautiously, when the voices of two persons were heard apparently in altercation.

"That is the voice of Hans," said the serjeant, "I know his wild laugh too—"

At this moment a bright flash illumined the forest, and the report of a hackbutt rung through its deepest recesses; it was followed by a number of reports in quick succession, and then a loud peal of wild and unearthly laughter was borne on the night wind, and caught up by a thousand echoes.

"Heaven shield us!" ejaculated the serjeant—"it is too late. What horrid laugh was that?"

"Hark!" said Ruprecht—" 'tis the fiend exulting over his victim. Do'st thou not hear that faint cry of distress—that sound of struggling? It has ceased—back! back! if ye would not look upon the fiend himself!"

The serjeant and his companion precipitately retreated, and regaining the inn, related the whole to their comrades. The wild tale spread through the village, which continued in a state of alarm until the morning, when at sun-rise several of the troop proceeded to the forest, in the hope of discovering something which might tell them, the fate of their rash comrade. After a short search, they discovered the body of a man clad in the dress of their troop, but the features were too horribly mutilated to enable them to discern any traces of humanity. His hackbutt *had burst to pieces!* and every charge on his *bandalier had exploded!* His dagger was stuck in a tree at about twelve paces from the body, but the host was no where to be seen. The mutilated corse was all that remained of the daring and ill-fated Albrecht. Hans, the shrewd, subtle, bully Hans, was never seen again!

J. Y. A——N.

MUSIC.
(For the Olio.)

Lost in the windings of a vision's maze;
Duped often by mad Fancy's wandering blaze;
Uncertain whether on this world's low sphere,
Or hurried forward in a wild career,
To where light spirits float their aerial way,
And drop love-tokens to the thoughts that stray
From dull mortality's small measured plain,
To view delighted the celestial train;
Wond'ring if where I trod was earth or heaven,
Or some new region fresh to mortals given;—
One summer's eve I lay, and watch'd the flight
Imagination wildly took towards the realms of
light.

A nymph came smiling on the southern breeze,
Hymning a melody among the trees,
That waved their verdure as she glided by,
Beauteous and radiant as the summer sky,
As though a willing homage they would pay
To the kind fair one, who had bid them play;
And, as her step beat softly on the earth,
All nature seem'd to list with heavenly mirth,
She sang!—the venom'd snake forgot his prey,
And waved his folds towards the magic lay;
The roaring savage hush'd his horrid yell,
And, moved to rapture, on the still earth fell;
The timid fawn drew near, and bent his head
Towards the sweet sounds from her lips that
sped;

E'en insects crawl'd to listen to the swell
Of fairy chaunt, that on the ether fell;
While ev'ry feather'd traveller through the sky,
Within the hearing, came, and listen'd nigh,
And, having learnt the song, then warbled it
on high!

But soon she took a pipe and breath'd a sound,
Which loud, yet gently beautiful, was found;
And, as it thrill'd along terrestrial space,
It moved to harmony man's mingled race:
The infant chuckled in the nurse's arms,
And as it heard seem'd raptur'd with its
charms;

The maiden's heart seem'd melted into love,
As the fond cadence danced along the grove;
While the strong youth, with fire in his soul,
Gave all his powers up to its soft controul;
And all the man seem'd, angel-like, to rise,
Borne on the strain, towards the listening
skies;

The hoary sage felt younger'd by the tune,
As all seems pallid 'neath the pale faced moon;
Then round the hills and o'er the turf it quirk'd,
The young were soften'd, and the old were fir'd,
All felt as borne into another world,
So sweet the enchanting love-spun notes
around their glad ears curled!

The strain delightful echoed through the air,
Sooth'd the fever'd soul, and calm'd to sleep
Despair;

Madness ceased raving, as the numbers came
With healing balsams to the mental frame;
Grief felt her sorrows soften into peace,
And all the gnawing pangs of mem'ry cease;
Hope bent her ear, and caught the quavering
sound,
And reach'd the heart in one enraptured
bound;

Joy then came smiling, and attuned the thought
To join the concert which the nymph had
brought!

Nor did the passions from its influence fly,
But all came lingering the charmer nigh:
Fear ceased to tremble, and, admiring, stood
Bathed in the vigour of the air-borne flood;
Hate felt his malice kindly charmed away;
And Anger smiled, and bade his frowns go play;
Revenge heard "mercy!" whisper'd in the
swell,

And from his hand the poison'd weapon fell;
Lust found his rage evaporate in air,
And Cruelty shed tears of pity there;
While Pity felt a heavenly influence by,
And from her bosom came her kindest sigh;
Young Love came softly on the tender lay,
And found into the soul a ready way,—
And all, made happy, sang his joyous sway!

And now the nymph had ceased to bless man-
kind,
And floated upwards on the morning wind:
When, lo! man's mimicry began to shape
All sorts of things, to try like notes to make
To those she blew;—and soon a num'rous
crowd

Blew their mock melody both long and loud;
But some, not happy in the tuneful art,
Had form'd their instruments too shrill and
sharp,

Others had made them utter notes so wide
As drown'd in clamour all the sound beside;
And, as the noisy discord jarr'd along,
Rage ran with Fury round the madden'd
throng;

The clanging cymbals, and the clarion loud,
Fixed to the slaughter the fiend-driven crowd,
While the deep drum its death-note shouted
far,
Smothering in blood-toned noise the miseries
of war!

While battle-trumpets echoed o'er the plain,
And bellowing cannons shook the rolling main;
Peace fled the horrors of the raging fight,
And happier minstrels join'd her distant flight:
The tender viol, the soft-breathing flute,
The sweet toned hautboy, and the love-lorn
lute,

Sigh'd their delicious music to the air,
And brought the nymph to wait a listener
there!

In every land their presence pleasure gave,
Like the first sun-beam on the morning wave,
Tinging with happy streaks the mental sea,
And bidding happier hours and hopes to be:
Vice fled the soft seraphic lay apace,
And lovely Virtue took her vacant place;
Heaven look'd on smiling, and the nymph
came down,

And stamp'd the tuneful instruments her own.

R. JARMAN.

WATER CRESSES AND THEIR
CRIERS.*(For the Olio.)*

ONE generation passeth away and another riseth in its stead! Faces, places, callings, pursuits change. The smithies and clangour of Giltspur Street, and Buc- lersbury—the doings at Artillery Place, and the Armoury—the pithy sayings in Archers' Court and the Butts, are consen- taneously passed away, and, “like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck (or rack) behind,” “save and ex- cept” the “tender, hard-ship,” the old, face-painted hulk, that lies on the water off the Tower, in defiance of the tall bully which stands as a monument of mercy to the inhabitants of Monument Yard.

If grass is not suffered to grow in the Royal Exchange, and grasshoppers are no more heard chirping to the sound of Bow-Bells—we are at least refreshed by other sounds, and treated and saluted every morning with eatable grass which the common herds care little for,—*water- cresses*, fresh and green, “two bunches a penny!” These stomachic, broad- leaved vegetables are in such requisition, that beds are raised of them, in successive supplies in all seasons. There is a gusta- tive rage for them with the citizens who can munch them with their rolls and muf- fins without the fear of gulping spawn, and the dread of hereafter being troubled, like many civic aldermen, with wolves in their human chests. But this patent-like convenience has defranchised and driven the old-fashioned countryman, and the neat thin old woman, with their bunches in their baskets, and their natural, bird- like cries, out of the pale of intellect and office. Like the cresses, a new race of reporters hath sprung up, in the half- grown persons of girls who are neither tidy nor civil, but who are seedlings in the beds of humanity; for it is a rare cir- cumstance to see one of these creatures without the balance of comfort,—a baby, hanging by a thread of life in her arms. The “Cress Purveyor General,” that writes poems in behalf of his vegetating beds, should organize the female corps by an early drill, and set them off in decent apparel and with comely countenances— their cries should be left to their hard-fated infants, and they should sing a ‘round’ of old Purcell’s or Fenton’s Gavot. Leav- ing humour out of the question, as Mr. Martin is about filt’ring the metropolitan water, and Mr. Williams endeavouring to sub-limate our ways and bye-ways, since mutations are every where visible, something really might be done effectually to serve the venders of cresses, both

to improve their condition, their calling, and their green-grocery. P.

THE DELUGE.

WRITTEN AFTER VIEWING MARTIN’S SPLEN- DID ENGRAVING OF THE SAME SUBJECT.

(For the Olio.)

In cloudless grandeur rose the eastern sun
O’er the young world, fresh from its Maker’s
hands,

And through the vault of heaven took its way,
Giving fair promise of a day as fair
As that which had preceded it. Illusive hope,
Already in the south there comes a cloud
Big with the falling rain.—It spreads o’er all,
Throwing its sickly mantle o’er the sun.
Still darker comes the gloom—and then one
drop,

One large, hot drop, falls on the sun-parched
earth.

And now in pouring torrents falls the rain:
The thunder rolls along in sullen roar:
In forms fantastic darts the lurid glare
Of the fork’d lightning. Nightfall comes, and
still

The waters fall in thicker, heavier masses;
Till the earth (like a gorged leech) refuses to
absorb

More of the rainy torrent! With a horrid roar
The mighty oceans, which had hitherto
Been pent within the bowels of the earth,
Rush upward with an overwhelming force.
The channels which had hitherto confined
The mighty seas, are swept beyond their
bounds.

The rain from Heaven’s windows—the water
From the deep channels of the rolling sea—
The landsprings flowing upward from the
earth—

All mingling in one vast, one fierce design,
Cover the varied ground!

The inhabitants,
(They who had mocked at Noah, and who had
scoffed

At all his warnings and his prophecies) now
tremble,

And with a dread of the impending danger,
Seek the high places, and the loftiest hills;
But gradually still the waters rise,
And still pursue them.

Mark yon wretched group,
Who up the lofty mountain are ascending:
The hoary headed grandsire scarcely able
To move the upward path—the helpless chil-
dren

Shrieking and clinging to the affrighted pa-
rents—

And to the very topmost ridge they now
Have reached—yet still the unrelenting tide
Pursues them, and now wets their sandals.
With a feeble cry the aged grandsire from
His place is swept! is swept away for ever!
The horric shriek, which bursts from the sur-
vivors,

Is heard through all the storm and war of the
Fierce elements—And next, the mother is
By one huge wave hurl’d into the abyss!
While the surviving parent gazes on,
(Sunk in a frightful stupor) with the look
Of vacant apathy—while the poor infants cling
To him with a tenacity, which as yet
Baffles the yawning wave.

But, lo! appears,
Sailing o’er tops of mountains and of hills

(In solemn grandeur, 'mid the deafening roar
Of waves, and winds, and human beings
mingled,)

Noah's well built ark, and near the lofty
mountain,

(Where stand the father with his children
still,)

It sails along, and nearer still approaches.
Hope—hope of safety, once again revives
Within his breast. His eyes with agonizing
Expectation now are kindled—he shouts,
And vigorously strives to make his cries
Heard by the inmates of the rolling ark;
But vain are all his efforts—or unheard,
Or worse—unheeded, are his ravings passed!
The ark sweeps by in sullen majesty,
And soon is gone far from his sight or voice.
Oh, God! to see the sudden change which
comes

Now o'er his pallid face—the change from hope
To black and horrible despair—his face
Now wears a horrid cloud—it is too much
To bear—his tottering reason is overturned,
And frenzy seizing him, with sudden spring
He grasps his frightened children, and no longer
Waiting for the approaching tide, he leaps
Headlong with them into the horrid deep.

E. F.

THE TAPESTRIED CHAMBER ;
OR, THE
LADY IN THE SACQUE.

(Continued from page 358.)

HERE General Browne stopped, and wiped from his brow the cold perspiration with which the recollection of his horrible vision had covered it.

“ My lord,” said he, “ I am no coward. I have been in all the mortal dangers incidental to my profession, and I may truly boast, that no man ever saw Richard Browne dishonour the sword he wears; but in these horrible circumstances, under the eyes, and, as it seemed, almost in the grasp of an incarnation of an evil spirit, all firmness forsook me;—I sank back in a swoon, as very a victim to panic terror as ever was a village girl. How long I lay in this condition I cannot pretend to guess.

“ But I was roused by the castle clock striking one, so loud that it seemed as if it were in the very room. It was some time before I dared open my eyes, lest they should again encounter the horrible spectacle. When, however, I summoned courage to look up, she was no longer visible. My first idea was to pull my bell, wake the servants, and remove to a garret or hay-loft, to be ensured against a second visitation. Nay, I will confess the truth, that my resolution was altered, not by the shame of exposing myself, but by the fear that, as the bell-cord hung by the chimney, I might, in making my way to it, be again crossed by the fiendish hag, who, I figured to myself, might be still

lurking about some corner of the apartment.

“ I will not pretend to describe what hot and cold fever-fits tormented me for the rest of the night, through broken sleep, weary vigils, and that dubious state which forms the neutral ground between them. An hundred terrible objects appeared to haunt me, till day-light appeared, when I rose from my bed, ill in health, and humiliated in mind. I was ashamed of myself as a man and a soldier, and still more so, at feeling my own extreme desire to escape from the haunted apartment, which however, conquered all other considerations; so that, huddling on my clothes with the most careless haste, I made my escape from your lordship's mansion, to seek in the open air some relief to my nervous system, shaken as it was by this horrible rencounter with a visitant, for such I must believe her, from the other world. Your lordship has now heard the cause of my discomposure, and of my sudden desire to leave your hospitable castle. In other places I trust we may often meet; but God protect me from ever spending a second night under that roof!”

Strange as the general's tale was, he spoke with such a deep air of conviction, that it cut short all the usual commentaries which are made on such stories. Lord Woodville never once asked him if he was sure he did not dream of the apparition. On the contrary, he seemed deeply impressed with the truth and reality of what he had heard; and, after a considerable pause, regretted, with much appearance of sincerity, that his early friend should, in his house, have suffered so severely.

“ I am the more sorry for your pain, my dear Browne,” he continued, “ that it is the unhappy, though most unexpected, result of an experiment of my own. You must know, that for my grandfather and father's time, at least, the apartment which was assigned to you last night had been shut on account of reports that it was disturbed by supernatural sights and noises. When I came, a few weeks since, into possession of the estate, I thought the accommodation, which the castle afforded for my friends, was not extensive enough to permit the inhabitants of the invisible world to retain possession of a comfortable sleeping apartment. I therefore caused the Tapestry Chamber, as we call it, to be opened, and I had such new articles of furniture placed in it as became the more modern times. Yet as the opinion that the room was haunted very strongly prevailed among the domestics, and was also known in the neighbourhood and to many of my friends, I feared some prejudice might be enter-

tained by the first occupant of the Tapestried Chamber, which might tend to revive the evil report which it had laboured under, and so disappoint my purpose of rendering it an useful part of the house. I must confess, my dear Browne, that your opportune arrival yesterday, seemed the most favourable for me to remove the unpleasant rumours which attached to the room, since your courage was indubitable, and your mind free of any pre-occupation on the subject. I could not, therefore, have chosen a more fitting subject for my experiment."

"Upon my life," said General Browne, somewhat hastily, "I am infinitely obliged to your lordship—very particularly indebted indeed. I am likely to remember for some time the consequences of the experiment, as your lordship is pleased to call it."

"Nay, now you are unjust, my dear friend," said Lord Woodville. "You have only to reflect for a single moment, in order to be convinced that I could not augur the possibility of the pain to which you have been so unhappily exposed. I was yesterday morning a complete sceptic on the subject of supernatural appearances. Nay, I am sure that had I told you what was said about that room, those very reports would have induced you, by your own choice, to select it for accommodation. It was my misfortune, perhaps my error, but really cannot be termed my fault, that you have been afflicted so strangely."

"Strangely indeed!" said the general, resuming his good temper; "and I acknowledge that I have no right to be offended with you for treating me like what I used to think myself—a man of some firmness and courage. But I see my post horses are arrived, and I must not detain your lordship from your amusement."

"Nay, my old friend," said Lord Woodville, "since you cannot stay with us another day, which, indeed, I can no longer urge, give me at least half an hour more. You used to love pictures, and I have a gallery of portraits, some of them by Vandyke, representing ancestry to whom this property and castle formerly belonged. I think that several of them will strike you as possessing merit."

General Browne accepted the invitation, though somewhat unwillingly; and followed Lord Woodville through several rooms, into a long gallery hung with pictures, which the latter pointed out to his guest, telling the names, and giving some account of the personages whose portraits present themselves in progression. They were, indeed, of the kind which are usually found in an old family gallery.

Here, was a cavalier who had ruined the estate in the royal cause; there, a fine lady, who had reinstated it by contracting a match with a wealthy round-head. There, hung a gallant who had been in danger for corresponding with the exiled court at Saint Germain's; here, one who had taken arms for William at the revolution; and, there, a third that had throw his weight alternately into the scale of whig and tory.

While Lord Woodville was cramming these words into his guest's ear, "against the stomach of his sense," they gained the middle of the gallery, when he beheld General Browne suddenly start, and assume an attitude of the utmost surprise, not unmixed with fear, as his eyes were caught and suddenly riveted by a portrait of an old lady in a sacque, the fashionable dress of the end of the seventeenth century.

"There she is!" he exclaimed, "there she is, in form and features, though inferior in demoniac expression to the accursed hag who visited me last night."

"If that be the case," said the young nobleman, "there can remain no longer any doubt of the horrible reality of your apparition. That is the picture of a wretched ancestress of mine, of whose crimes a black and fearful catalogue is recorded in a family history in my charter-chest. The recital of them would be too horrible; it is enough to say, that in yon fatal apartment incest and unnatural murder were committed. I will restore it to the solitude to which my ancestors had consigned it; and never shall any one, so long as I can prevent it, be exposed to a repetition of the supernatural horrors which could shake such courage as yours."

Thus the friends, who had met with such glee, parted in a very different mood; Lord Woodville to command the Tapestried Chamber to be unmantled, and the door built up; and General Browne to seek in some less beautiful country, forgetfulness of the painful night which he had passed in Woodville Castle.

The Keepsake.

MAHOMET THE IMPOSTOR.

THE following curious particulars of the personal character of this celebrated impostor are derived from a "Description of Musulman Records in the Cabinet of the Duc de Blacas;" recently published by M. Reinaud, of the King's Library, at Paris.

Mahomet was naturally gay, affable, and of an even disposition. He listened

patiently to every body ; and, to use the expression of his historians, when he was in company, he was never the first to rise.

His domestic establishment was simple, modest ; in short, like that of a private individual. Dates and water were the food most frequently used ; and sometimes two months would elapse without the lighting of a fire. Mahomet darned his own stockings, mended his own clothes, swept his own room, and waited on himself.

He constantly maintained forty persons at his own expense. Whatever they asked, he never refused ; so that more than once it happened to him to be in want of the necessaries of life. God,—again to use the words of his historians,—offered him the keys of all the treasures of the earth ; but he declined them.

The feeling which Mahomet was the least able to control, especially towards the latter part of his life, was the love of women. That taste, and a liking for perfumes, were, after ambition, his two ruling passions. “ Two things,” he himself said, “ attract and excite me—women and perfumes : these two things recreate me, and render me more disposed to prayer.”

Mahomet married about a dozen women, not reckoning slaves. At his death he left nine of them. This was an evident violation of the precept which he had himself established, and which fixed the number of wives at four. But in his character of a prophet he pretended to be exempted from the common law. He affected to say, that all the prophets who had preceded him had acted in the same manner. The truth is, that whether we regard his own life, or certain passages in the Alcoran, it is manifest that he placed sovereign happiness in sensual pleasures.

Mahomet was very zealous for his friends. He loved to serve them with the same ardour with which they served him ; which was in his eyes the surest method of attaching them to his cause. But in proportion as he was disposed to serve his friends, was he implacable towards his enemies. If any one interposed an obstacle to his designs, he gave himself up to excessive resentment ; fire, poison,—he stuck at nothing. In this respect he shared the vindictive feelings of his countrymen ; and he did not begin to manifest any greatness of soul, until the firm establishment of his power had placed him above these horrible atrocities.

Mahomet treated religion as a political means of arriving at his ends. On every occasion he made heaven speak. Thus,

by the assistance of the Alcoran alone, we may form a notion of the most important epochs of his life. He never failed to give to all his proceedings a religious character. The Musulmans, in order to express the extreme attention of Mahomet to every thing which related to the Deity, say, that even when he looked down on the earth, his reflections were on heaven.

By such devices he inspired an enthusiasm among his companions, of which it is difficult to find a second instance. When he cleansed himself, his disciples took the water which had washed away his filth, and respectfully drank it ; when he expectorated, they swallowed his saliva ; when he cut his hair, they eagerly collected the fragments. In speaking of this subject, an idolater of Mecca, who had witnessed the splendour of the Cæsars of Constantinople, and that of the Cosroes of Persia, declared that no king had ever been so respected, that no prince had ever enjoyed such an empire, as Mahomet.

Lit. Gaz.

The Note Book.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
LEYDEN.

This institution took its rise from that glorious period of its history, the ever memorable siege it sustained when Holland was about to shake off the Spanish yoke ; an event upon which its inhabitants still dwell with pleasure, and in relating the particulars of which, I have several times seen the glow of a generous enthusiasm illuminate the most inanimate countenance. The people were reduced to eat the leaves of trees, as well as horses, dogs, leather, and every other animal substance within their reach, a pestilence carried off more than half the inhabitants ; and in this dreadful extremity, the besiegers calling on the town to surrender, the latter appeared on the walls, and declared they would each of them first cut off his left arm for provision, and fight with his right. The governor wrote to the Prince of Orange, that, without help from him, or from heaven, they could not resist two days longer.

At this crisis, the wind providentially changed, and blew in such a direction, that the Spanish army, fearing a flood, made a precipitate retreat. People immediately flocked into the town on every side, and saved some hundreds of famished wretches, who, in the churches, were returning thanks to heaven for their deliverance.—Here a new distress occurred : many of the poor creatures, too eager in

gratifying their craving appetites, fell down dead on the spot, so that the magistrates were obliged, for some time, to regulate the quantity of food for each person.

The day after this signal deliverance, the Prince of Orange went to Leyden, to express his admiration of the inhabitants' behaviour. What an interview must that have been! He gave them their option, whither to be for a time exempt from certain taxes, or to have an University founded in their town. They wisely chose the latter, and have ever since derived much profit from it.—Such was the origin of Leyden.

N. N.

[SIR THOMAS MORE'S APOTHEGMS.

The learned Sir Thomas More, who succeeded Cardinal Wolsey as Lord High Chancellor of England, was so clear in the performance of the duties "of his great office," that when his sons complained how little they could gain under his administration of the law, he replied, "I will do justice to all, and thereby leave you a blessing." He was so scrupulously conscientious, that no subpoena was granted but what he saw, and no order but what he perused. Nor could the King or Queen corrupt him, or the whole Church in convocation fasten any charge upon him that might stain his integrity. He uttered eight apothegms, viz:—1st. The world is undone by looking on things at a distance. 2nd. To aim at honour on earth, is to set a coat of arms over a prison gate. 3rd. He that is covetous when he is old, is like a thief that steals when he is going to the gallows. 4th. The greatest punishment in this world, were to have our own desires. 5th. We go to hell with more pains than we might go to heaven with. 6th. The more we have of any thing but riches, the better we are. 7th, Who would not send his alms to heaven? who would not send his estate whither he is to be banished himself? 8th, When any one was calumnious in his presence, he he would say, "let any man think as he pleaseth, I like this room well." He wished to behold three things established in Christendom—1st, A universal peace. 2ndly, A uniform system of religion; and, 3rdly, A reformation rather of lives than religion. This great, learned, and virtuous man was beheaded in 1585, during the reign of Henry VIII, for refusing to take the oath of supremacy and succession; which his enemies connected with some other charges against the ambition of his cruel master, which were construed as high treason.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF ERSKINE.

The historical description by J. M. Leighton, to the view of Erskine House, one of the illustrations comprised in the 5th part of the "Picturesque Views on the River Clyde," gives the following as said to be the tradition with respect to the origin of the name of Erskine. In the reign of Malcolm the Second, a Scot, who killed with his own Enriquer, a Danish general at the battle of Murthill, cut off his head, and with it and the bloody dagger presented himself to the King. Exhibiting the trophies of his feat, he said, in Celtic, "Eris Skyne," alluding to the head and dagger; adding, in the same language, "I intend to perform still greater actions than I have yet done." The King, in memory of the action, bestowed upon him the name of Erskine, and assigned, for his armorial bearing, a hand holding a dagger, with the motto, 'I pense plus,' which is still the crest and motto of the family.

THE AUTHORESS OF CŒLEBS AND THE LEG OF MUTTON.

When the authoress of Cœlebs visited Bath, in my boyhood, she dealt out her charities with christian benevolence, and disregarded the ostentatious display which is too much in vogue with many who let the right hand know what is done by the left. The following authentic anecdote, however singular, is an interesting illustration of her excellent character. A poor woman who had just lain in, receiving her charity, she bought a leg of mutton, and, for temporary convenience, wrapped it in a cloth and put it in her muff. While hastening to her visit, she slipped off the pavement in Queen Square, and let the meat fall out of her muff—on which a man passing by, cried out, "Ah! my good lady, you have dropped your left leg!" The lady in question, not in the least disconcerted, put the joint again into the furry recess, remarking, "My witty man, you will not reprove me when you find it at home *for your wife*."—It was the woman's husband. P.

Illustrations of History.

SEALS AND SIGNETS.

THE use of these articles is referable in the east to a remote antiquity. The Musulmans trace it up to Adam himself; it is plain from the Bible that they were employed in Egypt in the time of Joseph. It is at present universal throughout the

east, and is a substitute for the signature: whether a document be signed or not, the seal makes it valid. It was so amongst the ancients: the Latin word *signare*, is from *signum*, a sign or figure, which Greek and Roman seals mostly bore.

Mahomedan princes now commonly use several seals, of different dimensions, and for different purposes. Mahomet used but one: his first signet merely bore the words *Resool Allah*, or "the Apostle of God," to which he afterwards added his own name. His successors were equally simple with himself in the management of their correspondence. M. Reinaud quotes from D'Herbelot an anecdote of Omar, who being told, whilst he was employed in building a wall round Medina, that a governor had maltreated the people of his province, took up a brick and wrote upon it: "Put a stop to the complaints made against you, or quit your government." This laconic style was not adhered to in subsequent times; we are told of some of the race of Genghiz Khan writing letters to western sovereigns, which were from two to nine feet long; and Sherif-ed-din, in his life of Timur, speaks of a letter from that prince to the Sultan of Egypt, seventy cubits in length.

The investiture of authority was denoted by the delivery of a seal in the earliest as in modern times. In the middle ages, the descendants of Genghiz Khan received, on ascending the throne, a seal from the emperor of China, the impression of which is seen in the letters of those princes to Philip the Fair.

Further; the seal sometimes served as a pledge for the fulfilment of engagements and promises. To give one's seal to any one, signified an entire submission to his directions. This use of a seal was once made by a brother of the Caliph Haroun al-Rashid, towards a person to whom he owed some money; and the same was done by a Turkoman prince in Mesopotamia, named Elghazi, towards a prisoner to whom he had promised life. By a necessary consequence, the seal has become a symbol of friendship. We read in Joinville, that during the time that St. Louis was in Palestine, the Old Man of the Mountain, wishing to pay court to the holy king, sent him his signet. These are the expressions of Joinville: "Le Vieux de la Montagne envoya au roi son anel qui estoit de moult fin or, là où son nom estait escrit, et li manda que par son anel responsoit-il le roi, que dez-lors il vouloit qu'ils fussent tous un."

Independent of these customs, adapted to the real wants of man, there existed others altogether different. It is well known that the ancients sometimes placed

poison under the collet of their rings, to use upon occasion. Hannibal, persecuted by the implacable hatred of the Romans, thus caused his own death. The Musulmans, notwithstanding their well known religious scruples, have more than once had recourse to this expedient. We read in oriental history, that the chief of the illustrious house of the Barmecides, under the first caliphs of Bagdad, always carried about poison in his signet. Two centuries later, a Musulman prince on the frontiers of India poisoned himself in the same manner.

In the last place, signets were used in divination, and to obtain all the wonderful effects which were accustomed to be attributed to the occult sciences.

The first Roman emperors had a sort of superstitious reverence for the signet of Augustus, and preserved it most carefully. It being lost by Galba, the circumstance was regarded as in the highest degree ominous. It was the same with the signet of Mahomet: the caliph Osman having let it fall into a well, the consternation was universal; the year in which this event happened was called "the year of the loss of the ring;" and subsequently it was discovered to be a presage of the disasters which soon after befel Islamism. The emperor Adrian had a ring upon which his motto was engraved, and with which he connected his existence; having lost it a few days prior to his decease, he doubted not the approach of his end. A similar fact is related of Sultan Selim, conqueror of Egypt. Every one has read with interest the history of Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, who placed his happiness upon the possession of a magnificent stone which he wore upon his finger, and who, apprehensive that the jealous deities might at length oblige him to undergo a cruel expiation for this excess of enjoyment, threw it into the sea. It is well known, that after some days the stone was recovered by means of a fish, and that the tyrant's apprehensions were shortly after verified.

Something analogous is told of the great Haroun-al-Rashid. This prince having received from the caliph, his father, a most beautiful ruby, his eldest brother, wishing to deprive him of it, threw it into the Tigris; but shortly after Haroun's brother died, a fish restored the ruby to the new caliph, and, more fortunate than Polycrates, his glory still continued to increase.

Ancient authors have also spoken of the ring of King Gyges, with which one could see without being seen. Eastern nations attributed the same virtue to the seal of Solomon.

Such were the several uses to which signets and seals were applied in the east.

The Musslemans are not acquainted with the custom which prevails amongst us of collecting these articles as objects of curiosity. Utility and splendour are the ends they consider; they are indifferent to what is addressed merely to the understanding. This was not always the case, however, with the Musslemans. Several of their princes might be cited who were sensible to the charms of the fine arts. Such, for instance, were the Fatimite caliphs of Egypt, who had collected in their palace at Cairo the most curious productions both of art and nature. There was the beautiful signet, in yellow amber, of Fukr-ed-Douleh; there, also, might be admired the rarest gems, the richest stuffs, the most curious woods, and the most interesting animals; but these treasures have disappeared, and scarcely a vestige of them can be discovered.

Fine Arts.

SELECT ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE COUNTY OF SURREY. BY G. F. PROSSER.†

THOUGH no friends to lithography, we cannot withhold our meed of praise from this work, which in every respect possesses great merit: the views have been most faithfully taken, and are executed with much taste and ability, being both clear and soft.

The number of embellishments contained in this part, are five, and embrace West Hill, the seat of the Marquis of Stafford, a very pleasing drawing, in which the perspective is finely preserved. Pepper Harrow, the seat of Lord Middleton, an interesting picture. Esher Place, the seat of John Spicer, Esq. (a beautifully wooded retreat) is finely executed, and the luxuriant foilage of the fine trees which surround the mansion, is beautifully displayed in a bold and spirited manner, conveying at once an accurate idea of the beauties of this delightful sylvan retreat. Denbies, the seat of W. J. Denison, M. P. for Surrey, taken from the terrace walk, is given also in a correct, free, and effective manner. Dulwich College, the concluding picture of this part, is represented with great fidelity. Besides the illustrations above mentioned, this work is also ornamented with two charming head pieces of entrance lodges, that would do credit to the pencils of artists of much higher

pretensions. In fact, every one of these drawings are far above mediocrity. It would be well if some of those publishers who are inundating the town with cheap "views," were to turn their attention to the assistance which this promising young artist might afford them.

The descriptive and historical notices which accompany these views, are written in a concise and pleasing style, and display no inconsiderable research; we cannot refrain from extracting a portion of the description which accompanies the view of Esher Place, as it must prove interesting to the topographer and the antiquary, as well as the general reader.†

"On the interesting spot where Esher Place now stands," formerly stood an ancient seat of the Prelates of Winchester, who lived here in all the magnificence of regal splendour. William Wainfleet, who was Bishop from 1447 to 1486, built on the bank of the Mole, in the Park of 'Asheere' a stately brick house. His arms, with those of his see, carved in stone, were over the Gatehouse and in various parts of the building. On the timber work of the hall (which was not unlike that of Westminster) were several angels carved supporting escutcheons; in two of which were scrolls, with *Tibi, Christe*, and in the windows, frequently *Sit Deo Gracia*. Cardinal Wolsey, who was made Bishop of Winchester upon the death of Bishop Fox in 1528, repaired and rebuilt several parts of this building, purposing to make it his retreat when the king resided at Hampton Court.

"On the 18th October, 1529, the king sent the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk to the Cardinal, then at York House in the Strand, to demand the Great Seal, and ordered him to leave that house and retire to Esher. He refused to deliver the seal without a written order, but on receiving a second message the next day, he gave it up, and taking boat, went to Putney.

"On landing there, he mounted his mule to go to Esher; but had scarcely arrived at the foot of the hill, when Mr. Norris (one of the King's Bedchamber) brought him a message from the King that he was still as much in the royal favour as ever. The Cardinal was so elated at this, that he dismounted, and falling on his knees in the dirt, gave thanks to God and the King. Mr. Norris brought him a ring from the King, in return for which, the Cardinal took from his neck a gold cross, in which a piece of the Holy Cross was inclosed, and presented it to him; and bethinking himself of what would be most acceptable to the King, he sent him his fool. Patch, who,

† Rivingtons, Waterloo Place.

however, was so unwilling to leave his master, that six of the strongest yeomen could scarcely conduct him to the King. The Cardinal remained some weeks at Esher, and dismissed his servants; but Cromwell, his chief steward, refused to leave him, and went to London to watch the proceedings of his enemies, in which he was indefatigable. While at Esher he received favourable messages from the King, together with another ring. A bill for high treason, brought into Parliament a short time after, was defeated by the management of Cromwell, as was also another for high crimes and misdemeanours. The Duke of Norfolk came to the Cardinal at Esher with fresh assurances of the King's favour, but the same day Judge Shelly was sent to demand the surrender of York House to the King.

“The Cardinal alleged that it belonged to his see; but at last complied, and obtained the King's leave to remove to Richmond for the benefit of the air; but this was much opposed by the Duke of Norfolk and others, who wanted to have him removed to York. He, however, went to Richmond, and delayed his journey to York as long as he could. While at Richmond he removed from the Lodge to the Monastery of the Carthusians at Shene, the Church of which he visited every morning, and in the afternoon conferred with some monk most remarkable for his piety. He put on a hair shirt, and conformed to the strictest rules of a penitential life. His subsequent removal to York, his arrest and death at Leicester Abbey, are well known to the readers of English History, and furnish a striking memorial of the instability of human grandeur.

“On the death of Wolsey the estate devolved to the Crown, and was afterwards possessed by the families of the Drakes and Lattons; the latter of whom sold the house to Peter de la Porte, one of the South Sea Directors. On the breaking of that bubble and the seizure of his estates, it was sold by the trustees to Dennis Bond, Esq. In 1729, the Hon. Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer and brother to the Duke of Newcastle, purchased the Gate House of Mr. Bond, (the other parts of the edifice having been previously demolished), and made additions to it in the original style. Thomson in his Seasons, speaks of it thus:—

Where, in the sweetest solitude, embraced
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.

In taking leave of this admirable work, we earnestly recommend it to the attention of our readers as deserving of their patronage, and we sincerely hope that

the indefatigable artist will meet with that encouragement which his talents entitle him to.

THE DISSOLUTION OF MONASTERIES.

The monasteries in the time of Henry VIII., had a prodigious number of very valuable manuscripts. It was said, that there were more in England than in any other country in the world of equal size. When the abbies were sold by Henry VIII., the purchasers of them destroyed and wasted them all. Many of the old MS. bibles were cut in pieces to cover pamphlets. The following is the lamentation and complaint of John Ball to King Edward VI., A. D. 1549.

“A number of those persons who bought the monasteries, reserved of the library thereof, some to serve their jakes; some to scour their candlesticks; and some to rub their boots; some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers; and some they sent over sea to the bookbinders, not in small numbers, but at times whole ships' full. Even the universities of this realm were not all clear in this detestable fact. I know a merchant-man, that bought the contents of the two libraries for forty shillings price. The stuff thereof he hath occupied, instead of grey paper, by the space of more than these ten years; and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come. Our posterity may well curse this wicked fact of our age, this unreasonable spoil of England's most noble antiquities.”

The fine collection of manuscripts belonging to the cathedral church of Durham, was saved by being concealed within one of the pillars of the church.

Dr. Dee presented a supplication, the original of which is now in the Cotton Library, to Queen Mary, in the year 1556, for the recovery and preservation of ancient writers and monuments; but there was no attention given to it. However, we learn from it, that Tully's work, *De Republica*, was once extant in this kingdom, and perished at Canterbury. Cardinal Pole told Roger Ascham, that he had been informed that this work of Cicero's was in Poland, and that he had sent a man on purpose thither at the expense of a thousand golden crowns, about £900 sterling, in search of it, but to no purpose.

Science and Art.

MODE OF PRESERVING EGGS.

A chemist at Geneva, states, that he has discovered an easy mode of preserving for six years, or probably for a longer period, eggs, perfectly fresh, and fit to eat; and a confectioner in the same

place has this year employed in his business a ton of eggs, which had been so preserved. All that is necessary, is to put fresh eggs into a bocal (a large round bottle with a short neck) and fill it up with lime water. The way to make the lime water is as follows:—Throw into a vessel containing between twenty and thirty pints of water, five or six pounds of quick lime, shake it well several times, then let the lime precipitate itself, and pour off the water, which is perfectly limpid, although it has dissolved a portion of the lime. This is the water to be used. To make sure of its being saturated with the lime, after filling the bocal containing the eggs, until the water is about three inches above them, dust in a small quantity of quick lime, and close the bottle.

Lit. G.

Customs of Various Countries.

KISSING HANDS.

The kissing of hands is of great antiquity, and seems to have been equally employed in religion and in social life. It was thus that the sun and moon were worshipped from the remotest ages. Job alludes to this custom when he says, "If I have looked upon the sun when he was shining forth, or at the moon advancing bright, and my heart have been secretly enticed, and *my hand have kissed my mouth*, this also were an iniquity, [&c.]" And Lucian relates of Demosthenes, that having fallen into the hands of Antipater, and obtained permission to enter a temple in the neighbourhood, *he carried his hand to his mouth* on entering, which his guards look for an act of religion, but, when too late, found that he had swallowed poison. In society, the kissing hands has always been regarded as a mute form of compliment, and used in asking favours, in thanking those from whom they have been received, and in making veneration for superiors. Priam, in Homer, kissed the hands and embraced the knees of Achilles, in conjuring him to restore the body of Hector;—and not to multiply examples, Cortez found the custom in Mexico, where upwards of a thousand of the nobility saluted him by touching the earth with their hands, which they carried afterwards to their mouths.—*Week. Rev.*

Anecdotaliana.

The Gazette of Pekin, speaking of the death of the Emperor Kiaking, says, briefly,—“In the city of Jeho, 25th day

of the 7th moon, His Majesty set out to wander among the Immortals.”

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

The Bristol Mercury observes, that it is rather a singular coincidence, that the names of the last two masters of the hospital in College-street, (Bristol,) have been *Hopper* and *Walker*, and that the candidate highest on the list for the situation, which is at present vacant, is *Gallop*! All we hope is, that a Canter may never be elected.

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

A poet of the north, wishing to recommend himself to the late SIR WILLIAM FORBES, (the author of the *Life of Dr. Beattie*,) wrote the following description of the worthy baronet's house at Colinton:—

Behold the house of SIR WILLIAM FORBES!
Surrounded with trees all covered with corbies,
From whence the Pentland hills are seen,
Pastured with sheep for ever green!

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

On a neat tablet of black marble, edged with white, which is affixed in the wall that surrounds the church-yard of the new Mary-le-bone Church, St. John's Wood, is the following inscription. With the exception of the star at each end of the word sacred, the whole is in letters of Gold, they being in Silver.

* **Sacred** *

TO THE MEMORY OF
JOANNA SOUTHCOTT,
WHO LIES INTERRED 26 FEET
FRONT OF THIS TABLET.

SHE DEPARTED THIS LIFE, DECEMBER 27,
1814, AGED 65 YEARS.

*While through all thy wond'rous days,
Heaven and Earth enraptur'd gaz'd,
While vain Sages think they know
Secrets 'THOU ALONE' canst shew,
Time alone will tell what hour
Thou'lt appear in 'GREATER' power.*

BEHOLD the time shall come that these TOKENS which I have told thee shall come to pass, and the BRIDE shall APPEAR, and SHE coming forth shall be SEEN that now is WITHDRAWN from the earth.

2d of Esdras, chap. 7th, verse 26th.

For the Vision is yet for an appointed time; but at the end it shall speak and NOT LIE: though it tarry WAIT for it, BECAUSE it will SURELY COME, it will not tarry.

Habakkuk, chap. 2nd, verse 3rd.

And whosoever is delivered from the aforesaid* evils shall see MY WONDERS
2nd of Esdras, chap. 7th, verse 27th.

* See her Writings.

THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED
BY THE SINCERE FRIENDS OF THE ABOVE,
ANNO DOMINI, 1828.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Dec. 14	SUN.	St. Spiridion. 3 Sunday in Adv. MESS. for the DAY 25 c. Isaiah, mor 26 ————— even	Dec. 14	St. Spiridron was a shepherd of Cyprus. He was made bishop of Iremithus early in the 4th century. His assiduity in performing his religious functions and his piety gained him the honour of all ranks of men. He died A. D. 348. 1784.—Died on this day our great lexicographer and incomparable moralist, Dr. Samuel Johnson, ÆT. 78. This great man in his last illness, when attended by the eminent physician Dr. Brocklesby, we are told, inquired of him in the language of the great Shakspeare's Macbeth, Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd, Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, &c. ? To which Brocklesby replied, from the same author, Therein the patient must minister Unto himself—.
— 15	Mon.	St. Eusebius. Sun ris. 7m aft 8 — sets 53 ——— 3	— 8	The death of this saint is placed by St. Jerome in 371. 1799.—Anniversary of the death of General Washington, who died through a severe inflammation of the throat at his estate of Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, in the 67th year of his age. The government of the United States by Washington, who was their first president, was marked by the same prudence, energy, and moderation, as characterised all the actions of this distinguished man.
— 9	Tues.	St. Ado. High Water, 47m. aft. 9 morn. 20 ——— 10 aft.	— 9	St. Ado was chosen archbishop of Vienne in 860. He held this see to the time of his death, which happened A. D. 875. 1798.—Died on this day, Thomas Pennant, the celebrated naturalist and topographer, at Downing, in Flintshire, the place of his birth. Mr. Pennant was the author of a number of meritorious and ingenious performances. His work on Zoology, and his Account of London, perhaps are the most esteemed. His various "Tours" contain a fund of antiquarian information. At the time of his death he was engaged on a description of India, only one volume of which he lived to complete.
— 10	Wed.	St. Begga.	— 10	This saint who was the founder of the Beguines, was the daughter of Peppin of Landen, and sister to St. Gertrude of Nivelles. 1809.—The marriage of the late Napoleon Buonaparte with the Empress Josephine was dissolved on this day.
— 11	Thurs	St. Gatlan. High Water, 11h. 55m morn ————— aftn.	— 11	This saint became the first bishop of Tours in the third century. He came from Rome with Saint Denys. 1774.—Expired on this day, ÆT. 78, Philip Miller, the famous botanist, and author of the Gardener's Dictionary. He was gardener to the Apothecaries' Company, which office he resigned on account of his infirmities. By foreigners, Miller was emphatically called HORTULANORUM PRINCEPS.
— 12	Frid.	St. Samthana. Sun ris. 8m aft 8 — sets 52 ——— 3	— 21	Our saint was the foundress of a monastery on the borders of Meath in Ireland. She died A. D. 738. 1660.—On this day it was ordered by parliament, that Francis Windham, Esq. and Mrs. Lane, should each of them receive 1000 <i>l.</i> for preserving King Charles after the fight of Worcester.
— 13	Satur.	St. Paul of Latlus High Water. 11m aft 2 morn. 32 ——— 2 after.	— 13	This saint who was a hermit, died A. D. 956. 1793.—On this day, the Bog of Castlegard, in the County of Louth, in Ireland, moved in a body from its original situation, to the distance of some miles, crossing the high road towards Doon, covering every thing in its way, at least twenty feet in many parts, and throwing down several bridges, houses, &c.



See page 389.

Illustrated Article.

THE POPE'S PROMISE.

It was St. John's Eve: the summer sun was sinking behind the distant hills, while his last beams glittered on the lofty spires and towers of Marcerata, one of the oldest towns in Italy, and formerly the metropolis of Ancona. The uncommon beauty of the evening had tempted forth most of its younger inhabitants, who were seen in detached groups along the high road, or in the fields, enjoying the fresh air. The wealthier females rode forth, attended by cavaliers well dressed and gallantly mounted, while the happier peasants were dancing on the level plains without the town, to the merry notes of the pipe and tabor. The streets were deserted, the sounds of labour had ceased, and the voice of joy alone mingled with the chiming of the convent bells, which announced the hour of evening prayer. Yet Pietro Ariano was still hard at work at his stall—Pietro, who was reckoned the best singer and the

best dancer in Marcerata, and who was withal, though only a poor shoemaker, as handsome and as well grown a young man as any in the Pope's dominions.

Pietro's little domicile stood just without the town, by the road side, and his stall fronted a long low latticed window that commanded a fine view of the adjacent country, and within the shade of which the young follower of St. Crispin was seated, busily plying his awl. His present fit of industry appeared more like an act of imperative duty than choice: his bent brow expressed both impatience and fatigue, and he flung his various implements from side to side with a sullen and dissatisfied air, glancing wistfully from time to time towards the open plains, and muttering imprecations against every fresh party of pleasure that passed his stall.

His wife, a lovely dark-eyed young woman, was earnestly engaged in binding the fellow shoe to that which Ariano held half finished in his hand; and she beguiled the lingering hours by singing, in a sweet voice, an old ditty, to amuse the infant that smiled upon her knee;

while from under her long dark eyelashes she watched the perturbed countenance of her husband. As the sun gradually declined in the horizon, Pietro's patience sank with it, and before the glorious luminary had totally disappeared, its last remaining spark was utterly extinguished: and, casting down his implements of labour, he exclaimed, in a hasty tone—
 “Now, by the mass! not another stitch will I set in slipper or shoe to-night were it to please the Pope!—Ha! 'tis a beautiful evening; and the merry tinkling of that guitar has called forth all my dancing wishes, and my legs, in idea, have been in motion for the last two hours. What say you, my pretty little Francesca,” he continued, unconsciously assuming a gayer tone, and slapping his wife briskly on the shoulder, “will you put your boy to bed, and join with me the merry group yonder?”

The young woman shook her head, and looked up into his face with an arch smile,—“No, no, Pietro! not till you have performed the promise you made to the handsome young friar last night.”—Ariano sullenly resumed his work.

“Ay, keep my promise, forsooth, and be repaid [by promises for my labour! Oh, these monks are liberal patrons who are too spiritual to attend to any temporal wants but their own. To convert neats' leather into shoes and sandals, for their accommodation, is as difficult a task as bringing over so many Turks and heretics to the true faith; and they are more nice to fit withal than the vainest damsel that ever sported a smart foot and ankle. They live on the general contributions of the public, and take good care to want for nothing that can be obtained by way of extortion. O, 'tis a dainty life!” he continued, plying his awl, in despite of his recent vow, with increasing energy, whilst inveighing against his principal employers, a rich community of Franciscan monks, who belonged to the noble monastery, whose august towers formed the leading feature in the beautiful landscape before him, “O, 'tis a dainty life! whose very motto is '*laziness*.' They are the hooded locusts that devour the substance of the land, and receive a patent from the Pope, heaven bless him! to live in idleness. Would that my father

had made me a member of this holy community, instead of binding me to his own unprofitable trade!"

"If that had been the case, Pietro, I should never have shared your poverty and your labours," said Francesca, with a glance of reproachful tenderness.

"Il Diavolo!" exclaimed Pietro laughing; "you would have been much better off. *A monk's mistress*, let me tell you, ever carries her head higher than an honest man's wife."

"Hush! hush! Pietro, is it right for a Christian man to utter such impious invectives against these holy monks?"

"Now, by all the saints and angels whom they pretend to worship!" returned Ariano, "if I live and flourish, the boy you hold upon your knee shall be one of these sleek hypocrites. Who knows what preferment he may arrive at? Several bishops have risen from no higher origin. Ha! what say you to that, my little advocate for celibacy? Have I not well provided for your son?"

"You are very profane to-night, Pietro, and speak more like a swaggering man-at-arms than a poor artizan. Besides, I am sure the handsome young padre is no hypocrite. I never saw such a bright eye glance from beneath a monk's cowl."

"Ha! art thou again thinking of him, Francesca? He is a stranger in Marcerata, but I warrant him a very wolf in lamb's clothing."

The colour mounted to Francesca's brow, and she called out in a hasty voice—"Stint in thy foolish prate, Pietro! the young friar is even now before us!"

Ariano was utterly confounded when he beheld the padre leaning against the stall; and he felt not a doubt that the stranger had heard the whole of his intemperate conversation with his wife: nor was he wrong in his conjecture. The handsome young man, whose noble deportment and graceful figure set off his monastic habit, and whose bright, laughter-loving dark eyes ill accorded with a monk's cowl, had been for some time a silent spectator of the scene. Felix Perretti was highly amused with the abuse that Ariano had so unceremoniously levelled against his holy order, for which he felt little respect himself, and as a child of fortune, from his youth upwards, considered only as a step towards further advancement.

"How now, Signor *Scarpettaro!* is it your ordinary custom to close the labours of the day by abusing your betters? Are the shoes, which you promised should be completed for my journey to Loretto, finished?"

"No," returned Pietro; "they yet

want a full hour's work for their completion, and I have just made a vow never to pursue my handicraft by candle-light to please any man. So you must e'en perform the journey, reverend padre, as many better and holier men have done before you, barefooted."

"Do you make it a point of conscience, Ariano, to fulfil one promise by breaking another? I cannot commence a long and fatiguing pilgrimage without the aid of the Apostle's horses. Oblige me in this instance, Pietro, and I will put up a private mass for the repose of your evil temper, and the restoration of that goodly virtue in man, *patience!*"

"As to my temper!" returned the *Scarpettaro* fiercely, "no one has any right to complain of that but my wife; and if she speaks truly, she will inform you, father, that, when I am not fatigued with working over hours for *monks* and *friars*, I am the best tempered fellow in Marcerata."

The padre cast a sly glance at the dark eyed Francesca, from beneath his cowl, and something like a provoking smile sat ready to break forth into a hearty laugh, upon his rosy lips.—"Well friend Pietro, far be it from me, sworn as I am to peace, to rouse the evil spirit into action. 'Resist the devil,' says holy writ, 'and he will flee from you!' But a truce to all further colloquy, I see you are putting the finishing stroke to the disputed articles: tell me how much I stand indebted to you for them?"

"You cannot stand my debtor," said Ariano, recovering his good humour, when he found he had completed his job, "till you have tried on the shoes, and then I fancy you will *stand in my debt.*"

Father Felix laughed heartily at this sally; and, seating himself carelessly on the edge of the stall, with a very *degagee* air, proceeded to draw on the shoes.

"By our Lady of Loretto!" said Francesca, who was earnestly watching all his movements, "it were a thousand pities that such a white and well shapen foot should have to contend with the sharp flints and briars."

Pietro's brow contracted into a frown, and, turning abruptly to the padre, he asked him how the shoes fitted him?

"My feet, much better than the price will my purse. What am I to pay you for them?"

"Three testoons. And the cheapest pair of shoes that ever was made for the money."

Father Felix shook his head thoughtfully, and drawing forth a leathern purse from the folds of his monastic gown, calmly took it by one of the tassels, and

emptied the contents on to the board. A few pieces of money rolled, one after the other, on to the stall; the hollow sound from which spoke the very language of poverty. The young friar counted them deliberately over; then, turning to Ariano, without the least embarrassment, explained the state of his finances—"Signor *Scarpettaro*, in these few pieces of money, you behold all my worldly riches: I want one *julio* to make up the sum you demand for the shoes, which luckily will give you an opportunity of performing a good work at a very small expense; for, you perceive, I have not wherewithal to satisfy your exorbitant charge."

"Exorbitant charge!" reiterated Pietro. "Now, by St. Crispin! may I suffer the pains of purgatory if I take one *quatrini* less. What! after having worked so many hours over my usual time, to be beaten down in the price of the article. Give me the shoes, thou false friar! and pursue thy way barefooted. A monk! and moneyless, quotha. You have doubtless emptied that capacious pouch of its contents into a wanton's lap."

"Now, out upon you for a profligate reprobate, and vile *Scarpettaro*!" returned the monk. "Do you think it so difficult a task for a priest to keep his vows? Or do you imagine that we cheat our consciences as easily as you do your customers? My purse contains only eight *julios*, how then can you reasonably expect me to pay you nine? I must, therefore, remain your debtor for the odd coin."

"And when do you purpose to pay me?"

"When I am Pope," returned Peretti, laughing, "I will pay you both principal and interest."

"God save your Holiness!" said Pietro. "If I wait for my money till that period arrives, the debt will still be owing at the day of judgment. Or, stop—I will bequeath it to my children of the tenth generation, to buy them an estate in the moon. A Pope! Young father, you must shroud those roguish eyes under a deeper cowl, and assume a more sanctified visage, and carry a heavier purse withal, before you can hope to obtain the *Papal Crown*!"

"When I stoop, Ariano, to pick up St. Peter's keys, I shall not forget to pay my old debts. So, fare thee well, thou second Thomas à Didimus, and God be with thee, and with thee, pretty Francesca; and may he render the burthen thou bearest in thy arms the blessing and support of thy future years."

So saying, he stooped, and, pretending

to salute the sleeping infant, contrived to imprint a kiss upon the white hand that held him. Francesca blushed all over; and Pietro, bidding his Holiness remember his promise, bade the friar good night. His wife looked after the handsome Felix till a turning in the road hid him from her sight.

Years glided on in their silent course, and the name of the young friar, and his visit to Marcerata, were forgotten by Pietro Ariano and his wife. Poverty, and the increasing cares of a large family, tamed the vivacity of the *Scarpettaro's* spirits: he no longer danced or sung, but was forced, by hard necessity, to work both by night and day, to supply his numerous offspring with bread. Francesca's smooth brow was furrowed by the hand of time, and she had long yielded the palm of beauty to other and younger females. Her son, on whom Father Felix had bestowed his blessing, was early dedicated to a monastic life, and had risen, by transcendent abilities, from the rank of under assistant to the sacristan, to be one of the head members of the monastery of St. Francis. The young Antonio possessed ambition, which made him aspire to the highest ecclesiastical honours; but he had no friends among his wealthier brethren, who beheld in the son of the poor *Scarpettaro* of Marcerata an object of fear and envy. However, he was the pride and delight of his parents, whose poverty he greatly alleviated, but could not wholly remove. One morning, while Pietro was taking the measurement of the smartest little foot in Marcerata, and the pretty village beauty was cautioning him not to make her slippers too large, a sudden exclamation from his wife made him raise his head, as a dignified ecclesiastic entered the house, and demanded if his name were Pietro Ariano? The *Scarpettaro* answered in the affirmative.

"Then, you are the man I seek. Pietro Ariano, I command you, in the name of the Pope, the pious and blessed Sixtus the Fifth, to repair instantly to Rome, and attend his pleasure at the palace of the Vatican."

Pietro was petrified with terror. The implements he had just been using fell from his nerveless grasp, and his limbs were assailed by a universal shivering fit, as if under the influence of an ague. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "what is the nature of my crime?"

"That is best known to your own conscience," returned the stranger.

"Then the Lord have mercy upon me! I am a sinner, and, what is still worse a dead man! Like Daniel, I am cast into the lion's den, and there is none to deliver

me. Ah, wretch that I am! Why did I live to witness this day?"

"Oh, Pietro! my unhappy husband!" said Francesca, hiding her face in her garments, and weeping bitterly: "I knew long ago into what trouble your intemperate speeches would bring you. Are you not now convinced of the folly of meddling with matters that did not concern you? Alas! you will be sent to the Inquisition, and burnt for a heretic, and I shall lose you for ever!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" returned the tortured Ariano; "reproaches avail not; they cannot save me from the fate which in all probability awaits me. Farewell, my wife—my children!" he cried, alternately taking them in his arms; "cease not to petition heaven to restore me to you!"

Pietro tore himself away from his sad family, and commenced his long journey on foot to Rome. On the evening of the third day he entered Rome as a criminal enters the condemned cell that he never more expects to leave, till the hour which fulfils his sentence. Seeking a small hostelry in the suburbs of the city, he partook of a scanty supper, and retired to bed, dreading, yet anxiously expecting, the ensuing day. In the morning, he learned from his host that the Pope held a public levee in the great hall of the Vatican, to receive the French and German ambassadors; and that if he repaired thither early, and waited patiently till the crowd dispersed, he would be more likely to gain the speech of his Holiness. Unacquainted with the public edifices in Rome, poor Ariano wandered about for some time like a fool in a fair, bewildered in contemplating the august palaces which rose on every side, and imagining each in its turn a fit residence for a king; but, whilst he paused, irresolute how to act, a strange fancy entered his head, and he imagined that the Pope, who was Christ's vicerent on earth, must reside in the grandest church in the city. Accordingly, he stopped on the steps leading to St. Peter's Church, and demanded of an ecclesiastic, who, like himself, seemed bound thither, "If that noble building were the Pope's palace?"

"You must indeed be a stranger in Rome, my friend," returned the priest, with a good-natured smile, "not to know the difference between St. Peter's Church and the Vatican.—What is your name?"

"Pietro Ariano, a poor shoemaker of Marcerata."

"And your business with his Holiness, the Pope?"

"Alas! reverend padre, with that I am at present unacquainted; his business,

it should seem, is with me. I have none with him, unless it be to ask pardon for crimes unintentionally committed."

"Aha!" returned the priest, "you are the very man whom his Holiness wishes to see. He calls himself your debtor; and you will soon know in what coin he means to pay you. But, take heart of grace, Signor *Scarpettaro*; I will introduce you to the Pope."

Trembling from head to foot, Pietro followed his conductor into the great hall of audience. Sixtus was already in his chair, and the ambassadors of various nations were making their obeisance before him; Ariano stood shivering behind the priest, with his head bent down, and his arms folded dejectedly across his breast. At length the crowd gradually dispersed, and the Pope called out to the ecclesiastic, in a facetious tone, very different from the solemnity of manner with which he had addressed the ambassadors—"How now, Father Valentinian! Whom have you got there?"

"Please your Holiness," returned the priest, striving to impel Pietro forward, "the poor shoemaker of Marcerata."

At these words, Pietro uttered a loud groan, and fell prostrate at the feet of the Pope, who, after indulging in a long and hearty laugh, said, in a jocular tone, "Raise thy head, Ariano, that I may be sure of thy identity! By St. Peter! time has nearly worn out thy upper leathers, if it has spared thy *sole*. Is this panic-stricken craven the man who talked so largely, and uttered such bitter invectives against holy mother church? By the mass! I fancy the pains of purgatory will be light when compared with the pangs he now endures!"

"Most holy, most blessed, most incomparable Pope!" groaned forth the prostrate *Scarpettaro*, "I was mad and drunk when I uttered such foul calumnies against your Holiness's brethren. Heaven has justly punished me for my impiety, by revealing my rash speeches to your Excellency."

"It needed no miraeulous interposition of saints and angels, Pietro, to inform me of your iniquity; for I heard you with my own ears. But, stand up, man. It was not to call you to an account for your sins, which doubtless are many, that I sent for you hither, but to pay you the debt I owe you. Look me in the face, Signor Ariano. Hast thou forgotten St. John's Eve, and the young friar who called at your stall in his pilgrimage from Ascoli to Loretto?"

For the first time, Pietro ventured to raise his head, when he encountered the glance of the bright dark eyes, whose

amorous expression he had so unceremoniously reprobated three-and-twenty years before. That face, once seen, could never be forgotten. Time had given to Felix Peretti a stern and haughty expression; and the eye that, in the heyday of youth, seemed lighted only by the fire of passion, now possessed the glance of an eagle, before which the monarchs of the earth trembled, when it flashed in wrath from beneath a brow that appeared formed to rule the world. "Ha! Ariano, I perceive you recognise the face of an old friend. Have you forgotten the promise I made you, on that memorable night when I prophesied my own future grandeur? What was it, Pietro?"

"Please your Holiness," said Pietro, his eye brightening, and his hopes increasing in proportion as his fears diminished, "whatever you may think fit to give me."

"Come! Come to the point, Signor *Scarpettaro*," returned Sixtus, in a stern voice, "I will have no interpolations; what is the actual amount of the debt I owe you?"

"One *julio*, please your sublime Excellency; the principal and interest of the said sum, if ever you should come to be Pope, which, God forgive my wickedness for doubting!"

"Amen!" ejaculated Father Valentinian.

"Right, Pietro; the sum shall be faithfully paid," returned Sixtus, drawing a paper from his bosom, on which he had spent some hours the preceding day in calculating the interest of one *julio* for three-and-twenty years. What the sum amounted to, the chronicler of this anecdote does not condescend to inform us, but it was small enough to annihilate all Pietro Ariano's new and highly raised expectations, and his golden visions melted into air. He received it from the Pope with a vacant stare, and still held open his hand, which disdained to close over so paltry a prize.

"Is not the sum correct?" demanded Sixtus.

Ariano remained immoveable.

"Count it over again, my friend; and if one *quartrini* is wanting, it shall be faithfully paid. What, art thou moonstruck? Hast thou not received that which I owed thee?"

"No," returned Pietro, "your Holiness is still my debtor."

"Prove your words," said Sixtus, while a slight flush of anger suffused his face.

"The *julio* I gave your Holiness credit for three-and-twenty years ago, when thou wast only a poor barefooted friar, I

should never have walked to Rome to demand at thy hands. The sum has been faithfully paid, but you have not remunerated me for loss of time—for the expenses I incurred, and the fatigue I suffered, at my years; in undertaking, at your command, so long a journey. The tears my wife and children have shed, and the anguish of mind I have endured, to make sport for your Holiness, are debts of conscience you have still to pay; and, to shew you that a poor shoemaker of Marcerata can exceed the mighty Sixtus in liberality, I absolve the *Pope* of his promise!"

Here Pietro made a low reverence, laid the money at the Pope's feet, and was about to depart, when Sixtus called out in a lively tone—"How, Signor *Scarpettaro*! have you the presumption to rival a pope in munificence? Pride has urged you, though a necessitous man, to reject the only sum which you were justly entitled to receive.—It is not for me, as vicegerent for heaven, to reward a man for exhibiting to my face one of the seven deadly sins. I therefore transfer my bounty to more deserving objects. Give this purse of gold," he continued, "to thy wife, Francesca, and make glad her heart by informing her that her son, Antonio, is Bishop of Marcerata."

Overcome by this unexpected change of fortune, Pietro prostrated himself before his munificent benefactor, and, embracing his feet, called out in an ecstasy of joy—"Ah, your Holiness!—I am your debtor for life!"—*La Belle Assem.*

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ODE TO FORTITUDE.
(For the Olio.)

—

Nymph of the Rock, alike serene,
Whether the golden eye of day
Beams on the earth its cheerful ray,
And gilds with light the living scene;
Or if black storms and whirlwinds howl—
If deep toned thunders shake the pole—
If livid flashes dart around,
And sulphur fires the blasted ground;
In such an hour of wild affright,
When Nature trembles at the sight,
When all creation shrinks aghast,
As if Destruction winged the blast;—
Why does thy soul undaunted still remain,
Nor reck the whirlwind's howl, or thunder-
blasted plain?

A radiant star, effulgence bright!
From the great source of heavenly light,
Beams on thy breast;—the dazzling rays
That dart an empyrean blaze,
Far, far disperse the phantoms vain
That fancy genders in the brain
Of pallid fear, in darkness born,
Melted to air they mock the sight,
And with the kindred shades of night
Fly to the "Stygian caves forlorn,"

For none of error's train may ever dare
To eye the lustre of that radiant star :
From God's own hand the sacred present
came,
A seraph brought, and fair Truth its name.

EPODE.

Valour that might appal the boldest foe,
Nods on the plumes that wave thy purple
crest,
While Resolution seated on thy brow,
Proclaims the firmness that inspires thy
breast :
Where'er thou turn'st thy purposed way,
With iron arms, in firm array,
Labour, and all his hardy crew,
And Toil, that knows no rest, pursue.
For thee, when'er, in evil hour,
Misfortune's clouds portentous lour,
The young eyed Hope, for ever nigh,
Does her enchanting voice apply,
Diffuses wide her cheerful sway,
And charms the impending gloom away.
For thee her adamant shield
Does heaven-descended Virtue wield.
'Tis thus thou hear'st without dismay
The din of furious battle bray,
The tiger's yell, the lion's roar,
That slake their thirst in human gore :
O'er rocks that breast the foaming deep,
Where yawn the jaws of ruin steep :
O'er hell, like gulfs where ghostly death,
Watches his bloody trade beneath,
Thy bold steps pass, and urge their way
Where blackest Horror holds his sway.
Even Fate severe, whose iron chain
All human force assails in vain,
Relenting breaks his stern decree,
And gives the glorious crown to thee ;
And giant Danger, whose tremendous howl
Strikes with deep terror every soul,
Scared by the lightning of thine eagle eyes,
Low stoops his haughty crest and shrinks to
pigmy size. B.



 HORÆ PHILOLOGICÆ.

THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

(For the Olio.)

Gli piu considerati cominciano dall' applicarsi allo studio de' primi principi della lingua, e con una regular progressione si danno ad unitar la natura, la quale da semplici elementi cominciando, e ad essi, altri nuovi aggiungendo, perviene alla produzione dell' opere le piu perfette. VINCENZO PERETTI.

THE prevalence of the Latin language, and the universal veneration that has been paid to its genius, are not to be attributed to the philological distinction of its excellence ; the popularity it has everywhere attained was the natural consequence of the repeated victories of the Romans, and its use must have become universal in proportion to the extent of their empire ; for it is not difficult to suppose that the nations they conquered, and who were dependent on them for the future safety of their lives, and enjoyment of their property, were also compelled to submit to

the innovation of the Roman language, although such an introduction must have prevented the further improvement of their native literature ; since the formation of the language of every nation becomes more or less corrupted in proportion to the extent of their politic revolutions.

The introduction of the Latin tongue into our own country is evident from the hostility of Rome to the Britons ; and in process of time it was more generally employed by the Saxons as a written language, than their own, which custom must have precluded the possibility of any further improvement of the literature of their country ; and their language being more generally employed for the purposes of oral communication, became liable to many digressions and discrepancies, which a strict and early attention to a written definition of its principles could have alone obviated. Still we are not supposed to consider that progressive improvement would ever have rendered the Saxon superior, or equal to, the languages of the southern world ; but as the language of every nation is constructed upon philosophical principles, it might have attained a comparative excellence by an early attention to the cultivation of its genius.

Whether the structure and genius of the Latin is such that may have merited its adoption as a universal study, is a subject that deserves some consideration.—As the Greek, from its copiousness, can express with force and truth the varied imagery of poetry, and from its philosophical construction is eminently adapted to logical definitions, it might be assumed, that the Latin, which has adopted the vocabulary of the Greek, was not much inferior to it in its general formation and expression : on the contrary, the Latin is replete with idiomatic modes of expression, and its construction so various and involuted, that it displays a greater contrast than comparison to the chaste and elegant diction of its original.

Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui :————

was the concession of Horace to the genius and language of Greece ; and although the observation is worthy the pen of its elegant author, it must still be admitted that the excessive veneration of the Romans for the arts of Greece precluded the possibility of their ever being distinguished for originality of poetic genius ; since there can be no greater obstacle to originality than the contemplation of the superlative excellence of another—he who admires cannot avoid imitating.—Voltaire, who knew the history of the Greek drama, and the various canons of the Stagyrice, could

never compose a tragedy which had the slightest pretensions to excellence, when compared with those of Shakespeare; his servile application of the rules of Aristotle to the drama of his country, rendered it impossible that he could ever have produced or admitted any works but those of art.

Some have considered that the Romans did not possess the capability of being original, or they would never have become the imitators of the Greeks; this is certainly a very unjust supposition: it was not from any consciousness of their own mental inferiority that they selected the Greeks as models; the contemplation of their writings must have demanded from the Romans an acquiescence in their excellence, and this excellence being admitted, it was not possible they could have produced works of any decided originality, since to have been original it was necessary to suppose that there were none greater than themselves:—there is no passion so peculiar to man as the love of imitation, and this characteristic has not only influenced the literary but also the political world; had the founders of Greece venerated the laws and customs of the Asiatics, they could never have established a mighty empire, or have dared to display that originality of action and self-determination, which were alone the attributes of freedom, and formed the basis of their future grandeur.—To attempt to define by what motives a set of people were induced to leave their native country, abandon those laws and customs, which their forefathers held as sacred, and establish a government, the principles of which were comparatively isolated from all others, is a task equally difficult as to identify the origin and progress of those mythologies which emanated from the rhapsodies of barbarians, and were harmonised and adorned by the poets of succeeding generations—it matters not from what principles the earliest founders of the Grecian empire were induced to form that system of government, which afterwards attained such strength and beauty, and so eminently promoted the intellectual improvement of the people; it is sufficient to observe, that the literature of Greece was absolute—it produced masters in all its various branches, and the relics of its literary grandeur have given laws to the world, and influenced the genius of nations.

Whatever the Romans may have sacrificed from their veneration for Grecian literature, it cannot be doubted their imitation, though sometimes servile, was often commendable; it was the Idyls of Theocritus that suggested the Bucolics of Vir-

gil, who has sometimes equalled if not surpassed his original; his pastoral descriptions contain much philosophical observation, and his language sometimes combines the sublimity of the Greek with the melody of the Italian;—his *Æneid*, which has less originality than his *Georgics*, some have considered possessed the beauties of Homer without any of his faults; it has certainly many brilliant points, and the diction is the most sublime that his language could have admitted. Still he was the disciple of Homer, and if he has attained any excellence as an epic poet, he has but painted what Homer sketched—no writer among the Romans can be adduced as a more splendid instance of the genius of his country than Virgil: he displays all that imitation of the Greek writers, combined with that philosophical observation which were the result of a long acquaintance with their excellencies; and which characteristic is more or less observable in all the various compositions of the Roman authors.

The language of Rome is but an isolated dialect of the Greek, and although the poets of the Augustan era have given it a grace and harmony, that could never be improved, it is still much inferior to any dialect of its original, and if it is comparatively defective in harmony, it is still much more so as regards style. The involuted position of the Latin more often originates from a too fastidious attention to metrical combinations, and sometimes from the corrupt and mutilated state of their verbal partitives; some commentators upon language have endeavoured to prove that the intricacies of Latin composition, wholly depend upon philosophical principles; although their hypothesis is not wholly without foundation, there are still a great variety of idiomatic modes of expression, which cannot be reduced to any rule, and although they may have once been regular in their formation, in their present state they are like the shattered column which can possess but little beauty when isolated from the temple it adorned. In the earliest formation of language, there can be no doubt that men first gave names to things, before they expressed their qualities and capabilities; and that if an action was to be done, or related as having been done, the individual would be first named who had performed, or who was about to perform that action; and the Latin, as far as it is constructed upon these principles, is certainly philosophical: it is a peculiar idiom in this language to place the adjective after its noun, as, *O! Matre pulchra filia pulchrior*. Since the qualities of things

must be considered of secondary importance to the things themselves, although this position is not generally considered when it would be inimical to the harmony of the period in which the adjective and noun should be placed, yet such a deviation from the genius of a language is the refinement of a more polished era, when things and their qualities must have been universally known. The construction of the genitive case, which is placed before the noun by which it is governed, has the same characteristic, *divitiarum amor Romanorum Rex*. If we reason from analogy, it is certain that such a mode of construction is at once natural and expressive, since treasures must have been discovered ere there could have been a desire to accumulate them; and a body of people must have existed before they selected one as their leader. It is another characteristic of the Latin to place the verb last in the sentence; as, *necesse est, ut eos amet, quos eum amunt*; the most early of the Roman authors who were but little acquainted with the refinements of language, generally concluded their periods with the verb; and it appears obvious that a people who were first initiated in the art of writing, would inscribe the same idioms which they had before employed for purposes of oral communication; they would designate individuals and things before they described the actions of the one or the qualities of the other. Quintilianus considered this construction of the verb possessed great beauty and excellence, and whatever involutions of other words he may have authorised, he has proved the excellence of this idiom, and endeavoured to promote its general use; he says, *verbo sensum claudere multo, si compositio patiatur, optimum est, in verbis enim sermonis vis inest*.

Among the numerous refinements which the Romans afterwards introduced into their language, was that of placing the verb first in the sentence, and this licence when judiciously used, gave great beauty to the conception of the poets, and force to the oratory of their pleaders; for the Roman tongue, which for brevity and decision has no parallel, admits one word to express an action that would require the use of several in many other languages, and this capability often originates from the nature of their verbs, which not only signifies *the act*, but also the person *who acts*; as *amo*, the root of which is *am* love, and *o* the corruption of *ego*, which indicates the person who loves; and the *s* in *amas*, and the *t* in *amat*, are corruptions of *secundus* and *tertius*, which indicate the second

and third persons (thou and he,) and we seldom find among the poets such combinations as *ego amo, tu amas, or ille amat*, since it would be as philologically incorrect as for us to designate the creed of Mahomet, *The Alcoran*, since *Al* signifies among the orientals the article *the*, and is consequently distinct from the noun *Koran*, therefore the position of the verb first in a sentence is one of the attributes of poetry, and authorised by the combination of the verbal root with the pronoun, which renders the separate nomination of person unnecessary, as

Obstupuit, retroque pedem cum voce repressit,

is the description given by Æneas of Androgeos, who had unconsciously advanced among the Trojan warriors. Here the verb not only implies the action and the person (Androgeos,) but by the particle *ob*, implicates the cause of the terror, i. e. *sensit medios delapsus in hostes*, (he discovered that he was surrounded by his foes.) Tasso employs the same idiom, when he relates the surprise of Argante on witnessing the martial enthusiasm of Clorinda:

*Stupisce Argante, e ripercosso il petto,
Da stimoli di gloria acuti sente.*

And there is a no less beautiful instance in our own language:

*As the bolt burst on high,
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flashed the soul of that eye
From the long lashes round it.*

The Romans were, for nearly five centuries, almost wholly unacquainted with poetry, or dramatic representations; they permitted no amusements but those which gave strength to the body and patience to the mind, and from these circumstances originated much of the difficulty of their language; which is replete with metaphors taken from the *Gymnasia*, the *Forum*, and the *Camp*. Thus the *Gladius*, the *Hasta*, and the *Pelta*, the *Senatus*, the *Consul*, the *Tribune*, the *Prætor* and the *Forum*, are designations which have few synonymes in the languages of any other country. Notwithstanding many idioms have originated from their politics, and the nature of their amusements, which can possess no interest when the things they represented no longer exist, still many instances may be adduced from the poets in support of the philosophical construction of the language, and few possess more excellence than those which are to be found in the writings of Virgil; the ex-

clamation of Æneas, when desired by Dido to relate the deeds of Troy :—

infandum, regina jubes renovare dolorem.

The admirable position of the word *infandum*, graphically depicts the grief and terror of Æneas, when induced to relate the destruction of the Trojans,—the following line is beautifully expressive of the subject,—

————— *nox humista cælo*
Præcipitat suadentq; cadentia sidera somnos.*

The coming of night is forcibly represented by the position and metrical beauty of *præcipitat*—the appearance of the stars expressed by dactylic combinations ; and sleep, the consequent of night, described by the lengthened cadence of a spondaic conclusion, are instances illustrative of the philosophical genius of the author.

Horace has also many instances of what may be termed the philosophy of language : his Ode to Faunus, in which he describes the autumnal harvest, and the revelry of the labourer, may be instanced—*gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor ter pede terram*,—the animation and enjoyment expressed by the metres of *pepulisse ter pede*, are admirably relieved by those of *invisam terram*, and the adjective is placed before the noun to give a greater force to the “dull earth,” which was now the scene of pleasure.—The comparison presents a picturesque combination of revelry and labour, described in a language which unites the philosophy of nature, with the genius of poetry.

That the authors would furnish numerous instances of such beauties cannot be doubted, still the Latin has many defects to obviate which innumerable rules of art have been invented ; the involutions of its style are often unnatural and forced ; its participles are defective, and it has but few of those epithetic combinations which give such a force and majesty to the language of Greece. Admitting the construction of the Latin to have been philosophical in its origin, its subsequent complication could have been no improvement of such a principle ; when the position of words depended upon certain euphonic combinations, which originated from the admiration of the Romans for the melody of the Greek language ; and this admiration gave rise to an obscurity of expres-

* Lector.—*Non mihi recte apparit ut cadentia pro recedentia ut multorum ex notulis doctorum patitur, fieri posset, me iudice cadentia quasi apparentia perfacile legenda, ob hac ratione, sidera cælorum summa parte cadentia, hominibus noctem indicunt.*

sion that has often perplexed the ingenuity of the student, and has induced many to imitate the example of St. Hieronymus of old, who threw the writings of Persius into the flames, and exclaimed—*si vis non intelligi, non debes legi*,—and resolved for ever to relinquish the attempt to read those authors who appeared to have written books for no other purpose, than to exercise the ingenuity of future generations to unravel the obscurity of their language.

Among the most obvious defects of the Latin, is that of a deficiency of participles, since it has none to express the perfect active nor present passive :—the participle has ever been considered one of the most definite and expressive of modes of speech, and such a distinction it well deserves, since from its combination of *quality* with *action*, it possesses the beauty of the adjective combined with the force of the verb ; and to remedy any defect which may have originated from a paucity of participles, the Latins were obliged to use the subjunctive mood, or some other periphrastic mode of expression, and this defect is more apparent when compared to the general brevity of the language.

G. M. B.

(*To be continued.*)

STANZAS TO A FRIEND,

WRITTEN SOON AFTER HIS MARRIAGE.

(*For the Olio.*)

Ah ! pleasure once illumed my breast,
And mirth and joy look'd smiling on ;
But now my bosom knows no rest,
The light that always cheer'd it's gone.
Thou bid'st me smile !—If that my heart
Were half as free from care as thine,
Then sorrow should not find a part,
Round which a moment she could twine ;
But when I see my cherish'd hopes
Have one and all of them vanish'd,
'Tis then I give to sorrow scope,
And joyfulness for aye seems banish'd.

I cannot—cannot smile, for those
Who vow'd so oft to love me true,
Have rank'd themselves among my foes,
The first unwelcome gale that blew :
And she I doated on, whose smile
Would compensate for years of anguish,
Would cheer me in my hours of toil,
Hath left me here to pine and languish.

I cannot smile.—The moon beams fair,
The star-deck'd sky, the foaming sea—
All that had beauties, sparkling, rare,
Have now lost ev'ry charm for me.
But though to me is joy denied,
I wish thee all Heaven can bestow ;
May'st thou be happy in thy bride,
And ne'er may grief becloud thy brow ;
May no false friend his shadow cast
(As on thou roam'st) upon thy way ;
And thou enjoy, when life is past,
A glorious immortality.

K.

A COMPARISON.

(For the Olio.)

I saw a rose when growing 'neath
The mountain's shady side,
I saw it in its carmine dress,
The season's proudest pride ;
I mark'd it bloom in radiant garb,
With hue so rich and fair,
As if the all of loveliness
And beauty mingled there.

But when the sun its genial ray
Imparted forth no more,
And when refreshing rain withheld
Its life-infusing store ;
I saw it droop—beheld it die,
And all its beauties fade ;
Oh ! it was all unnoticed there,
Among the refuse laid.

E'en thus, dear parents, is my lot,
Now ye no longer are ;
In your low graves is buried deep
Your minstrel child's welfare :
I sicken, droop, and soon must die,
Alike the wither'd rose,
And with my sun and fountain gain
A visionless repose.

EDWARD LENTON.

The Cecilians.—No. 7.*(For the Olio.)*

MR. BERRY,

THE LEADER OF THE BAND.

First let the sprightly violin,
The joyful melody begin.

ADDISON.

THE 'Leader of the Band' has received the advantages of an excellent musician, his father, and of being educated in the once renowned practical school for juvenile aspirants, the musical establishment of the Honourable East India Company, in Cutler Street. When soldiery was as common with the citizens of London, as the late speculations have been, and grocers and tailors, felt-mongers, and money-scriveners, 'shouldered arms,' and 'ordered arms,' alike, martial music became popular, and many of our present fine instrumental players have issued out of the numerous bands which enlivened the scenes of scarlet and sham fights—for nearly all the volunteer corps retained the ambition of cultivating music as much as target-shooting ;—and with Nicholson, Ireland, Roundtree, M'Locklin, and others, Mr. Berry advanced progressively, and very much to his credit, be it observed, kept himself aloof from the tempting allurements into which some of his contemporaries, we believe, have fallen, and he has thereby conducted himself and the band of the Cecilian Society with equal and

characteristic respect.† And, he having entered into the matrimonial state many years since, with the sister of the Mr. Nightingales, improved the opportunities offered by a musical and friendly connexion, of which he has not lost sight. The violin is not, of course, the only instrument on which Mr. Berry excels, for we have heard him with pleasure on wind instruments in more public places than the Hall. As a leader of ancient music, Mr. Berry has imbibed a true knowledge of managing the sticks, over which he rules, or rather ought to rule with ten times the command than which he does.‡ We pity him in being surrounded by so many feeble supporters, and we infer that this is the reason why the chorus not only super-abounds, but also super-excels the instrumental band.

With this feeling, however, we think, in spite of Mr. Berry's not liking to interfere with parties who are in other respects on the best terms of friendship, that in the capacity of leader, it is not only his duty, but for the credit of those who are with him that his word, foot, action, his very nod, should be implicitly regarded, especially in the accompaniments to songs, airs, duets, recitatives, and in all music in which pathos and effect are constituent. Though a judge and the counsel—a clergyman and his people—a monarch and his ministers—a lecturer and his audience are, many most intimately situated when not professionally employed, yet during the trial—the service—the council—the lecture—obedience and compliance are necessary to the well-being of the respective engagements. And we wish this to be acted up to by the leader and his band. ¶

† Of so much importance is music with Homer, that it has a place in four of the twelve compartments, into which his description of the shield of Achilles has been divided by the critics ; as 1. A town in peace. 2. Shepherds playing reeds. 3. Song and dance accompanied by the lyre, during the time of vintage ; and 4. A Cretan dance.

‡ Many ancient instruments were monotonous and of little use, but to mark the measure. Such was the cymbalum and sistrum. Hence the origin of the word strum. It is strange that the ancient musicians should have needed so much noise and parade to make them keep time. The more time is beat, says Rousseau, the less it is kept ; and in general, bad music and bad musicians stand most in need of such noisy assistance.

¶ The stories of singing swans and intelligent grasshoppers were foolishly fabled by the ancients. Yet Strabo, Diodorus, Siculus, Pliny, and Pausanius, gravely relate the story of a grasshopper, supplying the place of a broken string in the musical contest between Eunomes and Ariston at the Pythian games.

If too much familiarity does not always breed contempt, a danger often arises out of the friendship with amateurs which does any thing but good in the association. As it is the case with some of the members of this Society, so we know it to be so with a club of cricketers. They are too genteel in their own estimation, and will not consequently go into practical training, hence when they are matched they always lose and seem still very complaisant. Were the Cecilians less conceited, and to study the sweetness of harmony rather than the noise of their voices, would they not be ranked the higher for it? Were the instruments kept better tuned, and less strumming used—were efforts used more diligently to keep pairs of instrumental performers together, as first and second—would they not enter the ark in greater unison. Mr. Berry, as Noah their leader, would receive more pleasure and enjoy more durable fame.

MUSCULUS.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF
"H. K. WHITE'S REMAINS."

(For the Olio)

Once more, and yet once more I come to thee,
And to thy pensive melancholy strain
I turn with soul-felt pleasure once again;
For I am more pleased with thy minstrelsy
Than I have ever been with bards before.
Oft I've been raptured, when thy hand has swept
Across its silver chords thy trembling lyre,
And o'er thy melancholy fate have wept
To think how soon extinguish'd was the fire
Of thy young genius—alas! now no more
On earth; but on the ethereal heavenly shore
Thou dost attune thy blissful harp to songs
Of praise to God—and from thy golden lyre
Again thou strik'st the notes, but more celestial fire.

E. F.

SONNET.

(For the Olio.)

When by hard fortune I'm compelled to roam
From this my dear, my only happy home,
I feel as if within that cot remain'd
All happiness for me this world contain'd.
The rich man knows not half the fears that he
Who wanders far across the pathless sea,
When leaving virtuous wife and children dear,
Perhaps not to return for many a year,
Feels when that parting comes, and he is taken
From that he holds e'en dearer than his heaven.

But when returning, all my dangers o'er,
With glass I spy the cliffs of Albion's shore,
Oh! with what transport beats this joyous heart,
That when we meet 'twill be no more to part.

Y.Z.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE first traces that are to be found of the celebration of the festival of Christmas, date in the second century, about the time of the Emperor Commodus; but whether it was always observed on the twenty-fifth of December, is matter of doubt. Some writers are of opinion, that it was at first kept by the Eastern church in January, and confounded with the Epiphany, until the error was corrected by the Western or Latin church. Saint Chrysostom affirms, that it was more than ten years since Christmas was first celebrated on that day, in the Church of Antioch.

It has been computed by Clemens Alexandrinus, that exactly one hundred and ninety-four years, one month, and thirteen days had elapsed from the nativity of our Saviour to the death of Commodus; which period, being calculated according to the Egyptian account, and reduced to the Julian or Gregorian style, makes the birth of Christ fall on the twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth of December. We are told, however, by the same authority, that other fathers of the church fixed the date of the nativity on the twentieth of the month Pachon. Now in that year in which our Saviour was born, the month Pachon commenced on the twentieth of April, whence, according to this computation, the nativity fell on the sixteenth of May; others again insist, that the general assessments were always made in Autumn, and that this was the time when "the shepherds watched their flocks by night;" whence they infer that it took place in September.

INSCRIPTION FOR A GAMBLING HOUSE.

(For the Olio.)

There are three doors to this vile den,
Hope—Death—Disgrace—these names are on
them borne,
'Tis by the first all enter in,
And by the other two do all return. K.

ALMANAC,

Its derivation and progress.

Authors are generally divided with regard to the etymology of the word *Almanac*; but the most simple derivation appears from the common spelling; as being thought to be composed of two Arabic ones, *al manack*, which signify the *Diary*.

Regiomontanus, a celebrated German astronomer, is said to have been the first

person in Europe who reduced Almanacs into their present form and method, gave the characters of each year and month, foretold the eclipses and other phases, calculated the motions of the planets, &c. His first Almanac was published in 1474. The real name of Regiomontatus was John Muller, born at Koningsberg, in Franconia. He was called Regiomontatus from the Latin name of his natal place. Being called to Rome by Pope Sextus IV., to assist in correcting the calendar, he was cut off by the plague in 1476, in the fortieth year of his age. † JOIDA.

RAPIDITY OF LIFE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SARASIN.

(For the Olio.)

As when the Rhone, by mighty tempests
swell'd,
On in its course in fury is impell'd,
Wave follows wave. Thus roll our years
away,
Thus swiftly day succeeds to swiftly passing
day. K.

Biography.

PETER DE RONSARD.

A poet, whose genius will ever do honour to his country, though his verse has all the faults and pedantry of the early age in which he lived. Ronsard, termed "the poet of France," was a native of Vendome, in the department of the Loire and Cher, and province of Blaisois, on the Loire. He was born in 1524, in the Chateau de la Poissonière près Montaine, of very respectable parents, who encouraged and improved his natural talents for poetry, which enabled him, when quite a youth, to gain the first prize in the Floral games at Toulouse. The effect of his verses was so powerful on that city, that they decreed him a statue of Minerva, wrought in solid silver; and the present was accompanied with an address, wherein he was stiled "The Prince of poets." Mary Stuart, then one of the brightest ornaments of the French court, and as eminent for her literary acquirements as for her personal graces, paid a valuable tribute to Ronsard, by presenting him a sideboard of plate, worth two thousand crowns. Amongst the ornamental pieces in this "buffet," was a representation of Mount Parnassus, over which Pegasus was fluttering, and exhibiting this motto:

† Vide Butler's Ex. Prob. 8.

"A Ronsard, l'Apollon de la source des Muses."

Yet the charms and the flatteries of a court failed to attract the poet, and not all the honours and liberality of Henry II. and his sons, successive kings of France, had power to divert his predilection for the church. He entered holy orders, and immediately devoted himself to his duties at Evallé, in the diocese of Le Mans. When the religious feuds broke out into open war, Ronsard placed himself at the head of the nobility and people of his district, and by his influence and courage saved his church and his parish from pillage. Charges were afterwards brought against him, and he was accused of bringing obloquy on the sacred character by his violent measures and conduct. He defended himself by saying, that, "after having failed in all his attempts to preserve peace with the keys of St. Peter, which the Calvinists professed not to respect, he had deemed it allowable in a minister to protect his flock with the sword of St. Paul." He died prior of Croix Val, near Tours, in 1585.

A Spinster's Tour in France.

The Note Book.

THE GAUNTLET

Was a defence for the hand, being a mailed glove, generally made of steel, sometimes handsomely inlaid with other metals, according to the quality of the wearer; the fingers, as well as the back of the hand were composed of finely turned joints, leaving the palm of the hand bare, thereby more suited for the grasping of a weapon. They were also thrown down as a defiance to single combat. In a parliament held in the reign of Richard the Second, no less than forty of those gages were given and received by the fierce and haughty nobles.

We have heard also of celebrated duellists affixing a glove or gauntlet over the gates of their residences, and even in the churches, which sometimes caused blood to be spilt in those sacred edifices. An instance of this we have in Scotland. It is recorded of one of the Douglas's, that he placed a mailed glove as a token of defiance over the altar of a church in Dunfermline. Sir Wm. Maxwell declared he would remove it, and on the following Sunday, repaired there for the purpose of removing it, attended by some armed followers. Douglas having been apprised of his intention appeared there also; when

Maxwell, who was in the act of reaching down the gage, was cowardly stabbed in the back by Douglas; a scuffle ensued, and before assistance could be procured, five of Maxwell's party were slain. This piece of defensive armour fell into disuse in the reign of Charles II. G. S. S.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

This monarch made a law, that all men might read the scriptures, except servants: but no women, except ladies and gentlemen who had leisure, and might ask somebody the meaning; this law was repealed in Edward the Sixth's days.

SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM,

When he was applied to for the suppression of a libel against some minister, replied, "They who do what they should not, must hear what they would not."

N. N.

A FATHER'S INJUNCTIONS TO HIS SON.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his instructions to his son, gives the following excellent advice:—"Thou shalt be in as much danger in contending with a brawler in a private quarrel, as in a battle, wherein thou mayst get honour to thyself, and safety to thy prince and country; but if thou be once engaged, carry thyself bravely, that they may fear thee hereafter. I would not have thee, for any respect lose thy reputation, or endure public disgrace; far better it were not to live, than to live a coward, if the offence proceed not from thyself; if it does, it shall be better to compound it upon good terms than hazard thyself; for if thou overcome, thou art under the cruelty of the law; if thou art overcome, thou art dead or dishonoured."

CLAUDE SANJUIRE,

The French poet, who died in 1702, had his house consumed by lightning. He sent the following placet to Lewis XIV., on the occasion. The monarch at once felt the distress of his situation, and ordered him the thousand crowns, which the reader will find were the object of his demand.

To engage in your matters belongs not to me,
This, Sire, inexcusable freedom would be;
But yet, when reviewing my my miseries past,
Of your Majesty's income the total I cast,
All counted, (I've still the remembrance quite
clear,
Your revenue is one hundred millions a year;
Hence, one hundred thousand per day in your
pow'r,
Divided, brings four thousand crowns to each
hour.
To answer the calls of my present distress,
Which lightning has caus'd in my country recess,

May I be allowed to request, noble Sire,
Of your time, fifteen minutes before I expire.
N. N.

A MISER

Who heaps up treasure which he never means to spend, is as idly employed as one who lays his purse before a looking glass, and sits all day contemplating the useless duplicate of his wealth. N. N.

SMECTYMNUS.

A word made out of the first letters of the names of five Presbyterian Ministers, viz: Stephen Marshal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Mathew Newcomen, and William Spurstow, who wrote a book against Episcopacy and the Common Prayer, A. D. 1641, whence they and their followers were called SMECTYMNANS.

Customs of Various Countries.

THE PRESEPIO.

The following ceremony, observed at Rome on the day after CHRISTMAS DAY, is thus described by the author of "A Narrative of Three Years in Italy."

"December 26.—During the remainder of this month, there is a Presepio, or representation of the manger in which our Saviour was laid, to be seen in many of the churches. That of the Ara Cœli is best worth seeing; which church occupies the site of the Temple of Jupiter, and is adorned with some of its beautiful pillars. On entering, we found daylight completely excluded from the church; and, until we advanced, we did not perceive the artificial light, which was so managed, as to stream in fluctuating rays, from intervening silvery clouds, and shed a radiance over the lovely babe and bending mother, who in the most graceful attitude, lightly holds up the drapery which half conceals her sleeping infant from the bystanders. He lies in richly embroidered swaddling clothes, and his person, as well as that of the Virgin mother, are ornamented with diamonds and other precious stones; for which purposes, we are informed, the princesses and ladies of high rank, lend their jewels. Groups of cattle grazing, peasantry engaged in different occupations, and other objects, enliven the picturesque scenery; every living creature in the group, with eyes directed towards the Presepio, falls prostrate in adoration. In the front of this theatrical representation, a little girl, about six or eight years old, stood on a bench preach-

ing extempore, as it appeared, to the persons who filled the church, with all the gesticulation of a little actress, probably in commemoration of those words of the Psalmist, quoted by our blessed Lord:—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise." In this manner, the scriptures are *acted*, not "read, marked, and inwardly digested." The whole scene, however, had a striking effect well calculated to work upon the minds of a people whose religion consists so largely in outward show."

Anecdotaliana.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

When the Emperor Vespasian peremptorily ordered a particular senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with death in case he spoke otherwise,—the intrepid patriot answered with a smile,—“Did I ever tell you I was immortal? My virtue is my own—my life yours; do what you will—I shall do what I ought; and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death than you in your laurels.”

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S DELICACY OF SPEECH.

After the accession of George I. the Whigs split into two parties: Sunderland, Stanhope, and Cadogan, were the leaders of one side; Townsend, Walpole, Devonshire, and the Chancellor, of the other: the former were victorious, and the discontented party paid their court at Leicester-house. Walpole had thought of a measure to distress their opponents, which he communicated to the heads of his party; they approved it, and thought the prince should be let into it. Walpole would not agree to this; he said, “that the prince would communicate it to his wife, and that fat a—d b—h would divulge the secret.” The princess was informed of this. When she came to the throne, her settlement, in case she should survive the king, came on the carpet. £100,000 a year was proposed; Sir Spencer Compton thought £60,000 an ample provision; but Walpole found means to acquaint the queen, that if he were minister, her expectations should be gratified; she sent him this answer, “Go tell Sir Robert that the fat a—d b—h has forgiven him.”

He was soon after declared minister; and Sir Spencer Compton removed to the upper house with the title of Earl of Wilmington.

EPIGRAM.

Death laughs at every one that kills his time;
But who can laugh at Death, so deep in crime?
P.

If men lived to Nature, by Nature controll'd,
The doctors by Art would not pocket the gold:
But mankind live by Art and put Nature aside,
Therefore doctors in carriages prosp'rously
ride.
The fault, then, with men is,—not doctors, 'tis
said,—
For these ride for their living; those ride for
the dead.
P.

THE LATE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

Was of a most amiable and benevolent disposition, but the most curious particulars in a generous character was her abhorrence of all returning of thanks. The grateful person, she would say, runs and tells all the world that he has received a benefit from you. All that hear it pretend to take it amiss that you did not chuse them or their friends for the objects of your bounty; and then set their wits to work to present you with an opportunity for atoning for your mistake as soon as possible. The favour might have been much better bestowed, say they. Now all these inconveniences are avoided when we confer an obligation on the ungrateful. Your good action remains in obscurity—you enjoy it alone—nobody detracts from your merits—nobody says that your kindness was ill bestowed—nobody plagues you for others. Therefore, I do right to love the ungrateful. N. N.

FLEA COLLECTORS.

On a maiden lady being asked why she kept so many cats, she observed, “That she had a great antipathy to fleas, and that her cats were her ‘*Flea Collectors*.’”
J. O. I. D. A.

IN REPLY TO

“MATHEWS IS A HOST IN HIMSELF.”

If Mathews in himself a ‘Host’ appears,
Why do the Protestants for Papists grieve?
Since every night they lend their eyes and ears
And at his Thespian shrine their money leave
π.

FASHION.

Fashion is like a shoe that fits with pride;
'Tis worn when new;—when old, 'tis cast
aside.
P.

ON SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

England, Netherlands, the Heavens, and the
Arts,
Soldiers, and the World, hath made six parts
Of noble Sydney; for who will suppose
That a small heap of stones can Sydney en-
close.
England hath his body, for she it fed,
Netherlands his blood in her defence shed,
The Heavens have his soul, the Arts have his
fame,
The soldiers the grief, the world his good
name.

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Dec. 21	SUN.	4 Sunday in Adv. LESS. for the DAY 30 c. Isaiah, mor 32 ——— even St. Thomas. Shortest Day. Full Moon. 29m af. 6.	Dec. 21	St. Thomas, the apostle, was surnamed Didymus, or the twin; he appears to have been a Jew, and in all probability a <i>Galilean</i> . St. Thomas is said to have suffered martyrdom in the city of Galilee; very little however is known for certain on this point. He is affirmed to have travelled and promulgated Christianity among the Parthians, Medes, Persians and Armenians; and to have been the apostle of the Indies, where he effected numerous conversions, which incensed the Brahmins to such a height that they instigated the people to kill him. 1815.—Anniversary of the death of the learned Dr. William Vincent, many years the head master of Westminster school, and afterwards Dean of Westminster. Dr. V. was long known to the world as a scholar, an able theologian, and a man of the most exemplary life. His knowledge of ancient geography and navigation was vast, as may be seen by the "Voyage of Nearchus to the Euphrates," which he collected from the original Journal preserved by Arrian, and his "Periplus of the Ethyrea Sea," which contains an account of the navigation of the ancients, from the Red Sea to the Coast of Zanguebar.
— 22	Mon.	Sts. Cyril & Methodius. High Water. 54m aft 2 morn. 10 ——— 3 after.	— 22	The original name of Cyril recorded to day was Constantine. He, with his brother in holiness, Methodius, widely extended the faith by means of missionary travels: they are supposed to have ended their earthly career A. D. 381.
— 23	Tues.	St. Servulus.	— 23	St Servulus is said to have subsisted on the alms he received at the church of St. Clement, at Rome. He afterwards became a confessor, and died A. D. 590. 1788.—On this day James II. privately embarked for France on board a frigate which had waited for him for some days near Rochester; he arrived safe at Ambleteuse, in Picardy, whence he hastened to St. Germain, at which place the King of France (Louis XIV.) received him with the highest generosity, sympathy, and regard.
— 24	Wed.	Vigil of the Nativity, (Christmas Eve.) High Water, 56m aft 3 morn 12 ——— 4 aftn.	— 24	The ceremonies which take place on the eve of Christmas are of a pleasing character. The houses and churches are ornamented with evergreens; the carols sung about the streets and country towns; the <i>waits</i> , or night music, and the cheerful bells which peal out at midnight to hail the birth-day of the Saviour of mankind, are calculated to impress the imagination with happy ideas of the most lively sort, and these are in no small degree enhanced by the many early recollections of childhood with which the season and its festivities are connected.
— 25	Thurs	Nativity of our Lord.	— 25	1166.—Anniversary of the birth of King John. This tyrannical monarch died detested by his subjects, in the 49th year of his age, in Newark castle. One of our historians says a worse prince scarce ever disgraced any throne; he was bad as son, uncle, and king, and his wickedness was uniform; every obligation which mankind look on as sacred, he ridiculed and despised. <i>Christmas Day</i> is so called from the Latin <i>Christi Missa</i> , the Mass of Christ, and thence the Roman Catholic Liturgy is termed the <i>Missal</i> or <i>Mass Book</i> . About the year 500, the observation of this day became universal in the Catholic Church. Christmas was called <i>Midwinter</i> , and the service on this day <i>Midwinter Mass</i> , by our Saxon ancestors was celebrated in opposition to Christmas. The custom of annual donations at Christmas and New Year's Day is very ancient, being copied from the Polytheists of Rome, at the time the public religion was changed.



See page 405.

Illustrated Article.

THE WINTER CRUISE.

A CUSTOM exists among the smugglers and fishermen, in the towns and villages on the Kentish coast, of engaging with shipowners residing there for the perilous adventures of a cruise to effect the landing of contraband goods on some distant shore. Ireland is chiefly the course to which such expeditions are bound. These outfits are invariably made on the approach of November, and are denominated "The Winter Cruise." The vessels are the property of individuals who have realized considerable sums in these speculations, and a fortune is frequently embarked in one vessel. The smuggler looks forward to the success of these adventures with sanguine hopes and beating heart; and while lamenting over past favours, prays for future good luck, which, if but moderate, makes him comfortable for life.

Folkstone, the scene of this tale, is

only relieved by the hereditary good-nature of the inhabitants from a prevailing melancholy which every where presents itself, as bereaved mothers are pointed out to you, and widowed homes marked in every street.

It was late one night in the month of January, when the flower of the young men of Folkstone were absent on the Winter Cruise, that four women were seated round a sea-coal fire, listening to the heavy rain falling in the street, and the scolding wind as it echoed and rumbled in the chimney of the warm fire-place. One of the party—from her occupying the low-seated, patchwork-covered chair, and the peculiar attention paid to her by an indolent cat, who stretched, and purred, and quivered her nervous tail, while peering sleepily in her protector's face—appeared to be the mistress of the house. She was a young woman, about five-and-twenty, with all the happy prettiness of a country beauty: her features, though somewhat irregular, if but carelessly viewed, failed not to secure the beholder's steadfast observance, from the peculiar interest which a full

blue eye and light arched brow lent to the *contour*. She was resting her face upon her hand, and looking at the red coals in the stove before her ;—the others seemed to have just concluded a bit of country scandal, or the success of the sale of a secreted tub of hollands, from the pursing-up of their lips, and the satisfaction with which each appeared to lean back in her chair.

“ There,” said the young woman, “ in that very hollow of the fire, I can almost fancy I see my James on the deck of the *Mary*, looking through his glass to catch a glimpse of some distant sail. Ah ! now it has fallen in, and all looks like a rough sea.—Poor fellow !” This was spoken in that abstracted tone of voice, that monotonous sound of melancholy, where every word is given in one note, as if the speaker had not the spirit, or even wish, to vary the sound.

“ That’s what I so repeatedly tell you of,” said a fat old woman of the group ; “ you *will* have no other thought ; morning and night hear but the same cry from *you*. Look at me—is’n’t it fifteen years ago since my William, rest his soul ! was

shot dead while running his boat ashore on Romney Marsh ? and am I any the worse for it ? I loved him dearly ; and when I was told of the bad news, I did nothing but cry for whole days, but then it was soon over.—I knew that fretting would’nt set him on his legs again : so I made the best of a bad berth ; and thought if I should have another husband, all well and good ; if not,—why I must live and die Widow Major—and there was an end of it.”

“ Ah ! neighbour,” replied the young woman, “ you knew the fate of your husband—you were acquainted with the worst—you had not to live in the cruel suspense I endure : but if I knew that he was dead ”—(and her voice grew louder, while the blood rushed into her fair cheek)—“ I should think of him as much as I do now, and would think and think, and try to bring thoughts every day heavier on my heart, till it sunk into the grave.”

This burst of affection for her husband was amen’d with a loud laugh by a young black-eyed round-faced girl, sitting in the opposite corner, who, leaning over to

the speaker, laying one hand on her knee, and looking archly in her face, chuckled out—"Come, come! she sha'nt take on so; if her first husband is gone, Susan shall have a second to comfort her."

"A second husband, Anne!—No! no second husband for me. I could never wake in the morning, and look on a face sleeping on the pillow beside me, where had rested the head of one I had loved, and who was dead. No—I was asked three times in church, and married to him lawfully; and I am certain that, when a couple are once joined in marriage—and in true love—their only separation is in death; and that is but for a time—they will hereafter meet, and never never part again."—And then she looked up with her sweet blue eyes, and heaved such a sigh, and smiled such a smile, that proved to her gossips how confirmed was her innocent belief.

"How fast it rains!" ejaculated a shrivelled old woman, who had hitherto remained silent. "How fast it rains!"—and she drew her chair closer to the fire. "It was just such a night as this when——What's that—the wind? Ah! 'tis a rough night; I suppose it must be near eleven o'clock.—Now, I'll tell you a story that shall make you cold as stones, though you crowd ever so close to this blazing fire. It was just such a night as this——"

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Susan, "I hear a footfall coming down the street so like that which I knew so well,—listen!—No, all is silent.—Well, Margery, what were you going to tell us?"

"Eh! bless us!" replied Margery, "you tremble terrible bad, surely;—what's the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing, dame;—go on."

"Well," said the old woman, "it was just such a night as this——"

"Susan!" cried a voice at the door, in that tone which implies haste, and a fear of being heard—"Susan! open the door."

"Good God!" shrieked Susan, "that voice!"—and all the women rose at one moment, and stood staring at the door, which Susan was unlocking. "The key won't turn the lock—'tis rusty;—who's there?" she breathlessly exclaimed, as in the agony of suspense she tried to turn the key, while the big drops stood quivering on her brow. She trembled from head to foot—her companions stood like statues—the lock flew back, the door opened—nothing was seen but the black night, and the large drops of rain which sparkled in the beams of the candle on the table.—"There is no one," said she,

panting for breath;—"but as I stand here a living woman, 'twas his voice.—James! James!" she cried, and put out her head to listen. She heard quick, heavy footsteps hastily advancing at the end of the street; presently a party of six or seven blockade-men rushed by the door, dashing the wet from the pavement in Susan's face. They passed with no other sound than that made by their feet, and were quickly out of hearing.

"I wish I may die," said old Margery, "but the blockade-men are chasing some poor fellow who has been obliged to drop his tubs; for I saw the blade of a cutlass flash in my eyes, though I could'nt see the hand that held it."

"My bonnet! my bonnet!" cried Susan; "there has more befallen this night than any here can tell. 'Twas his voice—stay in the house till I come back—'twas his voice!"—and she ran out through the still driving rain, in the direction of the party that had just passed. They took the street that led to the cliffs; not a light was to be seen; Susan reached the cliffs; the wind blew fresh and strong off the sea, and the rain appeared abating. She thought she saw figures descend the heights; and quickening her pace, stood on the edge, straining her sight to distinguish the objects flitting to and fro on the beach. She heard a faint "hallo!"—the sound thrilled through every nerve—it was the voice she had heard at her door. She returned the salute, but the buffeting of the wind choked her timid cry. The halloo was repeated; Susan listened with her very eyes. Her distended fingers seemed grasping to catch at sound. A sound did rise above the roar of the breakers and the rushing of the wind: it was the report of a volley of carbines fired on the beach. Susan screamed, and sunk on the edge of the cliff, overpowered with terror and anxiety. Quickly there was seen a flashing of lights along the coast, and men running from the Martello-towers to the beach, in disorder. Then was heard the curse for curse, the clashing of cutlasses and discharge of arms, and the hoarse shout of some of the smugglers, who had succeeded in putting their boat off from the shore with part of her cargo, which it appeared they had been attempting to work.

Susan well understood the import of these dreadful sounds, and recovering from her fright, was striving to ascertain from her station the position of the parties, when a hard breathing of some one, apparently exhausted, arrested her attention. It seemed to issue from beneath, and looking over the summit of the cliff,

she perceived the shadow of a man, cautiously ascending. He had almost accomplished his task, and was grasping a jutting fragment of stone, to enable him to rest a moment from the fatigue of his attempt. Susan heard him pant for breath, and sigh heavily. She thought it was a form she knew: she bent over the edge, and held her breath in the very agony of hope and fear. The figure stood with his back to the cliff, and looking down on the beach, ejaculated, "Oh, God!" It was one of those moans which betray the most acute suffering of mind, which thrill through the hearer, and create that kindred overflowing of the heart's tears which makes the sorrow of the afflicted more than our own. Susan heard the sound, and breathlessly answered—"Who is it?" The figure sprang upwards at the response, and exclaimed—"Susan!"

"James! James!" she cried. He caught a large tuft of grass to assist him in darting into her expanded arms, when the weed broke—a faint cry, and the fall of a body, with the rattling of earth and stones, down the steep, were the sounds that struck terror, and madness, and dismay through the brain of poor Susan.

She attempted to call for assistance, but her voice obeyed not the effort, and, in the delirium of the moment, she sprang down the cliff; but, fortunately, alighting on a projection, and at the same time instinctively catching the long weeds, was saved from the danger her perilous situation had threatened; but still she continued her descent, stepping from tuft to stone, reckless whether she found a footing, or was precipitated to the base. She alighted in safety on the beach: an indistinct form lying on the shingle met her view.

"James! James!" she cried, "speak! let me hear your voice—for mercy's sake tell me, are you hurt?"

No answer was returned; she grasped his hand, and felt his brow; but, on the instant, started from the form in horror—the hand was stiff, and the brow was deadly cold; and then, as if all her powers of utterance had become suddenly re-organized, she broke forth into such a cry of anguish, that it pierced through the noises of the night like the scream of a wounded eagle. A pistol-shot was heard; the ball whizzed past the ear of Susan, and harmlessly buried itself in the sand of the cliff. A party of the blockade rushed towards the spot, and, by the light of a torch, discovered the poor girl stretched on the body of a smuggler. They raised her in their arms—she was quite senseless; and holding the light in the face of the man, they saw that he was dead.

"She's a pretty young creature!" said one of the men; "it's a pity she could'nt let her sweetheart come to the beach alone, for she seems almost as far gone as he is;—what shall we do with her, Sir?"

This was addressed to a young man of the group, wearing the uniform of a midshipman, and whose flushed and disordered countenance proved that he had taken a considerable share in the late desperate encounter.

"Take her to the tower, Thomas," said he; "she may assist with her evidence the investigation of this affair. The body of the man must also be carried to our station, for I dare say we shall grapple some of the rascals before the night's work is over. Our lieutenant has ordered the boat to be pursued that put off in the scuffle; and, as some of the cargo is now lying about the rocks here, we must look out for another squall."

One of the sailors sustained the still senseless Susan in his arms, while the corpse followed, borne by four others on their carbines.

"This fun was not expected, Infant Joe," said one of the men to the gigantic figure who carried Susan in one of his arms, with as much ease as he would have conveyed a child, and who, in mockery of his immense bulk, had been so nicknamed.

"No," was the laconic reply.

"I think," continued the other, "'twas your pistol settled that poor fellow, for he lay in the very point of the woman's scream when you fired."

"Yes," said Joe with a grin, "mayhap it was; and I wish each of my bullets could search twenty of 'em at once as surely and as quickly."

"Halt," cried the officer who was conducting the party; "if I mistake not I perceive a body of men, creeping on their hands and knees, at the foot of the cliff. Out with your torches, or we may be fair marks for a bullet."

The men instantly obeyed, and, at the same moment, discovered their progress was interrupted by a gang of armed smugglers, who instantly commenced a practical argument for the right of way by furiously attacking the blockade. At the first fire, the ponderous bulk bearing the light form of Susan reeled and fell with its burthen on the earth; and a smuggler was seen to rush wildly through the chaos of contending beings, hewing his passage with a short broad cutlass, and apparently having but one object in view. A retreat of the smugglers, and the consequent advance of their antagonists, brought him to the spot where Susan, still senseless, lay wound in the

sinewy arm of the prostrate man of war's man. He endeavoured to disengage her from his grasp; and, on placing his hand on her neck, he felt that his fingers were straying in warm and still oozing blood. He trembled, and gasped for breath:—there were two beings senseless before him—one must be seriously wounded, perhaps dying or dead. He dragged Susan from her thrall, the action was followed by a groan from the man, who faintly rose upon his knees, and made a grasp towards the female with one hand, and drawing a pistol from his belt with the other, discharged it at random, and again fell exhausted. The report was heard by some of the still contending party, and forms were seen hastening to the spot, but the smuggler had safely ascended the cliff with Susan, and sitting on the summit, wiped the drops of agony and toil from his brow, and placed his trembling hand upon her heart. At the first he could discover no pulsation, he pressed his hand firmer against her side, and with a cry of joy sprang upon his feet—he felt the principle of life beat against his palm. He again clasped her in his arms, and, with the speed of a hound, ran across the fields leading from the edge of the cliffs, darted through the church-yard there, till his quick step was heard on the stones of the paved street. The inhabitants were at their doors and windows, anxious to catch the slightest word that might give them some intelligence of the conflict; for the reports of the fire-arms had been heard in the town, and all there was anxiety and agitation; but the quick questions were unanswered, the salutes were unnoticed—the form that rushed by them was heard to gasp hardly for breath, and they were satisfied that something desperate had taken place. The smuggler gained the street Susan had set out from; the women, and others who had joined them, were gathered round the door of the house, waiting with breathless impatience her return, and various were the conjectures of the night's events, when a voice, whose tones all knew, was heard to exclaim—“Stand o' one side there; a chair! a chair!” They made way for him in an instant, he darted into the house, placed Susan in the arm-chair, and dropped on the floor, with his forehead resting on his arm.

“James!” the women cried, “are you hurt?”

They received no reply; but his convulsive panting alarmed them; they raised him from the ground, while one of the women lighted a candle. At that moment a scream of dismay escaped from

all: those who had stood listening at the door rushed in, and were horror-struck on beholding poor Susan lying apparently lifeless in the chair, her face and neck dabbled with blood; but she breathed, and not a moment was to be lost. Restoratives were applied to both, the blood was cleansed from Susan, and to the joy of all, not a wound could be perceived. James had now sufficiently recovered to stand and bathe her temples: he kissed her cold, quivering lips—she slowly opened her eyes—the first object they rested upon was her husband! She started from the chair, and gazed at him with a mingled expression of terror and delight. James, seeing the effect his appearance produced, pressed her in his arms, where she lay laughing and crying, and clasping him round the neck, till the shock had subsided, when she sat like a quiet child on his knee, reposing her head upon his shoulder. None had as yet ventured to ask a question, but all impatiently waited till Susan should break the silence that had followed the confusion of cries, tears, and wonder. But she seemed to have no other wish on earth—she was in her husband's arms—beneath their own roof—and that was question, and answer, and every thing to her. James appeared restless, and attempted to rise; but the motion was followed by the close winding of Susan's arms round his neck. Then, as if suddenly resolved, and chiding himself for some neglect, he started from his seat.

“Susan,” said he, “you are better now; keep yourself still till I return—I shall be but a few minutes.”

“No, no,” cried Susan, grasping his arm with both her hands—“not again—go not again. I shall be able to speak to you presently; don't leave me now, James.”

“You must'n't persuade me to stay,” replied he; “I left the crew fighting with the blockade when I saw you in that fellow's arms; but I must go back again, for life and death are in this night's business. One of us has been shot, poor Peter Cullen drowned—he would drink in spite of our orders, and fell overboard. I tried to save him; but I'm afraid he lies dead under the cliff, just where I first saw you, Susan, when I lost my footing. But I must go back, and see the end of it—now don't gripe me so hard, Susan—I must go. I dare say all's lost—but I must go.”

He struggled to release himself from Susan, when a smuggler rushed into the house, pale and exhausted; he flung himself into a chair, and throwing a brace of pistols on the ground, exclaimed—

“The boat’s taken—the tubs we had worked to the foot of the cliffs are seized too. we fought hard for it, but it was of no use;”—and then he breathed a bitter curse in a low, withering tone.

To be Continued.

CHRISTMAS WEATHER.

(For the Olio.)

I may not write a Christmas Ballad
While Winter keeps away;
And chickweed, fruits and flowers and salad
Are flourishing;—and gay
The sun makes people flirt along
In pleasure’s brightened scenes,
As though the Spring with feather’d song
Were blossoming the greens.

Snow will be scarce as charity,
Frost rare as poet’s brains;
On Norway’s coast ice-ships must be,
Or Britons freeze mild rains,
Which gently through the air descend
And scatter in the ground,
Like the sweet tears that leave a friend
To heal a parting wound.

The Laureate at the ‘Devil Tavern,’
Scribes at the ‘Cheshire Cheese,’
Or Thespics at the ‘Coal Hole’ Cavern
Might revel in their ease;
Southey might rest upon his sack,
The ‘Lumber Troop’ lie still;—
Since seasons wander from the track,
Who may the chasm fill?

’Tis true, the shops are full of meat,
Prized at a Christmas price;
And pills are rolled to make us eat
Whether we mince, or slice;
Holly is stuck in butter tubs,
Calves heads, like fools, are grinning;
And Johnny cleans and Molly scrubs
To make a clear beginning.

Hundreds of live and dead game presents,
Old ones for young are changed;
And *vice versa*,—chines for pheasants,
That country haunts once ranged;
But as for Christmas, like of yore,
The cold, dark times are past,
And none can ancient *rimes* restore
If Winter will not blast.

HORÆ PHILOLOGICÆ.

THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

(For the Olio.)

(Continued from page 394.)

THE structure of the Latin is dependent upon rules more dissonant to the forms of our own language than those of most others; and from this circumstance it is

imperative that we should give a more studious application to the study of classic literature, before we can appreciate its excellencies, than would be requisite for the natives of France or Italy—since the French and Italian languages may be so easily identified with the Latin; while, on the contrary, our own is in direct opposition to every language of the continental world. Madame de Staël has, with her usual felicity of expression said of the English language, “that its beauties are all melancholy, the clouds have formed its colours, and the noise of the waters its modulation;”† and the volumed treatises of lexicographers could not adduce a more philosophical definition of its genius.

The Latin is so exclusively the parent language of the Italian and French, that it is difficult to suppose any person can thoroughly understand the force of the modern without having at the least a partial knowledge of the ancient, even in the verbs of the Italian, their immediate relation to those of the Latin is every where apparent; the melodious refinement of the Tuscans has certainly induced them materially to change their formation, by omitting some letters and substituting others, but still no change has been effected without an attention to certain rules; if we find *amava* euphonised for *amabam*, *amai* for *amavi*, or *amassi* for *amassem*, it is not to be inferred that such commutations are without rule:—in *amava* for *amabam*, the *m* is omitted from a principle of Italian euphony which seldom allows their words to end with consonants, and *b* for *v* is a mere interchange of one labial for another—*amavi* becomes *amai* from a universal rule that the *v* which is heard in the Latin preterite is dropped to soften the sound, as *andii* for *andivi*, *finii* for *finivi*, &c.; where they found *b* in the Latin they elegantly substituted *v*, and where the *v* was used by the Latins the next progressive step was to omit it altogether; *amassem* becomes *amassi*—the *m* is dropped as above mentioned, and the Latin *e* is written *i*, though pronounced as *e*, upon the same principle as *polvere* (*pulvere*) the *o* *stretto* pronounced in *polvere* is but a modified sound of the *u* in *pulvere*—a great portion of the vocabulary of the Italian may be thus identified with the Latin;—with regard to euphony the Italians do not act

“By partial but by general laws,”

since if they harmonized the name of

† Corinne.

Alexander into Alessandro, they did not neglect to pay the same deference to his Satanic Majesty, by giving him the melodious appellation of Belzebù. Any person acquainted with the construction of the French and Latin would see their immediate relation in this simple sentence, *Il leur dit, mon ame est saisie de tristesse jusqu' a la mort*—il leur dit, is the Latin position of words of the same import, and *de tristesse*, which would be expressed in the Latin by the ablative, differs in nothing from the idiom of its original, except that the preposition which was *understood* in the Latin is *expressed* in the French, and *jusqu' a la mort* is a corruption of *usque ad mortem*, the introduction of *a* and *la*, corrupted from *ad* and *illam*, is also illustrative of the genius of the French language, which expresses what the better judgment of the Romans induced them to conceal, and is often loquacious where they were silent.

From the apparent anomaly of the genius of the Latin to that of our own language, some have considered that it could only be learnt by the retention of rules and exceptions; although we admit that the genius of one language may be different to that of all others, yet none can be retained or ever put in active requisition, unless its philosophy, however circumscribed or extended it may be, is more the subject of consideration than the pedantic rules of conflicting grammarians:—it is possible the pupil may have a mechanical knowledge of all the variations of declension and conjugation, and still be unable to translate a single line of the classics. That the knowledge of rules is indispensable to the learning of languages there can be no doubt, but it is peremptory that the progressive acquirement of them be accompanied by their application to the authors, and the force of peculiar words and phrases explained by historic or local references, otherwise there can exist no possibility of the pupils ever attaining a satisfactory knowledge of their beauties. As knowledge is the progressive solution of causes and effects, the study of language can only be promoted by the immediate application of its rules and a philosophical inquiry into the formation of them. It was long the plan of the schoolmen to peremptorily enforce a knowledge of the grammatical rules without shewing their immediate application. If the student has learnt “that all correspondent words are to be construed as near to one another as possible,” it is highly necessary that he should be first informed, what is meant by “correspondent words;” an explanation which is carefully withheld till he has

rotationally learnt the adjoining rules; and the recollection of his last lesson serves for no other purpose than to obliterate his remembrance of the former. These preceptors well merit the observation of a modern writer, who says it has ever been the endeavours of such grammarians to effect the least possible knowledge by the greatest possible labour.

Some of our modern grammarians having expressed their literary indignation against the old schoolmen for the pedantic and laborious method of their instruction, have endeavoured to point out certain methods, by the adoption of which the knowledge of a language may be acquired with a facility equal to the present improvements of mechanical velocity; and among which the Hamiltonian system, as it is termed, is pre-eminent; although upon inquiry it appears that this system was first organised and adopted by Locke, Roger Ascham, Milton, &c., except that the modern adaptor declines the use of grammatical rules *in toto*, while his more illustrious predecessors considered their application indispensable. This method of interlinear translation, adopted by the Hamiltonians, is one of great excellence, when combined with the study of grammar; and no arguments can convince the judicious that such a combination is unnecessary, since the principles of science cannot be understood without some exercise of the mental powers. Translation has seldom been adopted as a key to language, although some few attempts have been made; among which may be recognised the English versions of Justin and Cæsar, by Dr. Clarke; but we would not recommend them to the student, since the Doctor appears to have been less acquainted with his vernacular tongue, than with the Roman, and his endeavours to translate appear equally as ludicrous as the situation of the hero of Goldsmith, who embarked for Holland to teach the Dutch English, but on his arrival there fatally discovered that he should have previously learnt their language in order to have taught them his own; consequently, he was obliged to have recourse to some other means of subsistence than by his skill as a teacher of languages. However capable the Hamiltonian system may be of effecting the “*progres en peu de temps*,” as regards the French, we are well assured that its application to the classic languages can never promote the knowledge of them; indeed the version of a line of Horace, contained in a recent prospectus, is a remarkable instance of the flippancy of this system, *jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes*; the *fabu-*

læq manes is translated 'fabled ghosts,' now 'fablelæ' means 'talked of,' *fabulor* to speak—anglice, confabulate—the sense of '*fabulæq-manes*' is the 'talked of shades,' and not 'fabled,' for Horace wishes to impress the idea of their existence, that the combination of his imagery may impart the terrors of death to Sextius, to whom he inscribes the ode; the regions of Pluto and the presence of the spirits are graphically descriptive of the terrors of a future state.

Jam te premet nox, fabulæq manes,
Et domus exilis plutonia;

and it is impossible he could have admitted that the existence of the shades were fabulous without destroying the grandeur of his Allegory. The verb *fabor* is employed in the same sense by Virgil; Jupiter having heard the lamentation of Venus promises to relate to her the future greatness of her son Eneas.

Hic (tibi *fabor* enim, quando hæc te cura remordet, &c.

Those who have adopted the Hamiltonian system, and remember the translation of "*solvitur* acris hiems grata vice verus et Favoni,"—(Fierce winter melts in vernal gales,) will find much difficulty in translating such phrases as "*pecuniam solvit*," "*solvere nummos*," or "*solvere metu*," in which the same verb (*solvo*) is employed, although its meaning is so apparently varied; and this difficulty originates from not being first acquainted with the elementary signification of words which influence their various inflections; for instance—to understand the various applications of the verb *lego*, which is so extensive in its use, it is necessary the student should have observed its original import, that he may be enabled to reconcile the apparent discrepancies of such expressions as 'legit-vela,' (to furl sails) and legit scriptas (to read writings) if he repeats the meaning of words as set down in the flippant translations of the Hamiltonian teachers, such expressions as these will appear to have no relation; he will merely know that the verb *lego*, when applied to sails, means to furl; and when applied to writings, means to read;—but why *lego* should be employed to describe actions so different in their nature, he cannot divine; and whenever he finds this verb employed to express other actions besides those with which he is already acquainted, he attains an arbitrary knowledge of its various applications, without being able to ascertain whence they originate: it

needs only to be suggested that the primal sense of the verb *lego* is to gather or select, hence, 'vela legere,' means to collect or gather sails, i. e. furl; and its application 'scriptas legere,' (to read) is implied from the action of the reader, who gathers or accumulates words which form sentences: i. e. legit, as

'Curva legunt' prope flumina Mellæ.'

Legunt here expresses selection, also *legio*, a selected body; anglicè, *legion*—and *legere ducem*, to select a leader, and *legatus*, anglicè, legate, league, colleague, elegant, &c.; from *lectus*, participle of *lego*, is derived a very numerous vocabulary of English words, as lecture, election, collection, selection, &c.—col. latinè con.—*l*, substituted for *n*, the better to liquidate with the *l* following, and *se* is a mere separative particle, which was added by the Latins to certain words that it might more adequately convey the idea of *motion*.

It is not the external fluency of an inter-linear translation that can impart the knowledge of a language, it must be the consequent of a philosophical investigation; he who would obtain a perfect knowledge of a science must form his ideas of their various relations and dependencies from analogy, and it is from this want of connection that such a system as the Hamiltonian is futile; but should it be combined with a judicious use of grammatical principles, and a due attention to the more elementary signification of words, there could exist no doubt of the superior excellence of a system thus established to all others. G.M.B.

ON DEATH.

(For the Olio.)

Beneath our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides in every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our heart engage,
And dreams of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn, thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of the dead.

Turn, Christian, turn, thy soul apply
To truths divinely given—
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven. W.W.W.

THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

WE have been very remiss in overlooking the merits of those neat little volumes the Juvenile Annuals, but it is better to be late than never, and we trust that though late the portion we serve up in our present number from the varied contents of the "*Christmas Box*," the first of the smaller Annuals that appeared in the field, will possess some novelty to the majority of our readers: it is now in its second Anniversary, and we hope it will see many, for it is highly deserving and well calculated to please all young masters and misses, and create smiles even in the rigid features of stern adults. The multiplicity of cuts in the shape of whimsical head and tail pieces that adorn this volume, are most of them laughter moving subjects. In fact, this *Annual Present* may be compared to a Christmas Pantomime, every page being one of the scenes, and every scene a figure for fun to point its frolicsome finger at. The following small portion of the cuts are illustrations of the foregoing remarks. The Lord of Misrule and his laughable legion of disorder. The Little Podgy Cook, groaning under the weight of a steaming Plum Pudding. The contrasted Well and Ill-bred Cats. The infant army, decked in all the pomp and circumstance of war, sword (broom, we mean) in hand. The comical face and carbuncled nose of the aerial voyager, Major Brown. The grotesque and excellently represented cobbler and his wife. The Spectre Cricket reared on his long grasshopper legs before his slayer, a frightened monk, who he spirits away to the angry deep, (so the legend informs us)—and, The Dancing Crickets, are as humorous subjects as ever the hand of artist embodied (one glance at them is sufficient to draw the nails out of our coffins by dozens.—From the Graphic, we turn to the Literary part of the work, which consists of Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, a Minor Drama, and a copious collection of Poetry, pleasingly adapted

to the capacity of youth, possessing a fund of acceptable humour, and are from the pens of many of the writers whose talented effusions adorn the higher and more expensive class of Annuals. Indeed were Christmas *not over*, we should introduce to our readers the account which this volume contains of the ancient observance of the festive season; but as *it is*, we shall confine ourselves to the simple and pretty song to the Bee, by the universal favourite, Miss Mitford, one of the gems of the book, and the Anecdote of an Indian Chief, which is calculated to implant in the youthful mind the warm feelings of a grateful heart.

SONG.—BY MISS MITFORD.

Give thee good morrow, busy bee!
No cloud is in the sky;
The ringdove skims across the lea,
The matin lark soars high.
Gay sunbeams kiss the dewy flower,
Slight breezes stir the tree,
And sweet is thine own woodbine bower—
Good morrow, busy bee!

Give thee good even, busy bee!
The summer day is by,
Now droning beetles haunt the lea,
And shrieking plovers cry;
The light hath pealed on leaf and flower,
The night-wind chills the tree,
And thou well laden leavest thy bower—
Good even, busy bee!

Anecdote of an Indian Chief.

During the great American war, an English officer, in command of a foraging party, was, together with his soldiers, surprised by a large ambush of Indians, who poured in a destructive fire upon them, by which many of the English were killed. The survivors had hardly time to look from whence the attack proceeded, when the Indians sprung forward from their lurking place with yells more savage than the howls of the wild beasts of the forests. The few English who were not killed or disabled took to flight, it being impossible to withstand the superior numbers of the enemy, and among the fugitives was the officer, who had received a wound in his left arm.

For a short time he did not consider himself pursued, but after forcing his way with difficulty through the wildest and gloomiest thickets for about half an hour, he was alarmed to hear the well-known whoop of the Indians not far from him. He gave himself up for lost, for what chance had he of escape in those thick woods, every pass of which was probably as familiar to his enemies as unknown to himself? He sought the deepest recesses, but the Indians still kept near him, and an accident only prevented his being almost immediately discovered by them.

There was a hollow place, almost like a well, in his path, the mouth of which was so overgrown with wild shrubs as not to be perceptible, except on a minute search. Into this he fell; and though he was bruised by his fall, he was here effectually concealed from the Indians. More than once he heard their footsteps as they passed by his place of concealment.

When several hours had elapsed, and all seemed still, the officer ventured to stir from his hiding place. His wound was painful; his limbs were stiff; and it was with great difficulty that he could get out of the pit into which he had fallen. At last he effected his deliverance, and faint and wounded as he was, and though the night was dark and dismal, he set forth, in hopes of rejoining the English army.

He had not proceeded far, when a light glimmering through the trees attracted his attention: he approached it with caution, and sheltering himself from observation, regarded with much anxiety a party of Indians, who were assembled round a great fire, roasting the flesh of a deer. Their wild and savage looks, as they sat on the ground in the red light of the fire, were truly alarming, and the officer, afraid of being seen, changed his position in the hope of concealing himself more effectually. In doing so he struck his wounded arm against a branch, which caused him such violent pain that he was unable at the moment to prevent a cry of agony bursting from him. In a moment the Indians were on their feet, and in another they had dragged him forth.

Wounded as he was, and though his enemies were too numerous to leave any chance of successful resistance, the officer drew his sword and endeavoured to defend himself, for he dreaded the torture which he knew the Indians would inflict on him if he became their captive. So unequal a strife would speedily have terminated in the death of the officer, but that an old Indian, who had hitherto stood aloof, sprung forward, and waving his tomahawk over the Englishman, forbade any one to harm him.

It was fortunate that this old Indian was the chief of this tribe, and was highly revered by his people for his great strength, and skill in war and in hunting; they sullenly obeyed him. He addressed the officer in broken French, of which language many of the Indians who were in league with the French had a slight knowledge. He promised his protection, and gave him food. Perceiving that the captive was wounded, he gathered the leaves of some healing plant, and after

steeping them in water, bound them on the wound, with the greatest solicitude for the officer's recovery, and by words of comfort tried to alleviate his sufferings.

After some time the Indians stretched themselves on the ground to sleep, all but one or two, who remained to watch, and the chief, who carried on a short conversation with the officer.

"You cannot," said he, "go away yet, my son, for you could not find the paths through the woods, and if you could you would probably meet with enemies. I cannot now conduct you, for we go in the morning towards the north. You must therefore accompany us; but as soon as possible you shall be restored to your own people. Now go and sleep, for you are wounded and weary, and must have rest."

The Englishman it may be imagined did not much relish the idea of being kept among the Indians; it was however much better than being tortured or killed by them, and he returned many thanks to the chief.

Early in the morning he was aroused by the troop preparing for departure. They travelled with the most singular caution, and wound their way through the most obscure parts of the woods, and guided themselves by tracks quite undistinguishable, except by the experienced eye of an Indian. They preserved a profound silence, and showed great ingenuity in the means they adopted to prevent their course being known.

During the middle of the day they rested, and again at night. In the depth of the night, the officer was aroused by some one shaking him, and looking up he saw his friend the old Indian, who, cautioning him to be silent, bade him to follow his steps. He did so, and they proceeded carefully among the woods. It was not until day break that the silence was broken by the Englishman asking his conductor whether they were going.

"One of our people," replied the Indian, "was wounded severely by you, when you were first surprised by them. In consequence of this his brother has sworn revenge against you, and it would have been unsafe for you to remain with us. I will guide you to safety, and then return."

The Englishman made grateful acknowledgments for the Indian's kindness. "I am thinking," he then added, "why you should show me this goodness, for I was a stranger and am an enemy."

"Does a white man never do good to a stranger, or an enemy?" asked the

Indian. The Englishman blushed and was silent.

“But I am only paying a debt,” said the Indian: “nine months ago I was wounded and weary, and dying of thirst, you saw me and gave me drink, which saved my life. I prayed to the great spirit that I might repay the benefit, behold he has heard me.”

The officer was struck with the noble sentiments of the savage, and sighed to think how often his countrymen might take lessons from the Indian.

“That is an English station,” said the Indian, “there you will find white men and friends. But, my son, when thou art with them do not forget the Indian, nor think ill of his people; farewell, my son! may the great spirit protect thee, and give thee strength among thy people.”

The Englishman pressed the hand of the old Indian, spoke a parting word, for he was too much affected to say more. The next morning the Indian was amid the woods, and the officer on his way to join his regiment.”

Having taken up a considerable portion of our space with the above selections and remarks, we now close, earnestly recommending all parents, uncles, aunts, &c. who present offerings to their little offspring and relatives, to turn their attention to the *Christmas Box* for its merit and suitableness.

ON SEEING A DRAWING OF A ROSE
BY A YOUNG LADY.

(For the Olio.)

Let flow'rs, with their beauty, decay,
Let their monarch, the Rose, bloom no more;
We have found the kind goddess to-day,
Sweet Flora has come with her store.

We have Roses that never can fade,
We have Tulips whose bloom will not die—
What is more, we have one in the glade
That will always our gardens supply.

JAMES HORSFORD.

WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

It is a well known fact that the Brahmins of India are very scrupulous in not being the means of destroying animals or any living thing. Some carry a light broom to sweep the ground before them, lest they should unwittingly crush any thing that has life, and others wear a cloth before their mouths, lest they should draw in an insect with their breath.

This superstitious reverence for life in the lowest stages of existence, is instanced in the following interesting anecdote:—

A Brahmin, far beyond his brethren both in powers of mind and extent of knowledge, lived in habits of great intimacy with an English gentleman, who was fond of natural and experimental philosophy; the Brahmin, who had learned English, read the books of his friend, searched into the Cyclopædia, and profited by his philosophical instruments. It happened that the Englishman received a good solar microscope from Europe: he displayed its wonders with delight to the astonished Brahmin; and convinced him by the undeniable evidence of his senses, that he and his countrymen, who abstained so scrupulously from any thing which had life, devoured innumerable animalculæ upon every vegetable which they ate. The Brahmin, instead of being delighted, as his new friend had expected, became unusually thoughtful, and at length retired in silence. On his next visit he requested the gentleman would sell him the microscope: to this it was replied, that the thing was a present from a friend in Europe, and not to be replaced; the Brahmin, however, was not discouraged by the refusal; he offered a very large sum of money, or an Indian commodity of equal value; and at length the gentleman, weary of resisting his importunities, or unwilling longer to resist them, gave him the microscope. The eyes of the Brahmin flashed with joy, he seized the instrument, and hastened from the veranda, caught up a large stone, laid the microscope upon one of the steps, and in an instant smashed it to pieces. Having done this he said, in reply to the angry reproaches of his friend, that when he was cool he would pay him a visit and explain his reasons. Upon that visit he thus addressed his friend:—

“Oh that I had remained in that happy state of ignorance in which you found me! yet I confess, that as my knowledge increased so did my pleasure, till I beheld the wonders of the microscope; from that moment I have been tormented by doubts. I am miserable, and must continue to be so till I enter upon another stage of existence. I am a solitary individual among fifty millions of people, all brought up in the same belief as myself, and all happy in their ignorance. I will keep the secret within my own bosom; it will destroy my peace, but I shall have some satisfaction in knowing that I alone feel those doubts which, had I not destroyed the instrument, might have

been communicated to others, and rendered thousands wretched. Forgive me, my friend—and bring here no more implements of knowledge!”

X. H.

The Note Book.

DIODORUS

Says, that among the ancient Egyptians, one of the conditions of their marriage contracts was, that “the husband should be obedient to his wife.” “I have often heard speak,” he adds, “of the Egyptian bondage, but never knew it had been carried so far as this before.”

N. N.

THE EARL OF SURREY.

Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, who was knighted for his remarkable courage at the battle of Barnet, fought between the Yorkists and Lancastrians, in the time of Edward the Fourth, was afterwards made a knight of the garter by his brother, Richard III. He was taken prisoner in the battle of Bosworth, and committed to the Tower by Henry the Seventh, and attainted by parliament. King Henry asked him how he durst bear arms in behalf of that tyrant Richard, to which he answered, “He was my crowned King, and if the parliamentary authority of England set the Crown upon a stock, I will fight for that stock; and as I fought then for him, I will fight for you, when you are established by the said authority. In the rebellion against the King, by the Earl of Lincoln, the Lieutenant of the Tower offered the Earl of Surrey the keys of the Tower, in order to set himself at liberty; but he replied, “That he would not be delivered by any power, but by that which had committed him.” After he had been imprisoned three years and a half, the King gave him his liberty, and knowing his worth and nice sense of honour, he took him into favour, and delivered up to him all his estates. The Earl took all occasions of relieving the oppressed subjects, and was accounted one of the ablest and greatest men in the kingdom. The Scots made an irruption into England, and besieged Norham Castle. The Earl raised the siege, took the castle of Ayton, and made all the country round a desert. James IV of Scotland, incensed at this, sent a herald with a challenge to him, to which he made a sensible and spirited answer, “That his life belonged to the King, whilst he had the command

of his army, but when that was ended, that he would fight the King on horseback, or on foot;” adding, “that if he took the King prisoner, he would release him without any ransom, and that if the King should vanquish him, he would then pay such a sum for his liberty as was competent for the degree of an Earl.” In 1507, two years before the death of Henry VII, the Earl was ambassador to the King of France (Louis XII.) Henry VIII., in the second year of his reign, made him Earl Marshal for life; and in the year 1511, he was appointed one of the Commissioners at the Court of Arragon. When Henry the Eighth heard that the Scots were preparing to invade England, he said, “That he had left a nobleman who would defend his subjects from insults.” After the battle of Floddon, the Earl presented King James’s armour to the Queen Regent. In 1514, the Earl was created Duke of Norfolk, and a grant was given him in special tail of several manors. He hated and opposed Cardinal Wolsey, because he advised the King to pursue measures hurtful to the liberties of the people; finding that his opposition availed nothing, he resigned his post, and retired from Court.

THE FIRST OPENING OF WHITEHALL CHAPEL.

On Christmas day, 1687, the new chapel in Whitehall, which was consecrated on Friday before, was publicly opened; and yesterday his Majesty’s statue of brass* in a Roman habit, was erected in the great court of Whitehall before the new building. It is done at the charge of Toby Ruslat,† who set up that of his late Majesty on horseback at Windsor; but this only stands on a pedestal of marble, as that does at the Royal Exchange, with rails of iron about it.

The Ellis Corres.

* This is the same statue which still remains in Privy Gardens. It was executed by Grinling Gibbons, a sculptor and carver of eminence, who had been brought into notice by Evelyn, who found him executing carvings in wood in a cottage near Deptford. Gibbons cast the equestrian statue of Charles II. at Windsor. He also executed the statue of the same monarch at Chelsea Hospital. The carved pedestal of the statue of Charles I. at Charingcross is by Gibbons; and his exquisite carvings in wood of fruits, flowers, birds, &c. in various country-houses, are well known.

† Tobias Rustat, or Rustate, had been a page of the back stairs, and subsequently was keeper of Hampton Court Palace, and yeoman of the robes to Charles II.

THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS.

Charles (Beauclerck) Duke of St. Albans, natural son of King Charles the Second by Nell Gwyn. The tradition of his first elevation to the peerage is as follows:—Charles one day going to see Nell Gwyn, and the little boy being in the room, the King wanted to speak to him. His mother called to him, ‘Come hither, you little bastard, and speak to your father.’ ‘Nay, Nelly,’ said the King, ‘do not give the child such a name.’ ‘Your Majesty,’ replied Nelly, ‘has given me no other name by which I may call him!’ Upon this the King conferred on him the name of Beauclerck, and created him Earl of Burford, and shortly before his death made him Duke of St. Albans. He served for some years in the Imperial armies, and gained great honour by his gallantry at the assault of Belgrade in 1688. He afterwards served under King William, who made him Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, and a Lord of the Bedchamber. Queen Anne continued him in these posts till the Tory ministry came in, when he resigned. He was however restored to them by George the First, who also gave him the Garter. He died at the age of fifty-five, May 11th, 1726, having married Diana, heiress of Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford. *Ibid.*

SUPERSTITION.

The Duke of Ormond died, they say, upon the same day with the Duchess, and foretold he himself should die that day, and has cautioned the young Duke to have a care of it likewise. *Ibid.*

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

This knight was a most prolific writer of political tracts, and a publisher of newspapers. He was descended from an ancient family, and was born December 17th, 1616. He suffered for the Royalist cause during the civil wars; for which, after the restoration, he was made Licensor of the Press, a lucrative situation, which he retained till the revolution. He was besides this concerned in the publication of different public journals, and was the person who first set up the London Gazette, on the 4th of February, 1665. At the revolution he fell into trouble as a disaffected person; and Queen Mary showed her dislike to him by the Anagram of ‘Lying Strange Roger,’ which she made upon his name. He died September 11th, 1704, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.—*Ibid.*

NICHOLAS MACHIAVEL.

To Machiavel, the term of as wicked as Old Nick has been generally applied, from people mistaking the design of his writings. In his *Prince*, his design at bottom was to make a despotic government odious. “A despotic prince, (he says) to secure himself, must kill such and such people.” He must so, and therefore no wise people would suffer such a prince. This is the natural consequence, and not that Machiavel seriously advises princes to be wicked.

CURIOUS EXTRACTS FROM LONDON GAZETTES.

HISTORICAL CARDS. 1685, Dec. 3.

A new Pack of Cards, representing (in curious lively figures) the two late Rebellions throughout the whole course thereof in both Kingdoms. Price one Shilling. Sold by D. Brown, at the Black Swan and Bible, without Temple-bar, and A. Jones, at the Flying-horse in Fleet-street, near St. Dunstan's Church.

By the *two* rebellions, are probably meant those of Monmouth and Argyle.

OTWAY. 1686, Oct. 29.

Whereas Mr. Thomas Otway, some time before his death, made four acts of a Play; whoever can give notice in whose hands the Copy lies, either to Mr. Thomas Betterton, or Mr. William Smith, at the Theatre Royal, shall be well rewarded for his pains.

INORDINATE DRINKING.

Wadd, in his facetious book the Comments of Corpulency, says, that “It is incredible the quantity of malt liquor men swallow, sometimes to the amount of many gallons. The Welsh are great consumers of ale; and it is recorded of a Welsh squire, Wm. Lewis, who died in 1793, that he drank *eight gallons* of ale per diem.

This *Vinum Britannicum*, borrowed from the Egyptians, was originally patronised by the Welsh, and has subsequently been considered the natural beverage of Englishmen. I have known some honest Cambrians, who, like Boniface, “ate it and drank it,” and would continue drinking it under constitutional derangement, that would have killed an ordinary man.

“Nothing will stay on my stomach,” said an old toper, “but beef-steaks and Hodgson's ale!—What do you think of my stomach, eh! doctor?”—“Why I think your stomach a very sensible one!” was the equivocal reply.

A REMEDY FOR CORPULENCY.

Coelius Aurelienus was a great advocate for a sudorific system—of hot sand baths, stoves, &c., in the cure of obesity. This was objectionable from the disagreeable effects of over-stewing, occasionally producing similar results to those of General Vitellis, or the “Fat Single-Gentleman,” who lived six months unconsciously over a baker’s oven. The Newmarket plan is more safe and more certain, according to the opinion of the most skilful trainers. A gentleman who was recommended to try a Newmarket doctor, objected to the journey—having, as he said, all the requisites at home, viz.—“A small house, with a large fire, a son who kept him in a perpetual fever, and a very fat wife!” *Ibid.*

CORNARO

Had a merry saying, that would not be credited in the city, viz.—“That of all the parts of a feast, that which one *leaves* does one most good!” *Ibid.*

ABSTINENCE.

Pennant gives an account of a woman in Ross-shire, who lived a year and three quarters without meat or drink. This astonishing circumstance is outdone by a book printed in London, 1611, which gives a narrative of Mrs. Eve Fleigan, who lived after the manner of the Astoni, (people without mouths, who lived on the smell of flowers, according to Pliny’s history of them.)

This maid of Meurs, thirty and six years spent, Fourteen of which she took no nourishment; Thus pale and wan, she sit sad and alone, A garden’s all she loves to look upon,—*Ibid.*

CURIOUS RECIPE FOR LAZINESS.

The following extract is from an old book, entitled, “*The Brevery of Healthe,*” by Andrew Boorde, *Physyche Doctour, an Englishman, Anno 1557*, which merits particular attention as an infallible cure for the ‘*lazy fever.*’

The 151 chaptre doth shewe of an evyll fever, the whiche doth combate yonge persons, named the fever burden, (*lazy fever.*) Among all the fevers, I had almost forgotten the fever burden, with the whiche many yonge men, yonge women, and other yonge persons, be sore infested now a-days. The cause of *this infirmitie*:—This never doth come naturally, or eis by evyll and slouthful bringing up. If it do come by nature, then the fever is incurable; for it can never out of the fleshe that is bred in bone: If it come by slouthful bringing up, it may be holpen by diligent labour.

A remedy, there is nothing for the fever burden as *unguentum baculinum*, (birch ointment) that is to say, take a stick or wan, of a yard of length or more, and let it be as great as a man’s finger, and with it anoynt the back and shoulders well, morning and evening, and do this twenty-one days, and if this fever will not holpen in that tyme, let them beware of the waggyne on the gallows, and whyles they do take theyr medicine, put no lubberwort in theyr pottage.”—*Probatum est.*

SOUTH, in one of his sermons, says love is the great instrument of nature, the bond and cement of society; the spirit and spring of the universe. Love is such an affection as cannot properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that; it is the whole man wrapt in one desire.

Customs of Various Countries.

CUSTOM OF BARRING OUT.

Of the many strange customs which prevailed among our mediæval ancestors and which of late years have rapidly fallen into desuetude, that of *Barring-out*, as it is called, appears the most irreconcilable to the habits and sentiments of modern times. To a scholastic disciplinarian of the metropolis, the custom would appear outrageous, and almost incredulous. It reminds us of the Roman Saturnalia of old, when masters, for a certain time, were subservient to their servants and slaves.

Hutchinson, in his History of Cumberland, when speaking of the parish of Bromfield, thus adverts to the practice of Barring-out.

“Till within the last twenty or thirty years, it had been a custom, time out of mind, for the scholars of the Free-school of Bromfield, about the beginning of Lent, or in the more expressive phraseology of the country, at Fasting’s Even, to *bar out* the master; i. e. to depose and exclude him from his school, and keep him out for three days. During the period of this expulsion, the doors of the citadel, the school, were strongly barricaded within: and the boys, who defended it like a besieged city, were armed, in general, with bore tree, or elder pop-guns. The master, meanwhile, made various efforts, both by force and stratagem, to regain his lost authority. If he succeeded, heavy tasks were imposed, and the business of the school was re-

sumed and submitted to ; but it more commonly happened that he was repulsed and defeated. After three days' siege, terms of capitulation were proposed by the master, and accepted by the boys. These terms were summed up in an old formula of Latin Leonine verses ; stipulating what hours and time should, for the year ensuing, be allotted to study, and what to relaxation and play. Securities were provided by each side for the due performance of these stipulations : and the paper was then solemnly signed both by master and scholars."

Brand, when noticing the subject in his *Popular Antiquities*, quotes the above passage from Hutchinson, and says, it was "a custom that having now fallen into disuse, will soon be totally forgotten." Brand was certainly mistaken in this assertion. In Cumberland the custom still prevails, and is not likely soon to be forgotten. To my certain knowledge it has taken place at Scotby, Wetherall, Warwick, &c., within the last ten years ; and I understand that the practice is still occasionally enforced. I have been informed by a young friend, who left Scotby school a very few years ago, that he had been frequently engaged in these affairs. He stated that when the master was barred-out, the written orders for the holidays, &c. were put through the key-hole of the school door, with a request for the master to sign them, which, after some hesitation and a few threats, he generally consented to. One occasion, however, he forced his way through the window ; but was instantly expelled, *vi et armis*, and his coat-tail burnt to pieces by squibs and blazing paper.

Brand mentions the custom as being very prevalent in the city of Durham, and other places in the county ; as Houghton-le-Spring, Thornton, &c.

Dr. Johnson, in his life of Addison, also alludes to the custom in the following passage :—

"In 1683, when Addison had entered his twelfth year, his father, now become Dean of Litchfield, committed him to the care of Mr. Shaw, master of the grammar-school in that city. While he was under the tuition of Shaw, his enterprize and courage have been recorded in leading and conducting successfully a plan for *barring-out* his master, a disorderly privilege which, in his time, prevailed in the principal seminaries of education, where the boys, exulting at the approach of their periodical liberty, and unwilling to wait its regular commencement, took possession of the school some days before the time of regular recess, of which they barred the door ; and, not contented with

the exclusive occupation of the fortress, usually bade their master defiance from the windows. The whole operation of this practice was, at Litchfield, planned and conducted by Addison."—*Gen. Mag.*

Anecdotaliana.

QUALIFICATION FOR AN AMBASSADOR.

Upon the assumption of Sextus V. the King of Spain sent the high constable of Castile to congratulate his holiness. The Pope took him gently by the chin, and asked, if the dominions of his master were so thin of subjects that he could not find an ambassador with a beard somewhat longer than his ?

The constable answered—If the King had been aware that merit consisted in a great beard, he would have sent a ram goat for his ambassador.

SUPERSTITION.

At Freshford, if the church clock happen to strike while the choir is singing, during divine service, it is almost universally considered by the lower class of the inhabitants as a sign that some person in the parish will die before the next Sunday. Captain Symonds's game-keeper, who recently died very suddenly, lived at Freshford, attended the church the Sunday before his decease, and, on his return home, told his wife that the church clock had struck during the singing, and that somebody in the parish would die before the next Sabbath day. His own awful end verified the omen in that instance, and has afforded matter for many grave discussions by the nurses and midwives of the village. *York Courant.*

A DUTCHMAN'S CLIMAX OF HAPPINESS.

It is better to walk than to run ; it is better to stand than to walk ; it is better to lie down than to sit ; it is better to sleep than to lie down ; it is better to die than to sleep. *Lit. Gaz.*

A PARTIAL JUDGE.

A partial Judge is like quicksilvered glass—
Only one side will his reflections pass. P

A NEGRO'S EPITAPH.

The following epitaph was said some years ago to be found inscribed on a stone at Colney Hatch church :

Here lies poor Dinah, Scipio's wife,
Him love her more, an love him life :
Dinah died tre week ago,
Scipio's massa tell him so. *W. Rev.*

Diary and Chronology.

DATE.	DAYS.	DIARY.	DATE.	CORRESPONDING CHRONOLOGY.
Dec. 26	Fri.	St. Stephen. Sun ris. 7m af. 8 —sets 53 — 3	Dec. 26	This saint was the first Deacon appointed by the apostles to manage the public funds for the relief of the poor. He was cited before the Sanhedrin, or Jewish Council, for prophesying the fall of the Jewish Temple and economy; and while in the act of vindicating his doctrine by several passages of the Old Testament, he was violently carried out of the city & stoned to death, A.D. 33. Among the many superstitious practises observed on St. Stephen's day may be mentioned the absurd custom of bleeding horses. Bishop Kennett observes, in some parts of the West of England, when the housewives put their bread in the oven they use this prayer Pray God and St. Stephen, Send a just batch and an even. 1797.—Anniversary of the death of the famed John Wilkes, the Alderman and Chamberlain of London; during his life he was several times involved in trouble for the offensive nature of his writings; the 45th No. of the North Briton and his obscene Essay on Women may be instanced as the worst; for the latter performance he was expelled the house. Mr. Wilkes rendered great service in the riots of 1780 by his prompt exertions in preventing the Bank from being entered by the depredators.
— 27	Sat.	St. John the Evangelist. High Water, 34m aft 5 morn 54 — 5 aftn.	— 27	Our saint, who is styled in the gospel the beloved disciple of Jesus Christ, was by birth a Galilean. He was the son of Zebedee and brother of St. James the Great, and the only apostle who followed our Saviour to the Cross; and to him Jesus left the care of his mother. He died in the reign of Trajan, A. D. 100. 1724.—Expired on this day Thomas Guy, <small>ÆT</small> 81, the founder of Guy's Hospital; besides this foundation he erected an hospital at Tamworth. He left behind him at his disease upwards of 200,000 <i>l.</i> , principally acquired by purchasing seaman's tickets during Queen Anne's wars.
— 28	SUN.	1 Sun. af. Xmas. LESS. for the DAY 37 c. Isaiah, mor 38 — even Holy Innocents, or Children's Day	— 28	The festival of Holy Innocents or Childernas Day, is held by the church to commemorate the massacre of the children by order of Herod at Bethlehem. The learned Gregory tells us there was a custom among thrifty house-wives to whip up the children at an early hour on this day.
— 29	Mon.	St. Thomas a Becket. Moon's last quar. 41m af. 10 morn.	— 29	This saint was murdered A. D. 1171, in the Cathedral of Canterbury at Vespers, before the altar of St. Bennet. 1689.—Died on this day Dr. Thomas Sydenham, the most noted physician of his time. Dr. Sydenham guided his practice by experience, and rejected theory. He was the first who introduced the cool regimen in the small pox; his writings on consumption, fevers, and nervous diseases, though brief, are at this time highly esteemed.
— 30	Tues.	St. Anysia. High Water. 49m aft 7 morn. 18 — 8 after.	— 30	St. Anysia was martyred in the year 302. 1774.—Anniversary of the death of the celebrated poet, Paul Whitehead, who died at Twickenham. Mr. W. bequeathed his heart as a testimonial of affectionate gratitude to his patron, Lord le Despencer, who kindly procured for him an income of 800 <i>l.</i> a year. This singular legacy was placed by Lord le Despencer in one of the recesses of the beautiful mausoleum at his Lordship's seat at West Wycombe, with the following eplthaph: Unhallowed hands, this <i>urn</i> forbear, No gems nor Orient spoil Lie here conceal'd, but what's more rare, <i>A heart</i> that knows no guile.
— 31	Wed.	St. Syvester.	— 31	Our saint, who was a bishop of Rome, succeeded Miltiades in the papacy in 314. He died A. D. 384.

THE WINTER CRUISE.

(Continued from p. 406.)

“ Well, it can't be helped,” said James calmly seating himself; “ it's no use repining now—though it is rather hard, after cruising about for three months, to lose our cargo at sea, and when we thought ourselves lucky that we escaped Cork gaol, and got back to Holland with an empty hold, and tried to do a little business at home, to make such a finish to all as we have done to-night. Poor Peter's drowned too, Tom—d'ye know that ?”

“ Ah !” said the other, “ I thought it was all over with him when I saw him go—but how did you manage with him ?”

“ Now it's all over,” said James, “ I'll tell you the whole affair. When I plunged in after him, I popped a tub under my arm, thinking we were opposite a point where there was no watch; for, thinks I, if I can work a tub, and save a man's life at the same time, I shall do a clever thing; but I was some seconds before I could find Peter, it being so pitch dark. At last I saw something bob up to the top of the water, close to me—it was him; I caught him by the hair—kept his head above the surface, and got ashore with him. At that moment, a blockade man 'spied me, and fired a pistol: I heard some of them coming towards me, so I dragged Peter under the cliff, and made for the town; but the men-o'-wars-men followed me up so closely, that I was obliged to drop my tub, and crowd all sail. I got near home, and thought I could manage to drop in without being seen; but they had so gained upon me that I was obliged to run again right through the town, where I dodged them, till I found myself back again at the place where I had left Peter. I felt him, but he was stiff and dead, poor fellow. I then thought I'd try if I could hail you; but the only answer I got was a report of fire-arms on the beach: then I knew that you must be working the boat slap in the teeth of the blockade. I listened a minute or two, and all was silent; so, thinks I, they have either put out to sea again, or have succeeded in working the cargo.”

“ Yes,” interrupted Tom, “ we had worked part of it, and had hid the tubs under the cliff, when we were discovered and attacked; and three or four suddenly put off the boat, while we who were left had to fight it out, and get away as we could.”

“ Well,” continued James, “ I thought I'd mount the cliff and look out, and had got near the top, and was pulling-up to take fresh wind, when what should I hear

but my Susan's voice! That so astonished me, that I lost my footing, and was cap-sized plump down again on the shingle. There was no bones broke, however; and I was just about to hail Susan on the cliff, when I thought I saw some of the blockade coming; and says I to myself, ‘ you mus'n't see me, my masters!’—so I crept close under the cliff, and passed them safe enough. Then, thinks I, ‘ I may as well find out where the lads are;’ and thinking Susan would be up to the rig, and wait where she was, or go home again, I contrived to run along the bottom of the cliff, till I found myself tumbling among a lot of tubs. ‘ Oh!’ thinks I, ‘ all's right yet;’ and, while looking about, I perceived all of you creeping down the cliffs. You recognized me, if you recollect; and we were just preparing to clear the tubs snugly away, when the enemy's lanterns issued from a projecting part of the cliff. Douse they went in one moment, and, in the other, there we were with the blockade, yard-arm and yard-arm; but, when I first saw the light from their torches, what should I see but my Susan stowed in the arms of Infant Joe. In the surprise, I opened a fire upon him, but took a good aim notwithstanding; I saw him fall, and laying about me right manfully, I seized upon my little brig, carried her away from the grappling-irons of the huge pirate, and towed her right into harbour—and here she is, safe and sound—there's some comfort in that, ar'n't there, my girl?”—and a hearty kiss, with a murmured blessing, escaped from the lips of the rough young smuggler, as he again pressed the now happy Susan in his arms.

Two of his companions now entered the house: they were cordially received by their acquaintances and neighbours assembled; but the hanging of their heads, and the languid manner of taking the hands outstretched to welcome them, proved how severely their bold hearts felt their chilling disappointments and unrewarded toil. The journal of their cruise and misfortunes was recorded in every line of their brows. It was a sad meeting; and sadness and silence love to be together. At length, one of them, looking at James, said,—

“ We heard that you had brought down Infant Joe: but, just as we came into the town, we were told that he was only wounded, and had been carried to the tower, with a pistol-bullet in his right shoulder.”

“ In his right shoulder, eh?” said James, as he gave a loud whistle, and looked at Susan; “ it was close chance for you, my girl. Well, I've no wish for his death; but, if we ever

should meet again, I am just as likely to snap my trigger, and perhaps with better success.—But, Susan, my lass, I've been waiting all along to know how you came on the cliff at such a time ; and I'm somewhat jealous, too, at that same Infant Joe, and the manner he was conveying you so snugly."

Susan smiled, and related her share in the events of the night, and concluded by entreating James to relinquish his desperate and unprofitable pursuit—to forego all thoughts of again embarking in a Winter Cruise—and, when the employment of the coast failed to procure them a quiet subsistence, to remove to some happier land, where industry may reap its reward, and the strong arm and sweating brow know their hours of comfort and repose.

Old Mon.

DECEMBER THOUGHTS.

(*For the Olio.*)

Oh ! deep is the gloom that encircles us round
When December in darkness is frowning ;
Like the sadness of woe in the breast that is
found,

When Sorrow's dark shades are surrounding.
So the fast chilling feelings round Age that
entwine,

As the winter of Death is approaching,
Oft are darken'd by ills, that in union combine—

On the last of Life's pleasures encroaching.

Oh ! seldom the sun throws his hope-mantled
beam

On the tree, or the bush, or the flower ;
And the summer-drest songsters, in solitude,
seem

Afraid of the sleet-weeping shower ;
And so, when the autumn of life is just past—

The sunshine of joy scarce appearing,
The warblings of Fancy, once mingling so fast,
Cease their music so soft and endearing.

Yet moments there be, although seldom, which
seem

More fair for the gloom which they're
chasing ;

Which breathe all delight, as the sun's healthy
gleam

The frost and the dew is embracing ;
And fair as the joy the December-sun gives

(If with goodness his days have been tinted)
Is the sunshine of conscience to him who yet
lives,

But who needs not his death to be hinted.

Oh ! the blooms and the sweets that en-
circled the spring,

With charms but too fleeting, have vanish'd ;
And the flowers of the summer have fled, on
the wing

Of the days which stern Time has long ban-
nish'd !

But the ever-green laurel still smiles in the
blast,

Like a friend who ne'er flies from our sor-
row,

Oh ! its green leaves are fairer than the flow'rs
that are past,

For no aid from the seasons do they borrow !

So Virtue will ever outlive all the joys

Which youth, health, or passion are be-
stowing ;

These wither, when Age all their fragrance
destroys,

While *that* as the laurel tree's growing ;
It bears no gay flower, but its verdure out-
lives

All the brighter deck'd blossoms of pleasure ;
And the joy which its boughs to Life's winter
look gives,

Is indeed an unspeakable treasure !

In the gloom of December, there's joy in the
thought

That a Spring is beyond with its beauty ;
And the winter of life with such joys will be
fraught,

If we bend all our efforts to duty :

There's a spring that is promised, when Death
is gone by,

When the soul (her strong wing newly
pluming)

Shall rove, where are beauties that never will
die—

Where the true flowers of pleasure are
blooming !

R. JARMAN.

ON THE KEEPING OF TWELFTH- NIGHT.

TWELFTH-NIGHT is perhaps the most agreeable of all the domestic holidays. It has not the novelty of Christmas day, which is the great breaking up of the dreariness of winter ; but it is at once quieter and more social ; select friends are invited, which is not always the case with the family Christmas party ; every body becomes of importance, young as well as old, for every one on Twelfth-night has a "character ;" and then there is the Cake, an eatable sacred to that night only ; the Wassail-Bowl also emphatically belongs to it, above all other nights in the season ; the company assume the dignity as well as vivacity of a set of *dramatis personæ* ; games and forfeits derive a new piquancy from the additional stock of wit generated by that circumstance ; and as the misletoe is still flourishing, the evening includes all the general merriment of Christmas with its own particular seasoning.

So much has been said of late years, in a variety of publications, respecting the origin of Twelfth-night, and the way in which it is kept in different parts of the world, that it is needless to repeat them here. Suffice it to say, that all these great holidays originate with nature itself and the operations of her seasons ; and that our European Twelfth-night (for all civilized nations partake of it) is a Christian version of one of the old nights of the Saturnalia, when the ancients drew lots for imaginary kingdoms. The royalty of the Twelfth-cake derives itself from the

Wise Men of the East, who are said to have been kings: and those also who would keep the night in perfection, should sustain the royal character the whole evening, and run their satire, not on persons and things in general, but on the fopperies of courtiers, their intrigues, adulations, &c. To be more wise than nice, however, belongs neither to cake nor wisdom; and they who prefer the general custom, should continue to prefer it. Animal spirits are the great thing, in this as in all other holidays, especially in winter time, when the want of sunshine is to be supplied by the fire-side, and the blood to be spun round by a little extra festivity. Besides, all the follies may be invited to court, and the monarch not be the less royal.

There are four things necessary to a due keeping of Twelfth-night;—the cake, the wassail-bowl, the installation of king and queen, and the sustaining of divers characters, illustrative of the follies of society. The satire, for the most part, runs on the fashions, and affectations of the day, and the different excesses of gormandizing and grudging. Fops and mincing ladies are always brought in. The prude who thinks herself most qualified to object to others, is sacrificed, in order to show how much the season, for all its satire, set its face against envy and ill-humour. The miser, if introduced, is sure to have no quarter; while on the other hand, the gourmand is allowed to cut a figure more ridiculous than un-social, to let us see on which side excess is the more pardonable, especially at Christmas.

Misers, however, are seldom thought of, for they can hardly be present. Indeed, if they were, the subject would almost be too tender, especially if the caricature which introduced it (for these things are generally casual, and arise from the pictures bought at the shops) attached to the master or mistress of the house. A miser giving a Twelfth-cake seems hardly possible. It is true, he may make a show once and away, and buy the privilege of being asked out to a hundred good dinners by giving one. We dined once with a rich old lady, who used to have an anniversary of this sort, in a great room without a carpet. Never did she catch us there again. It makes us long to chuck the butter-boat over one's host instead of the pudding. But miserly people cannot give a proper Twelfth-night. Something will be wanting—the cake will be large and bad; or good and two small; or there will be a niggardliness in the Wassail-Bowl; or the worst fruit will have been bought for the des-

sert; or the company will detect one of the subtleties too commonly practised upon children, and be malignantly pressed to eat heartily at tea. Now it would not do to satirize such persons. They would be too sore. The gourmand cares little for the character of Sir Tunbelly Clumsy. He thinks it in character with the season, and has it in common with too many. Besides, he may be as generous to other people's bodies as he is to his own. The fop and the fine lady can bear as much, for similar reasons; and they have a reserve of self-love which is proof against bitterness; as it ought to be, if they are good-humoured. As to the prude, it might be supposed that the best way to satirize her would be to take her under a misletoe, and give her a kiss. Fancy it not. Of all persons in the room she longs for one most;—and with reason; for she and the scold are the only women to whom it is difficult to give one.

A Twelfth-Cake should be as large as possible for all to share alike (for there should be no respect of ages in cake,) and it should be as good as possible, consistent with a due regard to health. It is easy to see what is spared for health's sake, and what for the pocket's. The plainer the cake, the greater should be the expense in some other matter. Large then, and good should be the cake, tall, wide, stout, well citroned, crowned with figures in painted sugar (things always longed for by the little boys, and never to be eaten,) and presenting, when cut open, the look of a fine pit of tawny coloured earth, surmounted with snow. May the ragged urchin, who has stood half an hour gazing on it in the confectioner's window, with cold feet, and his nose flattened against the glass, get a piece of the like somewhere! If you saw him, and it was a little vagabond whom you knew,—the pot-boy's cousin perhaps, or one who has filial claims on the ostler,—send him a piece out by the footman.

For the Wassail-Bowl, which, as it has only been restored in the metropolis for the last few years, is still a mystery in the manufacture to some, take the following receipt from a good hand. It implies a good handsome bowl, and a reasonable number of people, not professed wine-drinkers,—say from twelve persons to sixteen. Those who prefer wine can have it alone.

“Imprimis,” quoth our fair informant, “direct a small quantity of spices to be simmered gently in a tea-cupful of water, for fifteen or twenty minutes; to wit, cardamoms, clove, nutmeg, mace, ginger, cinnamon, and coriander. Put the spices

when done, to four bottles of white-wine, not sweet, and a pound and a half of loaf sugar; and set them on the fire, altogether, in a large saucepan. Meanwhile, let the bowl have been prepared, and the yokes of twelve and the whites of six eggs well beaten up in it. Then, when the spiced and sugared wine is a little warm, take a tea-cupful of it and mix it in the bowl with the eggs; when a little warmer, another tea-cupful; and so on, for three or four, after which, when it boils, add the whole of the remainder, pouring it in gradually, and stirring it briskly all the time, so as to froth it. The moment it froths, toss in a dozen well-roasted apples, and send it up as hot as it can be.

“N.B. Should the wine be British, dry raisins is to be preferred; and three quarters of a pint of brandy should be added. It makes, perhaps, as good a Wassail as the best.”

The Twelfth-night characters purchased at the shops are best for companies in ordinary, and they are always pleasant to the children. Parties that dispense with them in their own persons, should still have them for the little boys and girls. It is hazardous, also, to invent characters to suit. Care should be taken that they trench as little as possible on actual infirmities, and that the drawers should be very good-humoured. The best way, provided there is enough wit in the room, is to see if the picture characters will do; and if not, to strike up some invention on the sudden. Merriment is always best when least premeditated. But a great help on these occasions will be found in the idea of a Court, which is undoubtedly also the properest mode of supporting the King and Queen. Courtiers, chamberlains, maids of honour &c. are easily thought of, and suggest a great deal of mock-heroic dignity. We have known evenings passed in this manner, when, in addition to the other dramatic piquances, the principal character spoke in blank verse,—a much easier matter than might be supposed, and such as few lovers of books would fail in, if they took courage. The verse itself, be it observed, is to be caricatured, and may be as bad as possible, all advantages being taken of inversions and the artificial style. There is no finer ground for satire than a Court, the more imperial and despotic the better; and, on this account, the most loyal need not fear to represent it, especially in liberal times like these. A King who can do liberal things, and the abstract idea of a king, are two different matters. The caricature must of necessity tend to as great a

degree of remoteness as possible from a limited monarchy. A Sultan would do well for it; the present Sultan, for instance—and a naval ambassador might be brought in, after the battle of Navarino, to throw his court into consternation. Or the King of Persia would do, with his unlimited will, and his hundred children. A fine opportunity here for Sultanas and compliments. But there is no necessity for these foreign versions. The abstract idea of royalty and its self-will is the great point; and a piquancy is given to its Oriental extravagance by retaining our every day dress, or a caricature of it, as we may see in the farce of “Tom Thumb.” *New Mon.*

—◆—

CURIOUS RECEIPT FOR RENT GIVEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1762.

—

RECEIVED this anniversary day of Christ's Nativity, according to vulgar chronology, December the 25th, new style, in the 62nd year of the 18th Century of the Christian æra, coinciding with the 6475th year of the Julian Period, the 2870th from the foundation of the city of London; the second year of the 635th Olympiad; the 2515th year from the building of the city of Rome; the 2511th year of Nabonasser, or the 2087th year of the Philippic Epochæ; on Saturday, the ninth day of the Egyptian wandering month, Phamenoth; the 1817th year and tenth day from Julius Cæsar's invasion of England; the 1479th year of the Dioclesian Radix, or æra of the Coptic Martyrs; the 1176th year of the Turkish Hegira; two years and sixty-one days from the accession of George the Third to the crown of Great Britain; and fifty-four days after a lunar partial eclipse, which happened at the distance of 2484 Julian years and 216 days from the most ancient lunar eclipse, recorded by Ptolemy to have been celebrated at Babylon the 27th year of Nabonasser, and in the first year of the reign of Mardskomrad or Mardokemhad, the fifth Chaldean King, styled in scripture Merodach Baladon, the son of Baladon, King of Babylon, of Mr. J— G—, one piece of gold coin, called half a guinea, of the value of ten shillings and sixpence, lawful money of Great Britain, for seven day's rent, due to me this day, for two rooms next the firmament, being in full of all demands, from the creation of the world, to this present moment. By me, D. KIRTLEY,
Teacher of Chronology.
N. N.

Nottingham.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

FROM THE FRENCH.
(For the Olio.)

ARABIAN writers have affirmed, that there was formerly a king of India named Shirhan, who caused great unhappiness to his people, by his senseless and tyrannical conduct. Intoxicated with his power and grandeur, he believed himself equal to God, and regarded his miserable subjects as victims destined to support his caprices. His desires, always unjust and whimsical, were laws from which no person could save himself. Obscurity and misery were no shelter from his violence; but the nobles of his court, obliged from their rank to be frequently about his person, were above all, subject to his caprices.

Although the indignation of the people was excited to the utmost, it was every where suffered in silence, for if they dared to breathe the least complaint, it was regarded as a crime, and the lightest punished as a rebellion. Already the whole kingdom felt the consequence of this odious despotism; industry languished; the fields remained uncultivated; and the neighbouring princes, tributaries to the King of the Indies, prepared to free themselves from his yoke, and invade his estates, encouraged in this enterprise by the discontent of the people.

In vain some courtiers devoted to the true glory of Shirham, had endeavoured to awaken him to a sense of his dangers, the most prompt chastisement had been the reward of their boldness; the others warned by their example, kept silence, and preferred being enveloped in the general danger, than sacrifice their individual welfare for the common good by useless warning.

Meanwhile, a Brahmin, named Sisle, son of Taher, touched by the situation of the kingdom, determined to open the eyes of the King without exposing his own life, and to insure the general interest with his own safety. It was in this double motive, that after some long meditations he came to invent the game of Chess, to make Shirham perceive that the *King*, in spite of his rank and dignity, requires help from his subjects to defend him from his enemies.

The reputation of this new game came to the ears of Shirham, who desired to understand it. He commanded the Brahmin before him, who under pretence of teaching him the rules, made him to know and appreciate truths, to which his mind had been closed for so long a time. The most useful lessons require thus to be dis-

guised to penetrate to the foot of the throne. The King knew how to profit by those that were presented to him under so ingenious a form. He repented of his errors, and felt that the true strength of a monarch rests on the love of his subjects.

Shirham wished to express to the Brahmin his gratitude for the services he had rendered to him. "Choose," said he, "the reward thou desirest, and whatever wish thou hast formed, it shall be accomplished." "Great King!" replied the son of Taher, "since thy goodness encourages me, order thy treasurers to give me a grain of corn for the first chest, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, doubling the number every time, to the sixty-fourth chest in thy exchequer." The King had great difficulty to restrain his indignation at hearing him make so moderate a demand. "What," said he, "darest thou request a recompense unworthy of me; thinkest thou my treasures are not sufficient to reward thy merit?" "If thine anger," replied Sisle, "be not inflamed against thy slave, I have discovered to thee my desire. Deign to content me, and be sure my ambition cannot go much farther." The King reluctantly gave orders that they should deliver to the Brahmin the miserable object of his desires. But when the treasurers had essayed to calculate that which was for Sisle, they were astonished at its result, and hastened to inform the King of their surprise and embarrassment. Neither all the corn in the kingdom, nor all its riches, had been able to suffice for a like present. The Brahmin seized the occasion, to address a new lesson to the monarch, and to make him feel with what prudence he ought to bestow his favours, if he did not wish them to be abused. Shirham was sensible of the profound wisdom of the Brahmin. "Son of Taher," said he, embracing him, "this is the second victory thou hast gained over me; sit near my throne, and assist me in governing this people. Happy are the princes who gain such ministers."

The game of chess acquired in the end, so great a celebrity, that it soon was known all over the east. The circumstances which brought it to notice in Persia, are the following:—

Belagi succeeded to Shirham in the kingdom of India; having ascended the throne he refused to pay to Nushtravan a tribute that was exacted of his predecessor; and these two princes declared, on this account, a war which threatened the most unhappy termination. After several bloody battles, the King of India, to put an end to their difference, sent to

the King of Persia a set of chess, and promising to pay him tribute if the Persians could discover the moves of the game. The King assembled all the learned of Persia to consult them on this matter. Bonzonrghemir, one of his counsellors, arrived at the discovery of the mystery of chess, but little satisfied with not having been vanquished, he determined to draw from them an avowal of their inferiority. Excited by this noble motive, he invented backgammon, and Nushiravan chose him to carry the explanation of the chess to Belagi, and to defy him to discover the moves of the new game, which this illustrious courtier had invented. The King of India commenced by sending the accustomed tribute to Persia, but it was in vain that the greatest wits of his kingdom endeavoured to discover the backgammon. The thing was judged impossible, and Bourzourghemir, in generous enmity opened up its secrets. It is to be regretted that modern nations will not admit this kind of war, which cost neither tears nor blood, and whose wounds are only felt by self-love.

Since this time Chess has been the delight of many renowned conquerors and kings. It is known that Tamerlane was passionately fond of it, and Hyde relates that he saw in the treasury of Saint Denis a set in ivory, which had belonged to Charlemagne.

Some sovereigns, however, have proscribed this game at different times. Louis Ninth issued an edict against it on account of the time lost by it. Casimir Second of Poland, by an ordinance of 1368, attempted to put it down; and James the First of England would not allow his son to play at it.

The Goths and the ancient Swedes, previous to marrying their daughters, introduced the Chess to prove the address, and intelligence, of those who sought their alliance.

Don Juan of Austria was attended in an apartment, the whole of which was formed into a Chess board, the different squares were represented on a pavement of black and white marble, but instead of inanimate figures, he employed men who moved at his will, and according to the rules of the game. Since this time we have seen more than one general imitate this method, without playing at Chess, who have considered his soldiers but as instruments of wood, destined to prepare his success, or to pay for his faults.

K.

A THOUSAND AND ONE

Is a favourite number in the East, or rather a favourite term for an indefinite number; as the "thousand and one churches,"—the name given to ruins at Larenda near Iconium; the cistern of "a thousand and one pillars" at Constantinople; and the "thousand and one nights" of the Arabian Tales.

Mod. Trav.

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

*From the Spanish of Luis Baylon.**By J. G. Lockhart.*

HARK! friends, it strikes the year's last hour,
A solemn sound to hear:
Come fill the cup, and let us pour
Our blessing on the parting year;
The years that were, the dim, the gray,
Receive this night with choral hymn,
A sister shade as lost as they,
And soon to be as gray and dim.
Fill high; she brought us both of weal and
woe,
And nearer lies the land to which we go.

On, on, in one unwearied round,
Old Time pursues his way;
Groves bud and blossom, and the ground
Expects in peace her yellow prey:
The oak's broad leaf, the rose's bloom,
Together fall, together lie;
And undistinguished in the tomb,
How'er they lived, are all that die.
Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown,
To the same sleep go shorn and withered
down.

How short the rapid months appear
Since round this board we met,
To welcome in the infant year,
Whose star hath now for ever set!
Alas! as round this board I look,
I think on more than I behold,
For glossy curls in gladness shook
That night, that now are damp and cold.
For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine—
Peace to her slumbers! drown your tears in
wine.

Thank heaven no seer unblest am I,
Before the time to tell,
When moons as brief once more go by,
For whom this cup again shall swell.
The hoary mower strides apace,
Nor crops alone the ripened ear;
And we may miss the merriest face
Among us, 'gainst another year.
Whoe'er survive, be kind as we have been,
And think of friends that sleep beneath the
green.

Nay, droop not—being is not breath;
'Tis fate that friends must part;
But God will bless in life, in death,
The noble soul, the gentle heart,
So deeds be just and words be true,
We need not shrink from Nature's rule;
The tomb, so dark to mortal view,
Is heaven's own blessed vestibule;
And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,
Though nearer lies the land to which we go.

Anniversary.

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