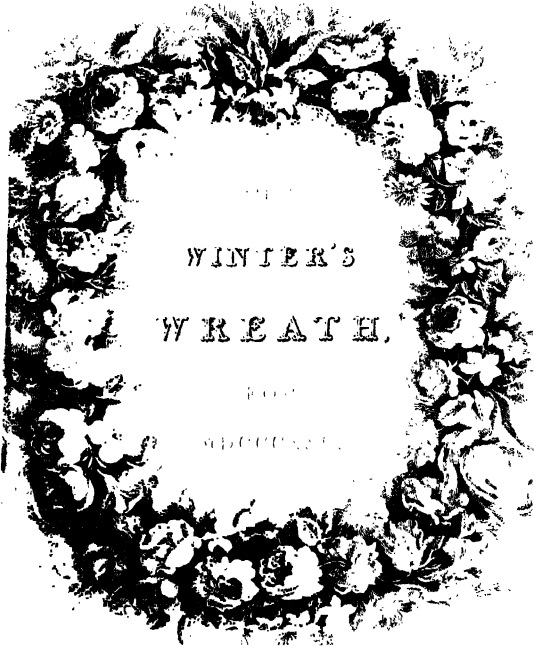




1871. 1871. 1871.

LADY BLANCHE AND HER COURT.



WINNER'S
WREATH.

FOR
SUCCESS.

THE
WINTER'S WREATH,

A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

TREASURED THOUGHTS, AND GATHERED FLOWERS,
DREAMS OF YOUTH AND LOVE ARE OURS,
ALL THE STRAINS THAT POETS BREATHE
MINGLE WITH THE BUDS WE WREATH:
OURS THE TASK THEIR LEAVES TO TWINE,
AND OFFER THEM AT BEAUTY'S SHINE.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE B. WHITTAKER ;

AND

GEORGE SMITH, LIVERPOOL.

PREFACE.

THE WINTER'S WREATH FOR 1829 will be found to differ very materially from that of the previous year. The Editorship has passed into totally different hands ; and this change has influenced the contents of the volume. No attempt has been here made to produce a religious impression : on the contrary, the introduction of religious topics has been carefully avoided.

Interesting and important as these topics undoubtedly are, their discussion appears unsuited to a work of elegant amusement ; and, if it have *any* decided effect, is likely to ~~be~~ injurious to the dignity of Religion. The insertion of some of the following articles might seem, at the first glance, a departure

from this principle ; but on their perusal, the reader will perceive that motives, wholly unconnected with theology, have procured their admission.

In elegance of embellishment, and interest and variety of matter, we trust that we are not excelled by the most talented of our contemporaries; and we look, with confidence, for that share of public attention which we may be thought to merit. Perhaps some portions of the following pages deserve to be remembered, when publications that are merely ephemeral will be forgotten : but this may safely be trusted to the discernment of "*Prince Posterity.*"

Our warm acknowledgments are due to those Gentlemen, who have kindly allowed us to engrave from their collections of pictures. The list of Plates will point out to whom we are indebted: and every lover of

“ The realms of Taste, and Fancy’s fairy land.”

will feel grateful to all who aid the infinite multiplication of fine paintings afforded by the graver. The success with which the beauties

of the canvass have been transferred to steel is a proud proof of the skill of our artists ; —and we have to thank some of the most skilful for their very successful exertions.

Our Table of Contents shows that many authors—even “names, the mightiest of our land” have lent us their assistance :—and yet it will scarcely exhibit to the uninitiated reader half the extent of that assistance. All the initials inserted there are the real or assumed signatures of writers of acknowledged talent, who have been prevented by their literary engagements, their refusal to other works of a similar description, or other reasons, from giving us their names. Many of these names will be recognized by their writings. We are aware that our obligations to our Contributors cannot be repaid by any thing said here ;—the work will always be delightfully connected in reflection with the memory of their kindness.

Winter Flowers.

INTRODUCTORY LINKS, BY MRS. GILBERT.

FOR Winter's Wreath whence cull the flowers? -

The sterile fields reply
"Nor spray, nor bloom, nor leaf is ours;—
Beneath a cheerless sky,
Our treasuries of summer stars
Lie spell-bound, under icy bars!"

For Winter's Wreath whence cull the flowers?—

A check of rosy glow,
Chased from the lorn dismantled bowers,
By reefs of Christmas snow,
Peeps from the casement, and replies,
"Here, wanderer,—gather hence the prize!"

Within a small, sequestered ring

The genial bloom is found,
And flowers, lovelier than spring
On gay Arcadian ground;
The hope, the tear, the smile, the kiss,
Inwoven, of domestic bliss.

Nor summer field, nor forest glade,

Nor green savannah, bears
A blossom with such hues inlaid,
A fragrance sweet as theirs,
Who, loving and beloved, form
A Winter's Wreath, without its storm.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Meeting of the Ships	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 1
Atys, the Son of Cræsus	<i>J. E. R.</i> 3
Lines for a Lady's Album	5
The Grasshopper's Remonstrance.....	<i>Rev. W. Shepherd</i> 6
Song	7
The "Harold" of Fashionable Life.....	<i>F. J. F.</i> 8
Lady Blanche and her Merlin	16
On leaving Speke	17
Song of a Highlander	18
Sonnet	19
On the Death of a Friend	<i>Miss M. R. Mitford</i> 20
Queen Marie's Well	<i>H. F. Chorley</i> 22
Sonnet to the Camellia Japonica.....	<i>W. Roscoe</i> 24
Evening upon the Thames	25
Sonnet.....	26
Pandolfo Collenuccio (from the Italian)	<i>W. M. Tarrt</i> 27
Lines on leaving the Cape of Good Hope	42
Stanzas	<i>J. Montgomery</i> 43
Mausoleums of Allahabad	44
Sonnet.....	46
The Codicil	47
The Widow and her Son.....	<i>Mary Howitt</i> 53
The Corsair	57
Stanzas	<i>John Bowring</i> 63
On a late Spring	<i>J. A. Yates</i> 64
The Fairies' Waterfall	66

CONTENTS.

	Page
To a Town Garden	69
"Fair Helen of Kirconnel"	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 70
Sonnet to an Infant Daughter	71
To Gabrielle	72
The Blighted Heart	73
Lough Neagh—the past and the present	<i>J. Whittle, jun.</i> 74
Sonnet to John Wilson, Esq.	<i>W. Roscoe</i> 84
To my Daughter	85
Sonnet.....	<i>J. E. R.</i> 86
Loch Leven Castle.....	<i>J. A. S.</i> 87
Sonnet.....	89
Translation from an Hungarian Allegory	<i>John Bowring</i> 90
Serenade	<i>J. W.</i> 94
The Scotch Peasant Girl.....	<i>W. M. Tarrt</i> 95
Song, (since set to music)	96
To my Mother, with the Literary Souvenir	<i>P.</i> 97
Written during Fever	98
On the Battle of Navarino	<i>J. R. Chorley</i> 99
Journey up the Mississippi	<i>J. J. Audubon</i> 104
A Thought of the Rose	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 128
Gibbon in his Garden	<i>H. R.</i> 129
A Retrospect	<i>J. Montgomery</i> 131
Lines to S. E. on stealing a Violet	133
Epigram from the Greek Anthology	<i>Rev. W. Shepherd</i> 134
Kester Hobson, a Tale of the Yorkshire Wolds.....	<i>J. M.</i> 135
Sonnet.....	144
The Vintage	145
Love's Mastery	146
The Maiden's Lament	147
Sonnet.....	148
Benevolence.....	<i>John Bowring</i> 149
The Water Lily.....	150
A Vision	<i>The late Dr. Currie</i> 151
Spring Crocuses.....	<i>Mary Howitt</i> 161
To an Eolian Harp.....	<i>J. A. S.</i> 164
The Oak Tree	16

CONTENTS.

	Page
Sonnet to Dr. Channing	J. E. R. 168
Separation	169
Trans-Atlantic Scenery	170
Swiss Home-Sickness	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 171
Stanzas intended for Music	172
Autographs	173
Scenery near Tyn-y-Maes	178
The Benshee's Song	179
Le Contretems. A Tale of the Ancien Régime	183
The Widow	C. G. 206
Canzonet	207
Rydal Chapel	<i>Rev. J. Parry</i> 208
The Exile's Song	210
A Passage of the Civil Wars	212
Sonnet	<i>Mary Howitt</i> 224
The Last De Valençay	225
On reading the 'Records of Woman'	<i>The Author of "Schwyn"</i> 240
The Sailor Boy	<i>W. M. Tarrt</i> 241
On Popular Education	<i>J. Merritt</i> 242
To Hesperus, from the Greek of Bion	<i>Rev. W. Shepherd</i> 255
The Voice of Music	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 256
Sonnet	<i>Miss E. Taylor</i> 257
On Prayer	<i>J. K.</i> 258
A Chapter on Woods	<i>William Howitt</i> 260
Verses to ———	<i>W Roscoe</i> 270
The First Morning of May	272
"A Temple not made with Hands"	273
Kit Wallace	<i>The Author of "Recollections of the Peninsula"</i> 274
Sonnet	<i>Robert Milhouse</i> 282
Translation from Schiller	283
The Fireworks at St. Angelo	293
The Fresh Green Moss	<i>Miss M. A. Browne</i> 298
Song	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 299
To the Lyre	<i>Delta</i> 300
Mary's Tomb	<i>Robert Milhouse</i> 302
Pleasant Companions	<i>E. T.</i> 303

CONTENTS.

	Page
Epitaph	<i>W. S. R.</i> 309
Love's Pleadings	310
On the Preface to Bishop Heber's Narrative	311
The Last Sacrifice of the Druids	<i>W. B. Chorley</i> 312
Sonnet.....	<i>William Howitt</i> 323
On the New Year.....	324
Meleager and Atalanta.....	325
The Mourner's Sleep.....	<i>J. W.</i> 329
The Ridley Coach	<i>E. T.</i> 330
Epigram from the Greek Anthology.....	<i>Rev. W. Shepherd</i> 339
Lines on the Death of a Young Lady	<i>Hartley Coleridge</i> 340
The Warrior's Love	<i>T. B.</i> 343
Azel and Zemira.....	<i>X. X.</i> 344
Sonnet	356
The Greek Leader to his Troops.....	<i>Delta</i> 357
To the Cuckoo in the Vale of Cuawg	<i>J. H. Wiffen</i> 359
O'Connor's Child	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 361
The Orphans of the Pays de Vaud..	<i>The Author of "Schwyn"</i> 363
Monumental Inscription	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 375
The British Heart.....	<i>William Howitt</i> 376
To ———	380
Remarks on Music, Painting, &c.....	<i>Rev. W. Horner</i> 381
"'Tis Home where e'er the heart is"	<i>X. X.</i> 386
To Maenwyn	<i>J. H. Wiffen</i> 387
Epigram	<i>T. D.</i> 388
Memoir of a Young Sculptor.....	<i>R. Ward</i> 389
Weber's Last Slumber	394
Mountain Children	<i>Mary Howitt</i> 397
Old Trees and New Houses	<i>Mrs. Opie</i> 399
Fragments of a Dream	<i>Delta</i> 404
The Lady Anne Carr	<i>The Author of "May you like it"</i> 406
The Dying Minstrel.....	417
The Wreath	419

List of the Plates.

- I.—LADY BLANCHE AND HER MERLIN. By EDWARD SMITH, from a Picture by J. NORTHCOTE, R. A. in the Collection of PATTINSON ELLAMES, Esq. Allerton Hall *To face the Title.*
- II.—VIEW ON THE THAMES NEAR WINDSOR. By WILLIAM MILLER, from a Picture by W. HAVELL, R. A. in the Collection of RICHARD RATHBONE, Esq. Woodcroft *Page 25*
- III.—THE PARTING OF MEDORA AND THE CORSAIR. By HEN. ROBINSON, from a Picture by H. HOWARD, R. A. in the Collection of PATTINSON ELLAMES, Esq. Allerton Hall *57*
- IV.—THE SCOTCH PEASANT GIRL. By EDWARD SMITH, from a Picture by J. WATSON, in the possession of THOMAS HARGREAVES, Esq. *95*
- V.—THE VINTAGE. By W. C. EDWARDS, from a Picture by J. SEVERN, (of Rome) in the Collection of N. G. PHILLIPS, Esq. Liverpool *145*
- VI.—LE CONTRETEMPS. By EDWARD FINDEN, from a Picture by — GARNIER, in the Collection of JAMES BRANCKER, Esq. Croft Lodge, Winandymere. *183*
- VII.—THE SAILOR BOY. By W. H. LEZARS, from a Picture by W. NICHOLSON, (of Edinburgh) in the Collection of THOMAS J. FORDYCE, Esq. of Aylton. *241*
- VIII.—THE FIREWORKS FROM THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME. By W. RANGLYFFK, from a Picture by the late J. WRIGHT, (of Derby) in the Collection of JOHN MOM, Esq. Otterspool. *293*
- IX.—MELEAGER AND ATALANTA. By EDWARD GOODALL, from a Picture by G. ARNOLD, A. R. A. in the possession of the Painter. *325*
- X.—O'CONNOR'S CHILD. By EDWARD SMITH, from a Picture by J. BURNS, in the Collection of MRS. D'AGUILAR, Liverpool. *361*
- XI.—VIEW NEAR AMBLESIDE—CHILDREN RETURNING FROM SCHOOL. By EDWARD GOODALL, from a Picture by J. RENTON *396*
- XII.—THE WREATH, TITLE PAGE. By EDWARD SMITH, from a Picture by VAN DYCK, in the possession of THOMAS HARGREAVES, Esq.

NEC CREDIT, QUOD BRUMA ROSAS INNOXIA SERVET.

THE
WINTER'S WREATH.

The Meeting of the Ships.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments;—and then days, months, years intervene—and we see and know nothing of each other."—*Washington Irving.*

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,
When calms had still'd the tide ;
A few bright days of Summer glee
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave
Rose mingling thence in mirth ;
And sweetly floated o'er the wave
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main
Cloudless and lovely slept ;—
While dancing step, and festive strain
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were link'd, and answering eyes
With kindly meaning shone ;
—Oh ! brief and passing sympathies,
Like leaves together blown !

A little while such joy was cast
Over the deep's repose,
Till the loud singing winds at last
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely, on their way
The parting vessels bore ;
—In calm or storm, by rock or bay,
To meet—Oh ! never more !

Never to blend in Victory's cheer,
To aid in hours of woe ;—
And thus bright spirits mingle here,
Such ties are formed below !

Atys, the Son of Cræsus.

ATYS, THE SON OF CRÆSUS, was dumb many years; till perceiving one of the soldiers of Cyrus going to kill his father, he suddenly spoke, crying out, "SAVE THE KING."

HE gaz'd on the bright world around ;
 He felt the beauty lavished there ;
 He saw—but, ah ! no voice he found,
 His bosom's rapture to declare ;—
 'Twas his in deep delight to look,—
 His thoughts were like a sealed book.

When first Aurora sprang to light,
 And blushing led the early hours ;
 He, silent, watched the pageant bright
 Recall to life the drooping flowers :—
 But morn, which bade all things awake,
 His spirit's bondage could not break.

And evening, when with languor sweet,
 Its dimness o'er his senses came ;
 And he beheld the Sun retreat,
 In one rich cloudless sea of flame :—
 Alas ! amidst that splendid hour,
 He could not speak his Maker's power.

And even when sickness bowed his head,
 In patience mute the sufferer lay;
 Though death's dark veil were o'er him spread,
 He had no voice wherewith to pray:—
 The homage of uplifted eyes
 Was all his commune with the skies.

But in the silence of his soul,
 There was a sacred feeling nurst;
 Which instantly, with strong control,
 The spell of years was doomed to burst;—
 To break the charm which held him bound,
 And pour the tide of thought around.

Yes! Atys saw his Father stand,
 The sword just flashing o'er his brow,
 Directed by a traitor hand,
 And he unconscious of the blow!
 Great Nature's instinct then untied
 His tongue;—and "SAVE THE KING!" he cried.

Oh, Love! how holy, and how deep,
 Unseen, unnoticed, art thou shrined!
 There, ~~where~~ all cherished virtues sleep,
 In the unfathomed depths of mind!
 A mine of strength and tenderness,
 In the dark hour to shine and bless.

Lines

INTENDED AS A DEDICATION FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

TOUCH me gently, lady fair!—

Though my page be yet unmeaning,
 Soon I will repay thy care ;
 Ample store of rich and rare
 Soon shall recompense my gleanings.

Many a line, with music fraught,
 Shall flow from Beauty's magic finger ;
 Many a verse, by friendship taught,
 Shall lead the retrospective thought,
 To spots where memory loves to linger !

Genius,—which no gold could buy ;
 Love,—the meanest gift enhancing ;
 Wit,—whose arrows, as they fly,
 Sparkle like thine own bright eye,
 From its silken fringes glancing!—

Gifts from these, and rarer still,
 Graced by soft and flowing numbers,
 All my spotless leaves shall fill,
 Gentle lady, if thy will
 Bid the Muses quit their slumbers !

Guard me well ;—from year to year,
 As thine eye my page retraces,
 Thou shalt find the relics here,
 Grow, like Sibyl leaves, more dear,
 At every line that Time effaces.—

And with these, my new-born powers,
 Let my first, best wish be spoken ;
 That thy path be spread with flowers,
 Thy life—a chain of rosy hours,
 With all its fragrant links unbroken !

VIVIAN.

The Grasshopper's Remonstrance.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY (AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

BY THE REV. W. SHEPHERD.

WHY, thoughtless swains ! with rude unsparing hand,
 Why do you tear me from the glittering spray ?
 To passing nymphs I chirp with music bland,
 And cheer the forests with my simple lay.
 Go ! snare the starling or the speckled thrush,
 Whose plundering myriads darken all the view ;
 Why should you envy me my verdant bush,
 Or my light banquet of the mornin_g dew ?

Song.

FAREWELL ! we must sever, our pleasures can't last,
 Tho' varied as rainbows they vanish as fast ;
 We must part—but no matter, the joys we have known
 Will borrow from mem'ry a mellower tone.

[flow'rs,

There's pleasure when wit wreathes the wine-cup with
 And Time seems to wonder as fly the swift hours ;
 They have past—but we care not, for Friendship has
 twin'd
 Their treasur'd remembrances deep in the mind.

There was rapture, when smiles of affection and worth
 Were beam'd over moments too happy for earth ;
 They are gone—but departing they leave a soft light,
 That marks, like some beautiful meteor, their flight.

There's pleasure in music, when join'd to the strains
 Of which the fond mem'ry from childhood remains ;
 They have ceas'd—but no matter, like perfume from
 flow'rs,
 Tho' faded, the soul of their sweetness is our's.

Then breathe not a sigh to the pleasures that were,
 But think of the joys we may yet hope to share ;
 They vanish—but ev'n in their setting are bright,
 As the clouds of the west in the sun's parting light.

The "Harold" of Fashionable Life.

THE sad picture of humanity never wears a darker shade, than when we contrast the beautiful simplicity of childhood with the hackneyed refinement of maturer age. It is melancholy to find the blue-eyed urchin of our school days,—on whose high forehead and open countenance candour used to sit, reproving the world,—metamorphosed in after life, into the smooth and smiling sycophant ; changed, perhaps, from the deceived to the deceiver, by the stings of broken faith or neglected friendship. It is melancholy to see the warm-hearted and artless girl, with her soft eyes and sunny hair, just mellowing with the first dawn of womanhood, exchanging the pure coin of her sinless affections for such a base and paltry counterfeit.—Alas ! the heaven-born affections of our childhood mix not with the leaven of this world ;—the dreams of youth are as evanescent as they are deceptive. Who has not felt the bright illusions of that golden spring-time fall, like jewels, from the radiant tiara that Fancy had woven about his head ? Who has not wept over the apostacy of early friends, or the desertion of *more than friends* ; and stood alone, even amidst smiling thousands, in that worst of solitudes, the solitude of the heart ?—This may be the homeliest picture of our lives ; but, alas ! it is the truest.

The following recollections will furnish a melancholy illustration to it, if indeed such a one be necessary.

Herbert Leland had been but little familiarized with the grosser scenes of this tradesman-like world, when at the age of nineteen, with all the advantages of birth, fortune, and talent, (together with the finest temper and the whitest teeth in the world), he became a member of Christ Church, Oxford; where he was very shortly voted "*a correct man*" by the select and exclusive *Set* of the *Tufts* and *Honorables* of that Society. He ran through the usual course of dissipation with the fatal precocity which ever marks the errors of genius; and Sardanapalus himself could not have been more *classically* epicurean or *gentlemanly* in the selection of his pleasures. But ere long he was doomed to experience the inevitable consequences of such pursuits;—the zest of novelty, which at first disguised their real vapid hollowness, wore off; but their paralyzing effects remained;—and he found himself, in the very summer of his age, with the withering of Autumn on his cheek, and the coldness of Winter at his heart.

After depositing, in the bosom of Alma Mater, the greater portion of the learning he had brought with him to her halls, he left the great Alexandria of Europe for the metropolis; and having taken up his abode at *Long's*, fell in with some college friends, who first sympathized with him on the loss of his health, and then proceeded to console him with the loss of his money—in short, he was nearly ruined!

His friends fell from him like insects from a blighted bough; their defection aroused him, and compelled him, for the first time, to look around him. He could scarcely recognize the world of his imagination in the world which he beheld. The first was a finely-pencilled landscape, with a long perspective of sun and shade; but it was no likeness;—the other was a dark, homely picture; dirty, Dutch, and unromantic; but then it was *no copy*, but an original.

His finances were once more recruited by the decease of the last of his family, and he became the possessor of a large and unincumbered estate, which had been the heir-loom of a long and noble line. He had now to decide whether he would retire into the quiet and unambitious walks of domestic life, or mingle with the mighty on earth, the noble, the talented, and the wealthy;—he proudly chose the latter; and after passing two or three years in the senseless routine of "fashionable life," during which he squandered his noble inheritance in pandering to the taste of others, he acquired a reputation that a Brummel might have envied. But he was the world's idol only as long as he was its dupe;—he had dissipated his wealth in courting its suffrages;—he became guilty of poverty, and the world was inexorable. At last he "went out" with the air of a retiring minister; and philosophically determined to *cut* the world, when, in fact, the world had *cut* him.

The village of —, in the county of Devonshire, was the spot he selected for his retirement. His ap-

pearance in the village created a considerable sensation ; and several *my aunts* were seen shortly afterwards, waddling from house to house, in all the agonies of craving and ungratified curiosity respecting the “ strange gentleman.” During these visits, he was severally pronounced to be, on the most decided authority, a swindler,—a music master,—a murderer in disguise,—and a minister of state. For some time, the haughtiness of his manner effectually repelled the civilities of the natives, who stood corrected by the insolent dignity of his eye, which, lightening from beneath his dark curling hair, gave a peculiarly aristocratical cast to his countenance. There were, however, one or two hardened old retired citizens, who, presuming on their purses, ventured to inflict several sly offers of patronage on the stranger ;—such as a seat in the church,—permission to shoot,—or an invitation to dinner. It is even rumoured that one of these infatuated persons, (to the utter astonishment of a large party of gentlemen who were dining with Sir Arthur Ellington, a neighbouring Baronet), had ventured to take wine with him, and even to be facetious in his presence ;—but this fact requires confirmation.

Leland had played the hermit for a few months, (during which time his heart had been freezing in the shade of solitude), when the politeness of the venerable Baronet already mentioned again attracted him within the pale of society ;—but he was no longer its dupe, but its tyrant.—The freshness of his spirit had faded with the bloom of his cheek ; and he was—a man without a heart !

The family seat of Sir Arthur Ellington was an ancient pile, in good preservation, and furnished with the usual *Gothic* fixtures of old country seats—old servants—old pictures—old wine—and old women. There was one, however, who seemed to stand apart from this antique assemblage, like the Hebe in the picture gallery, that stood smiling from a sunny niche on the dark and frowning beauties of the older school,—and this was Edith Ellington.

Had the gentle graceful Edith met the eye of Leland before the world had set its stamp upon him, *he* must have loved;—and had the unsuspecting girl but known what a blighted desert was the heart of him on whom she was bestowing the first incense of her maiden affections, *she* had never loved! But could the haughty look of independance, that sat on the expanded brow of Leland, be that of the wily hypocrite or needy fortune-hunter? Could that finely-toned voice, that full, eloquent eye be the portion of the deceiver?—or that graceful, unobtrusive softness of manner dwell with the heartless? Edith was a woman, and a bad reasoner.—Edith was a country girl; and had only mixed in high life enough to attain its elegancies, without learning its heartlessness. She saw the temple lovely from without, and dreamt not that all was corruption within!—The advances of the fabled serpent to the pillow of the slumbering infant were not more secret or fatal, than are the insinuating flatteries of the well-bred hypocrite to the bosom of the woman who listens, and loves. Edith loved—and with the untamed enthusiasms of our early days—

she loved “ she knew not why, and cared not wherefore.” —Had her understanding but asked the question, her heart would have indignantly rejected its suggestions, and appealed to her lover for sympathy:—but he, alas, had no heart!

The voice of the deceiver was as sweet to Edith as his snares were fatal. Often, as she stood at his side watching the evening star trembling on the bosom of the lake, did she listen with undoubting tenderness to the well-told tale of his love;—and as often did he return, with counterfeited emotion, her affectionate glances, and thought of—paying his debts.

She was won.—I saw her kneel at the altar, her dark hair wreathed with flowers;—and thought of the garland-bound victims that bowed of yore before the shrines of Moloch.

She had given him all that woman ever bestowed on man; and fondly and jealously did she watch, alas! that she should watch in vain, for the deep devotedness she gave. The lover soon cooled into the husband; and that husband was—a man of the world.

Long did she pour out the overflowings of her love, unrequited and unacknowledged. The melancholy conviction came upon her at last, that she was deceived. Yet she bore, in silent meek endurance, the mockery of the well-bred attentions, by which the *gentleman* conceals the *man*. Nay, when at last he stood forth a convicted and undenyng traitor to the best feelings of the heart, with the uncalculating simplicity of woman's love, she would have trusted

and believed him still ;—but her heart was breaking !

I called at Ellington Hall a year after Leland's marriage—the seat of Sir Arthur had become his by the death of the venerable old man. Edith was sitting alone, in deep mourning, at a large oriel window that overlooked the lake ; her cheek was resting upon her hand—she was paler than I had before seen her ; and her eye looked darker, perhaps from the contrast with her complexion. I asked for Leland,—he was in London ;—she gave me his letters—from her bosom ! He was very busy,—perhaps happy ;—he was negotiating for a seat in the Commons ; had his betting book to make up at Tattersall's ; and was then going to see the St. Leger run for at Doncaster—on one day he was to dine at the Club-house—on another at Long's—and on a third at the mess of the Guards. I could not avoid contrasting these amusements with those of the silk-gowned youngster I recollected him at Oxford. Then, all his pleasures were *recherché* at least, and passionate, if not intellectual ;—but now they were all of the most selfish cast, and he appeared to live only to gamble and to dine ! And this was the man who had pretended to fly in disgust from the world, a philosopher and a hermit ! This was the man, for whom a being like Edith was at once a widow and a wife !

In conversation she spoke of him with uncomplaining tenderness. She said she was happy,—but there was a melancholy meaning in her dark eyes, that told another tale. They were gleaming with an unwonted

brightness, and a deep stillness seemed to hover over her complexion, although her cheek was dashed at intervals with a faint and evanescent flush :—her tale is told. I never saw her afterwards ;—she died of a broken heart : and Leland—paid his debts.

For a long time, I marked the course of Herbert Leland, through the various vicissitudes that usually attend the “ young men upon town.” I missed him at last ; and was told that he had “ levanted ;”—and, for ten years, I heard nothing of him. A short time back I was informed that he was in England, in bad health, and living upon a small annuity, allowed him by the trustees of his wife’s estate.

During the last summer, I was sitting upon one of the benches in the High Street, Cheltenham, when my attention was attracted by a fashionably dressed, middle-aged man, who was sauntering up and down the *pavé*, with an air of bilious indifference,—in the most literal sense, “ looking on the world with a jaundiced eye.” There was a certain foreign, unsexed expression in his countenance, which was principally made up of teeth and hair. From time to time, he patted a huge poodle dog that followed him ; or indolently stared, with about an equal degree of interest, upon a pretty woman as she passed,—his whole mind being evidently absorbed by the contemplation of two grand objects—those namely of getting an appetite,—and of getting a dinner. And this was all that remained of what was once HERBERT LELAND !

Lady Blanche and her Merlin.

ON Lady, leave the castle wall ;—
 The sky's too dark for one so fair ;
 And the cold winds, whose murmurs fall
 Like a wail for Summer's funeral,
 Are tangling all thy glossy hair.

The Lords are feasting in the tower—
 The game is slumbering in the dew—
 Thy maidens wait thee in thy bower ;
 And that brave hawk, this chilling hour,
 Were better nestling in his mew.

Then stay not longer, Lady mine,
 Nor waste on him thy fond caresses ;
 While gallants for thy presence pine,
 Who, but to win one look of thine,
 Would gladly wear his hood and jesses.

Thou smil'st—and yet that pensive glance
 The secret of thy musing tells—
 Thy thought is far from sunny France,
 With him whose crest and cognizance
 Are graven on thy merlin's bells.

Thou heed'st me not—thy full dark eyes
 Still on the distant main are cast—
 And, stirring deep and passionate sighs,
 Before thy busy memory rise
 The fairy visions of the past.

Bright be thy thoughts!—still muse alone
 On him thou lov'st, in Fancy free,
 Whose spirit mingles with thine own,
 And whispers in a soft low tone,
 This dark and silent hour with thee!

J. R. V.

On leaving Speke.

FAR, far from this woodland—far, far from this shore,
 I hasten—perhaps to behold them no more;—
 No more in yon waters with freedom to lave,
 Or seek for the roses of health in the wave;
 No more in the silence of twilight to stray,
 Whilst fancy o'er reason bears magical sway,
 Indulge the soft vision that steals me from care,
 To people with phantoms gay castles in air!—
 Quick changes the scene of this mutable state;
 What sunshine and cloud, mark the volume of fate!
 Yet, Life! 'midst thy trials I find one relief,
 To know that thy season, though painful, is brief;—
 And when Nature no longer the conflict can brave,
 She rests in the slumbers that shadow the grave!

R. C.

Song of a Highlander.

If I have gaz'd on brighter skies,
 Oh Scotland!—native land—than thine ;
 If fairer scenes have blest mine eyes,
 Where Taste has woo'd me to her shrine ;

If gentler breeze have fann'd my cheek,
 With fragrance breathing as it flew,
 Than that, which on thy mountains bleak
 My years of sportive boyhood knew ;

If I have heard the softest strain
 That ever pour'd Italian song,
 In rapture o'er the lovely main,
 That plays Venetian Isles among ;

If I have sought the classic lore,
 That sense and feeling can refine ;
 —In spite of all these charms, and more ;
 Yet, Scotland!—yet, my soul is thine !

And as I climb thy barren steeps,
 And muse upon thy threatening clouds,
 My heart its fond allegiance keeps
 To all thy rugged bosom shrouds.

And thine own music, sweet and wild,
 Can cast more powerful spells o'er me,
 Who caught its spirit when a child,
 Than all Ausonia's melody.

Thine is my wish—my hope—my fear—
Thine is the shelter that I crave !
 Living—thy land is more than dear ;
 And dying—it shall be my grave !

J. C.

Sonnet.

THE unwearied moments slowly steal away,—
 I thoughtless chide their pace—though each destroys
 My fading youth ;—and sternly seems to say,
 Vain mortal ! Mark how transient are thy joys !
 Soon—all too soon, will come the unwelcome day,
 When chilling age shall calm thy throbbing heart !
 When those dark locks shall wave with silver grey,
 And fears, and treasured hopes alike depart ;
 Then mourn not, though on earth no charm is found
 To speed or check the feathered feet of Time !
 Reflection can o'erlook this mortal bound,
 And muse on bliss more lasting and sublime ;—
 When Life's eventful dream has fled away,
 And night and shades are lost in cloudless day !

S. R.

On the Death of a Friend.

BY MISS MITFORD.

HEAVY each heart, and clouded every eye,
 And meeting friends turn half away to sigh ;
 For she is gone, before whose soft control
 Sadness and sorrow fled the troubled soul ;
 For she is gone, whose cheering smiles had power
 To speed on pleasure's wing the social hour ;
 Long shall her thought with friendly greeting blend,
 For she is gone, who was of all the friend.

Such were her charms as Raphael loved to trace,
 Repeat, improve, in each Madonna's face ;
 The broad fair forehead, the full modest eye,
 Cool cheeks, but of the damask rose's dye,
 And coral lips that breathed of purity.
 Such, but more lovely ! for serenely bright
 Her sunny spirit shone with living light ;
 Far, far, beyond the narrow bounds of art,
 Her's was the very beauty of the heart ;
 Beauty that must be loved—The weeping child,
 Home-sick and sad, has gazed on her, and smiled,
 Has heard her voice, and in its gentle sound,
 Another home, another mother found.

And as she seemed, she was—From day to day
Wisdom and virtue marked her peaceful way.
Her friends were many—and the cheerful breast
Spread, wide around her, happiness and rest :
She had sweet words, and pleasant looks for all,
And precious kindness at the mourner's call ;
Charity, quick to give and slow to blame,
And, lingering still in that unfaded frame,
The fairest and most fleeting charms of youth,
Bloom of the mind, simplicity and truth ;—
And pure Religion, thine eternal light
Beamed round that brow, in mortal beauty bright,
Spake in that voice, soft as the mother-dove,
Found, in that gentle breast, thy home of love.

So knit she Friendship's lovely knot—How well
She filled each tenderer name, no verse can tell :
That last best praise lives in her husband's sigh,
And floating dims her children's glistening eye,
Embalming with fond tears her memory.

Queen Marie's Well.

In the grounds of Quernmore near Lancaster, is a well, near which Mary Stuart is said to have rested, in a journey to or from Bolton Castle—thence called the Queen's Well.

ART thou the fount, in former days
 So like a diamond sparkling bright ;
 When, through the trees, the sunny rays
 Shed on thy wave a changing light ?
 —Now, moss and weeds have choked thy stream ;
 Thy place the shepherd scarce can tell,
 Thou dost so dim and stagnant seem,
 Lone and deserted well !

Not thus ! not thus ! in days of yore,
 When earth in verdure fresh was drest,
 The trees thy margin bending o'er,
 Were imaged on thy glassy breast ;
 And there, amid the blooms of spring,
 Was heard the humming of the bee ;
 And the wild bird would check its wing,
 And stoop to drink of thee.

And those who know the spot will tell,
 That she, the fairest of the fair,
 Paused on thy brink, oh forest well !
 Her feverish lip to moisten there—

Fast fled the sultry hours away;—
 On past the Queen and all her train,
 Ere evening, with its shadows grey,
 Came down upon the stream and plain.
 —But still as darker grew her lot,
 How often in her dreary cell,
 She thought upon that distant spot ;
 The lonely forest well !—

H. F. CHORLEY.

Sonnet

TO THE CAMELLIA

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

SAY, what impels me, pure and spotless flower,
 To view thee with a secret sympathy ?
 —Is there some living spirit shrined in thee ?
 That, as thou bloom'st within my humble bower,
 Endows thee with some strange mysterious power,
 Waking high thoughts ?—As there perchance might be
 Some angel-form of truth and purity,
 Whose hallowed presence shared my lonely hour ?
 —Yes, lovely flower, 'tis not thy virgin glow,
 Thy petals whiter than descending snow,
 Nor all the charms thy velvet folds display,
 'Tis the soft image of some beaming mind,
 By grace adorn'd, by elegance refin'd,
 That o'er my heart thus holds its silent sway.



Ebening upon the Thames.

I FAIN would sing a song of thee,
 My own fair river ! but I deem,
 My strain would faint and powerless be,
 And only mar so sweet a theme—
 Yet, when I view thy glassy stream,
 And groves, whose shadows seem to sleep
 Upon thy bosom still and deep,
 Ting'd with day's latest, loveliest beam,—
 My lyre may scarce its silence keep.

There is a nameless spell of home,
 Which hallows every fount and hill ;—
 And, let the thoughtless wanderer roam
 Through scenes of pleasure, where he will,
 There's not a joy the heart can fill,
 Like that which now is mine once more ;
 To walk upon thy grassy shore,
 And hear, across thy meadows still,
 The dashing of the distant oar.

The forest's leafy sires decay ;
 And fall the stately temple's towers ;
 Our fleets by storms are swept away ;
 But thou, unchang'd, shalt still be ours !
 And yet thy stream as freshly pours
 Its waters to the dark blue sea,

graded, in public estimation, even from his cradle ; but such was the power of Collenuccio's remonstrances that he bent the firm resolution of Sixtus, and the principality of Pesaro was yielded to a spurious heir : a concession which seems little less than miraculous when we consider the disposition of that Pope, who always tenaciously maintained the dignity and jurisdiction of the Pontifical chair.

Collenuccio, however, received no other reward for his labours than the return which wicked princes have too often made to him by whom they were placed upon the throne ; their hatred, perhaps, being excited by the fear that he, who had the power to raise, may also be able to cast them down. Nor could anything be more base than the means chosen by the tyrant to vent this feeling against his benefactor. A dispute, respecting a few hundred florins, having arisen between Collenuccio and Giulio Varano da Camerino, and been brought before the civil power, Sforza without waiting for the decision, a proceeding before unheard of, broke through every rule of justice, threw Pandolfo into prison for sixteen months, deprived him of his patrimony, and finally sent him into banishment. At once depriving of his liberty, his possessions, and his country, the very man to whom he was himself indebted for his power.

Unconquered by these misfortunes, Collenuccio travelled through Italy and Germany ; and receiving in many places great honours, and in all a welcome, he shewed that, to the learned, every country is a home.

Thus triumphing over his adverse destiny, he lived in exile from 1489 till 1500, in which year Sforza fled from his city, abandoning it to the arms of Valentino.* An event accompanied by the singular circumstance, unnoticed by historians, that while the name of this captain spread the greatest terror in every other city of Italy, it produced joy and confidence amongst the Pesareans, who, weary of their wicked prince, seemed to place their hopes even upon that Borgia from whom all others feared extermination.

This event gave fresh hopes to the banished Colleuccio, who presented to the new Prince a statement of the wrongs he had suffered from the ingratitude of Sforza, which as it is little known, and was the cause of the punishment he afterwards suffered, may be allowed to form a part of the present narrative. It was thus expressed :—

“ M. Giovanni Sforza, Lord of Pesaro, in the year 1488, without sentence and against all justice, tyrannically threw me into a dungeon of the castle. Here he held me imprisoned and reputed dead for sixteen months and eight days, not permitting me to speak to any one. While I was thus confined, ignorant of all that was passing in the world, I was deprived of my real and personal property, without citation, and without regard to any of the laws and statutes, but solely through the injustice

* Caesar Borgia, created by the King of France, Duke of Valentinois, in Dauphiné. Throughout the text, the Italian names and titles are preserved.

and iniquity of M. Giovanni, under pretext that I might be indebted to Sig. Giulio da Camerino. In the following year, 1489, by the aid of the illustrious M. Hercules Bentivoglio I was liberated, taken from my prison, and in the very hour of my liberation was by the same Giovanni sent into exile, notwithstanding my faithful services for many years as a good citizen and servant of Signor Costanzo and of Giovanni himself. Having been in exile eleven years, with my wife, with seven children, and the rest of my household, the goodness of God and the providence of our Lord have at length, for his evil deeds, deprived M. Giovanni of the state of Pesaro, and deservedly conferred it upon your excellency. Wherefore seeing the way to justice opened to me by the expulsion of the tyrant and the establishment of your highness as lawful prince, I pray to be restored to my country and my estate."

Valentino either moved at such injustice, or as an act of policy, relieved Pandolfo from his sufferings and replaced him in possession of his property. Unelated by this change of fortune, he remained quietly at Pesaro during the reign of Valentino: but it was not of long duration. The death of Pope Alexander VI., his father, produced, as is well known, a revolution in the affairs of Italy, and the Pesareans again returned to the dominion of the Sforzas: the greater part of them, however, inclining their necks and not their hearts to the conqueror. Hence, says PERTICARI (from whose "*Opuscoli*" these particulars are taken), the vengeance of Giovanni was great and lasting. His territory was full of confis-

cations, of exiles, and of bloodshed. The magistrates and principal persons of the city were hung from the windows of their own palaces ; others were slain in the fields while they fled ; and those who did not fall into his hands, he persecuted with heavy fines, regardless either of age or sex. Pandolfo, who knew his cruel and sanguinary disposition, had foreseen this tempest and fled it, repairing to Ferrara to the Court of Duke Ercole d'Este who had elected him his minister of justice. Giovanni, therefore, well knowing that open anger would never, under such circumstances, effect the ruin of his victim, sought by treachery to draw him within his power. Dissembling his rage, he pretended clemency ; he did not place the name of Collenuccio on the list of exiles : he did not again confiscate the property which had been restored by the decree of Borgia ; he feigned to hold him in respect, or at least to have forgotten his former enmity.

Encouraged by these appearances, and influenced both by the desire natural to an exile of returning to his native country, and by his anxiety to superintend some important private affairs, blinding himself to his danger, he wrote urgently to Sforza, and obtained letters to the same purport from the Marquis and Cardinal of Mantua, and from the Duchess of Urbino, thinking that if the tyrant should even be unwilling to keep his faith with a private individual and a subject, he would never violate it with princes so friendly and so powerful. The crafty Sforza returned the most gracious answers, not only to these princes but also to Pandolfo himself, per-

suading him in letters of considerable length in which he called him "*his most dear friend,*" to return to his native country ; a perfidy, says Peticari, of which I do not believe there is another example in history. Deceived by a name that rulers are not in the habit of using in addressing their subjects, and only now employed to lead him to his destruction, Collenuccio returned to Pesaro, and hoping that at last a regard for public faith and the memory of ancient services would overcome the anger of Sforza, he presented himself before his Sovereign.

Sforza, well practised in dissimulation, embraced and received him as the man he had called his friend : but six days having passed away in this false show of clemency, he threw aside the mask, feigned to have then discovered the memorial which Collenuccio had addressed to his predecessor, and denounced it as treason against his insulted majesty. He did not bear in mind that Collenuccio, whom he had oppressed with chains and exile, had only offended him by words. He disregarded the circumstances under which the paper had been written—his throne then yielded to an enemy, and his conduct denounced from the altars by order of the Pope in terms as severe as those of the memorial ; and he forgot that, even if he had reason to be offended, every other consideration should yield to the faith of a prince, the pledge given to the courts of Urbino and Mantua, and the invitation by which Collenuccio had been induced to place himself within his power ; but urged on, partly by his hatred, and partly by the misrepresentations of

his courtiers, without accusation or legal process, he infamously condemned Colleuccio to death.

It was early on the morning of the 6th of July, in the year 1504, that the philosopher, surrounded by his family, seemed recompensing himself with the affections of his country and his home for the privations of his long exile : he was cheerfully arranging his manuscripts and books, and speaking to those around him of the new bounty of Sforza and the end of his afflictions. His wife was at his side : his children, so long dispersed and wandering, at last saw themselves reunited ; and formed, in the embraces of their father, one of the most beautiful and affecting pictures of human happiness.

At this moment the officer of justice entered his house ; read to him the order of the tyrant ; threw him into prison ; and there informed him that in five days he must die. He bore this reverse with the fortitude of one accustomed to sorrow. Not a sigh or tear escaped him ; but, turning to the officer, he said, almost with a smile, that “ it was not by the death which he might suffer, but by evil and unworthy actions alone, that a man could be rendered infamous : that it would cast a glory upon his name when it was known to posterity that he had been betrayed under the plighted word of a prince, and under the name of friendship, and slain by the very hands in which he had himself placed a sceptre : he rejoiced that he had not been condemned by the tribunals, as his innocence was thus admitted by the tyrant himself, who, avoiding its forms, did not wish to preserve even the appearance of justice, and at once

burst asunder the bonds both of honour and of shame : he was already old, and willingly relinquished the portion of life most difficult to be borne, and a country made miserable in having neither laws nor liberty ; and he therefore felt grateful to heaven that, under such circumstances, it rather gave him death than life.”

Having thus expressed himself, he turned cheerfully to one of his keepers and requested materials for writing ; not meanly now to beg for mercy, but to shew all the constancy and firmness of his unconquered mind. It was then he composed the **HYMN TO DEATH** which we here publish. It remained inedited in the Oliverian library (where it had been placed in the hand-writing of Annibal his eldest son) till it was given to the world in 1816 by Count Giulio Perticari,* who considers it most noble and honourable not only to Collenuccio but to human nature itself, as being a striking instance of the strength of a mind nourished in the school of true philosophy. It may be supposed, he observes, that many who have met death with a serene countenance have concealed the tempest of the soul beneath it, but none can ever doubt that Collenuccio was intrepid and composed, when he sees the correctness, the elegance, and beauty of the following verses, and reflects that they are

* This highly respected nobleman, and excellent patriot, was married to Costanza, only daughter of the poet Vincenzo Monti. He died in 1822, deeply regretted by all Italy. His researches on the origin of the Italian language have obtained him a high reputation, more, perhaps, on account of the spirit in which they are written than of their intrinsic merit.

the composition of a man sixty years of age under the very hands of the executioner.

In the original they deserve the praises bestowed upon them ; but many of their beauties must necessarily be lost in a translation.

They are entitled “Canzone alla Morte composta per lo splendido ed egregio uomo M. Pandolfo Colle-nuccio mio padre, sendo in prigione.—Luglio, 1504.

An Ode to Death.

As the tir'd trav'ler, who bewilder'd strays
Thro' savage wilds and long-fatiguing ways,
 Returning blanch'd and bent with years,
 When from afar his native home appears,
Sighing remembers where repose
The ashes of his sires—and hastes to close
 Where childhood's brighter lot was cast,
In tranquil thought, the ev'ning of his days.
 So I, approaching fast
To those sad years when life decays,
 While clouds and shadows its dim close surround,
 Turn where the only refuge may be found
For him who from this pilgrimage would flee,
And pour my pray'rs, O sacred Death ! to thee.

Or as the seaman, on the turbid waves,
 Of Neptune and the angry winds the sport,

The soul to this dark frame
 Descends from Heav'n divine and pure,
 And takes the vestments which obscure
 Its bright and glorious flame.
 'Tis doom'd to wander here
 'Midst terror and desire,
 Grief and vain gladness, wrongs and ire,
 Outrage, and strife, and fear.
 Where nature and the elements still wage
 Fierce warfare, and perpetual tempests rage.
 O! when oppress'd, and hurl'd
 Beneath the weight of this ungrateful world,
 'Twere beautiful to turn from such a state
 And gaze upon the skies!
 Then grant, in mercy, his first liberty
 To one who long has panted to be free,
 And seeks by thy eternal hand to rise
 Above his cruel fate,
 Looking for his relief, O noble Death! to thee.

Falsely has life been counted happiness:
 If by a tyrant giv'n but to oppress,
 'Tis a deep grief, a lengthen'd sigh,
 Warfare, and fear, and agony.
 Nature, man's rigid stepmother, bestows
 In thee the only good 'midst countless woes:—
 Unto the wisest 'tis delight,
 To mark the end of human pain,
 And say, "O thou, who free'st me for my flight,
 "Haste, nor thy merciful intent restrain!"

The gift of Heav'n, and her whose pow'r benign
 Can cleanse the breast from ev'ry earthly stain—
 Veil'd in immortal gloom, 'tis thine
 Our deeds of guilt and shame to hide
 Beneath oblivion's endless tide :
 Therefore shalt thou my trusted escort be,
 And willingly I come, O Death ! to thee.

How many lofty minds in ancient days,
 The learned Arab, and the Hebrew seer,
 Romans, and Persians—Greeks, and Goths—appear
 In diverse tongues accordant in thy praise !
 One, envies him who in his cradle dies :
 Others desire to meet thee when life's feast
 For full enjoyment spread before them lies ;
 And some have wish'd it when expected least :
 Some think 'twere better far we ne'er should see
 The light that but reveals our misery :
 Many, impatient of this weary load,
 Have hurried rashly to thy calm abode :
 And these thou wilt distinguish in thine hour,
 The coward from the brave,
 The free-born spirit from the slave,
 The rugged bramble from the drooping flow'r.
 Grant then, for here thy coming I await,
 That when I fall, the victim of his hate,
 The tyrant's rage quench'd in that blood may be
 Which thus, O Death ! I consecrate to thee.

And now, thro' Him who died
 Upon the Cross, triumphant o'er the ire
 Of the dread serpent, humbly I aspire,
 That, hallowed by his blood and purified,
 He, by his boundless mercy sway'd,
 Will not regard where sin hath cast its shade
 O'er the dim path where I have wand'ring stray'd.
 If unsupported, I am but a leaf
 Trembling upon the breath of grief,—
 But I am moulded by that mighty hand
 Whose pow'r sustains the beings he has plann'd,
 And who to thee, O welcome Death ! has giv'n
 The keys that can unfold the golden gates of Heav'n.

Thou shalt survive, my Song, when I am dead :
 And strong, tho' humble in thy strength, be thine
 The fearless Theban's energy divine,
 Thy later fame with his of Tarsus spread.*—
 By thee no pow'r shall be ador'd,
 By thee none worship'd but the only Lord,
 Him, who, in mercy yielding up his breath,
 Dying for us, made beautiful ev'n Death.

* In the original "*Col Lesbite n'andrai, con quel da Tarso*. There is an obscurity in this passage which I have been unable to penetrate. The word "*Lesbite*" may possibly have been mistaken, in the original M.S., for "*Lesbite*," and, if allowed to refer, not to the sentiment, but to the skill, of the poet, may allude to Terpander. My friend Mr. Panizzi (to whom I am also indebted for the note on *Perticari*) suggests that *Tesbite* may have been used for *Tebano*, and that it may allude to the concluding lines of the sixteenth of Horace's first book of Epistles ; which is the construction I have adopted.

Thus exhausting the vehemence of his affections in a manner not unworthy even of Socrates, Collenuccio turned all his thoughts to his domestic affairs and the wants of his unhappy wife and children. Deprived by the tyranny of Sforza of the power of executing a will according to the usual forms of law, he wrote with his own hand, a few hours before his death, a document expressive of his last wishes, and full of the deepest kindness and affection towards his family and friends. Having done this, he resigned himself to the executioners, and was strangled in his prison ; preserving to the last a firmness worthy of the greatest examples of Athens and of Rome.

The name of Collenuccio is little known to the English reader ; and, even in his own country, his memory suffered from the same tyranny that oppressed him during life : but he has been spoken of with the highest praise by many distinguished writers. Of these none perhaps has left a more splendid testimony to his talents than Angelo Poliziano, whose applause, as it was never lavished on an unworthy object, became more honourable to the few to whom it was not denied. He observes in his seventh epistle “ It is wonderful how Collenuccio—only a man—was able to perform so many and such various things. He conducted the negotiations of princes with subtle prudence. He wrote prose and verse with such perfect elegance as to rank second to none. He replied to legal arguments as ably as the most celebrated and skilful jurist. He treated of the most recondite branches of knowledge, and in each of these continually

discovered something unknown even to its professors ; and finally, dividing his attention amongst so many subjects, he so happily divided it, as to appear entirely devoted only to one."

Nor will the praises of Poliziano appear exaggerated when we consider the prominent part which Colleenuccio took in the revival of letters. He was one of the first to recommend his countrymen again to follow the steps of the Greek and Latin writers, so long unhappily lost sight of: the first in Europe to found a museum of natural history, and to defend Pliny from the attacks of Leonicenso—indignant, as he observed, at the outrage done to the great painter of nature so many years after his death, and conceiving it a duty to defend him, according to those ancient laws which confided to all good citizens the task of preserving the sepulchres from violation. He was a distinguished antiquarian: and abandoning the common practice of merely writing disjointed chronicles, he was the first who produced a regular History of the Kingdom of Naples. He also translated the works of Plautus, and, causing them to be recited in Ferrara, it was he who restored Comedy to the Italian stage, from whence it had been banished by the representation of mysteries, and of the chivalrous fables of the dark ages.

That such a man should have been the victim of a petty tyrant is one of those stains by which the page of history is too often disfigured; and it becomes the duty of posterity to do that justice to his memory which was denied to himself while living.

Lines

ON LEAVING THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

O SOUTHERN beauty, smiling o'er the waves,
 How fast recede thy shores ! no more I see
 The lovely land, whose heritage of slaves
 Have lost the wish—the title, to be free !

Within thy vales of verdure Fancy roves,
 And memory swift retraces every scene ;
 Those Fairy gardens, gay Hesperian groves,
 Skies ever bright—and shades for ever green !

Yet AFRICA adieu !—these swelling sails
 Call me again to brave the stormy sea ;
 Adieu, ye sunny groves, and genial gales !
 This land of Eden is no rest for me !

The darkening waves each other frowning urge,
 And evening closes gloomy as despair,
 Yet still a voice soft whispers through the surge,
 And tells my throbbing bosom—God is there !

S. R.

Stanzas

BY J. MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

A RACE, a race on earth we run ;
 And hold a prize in view,
 More bright than if we chased the sun,
 Through Heav'n's eternal blue.

Changes we prove, and vanish soon ;
 Changes from youth to age,
 Silent as those that shape the moon
 In her brief pilgrimage.

Like constellations on their way,
 That meet the morning light ;
 We travel up to higher day,
 Through shades of deeper night.

Their tasks the heavenly host fulfil ;
 Ere long to shine their last ;—
 We, if we do our Father's will,
 Shall shine when they are past.

Knit like the social stars in love,
 Fair as the moon, and clear
 As yonder sun enthroned above,
 Christians through life appear.

Mausoleums in the Garden of Allahabad.

"The finest things in Allahabad, however, are Sultan Chosroe's Serai and gardens; the former is a noble quadrangle, with four fine Gothic gateways, surrounded by an embattled wall, with a range of cloisters, for the accommodation of travellers. Adjoining the Serai is a neglected garden, planted with fine old Mango trees, in which are three beautiful tombs, raised over two Princes and a Princess of the Imperial family. Each consists of a large terrace, with vaulted apartments beneath it; in the central one of which is a tomb with a stone coffin, richly carved. Above is a very lofty circular apartment, covered by a dome richly painted within, and without carved yet more beautifully. All these are very solemn and striking—rich, but not florid or gaudy; and completely giving the lie to the notion which regards all Eastern architecture as in bad taste and barbarous."

BISHOP HEBER'S JOURNAL.

The lady whose remains are enshrined in one of the Mausoleums was to have been married to the Sultan; but a war between her father and betrothed husband broke off the union, and her body is interred near that of her lover:—Her shade is supposed to address an English lady of rank.

DAUGHTER of Albion, whose adventurous mind,
By taste enlighten'd, joys in scenes like these;
Doth not thy heart a pensive pleasure find
Beneath the foliage of my whispering trees?

Does not this spot a sacred silence wear?
Do not these boughs in soft accordance wave?
It is my mournful shade that wanders there,
Round the still precincts of my virgin grave.

My hapless fate once bore a brighter hue ;
When, gay in youth and beauty's early pride,
Splendour and Love unfolded to my view
The envied state of gallant Chosroe's bride.

Those lofty domes 'mid yonder proud arcades,
Flow'rs of all tints, and every graceful tree,
The calm seclusion of these blossom'd shades,—
The hand of regal love prepared for me !

In vain prepar'd.—My footsteps never press'd
The verdant path, nor sought the sculptur'd dome ;—
For me, in vain a hundred bow'rs were dress'd ;—
Their waving branches only shade—my tomb !

Daughter of Albion, whom all bounteous Heav'n
Has bless'd with every good that mortals claim,
And, for the partner of thy bosom, giv'n
A hero brilliant in the lists of Fame—

Ever, as now, of peace and love possess
May the fair fabric of thy prospects be !
And the brave sharer of thy faithful breast
Still bear his laurels o'er the foamy sea.

Amidst these blessings, sometimes give a tear,
And muse upon the spot where I am laid ;—
The sweet idea I will cherish here !
The pitying sighs shall soothe my pensive shade !

Ah, never may the iron hand of war
 Prepare a fate severe as mine for thee,
 Burying the light of Love's refulgent star
 Beneath the clouds of sombre destiny !

Doom'd by my adverse lot to live alone,
 Far from the prince to whom my faith I gave,
 Denied the splendid title to his throne,
 Mine is the privilege to share his grave !

S. R.

Sonnet

ON THE DISCOVERY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS AT THEBES.

OF old, a mighty monarch here had sway ;
 And when his shade to join his fathers went,
 His toiling slaves hewed out his monument,
 A proud mausoleum for his senseless clay ;
 Within whose spacious halls alone he lay,
 Until a wanderer from a distant isle,
 Sought with adventurous step the land of Nile,
 And bared its hidden treasures to the day ;—
 So when at last the rushing wing of Time,
 That moves along and gives no warning sound,
 Shall sweep our towers and temples to the ground,
 Like these ;—some stranger from a distant clime
 May pause perplexed o'er ruined towers and shrines ;
 Our records lost,—or deemed as hieroglyphic lines.

H.

The Codicil.

If all that has been said and written, on the uncertainty of human life, had produced even a small portion of the benefit which might have been expected to result from labours so well directed, we should see much less of the imprudence we all have had reason to deplore,—not only in the conduct of those in whom we are interested, but frequently upon a retrospect of our own.

The little incident, which I am about to commit to paper, occurred precisely as I shall relate it,—and if any one who reads it be disposed to think it too unimportant for such commemoration, I have only to remark, that it produced on me, when I heard it, a strong and lasting impression ; and to add, that those who are in the habit of daily observation upon what passes around them, may frequently derive a useful practical lesson from events which escape the notice of the inadvertent ; or, in other words those who look without seeing.

It is now more than half a century since a gentleman, practising the law in London, where he was rising rapidly in his profession, and where his residence was, for many reasons, peculiarly agreeable to himself—relinquished at once his well-founded hopes of eminence, and the society he had formed there, congenial to his tastes and habits, to retire to a small town in a remote county. He made this sacrifice, in compliance with the earnest wish of his father, who had long been a widower, and now

in advanced years, desired that his son should be near him during the remainder of his life. Mr. Freeland the younger, continued to administer the law in the small community which now became his abode, where his scrupulous integrity reflected honour on a profession to which disgrace and chicanery are commonly, and often unjustly, attributed.

In the neighbourhood of Mr. Freeland's residence lived old Mrs. Sandford, who had been for many years previously to the time of which we write, so far an invalid as to be unable to leave her bed, except for about one hour during the twenty-four. Diminutive by nature, she had become so wasted and pallid, and was often so oppressed with weakness and infirmity, that her kind and attentive visitors were surprised by her continued existence from day to day; whilst she herself, although patiently awaiting her release from suffering, always seemed to have comfort in believing that it could be at no very distant period.

She had one domestic attendant, a young woman between twenty and thirty years of age, of stout conformation, florid countenance, and robust health. When Mary Robinson first went to live with Mrs. Sandford, she was too young to perform the duties of an active servant; and she waited upon the person of her mistress, whose increasing feebleness and indisposition soon required her constant attendance. In the course of her unremitting assiduity and watching, as well as in administering to Mrs. Sandford all her food and medicine, she became so deeply attached to her, as amply to repay,

by zeal and affection, both the entire confidence of the invalid, and the pains she bestowed on the improvement of her nurse in mind and manners, whenever her situation permitted it. Mary *did* improve, partly from the instruction which Mrs. Sandford was well qualified to give her, and perhaps, in part, from the constant exercise of benevolent and disinterested feelings, which have a refining influence upon the mind, much more certain and extended, than those, whose attention has not been directed to causes and effects, would be willing to believe.

After she had remained for some years in the state we have been describing, Mrs. Sandford began very visibly to draw near the close of her life, and being perfectly aware of her condition, she sent one morning for Mr. Freeland, with a view of having a codicil added to her will, which had long been prepared, and for reasons altogether unimportant here, was in his keeping.

Mr. Freeland, from long acquaintance and esteem, was in habits of familiar intercourse with Mrs. Sandford; and before he proceeded to the object of his visit, he conversed with her, until he had ascertained that she was perfectly sound of mind, and had a clear perception that she stood on the verge of life: her cheerful resignation and affectionate gratitude to those around her, unimpaired by her tedious sickness and confinement, retaining their influence to the last. He sat down at a small table, by the side of her bed, and wrote from her dictation at intervals, as her weakness allowed her to proceed, until, after sundry other instructions, she di-

rected him to bequeath a considerable sum to her faithful attendant, Mary Robinson, "to mark," as she said, "her sense in life and in death of those services for which money could be no compensation."

Mr. Freeland had nearly completed his task, when, suddenly raising his head from the table where he was writing, he said, "Mrs. Sandford, what disposition do you wish to make of this money *in the event of your surviving Mary?*" "Sir," said the astonished invalid, turning her faded eyes upon him,— "How can you speak of a thing so utterly improbable?" "It is, at least, *possible*," rejoined Mr. Freeland, "and for this possibility it is our duty to provide." Something like a smile passed over the shrunk features of Mrs. Sandford, as she replied, "Well Sir, if you think so, I leave it in that case to a distant relation who resides at ———. I did not mention him before, because I know little of him, but I have always supposed him to be in easy circumstances." This provisional clause was confined to Mr. Freeland's own knowledge.

Contrary to the expectations of every body around her, Mrs. Sandford lingered some weeks after this business was transacted, still evidently growing weaker; until at length, incapable of any farther effort, she lay nearly motionless, and if she retained any consciousness, at least gave no proof of it. At this time, Mary began to complain of feeling unwell; and in a few hours, though she struggled to the very utmost against the oppression of illness, she was compelled to give up her post at the bed-side of her mistress; for

her complaint, being a formidable attack of fever, increased with such appalling rapidity, in her strong and full constitution, that the alarm of the medical man who attended her soon became decided hopelessness ; and, amidst their consternation, the household had only the forlorn comfort of reflecting, that Mrs. Sandford could no longer be made sensible of the dangerous situation of her affectionate friend.

The interest taken by the neighbourhood in poor Mary's fate was deep and sincere—but neither the efforts of medical skill, nor the zealous services of her anxious friends, could prolong her life—for the fiat had gone forth. From delirium she sank into stupor, and breathed her last after three days' illness, *just thirty-six hours before the death of her mistress.*

They were interred on the same day ; and many relations of both the deceased attended the funeral. A short time before the assembly formed into a body, to follow the coffins to the grave, (as is usual in this county) ; a man rather past the middle period of life, in a thread-bare black coat, with very white hair, and of a prepossessing countenance, walked up to Mr. Freeland, and said to him, “ Sir, I am a relation, though a distant one, of the late Mrs. Sandford ; I am a clergyman upon a small stipend, and I have seven children, almost unprovided for. Is it not hard that Mrs. Sandford's property should descend to the relations of Mary Robinson ? It was well bestowed upon *her* : but after her death, I think it almost unjust that I should be thus completely passed over.” Mr. Free-

land admitted the case, as the stranger stated it, to be a hard one, but recommended that no remark should be made until after the interment, in which final ceremony they were all summoned immediately to join. Dust was committed to dust. The aged invalid, after many years of suffering, and the young woman, called suddenly hence from life and health to her final account, were lowered into the grave; and the numerous attendants, who had paid the last tribute of respect to the dead, returned to the house of Mrs. Sandford. Mr. Freeland read the will himself;—and when he had finished the clause which had, until then, been a secret from every other individual, a brother of Mary Robinson, who had come from a distance to attend her funeral, a man of vulgar and coarse manners, gave vent to his mortification in terms that were rendered still more odious and offensive by the oaths with which he accompanied his abuse of the deceased. But the medical attendant of the late Mrs. Sandford, rising from his chair, extended his hand to her estimable relative and legatee, with sincere satisfaction and sympathy,—then, turning his eye in another direction, he exclaimed, “Mr. Freeland, your kindness and prudence may be thanked for this!”

J. C.

The Widow and her Son.

BY MARY HOWITT.

SHE sate beside her cottage door,
 A friendless, solitary thing ;
 Her soul with troubling thought ran o'er ;
 And long-pass'd griefs had power to wring
 From her, that eve, unbidden tears,
 Such as she had not shed for years.

Her thought was of the buoyant time,
 When play'd her children round her knee ;
 And life was as the morning prime,
 With fresh dews on the leafy tree ;
 Till strong affections, one by one,
 Were broke, and life's last joy was gone !

Of beautiful children, once her pride,
 That wither'd while she had no fear ;
 Of sons in distant climes that died,
 Alone, with none to tend or cheer ;
 But most of him who latest went,
 Young, ardent, on adventure bent—

But, if he died by land or sea,
Or lived in peace on some bright shore,
Or pined in hopeless misery,
She knew not,—traveller never bore
Tidings of him—and ne'er was sent
Message or token since he went.

She sate absorb'd in torturing thought,
Unheedful of what passed around ;
Though gazing, yet perceiving nought,
Though silent, listening to no sound,
Unconscious that a stranger stood
Before her, marvelling at her mood.

At length she saw a weary man,
Like one by age or grief subdued,
Or exile whose thin cheek grew wan
In some life-blasting solitude ;
Long gazed she on his wasted frame,
Ere tardy recognition came.

Then saw she, with instinctive glance,
All mind and body had gone through,
That life had been but evil chance,—
By sunken eye and pallid hue,
By lines of agony and care,
And by his thinned and whitened hair.

Her son, the one for whom she wept,
The long-lost child, for whom she prayed ;
The youngest hope, whose image kept
Within her memory, not to fade—
'Twas he, alas ! with alter'd mien,
In love alone as he had been.

Beside her cottage-door he leant
Whole days in melancholy mood,
Like one whose strength to act was spent,
Reckless of evil or of good ;—
And busy neighbours, passing by,
Said he had but returned to die.

Those summer eves he would relate
His perilous life by land and sea ;
The changes of his dreary fate,
And dark years of captivity,
Of hardships, wrongs, and savage strife,
When death seemed welcomer than life.

Then told he of some fairer scene,
Where it had been his hap to roam,
Through cypress marsh, savannah green,
Where the dark Indian finds his home.
And of kind nature, undebased
In those pure children of the waste.

Oh joyful mother was she then !

Listening the marvellous tales he told ;—
How rescued from ferocious men,
The fell, intractable, and bold,
Fierce pirates of the southern main,
He came, with mark of brand and chain.

Yet saw she with slow unbelief,

That joy ne'er warmed his wither'd cheek ;
That sufferings, misery, and grief,
Had left him spirit-bowed and weak ;
And time might pass—but never more,
Life's energy or hope restore.

She tended him, by night and day,

Noting how swiftly life declined ;
Wearing herself the while away,
With patient love that ne'er repin'd.
—But ere the Autumn leaves were red,
Mother and son were with the dead.



Painted by H. Howard E. P. S.

Engraved by E. Remond

THE PARTING OF DENDORA AND THE COUSIN.

The Corsair.

THE beach at Smyrna was unusually crowded and animated, when I walked hastily down, on the summons that the *Malvina* was ready for sea, and that Captain Dalling's boat was waiting for me. It was a fine August morning, and the land breeze hardly stirred the air. The boats from an Austrian brig, which lay near the shore, were actively employed in landing her cargo;—and our own sailors were bustling about to get off those numerous trifles, which always have to be put on board in a hurry, when a vessel is just on the point of departure.

Whilst they were thus engaged, I gazed on the lively groups around me; and my eyes soon rested on one figure, with interest and curiosity. Habited in a common Turkish dress, the man upon whom I looked, might almost have been confounded, at a cursory glance, with any of the surrounding labourers; but his countenance was one to be long remembered, if seen but for a moment. The features were Grecian in their attic grace and beauty of contour, and the dark hair belonged to the same country. The eye, burning with the fire of boundless daring and ambition, claimed kindred with no climate under heaven, but seemed as though, impatient of all that earth could hold, it belonged to the denizen of some loftier sphere. An expression of acute intelligence animated the mouth, which, but for the eye of flame, might have given to the features a trace of the cunning of his countrymen.

Shortly afterwards, a small schooner appeared from behind the great Vourla, under a heavy press of sail, beating up into the wind, and shaping her course as fairly for the boat as she could. As Captain Dalling had predicted, a light man-of-war's gig soon pulled rapidly round the little Vourla, and I saw the officer reconnoitering the strange schooner with his telescope. Apparently he saw something which he did not like; for he turned the boat's head round, and she disappeared as swiftly as she had come into view. The Greek soon reached his schooner, the boat was drawn up; and she stood to the north-west, with every sail spread to a freshening breeze.

We saw no more of Andrea in our voyage to Corfu; and I often felt anxious to know whether he escaped the man-of-war, which crossed our course off Cape Mastico, in full chase, under a press of canvas. The Antelope afterwards touched at Corfu, whilst I was there; and I learned from Captain Hinde, that he could not come up with the pirate, and had never since seen him.

The interest, which this sudden appearance of Andrea Brusi had excited in me, was increased by the accounts of him, which I gathered from various sources, during my stay in the Ionian Islands. All my endeavours to find out the motive of his daring and hazardous visit to Smyrna were fruitless; though many conjectural reasons were assigned, I never could satisfactorily account for it. His family had lived in Scio, and endured all the horrors of savage warfare,

when the Turks made that place the melancholy scene of their cruelties. Andrea, who commanded a brig in the Greek fleet, had returned to his native island, to find his home a heap of ashes—his father slain on his own threshold—his mother and sisters borne by the barbarous invaders—he enquired not *whither*. One hour maddened him; he never landed in Scio again. He quitted the Greek service: and, after having been for a time unheard of, was soon known and dreaded as a man of dark and daring deeds. He had become a pirate—his hand was against all nations; but his merciless revenge was reserved for those transports or merchantmen, which, sailing under neutral flags, aided the Turks with supplies of arms or provisions, or for such Turkish ships as he could detach from their fleets. In these instances, the fate of his victims was untold by human tongue—he spared no life on board; and decks deeply stained with the red traces of combat, or strewn with mangled bodies—vessels abandoned to the sport of the winds, without a single sailor, were the dread traces of his course. Yet there were some redeeming traits in his character;—he cared little for wealth or spoil, but seemed to continue his career for the sake of vengeance alone; and instances of his mercy were told, which shewed in strange contrast with his usual remorseless cruelty. Like Lord Byron's hero,—

“ Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent,
To lead the guilty, Guilt's worst instrument—
His soul was changed” ———

But he has hitherto escaped the fate, which awaited "THE CORSAIR":—his success has been uninterrupted;—no ship that ever chased him could overtake him;—he never engaged a vessel which he did not conquer.

It was reported that a closer bond of similarity connected him with Conrad. An old sailor, whom he had left behind to be cured of a wound in the hospital at Corfu, said that he had a strong-hold in one of the smaller Grecian Islands; and that a lady dwelt there, whom he visited as often as his roving plans of life allowed. The old man had never seen her, though he had often been on board Andrea's vessel when he touched there,—but he said, that amongst the sailors her beauty was held to be almost more than mortal. No temptation could induce him to give the most distant clue to the place; and Brusi's island nest remains undiscovered.

I afterwards sailed up the Archipelago: and oftentimes, as we rounded the rocky headlands of many of the islands, crowned with forts or ruins, did I fancy I had discovered the Corsair's castle—and I strained my eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of his Medora, as

"She looked, and saw the heaving of the main—
The white sail set,—'and' dared not look again."

W. C.

Stanzas.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

" AND HE SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD."

WITH an all-seeing eye like Thine,
 To look upon a scene like this ;
 And see it smile, and see it shine,
 So full of beauty and of bliss !
 Yes ! e'en to Thee—All-pure ! to Thee
 The sight must be felicity.

Thy Spirit in benignant hour
 Brooded upon Time's solitude,—
 Then worlds arose, and own'd thy power !
 Thy love look'd on, and saw "'Twas Good"—
 And pleased the eye of Mercy strayed
 O'er the great work that Wisdom made.

And still—and still, from Heaven above,
 This glorious World—so passing bright,
 So full of luxury, light, and love,
 Must be an Eden in thy sight—
 A scene with marvellous splendour drest,
 Where Thine all-seeing eye may rest !

On a late Spring.

(WRITTEN DURING THE LATE WAR,)

BY J. A. YATES, ESQ.

STILL lours the sky with wintry tempests dark ;
 Rolls from the north unceasing cloud on cloud ;
 Thick fall the snows ; with heavy eye I mark
 All nature hid beneath the dismal shroud.

The orient sun—a cold and distant guest—
 From his dull orb no genial influence pours ;
 No dews refreshing meet him from the west,
 To raise the herbs, and nurse the springing flowers.

The crocus scarce unfolds his saffron vest,
 And not a primrose decks the mournful glade ;
 No lark exulting breaks our morning rest,
 No little warbler cheers the evening shade.

Ye southern gales ! when will ye breathe, and melt
 The torpid soil with your soft-falling dews ?
 When, glorious sun ! thy kindly power be felt,
 Through the cold sod new vigour to diffuse ?

Ah ! wherefore thus, ungrateful man, demand
 The Spring now hovering o'er the impatient earth ?
 His smiling verdure soon shall fill the land,
 And all creation hail the glorious birth.

Soon will unnumbered flowers around thee spring,
And pearly dew-drops glisten on the sprays,
Nature abroad her varied treasures fling,
And wonted beauties fix thy wandering gaze.

Thy ears shall listen to the accustomed lays
Of birds, sweet-warbling in the leafy grove,
Swelling the song of universal praise,
With notes of harmony, and peace, and love !

But Man the tender softness will not own,
Proud man, with feeling and with reason blest ;
Spring's gentle power, unfelt by him alone,
Melts not the snows within his stormy breast.

Will rapine, waste, and strife, for ever last ?
Will war's fierce tempests never cease to roll ?
When will the winter of the mind be past,
And spring-tide bloom o'er the immortal soul !

The Fairies' Waterfall.

IN the grounds of W. Williams, Esq., of Aberpergwm, is a waterfall, close to which is a cave in the rock, said by the peasantry to have been the work of fairies and their favourite haunt.

" Here in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell,
Though rarely seen by mortal eye."

AH! how the sons of earth have cause to sigh
 As the brief fashions of the world they see ;
 How mourn the days of Britain's pomp gone by,
 The tourney graced by maids of high degree,
 Whose smiles could rule the world of chivalry,
 And stir its bravest to adventures bold—
 Whose lowly suitors wooed on bended knee ;
 Not then, as now, methinks our hearts were cold :—
 Alas ! for ever fled the goodly times of old !

In those rare days, the kindly natured sprites
 Would wander forth and visit earth below ;
 And often shared the household toils at nights,
 And made the beechen bowls as white as snow,
 And milked the kine, and kneaded cakes of dough,
 And cleaned the coppers of the cottage dame,
 And patched her tattered shoes from heel to toe ;
 And did a thousand acts I need not name,
 To which more skilful bards have given a deathless fame.

And some have said, that here with meikle care,
Their tiny hands have hollowed out a cell,
Where they would rest them from the noontide glare,
And listen to the waters as they fell ;
And wash their garments in the crystal well,
Or dance by moonlight on the rocky wall—
While oft at eve, as aged peasants tell,
Was heard the music of their voices small,
Now clear—now lost amid the bubbling waterfall.

But woe to those who hear that syren strain,
Oh ! go not near, nor listen as they sing ;
For dire disease befall, and wasting pain,
To those who tread within their charmed ring ;
Such was Llewellyn's fate.—one eve in spring,
He sought this solitary spot alone ;
And when blithe morning did her radiance fling
On ivied tree, and mossy-covered stone,
He lay a senseless form—how pale and withered grown !

And when he wakened from that lifeless trance,
Mysterious all, and wild, the tale he told—
How he had seen the elfin people dance,
In crowns that glittered in the moonlight cold,
And garments decked with gems and ruddy gold—
Their harps by strange fantastic minstrels played,
In vesture rich, of visage spare and old—
Whose strains (so sweet the melody they made)
Allured his wandering step, as up the vale he strayed.

And, as he spoke, his eye grew sunk and dim,
And his heart burned his footsteps to retrace ;
For what were all the joys of earth to him,
Who knew the glories of the spirit race !
From thence his days were but a little space,—
For long ere autumn tinged the woods with brown,
Or summer flowers that valley ceased to grace,
To his eternal rest he laid him down,
And passed away from sight, unnoticed and unknown.

But in the tranquil hours of summer's eve,
When scarce a breeze the rustling aspin stirred ;
When hinds for home their fields of labour leave ;
Mute the sweet melody of every bird ;
Soft music round his lowly grave was heard,
And gentle harpings filled the silent air ;
And voices whispering many a mystic word,
And the sharp sound of trampling feet—for there
The Faëry court to play, would oftentimes repair.

But years have waxed, and waned, and rolled away,
Since last was heard that strange unearthly sound ;
No more in twilight on the rock they play,
Or on the turf in mazy circle bound ;
Ev'n this their favourite haunt, the grassy mound,
Left by their troop, unmarked, unheeded lies ;—
Say, have they fled to some more peaceful ground ?
Or did their race (as Sages teach) arise,
Its long probation o'er, to dwell amid the skies ?

Whate'er their lot we know not, nor can tell ;
 Nay, some their being will a fable deem ;
 But wild Imagination loves to dwell,
 (Though strange to Reason's wiser eye they seem)
 On old Tradition's tales,—and though the stream
 Of fleeting ages, drives, its course before,
 The mists from mental sight,—'tis sweet to dream,
 Till Fancy will the olden time restore,
 And people wood and glen with Elf and Fay once more.
H. F. C.

To a Town Garden.

THOU narrow space enclosed in gloomy brick,
 Where stones and sand my patient toil defy ;
 Where vegetable life describes a stick,
 And smoke and dust obscure the summer sky !
 'Tis vain, I verily believe, to try,
 With watering-can, or spade, or rake, or hoe,
 To force one violet to unfold its eye,
 Or gay laburnum on thy waste to glow !
 And I have sometimes asked myself, if so
 It be with human hearts, amid the throng
 Of cities, and their busy cares among,
 That not one native blossom *there* will grow,
 Of frankness, innocence, and gentle love,
 Given to the meanest hut, with pure, clear skies above !
J. W.

“Fair Helen of Kirconnel.”

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“Fair Helen of Kirconnel,” as she is called in the Scottish Minstrelsy, throwing herself between her betrothed lover and a rival by whom his life was amaid, received a mortal wound, and died in the arms of the former.

HOLD me upon thy faithful heart,
 Keep back my flitting breath ;
 'Tis early, early to depart,
 Sweet friend !—yet this is Death !

Look on me still :—let that kind eye
 Be the last light I see !
 Oh ! sad it is in spring to die,
 But yet I die for thee !

For thee, my own !—*thy* stately head
 Was never thus to bow ;—
 Give tears when with me Love hath fled,
 True Love—thou know'st it now !

Oh ! the free streams look'd bright, where'er
 We in our gladness rov'd ;
 And the blue skies were very fair—
 Dear friend ! because we lov'd.

Farewell !—I bless thee !—live thou on,
 When this young heart is low !
 Surely my blood thy life hath won—
 Clasp me once more—I go !

Sonnet

TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

I COURT no daring Power to swell my song—
 I woo not her who roves in fancy's wild—
 Come, Muse of softer joys ! To Thee belong
 A mother's tenderest feelings for her child.
 Say, for thou canst, how glows the enraptured breast,
 When first the cheek of infancy it warms !
 How every ruder thought is hush'd to rest,
 When round my child are thrown these fostering arms !
 To thee, my cherub girl, these lines are due,
 First darling object of maternal care ;
 And oh ! if Heaven thy life in mercy spare,
 How shall I joy to train thy infant mind
 To keep that heaven for ever in thy view,
 And train thee to that end the Omnipotent designed.

To Gabrielle.

I SAW thee in the sunny light
 Thy own glad spirit shed around thee ;
 When thy young hopes were warm and bright,
 And Love with votive roses crown'd thee—
 And yet I mourn'd—for well I knew
 Those hopes were false—that Love untrue !

Thou didst not deem the chosen heart,
 To which thy first pure faith was plighted,
 Could woo, with mean, unfeeling art,
 A prize no sooner won, than slighted—
 I knew it—and I burn'd to see
 So base a shaft in store for thee !

I gaz'd on thy unclouded brow ;
 And griev'd, but not with common grieving,—
 That one so young and fair as thou,
 Must be the sport of Man's deceiving ;
 And, as I gaz'd, I deem'd it strange,
 That he who won *thy* love could change.

For, though thine eye its suit reprov'd,
 There was *one* heart, in secret sighing,
 That whisper'd how thou *shouldst* be lov'd—
 With warmth unfeign'd, and truth undying—

And now it bleeds to see thy peace
The victim of a cold caprice !

Yet had the idol of thy breast
Deserv'd and paid its fond devotion,
I could have smil'd to think thee blest,
And striven to check each sad emotion ;—
But thus to lose thee—to the snare
Of a smooth cheat, I cannot bear !

I mourn thee—but my tears are vain—
There is no healing in their sadness—
I dare not trace the past again,
Or think what *might* have been—'tis madness !—
Woe for thee, love !—that I must rue
To find so soon my presage true !—

VIVIAN.

The Blighted Heart.

THERE is not on the pages which reveal
Our sum of anguish, in the Book of Fate,
A pang severer than the pain we feel
When Friendship is deceiv'd, or Love meets hate ;
When warm affection coldly is reprov'd,
Or hopeless misery denounc'd by lips we lov'd.

Lough Neagh—the Past and the Present.

“ Ah, happy days !—once more who would not be a boy ! ”—BYRON.

THERE was always, from whatever cause, a certain portion of the north of Ireland, that enjoyed a comparative exemption from the misery to which, since the conquest of this lovely but ill-fated island, the greater part of her children have been doomed. And perhaps, there was not in the King’s dominions a spot, which exhibited in a higher degree, or more generally, the diffusion of human happiness, than the flourishing counties of Down and Antrim, previously to the era of the French Revolution. The people of the lowest rank were occupiers of some portion of land, for which they paid an easy rent ; and such of them as had not, on their little demesnes, engagements sufficient fully to occupy their time, found occasional employment in the service of the wealthier farmers. They had not much capital, it must be confessed ; but the deficiency was well supplied by those kindly offices of good neighbourhood, which made every hamlet as one family, uniting its inhabitants by the closest ties of reciprocal and necessary obligation. The humble farmer, who had to cultivate a piece of land, on which he could not

afford to maintain more than one horse, found many around him similarly situated ;—the united stock of three or four different farms formed, for the working season, a common team, which performed the requisite labour on all. Even those who could boast themselves the lords of only one single milch cow, by clubbing the produce of their limited dairies, contrived to supply in succession the larder of each with an annual cheese, of a size and quality which, to one unacquainted with the resources that this amiable peasantry found in the interchange of mutual good offices, would appear to require a large farm for its production. Their mode of living was simple ; their wants were few, but these were amply supplied ;—for each family not only produced their own food, but manufactured their own linen and woollen cloth ;—their fare, though coarse, was nutritious and abundant ; men, women, and children were alike industrious, happy, and contented ; in their labours, active and unremitting ; and in their sports, and on their festivals,—which were duly celebrated,—gay as the absence of all care could render them. Their manners were, indeed, roughened by a bold confidence,—“ which gave, perhaps, some soil to their behaviour,” —but which was borne with a contentment hardly short of gratification, by those, who had observed how difficult the polished frequently find it, to draw the nice line between complaisance and insincerity, and who hailed, in the proud bearing of these manly rustics, the indication that their minds were not

bowed down by habitual servitude, to make themselves the mirrors of the thoughts and wishes of a master. From this class, the scale of society rose by successive, and not too broadly marked gradations, to the small landed proprietor, and from the small proprietor to the lord of manors and the noble. But so little had wealth accumulated, that my father, who was the occupier of a farm of not more than a hundred and fifty acres of land, was, in his little circle, amongst the most influential and distinguished of the second class ; and was by them regarded as an opulent farmer. And as his estimation with his peers added confidence to his suit, when he ventured to seek in marriage the hand of the daughter of a neighbouring magistrate,—so that alliance, when accomplished, contributed not a little to increase his importance amongst them. The little spot, to which he owed his dignity, was to my early imagination, and remains still more to my present recollections, one of the most delightful in the Arcadia which I have been describing. His sheltered and thorn-fenced farm rose from the margin of the great Lough Neagh, with a slope so gradual and imperceptible, as to be, for all the purposes of cultivation, a plain,—but still attaining a sufficient elevation to command from its centre, where the farm-house stood, an extended view—a view of the noble woods which fringed the sweeping outline of the lake ; of the little island that, surmounted by a solitary and lofty tower, sat on its surface like a diadem ; of the

majestic castle which, standing on the extremity of a low and distant point, seemed with its white walls just risen from the waves; and above all, of the ever-varying aspect of that beautiful expanse of water, which, with the changes of the hours and the seasons, was now one sheet of glowing gold, broken only by the dark sail of the returning fishing-boat, or the dimpling splash of the springing trout—now vied with the deep azure of the unspotted sky—was now darkened, and again grew bright with the reflection of the passing clouds—or, lashed into agitation by the short-lived tempest, rolled its tumbling billows to the shore, with a fury that more than mimicked the terrors of the ocean.

The approach to the homestead was sheltered by a grove of scattered firs, interspersed here and there with fruit trees—an unusual assemblage, but one which, in the Spring and Autumn, finely contrasted the gay blossoms and ruddy fruitage of the delicate trees, with the sombre monotony of their more rugged brethren of the forest. The house itself, of a rude and antique construction, had no attractions in its appearance, but what it derived from the luxuriant tapestry of roses and woodbine, with which Nature, but little indebted to the assistance of Art, had clothed its front. Every thing bore the appearance of careless abundance, as far removed without, from that order and arrangement, as within, from that refinement of comfort approaching even to elegance, which now distinguish the farms of the south of England;

but of which, as the value was not known, the absence was not felt. There was indeed one parlour, that, on occasions of festivity and importance, was occupied as a kind of state room ; but the ordinary scene both of enjoyment and occupation was the large old-fashioned kitchen. It was of great length, lighted at one end by a large casement—and its opposite extremity was occupied by the hearth, which was flanked by two projecting walls, so far removed from the fire, as to admit of a bench at each side of it, (a favourite retreat in the winter evenings) and surmounted by a pyramidal roof, which collected and carried off the smoke. It was in the middle space that the mistress of the family shared and guided the labours of her household, busied, now in preparations for the returning farm-labourers, and now in forwarding within-doors the operations that were going on without, or in superintending the more domestic occupations of the spinning wheel and the loom. How distinct, at this moment, is the impression on my mind of the quiet dignity and not ungraceful ease, with which she fulfilled the little offices of her humble duty,—of the matron modesty of her neat dress, with her beautiful brown hair parted on her forehead, and but just escaping from the confinement of her close-drawn cap of fine linen,—and of the benignity that beamed from her bright yet soft eyes, and played in smiles about her lips, and the thrilling tones of fondness with which, on my return from the labours or the sports of the field, she greeted me (for I was

always her favourite) with the distinctive appellation of "her son!"

But time rolled on, and brought the hour, when, according to the law which my father had laid down, I was to leave these scenes. He had wisely determined not to divide his farm, which, being held in perpetuity, would be a valuable patrimony for one of his family; and, without knowing that he had the sanction of such high authority, he had adopted the patriarchal plan, which is known in some parts of England, as the custom of Borough English; and determined to put his eldest sons forth into the world, retaining the youngest as the support of his age, and the inheritor of his property. It was decided that I should go abroad; and with a light purse, but a lighter heart, I set forward on my journey to the neighbouring seaport. I embarked, —I arrived at a far-distant settlement, and was there established in the employment of an English merchant, with the determination not to return till I had acquired a competency; an object that I hoped in a few years to realize, and to which I looked forward chiefly as the means of restoring me to that spot, which was the only scene I could contemplate, in all my dreams of happiness upon earth. Obstacles, that would have been foreseen in any calculations less sanguine than those of a romantic boy, protracted the period of my anticipated success. I heard at a distance of the political hurricane which in the mean time had swept my native land. Death too, who severs all ties, had not spared mine; my venerable parents were successively removed, and

the last accounts which I received informed me that my youngest brother, who alone remained at home, had succeeded, at an early age, to his inheritance ;—I never heard from him. Each removal gave me a new pang, and detracted something from blissful anticipations of the future ;—but each weakened my desire for an immediate return. My ambition also enlarged, or rather, my mind narrowed to meaner objects of ambition ;—money, which had been too eagerly pursued as the means, became at length in some degree the object ; and more than twenty years had elapsed, when I found myself again on the way to the port from which I had embarked. We had a favourable passage ;—but long before we had reason to suppose ourselves near the land, I was the first on deck in the morning, I was the last lingerer at night, with the idle hope that the captain might prove incorrect in his reckoning, and that in the mists of the horizon, I should catch a glimpse of the shore on which I longed to feast my eyes. The wished for hour at length came ; we descried the land, we approached it ; and in a few days anchored in the port of our destination. Here most of the seamen were at home ; and even those who had no tie there, looked to the landing as the crowning of their present joys, after the long confinement of the voyage ; but I had a farther bourne, and the event, which satisfied the expectations of all others, only pointed mine. I sprang into the first boat that approached us, and reached the shore :—an hour was too long a delay in the town ; and as the habits of my age, and the exuberance of my

present feelings equally revolted from the imprisonment of a post chaise, I procured a horse and set forward; trusting to my still vivid recollections to guide me through the labyrinths of the road.

The hand of improvement had, however, been before me, and had unmoored all the buoys, by which I had intended to direct myself, through the intricate navigation of lanes and bye-roads;—but at the same time had rendered my minute skill superfluous, by placing a highway before me. Every object which met my eyes, the neat boxes scattered by the road side—the numerous bleaching greens, which spotted the hills with their mimic snow,—and the various other indications of mercantile opulence, told me that all was changed:—but still my imagination could picture no change in the spot which had so early and deeply impressed it. My expectations were wound up to the utmost, as, at a gallop, I approached the last hill top; I mounted it—looked down upon the vale below—and, but for the great features of the prospect, I should have doubted that I had ever stood there before!

The broad lake was still spread before me; its now unruffled surface reflected the bright woods that still hung upon its margin,—in the distance, the little island still floated on its bosom,—the tower, which for uncounted ages had braved the fury of the elements, and escaped the more destructive hand of man, unchanged as the more enduring works of nature, still raised its giant head into the sky, and cast its darkening shadow in the water:—but all that gave softness and

tenderness to my recollections, the house, the farm-yard, the little grove that sheltered and adorned them, the very farm itself—had disappeared before the work of innovation. A great portion of the ground they had occupied, now converted into lawn, and skirted by a belt of trees, was extended before a handsome modern mansion. But the house was evidently not tenanted ; and about the grounds and the approach to them, a general air of *abandon* and neglect told, with a force that required no confirmation from the notice “To be Let or Sold,” that ruin had soon followed on the heels of ephemeral magnificence. I dismounted, and with dejected feelings pursued the path, which had not yet lost all traces of recent care and elegance. Two or three rough colts and miserable-looking cows, all evidently trespassers, were grazing by its side, with a haste which shewed that they were enjoying an unwonted opportunity. A little girl, near the door of the house, was gathering flowers on the lawn ; “Nobody,” she said, in answer to my inquiries, “had been living there for a long time ; Mr. H. was the last occupant ; she had heard he was unfortunate, but did not know what was become of him.” I passed on,—I thought I could still find the former site of the house, which now seemed occupied by a plantation of young trees. To me their verdure brought no thoughts of gladness—I carried myself amongst them, and stood upon the spot which had seen my birth and my growth, and which my heated imagination still peopled with a thousand images of long-past pleasures. I stood there,

—an unknown, unnoticed, solitary stranger! My father's venerable figure, as he stood on the threshold in our parting interview, and told me with the emphasis of strong emotion, that he hoped that roof would again see his children assembled, when he was laid in dust,—the fervent uplifting of eyes and hands, with which my mother raised her head from my shoulder, in the last embrace, to pray for my early and happy return—the childish carelessness of the farewell of my little brothers—all rushed upon my memory. Where were they now? My brain reeled,—my heart throbbed thick and loud, until I sunk upon the ground, and was relieved from a suffocating feeling of oppression by a burst of grief, in which I indulged for several minutes without restraint. “And is it to this,” I at last exclaimed, “that I return? Is this the fruit of expectation, this my buried treasure? Is it for this that I have been toiling and abstaining,—that I have denied myself, nay that I have withheld from others, the fruition of the blessings showered upon me?—that I have staid the current of the stream which flowed for me so freely? Oh! vain is the imagination of the man, who, overlooking the solid satisfaction of discharging the duties attendant on every situation in which he may be placed, builds his happiness here upon the quicksands of future circumstances!—and vainer still is his, who, soothing his conscience with the fond promise of what he *shall* one day be, neglects to inquire what he *is*!” I awoke from dreams, as delusive, if not as splendid as those of Wolsey. Like him I felt, or thought “I felt my heart

new opened ;" I slowly regained the road, with the determination of seeking out my brothers, and sharing, with such of them as required it, the result of my past toils :—fully resolved that, for the future, I would, in the truest sense of the words, *enjoy* the present hour—by making it as productive, as it was in my power to render it, of benefit to myself and fellow-men.

J. WHITTLE, JUN.

To John Wilson, Esq.

ON RECEIVING FROM HIM A PRESENT OF HIS "ISLE OF
PALMS AND OTHER POEMS."

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

STAY, Bard of nature ! yet awhile suspend
 Thy pealing harmony ; that so the soul
 May strive her strong emotions to controul,
 And calmly on the varying song attend !
 For now, as o'er the thrilling lyre I bend,
 And drink deep draughts from thine enchanted bowl,
 So high the swelling tides of passion roll,
 That pain and pleasure in strange union blend :—
 Oh ! bid the temper'd stream of music flow,
 That mortal ear may drink the sounds divine,
 And mortal heart contain the transport high,
 May share thy joys—participate thy woe,—
 To thy dominion every pulse resign,
 And bless thy song of rapturous extacy !

To my Daughter.

MUTE is the harp that once could sound,
 Awakening joy with every string ;
 And all unbrac'd its chords are found,
 Since the voice was hush'd that bade me sing !

Yet, at *thy* call, methinks I hear
 A faint and trembling note arise,
 That fain would seek some holier sphere
 To rest its prayers, its hopes and joys.

For *thee* those prayers !—that passing Time
 May teach thee Wisdom's sacred lore,
 And fit thee for that glorious clime
 Where sun and moon shall shine no more !

Those hopes for *thee* !—that though thou share,
 With every child of heavenly love,
 Thy portion of terrestrial care,
 Thine may be lasting peace above !

One earthly wish my harp may swell,
 Ere yet its echoes silent be,
 And these alone are left to tell
 Of all its breathings,—or of me,—

*That, when a thought of pensive cast
 Across thy mind shall fling its shade,
 From all thy memory of the past,
 Thy mother's love may never fade !—*

*That love has tuned the feeble wire
 That pours its latest lay to thee—
 Sleep then—for ever sleep, my lyre !
 Till purer worlds shall set thee free !*

J. C.

Sonnet.

TO ———

THOU art enshrined, although thou know'st it not,
 With many a blessing borne on the soft air,
 Which hovers round thee from my evening prayer ;
 And thou, although the voice thou hast forgot,
 Art living in the sweetness of its spell,
 Which at heaven's gate is pleading still for thee,
 Invoking peace upon thy destiny,
 And wishing thee in thy heart's hallowed cell
 Blest hopes, and fairest memories—and such days,
 As may defy the fleeting wing of Time,
 And bear bright fruits of virtue to a clime
 Where they may bloom in the eternal praise.—
THOU art surrounded thus with holiest charm,
 And friendship's sacred prayer still shields thy life from
 harm !

J. E. R.

Loch Leven Castle.

THE clouds are perching on Lomond's hill,
 Like birds of evil augury ;
 How murky the sky—and the air how chill,—
 And the waves roll,—how heavily !

But the centre of gloom is yon desolate isle,
 How it stands in the midst with its prison pile,
 As cut off from the world, like a guilty thing—
 So lonely—so drear—and so withering !
 But, MARY ! no scene can sadder be,
 Than the thoughts of those who think of thee.—

Curse ! curse on thee, traitorous isle !
 What though the heavens may sometimes smile,—
 Think not the sunshine is to bless,
 'Tis but to blight thy nakedness,
 Or make thee laugh—a laugh as grim,
 As the distorted face of him,
 Who, though despair be burning high,
 Mocks and laughs at his misery !—
 Nor, when fall the dews of even,
 Deem that they can bless—
 No—thou dungeon-spot of Leven !
 They are tears of bitterness,
 That should lie beneath pure heaven,
 Such a tainted isle as Leven !

Curse ! curse on thee, traitorous isle !
 What though the lightening has paused awhile,
 There is a tree,
 A child of thee,
 That stretches out its blighted arm,
 As 'twould a parent's guilt alarm,
 And mind thee—if *thou* hast forgot,
 The red avenger sleepeth not !

Aye—wrath is hoarded in the skies—
 But thou art girt with miseries :—
 Shall not the billows that scatheless bore,
 The precious bark to a kindlier shore,
 Shall not each yet prove a faithful wave,
 By opening to thee a traitor's grave ?

* * * *

Methinks I see a raven hover,
 About the ruined tower—
 No—he swiftly passes over,
 Past is the hour !
 Onward—onward he may go,
 And elsewhere prophecy of woe,—
 Enough of sorrow hath been there,—
 And should he tell that island's doom,
 It were no tidings new to hear,
 For who hath doubted it *shall* come !—
 O'er the mountains a veil of mist is spread ;
 Well may each hide his hoary head,—
For they witnessed the shame of their land in her ;
They looked on their Princess a Prisoner !

Yet the mountains, the woods and the glistening lake,
 Might together a goodly visage make ;—
 All, but for thee, thou cursed isle !
 Might as features of doubtless beauty smile ;
 But thou art to them as an evil eye,
 That scowls from the midst so blastingly,
 Making the scene all gloom express,
 Where else had been nothing but loveliness !

J. A. S.

Sonnet.

AUTUMN, that dost a golden radiance pour
 O'er field and forest, o'er the land and sea—
 Perfection of the year—I welcome thee !
 Thou mak'st provision for the winter hoar—
 Empty is every cottage—at the door
 The faithful dog to guard the house is laid,
 And slumbers in the sun—for man and maid
 Are gleaning from the field its golden store—
 The prattling babe is placed among the sheaves
 By careful mother from the reach of harm—
 And all are active, till the setting sun
 Tells that the labours of the day are done.
 Then homeward wend they joyous to the farm,
 And soon are slumbering fast beneath its lowly caves.

H.

Translation from an Hungarian Allegory.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

IN the midst of a boundless forest, intersected by a thousand paths, stood the temple of Happiness. It was encumbered by no decorations,—it had no glare, no gorgeousness, but it rose in quiet beauty and simplicity. Beneath its dome was reared an unadorned altar, near which the Goddess stood, creating and dispensing her gifts with profuse generosity. I looked southwards, and observed afar off a crowd of worshippers, leaving behind them the mid-day sun, and advancing slowly towards the steps of the vestibule. They were met, at some distance, by another Divinity, with lofty brow and majestic gait, whose smiles seemed tempered by a dignified sobriety, and who beckoned to the travellers, that they should be less precipitate in their advance.— I thought I heard the sounds of eloquence, though far away, and could clearly distinguish that the noble figure had presented to each of the approaching votaries, some treasure, which they held suspended in their hands. I hastened to the spot, and I discovered, that the Goddess of Wisdom had given to every one a lamp, filled with fragrant oil ; and bid them all God speed ; telling them, that its flame would guide them safely to the end of their pilgrimage. “ I have not kindled its wick”, she said “ for each of you will find fire in his progress.” I moved forward with the crowd, and we passed another

Divinity, who held a blazing torch. This was the Goddess of Instruction :—with cheerful condescension, she lowered her torch to the Pilgrims as they passed,—but I observed that many of them had spilt the oil of their lamps; that some had soiled their wicks—and others had allowed the dust and the breezes to extinguish the flame as they carelessly swung it about. I saw some, and they were mostly in the prime of life, who, while they lingered an instant for the purpose of kindling their lamps, were whirled away by fleet-footed tempters, who swiftly succeeded one another, and who, I was told, were the Sensual Pleasures. They were accompanied with loud and riotous music, which, though fascinating at first, grew, I observed, more and more discordant as they hurried on. Some of the Pilgrims were beckoned away by Spirits, invisible to me, though I heard a confusion of voices, and the words “Hither!” “Hither!” were often repeated. In the distance, were mists and clouds of darkness that descended to the surface of the earth, in which I soon lost sight of many of the wanderers.

As the Goddess of Instruction waved her torch, it seemed often so nearly extinguished, that I could not trace her features,—but the torch always brightened anew; and its reflection on the countenances of the Pilgrims, looked like gleams of superhuman joy. Some there were, who made many vain attempts to light their lamps—they were mostly of the middle aged, and the old :—but the most interesting of all were groups of Children, whose lamps burst into a flame, at the touch of the torch of the Goddess, as if their

wicks had been dipped in Ether. They played with them so carelessly however, that many went out, and I traced the holders, either wandering blindly, as if without a guide, through the manifold paths of the forest; or lost sight of them in the dark vapours which envelopped them. Some of the restless Children dashed their lamps to the ground, and laughed at a gray-headed Man, who gathered the fragments together, while others mischievously flung dirt into the lamps of their play-fellows, many of whom they wearied, by compelling them frequently to return to the Goddess, who, notwithstanding, looked on them graciously, and more than once, uttered counsels of patience, and words of encouragement. I noticed, that those who had lost their lamps, were courted by a strange beldam, who, notwithstanding her age and her hideousness, exerted a sort of fascination, and gathered round her a number of fierce and busy votaries. Her name was Superstition, she was supported on two crutches, Egotism, and Cruelty; and I saw she sometimes lent them to her most active attendants, who foully waylaid and wounded those, who, holding their bright lamps, pursued their course with the steadiest step towards the temple. The beldam herself was principally engaged in tripping up the Pilgrims; and, when they fell, in putting out their lamps, and snuffing up the foul stench, which I observed them to emit, at the moment of their extinction. Many of their lights continued burning, in spite of all her activity;—and a firm-footed passenger sometimes rescued them, as he journeyed forward. On others, which she could not extinguish, she heaped huge stones

bearing unintelligible inscriptions, through the crevices of which however, the glimmering of radiancy might yet be observed. She seemed armed with tremendous authority; and ever and anon she roused a terrible tempest, which scattered the Pilgrims over the many paths of the forest. Then the heavens grew black, and the earth groaned—and scarce a ray could be seen amidst the gloomy desolation. When the storm subsided, I was astonished at the terrible destruction.—The various wood paths were covered with Pilgrims, who had lost their way, and were inquiring of each other *where* was the Temple of Happiness. Some had been the prey of wild beasts—others had been led, by the ignis fatuus lights of the morass, into entangling dells and dingles;—some had been flung into stagnant pools, where they were struggling against suffocation, and others in despair had sought the protection of broad-winged fiends—the fiends of passion, which flitted now and then over their path, or shook the forest trees with the loud rustling of their pinions.

The calmness returned, and the sunshine:—and I looked towards the Temple of Happiness. There was no longer the busy and countless crowd, which had first engaged my attention. One or two solitary beings were ascending the steps, and entering the Portico. They held their lamps still burning—and, as they advanced towards the altar, methought their forms became angelized;—a glory, brighter than the brightest sunbeams, burst from the temple:—my eyes were dazzled, and I walked away, in deep meditation, to rejoice—and to mourn.

Serenade.

WHEN silent is the midnight hour,
 And moon-beams o'er the wave are stealing,
 'Tis then the lover's harp has power
 To wake a woman's heart to feeling ;—
 And if the light on tree or tower
 Her bosom of a sigh beguiles,
 That sigh is Beauty's richest dower,
 And dearer than a thousand smiles !

For Love from liveliness must fly,
 And mingle not in scenes of gladness :
 No gift so grateful as a sigh—
 No worshipper so true as sadness !
 And though his power to Beauty's eye
 At times a laughing light impart,
 That light, though beautiful, must die,
 And vanish ere it reach the heart.

And now, that stars are on the deep,
 And moon-beams all are bright to move thee,
 I dare to rouse thee from thy sleep,
 And tell thee, dearest, how I love thee !—
 And while the breezes softly creep
 In music, as to aid my strain,
 Oh ! bless the love that wakes to weep,
 And tell me that thou lov'st again !

J. W.



THE SCOTCH PEASANT GIRL

The Scotch Peasant Girl.

Behold her single in the field,
Yon solitary highland lass!

WORDSWORTH.

HER home is on the distant hills,
Near leafy glens and gushing rills,
Amidst the loveliest objects placed,
That ever poets' fancy traced—
Where rocks, whose deeper shades are broke
By drooping birch, and mountain oak,
And cliff, and copse-wood, hill and glade,
Are on some lake's clear breast displayed,
Blending before th' enraptured eye,
In beauty's sweetest harmony.
She dwells 'midst scattered spots, that seem
Creations of some happy dream,
Retirements, where unpitied grief,
In nature's calm, may seek relief,
Or buoyant fancy heav'nward spring,
On inspiration's glowing wing.

Wild as her native mountain scene,
Her uncorrupted thoughts have been ;
She scarcely knows a care or crime,
Nor e'er has felt the withering clime
That spreads its mantle o'er the town,
And bears life's early freshness down.—

Free nature's child ! O, still be thine
 The guiltless heart's exhaustless mine,
 Nor slighted love, nor broken vow,
 E'er dim the brightness of that brow !

T.

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 !

To my Mother.

WITH THE LITERARY SOUVENIR FOR 1827.

SPURN not the gift—in its fair page thou'lt find
 Beautiful thoughts and visions, such as soothe
 A poet's loneliness—when shadowy forms
 Flit round him in bright hours, till his rapt soul
 Pours itself forth in song—here too the tale
 Of olden time hath found a dwelling place,
 And names, the mightiest of our land, have lent
 Their charm to grace my offering—spurn it not !
 It shall recal, in after-years, the love
 With which I hail'd thy birth-day ; and which made
 That festival most holy ; when a dream
 Of home, and happiness, and peace, was all
 Our spirits knew ; when the tumultuous world
 Was half forgotten, and our hopes were bright :
 And our fresh memories stored with pleasant things,
 Resting upon green places. O'er thy head
 My benison is poured. A poet's lips
 In ancient time were hallowed, and if mine
 Unpurified have dared to breathe a prayer
 For thee, the very act shall consecrate
 •The soul of him who thus would bid thee take
 His holiest, best affections :—Fare thee well !

MY MOTHER!—in that sound how many thoughts
 Come rushing o'er me, as remembrance paints
 To all thy tenderness. Oh! might I lift
 The veil of coming years, and proudly hope
 That yet amidst “my country’s sons of song,”
 My name shall live hereafter;—half my joy
 Would spring from the dear thought, that thou hadst
 The first faint breathings of my infant hymn! [heard
 And, ere my harp had dared a louder tone,
 That its best strains were offerings unto thee!

P.

Written during Fever.

DIRE scourge of helpless Man! revealed in flame,
 By throbbing temples, and by scorching breath;
 Burning, yet shivering through the tortured frame,
 Who shall resist thee, Pioneer of Death?
 Oh! it is fearful to endure thy wrath,
 Fell, pitiless destroyer! I could pray
 Even for the cold blast of an Arctic day,
 To check thy rapid mischief in its path,—
 Or for the waters of some swelling river,
 To quench thy devastating fire—for ever!

S

On the Battle of Navarino

A SOUND,—a glad, unwonted sound
 Is sweeping o'er Ionia's seas ;
 The waves in billowy triumph bound,
 And every rock is echoing round
 From Pylos to the Strophades.
 Can this to widow'd Greece belong ?
 There is no wail in that rejoicing tone ;
 'Tis not despair's expiring moan,—
 'Tis not the faint funereal song,
 The only strains her shores of late have known—
 No !—from the land are spreading far,
 (As on Mycale's conquering day,
 Or once when sunk the Persian's star
 Beneath the blue Saronic bay,
 The accents of triumphant war !—
 The vault of heav'n resounds with answering glee,
 And on the exulting breeze are floating free
 The pœans of the brave—the cries of victory !

Pale Greece, that long hast marked, with sickening eye,
 Thy marble fanes despoiled—thy sons enchained—
 • Thy daughters bought and sold—thy very sky
 By the green banners of thy tyrants stained ;

Thou that hast seen thy heroes' graves,
The seas where once their conquering galleys rode,
Wet with the tears of Argive slaves,
Or reddened with their blood ;—
Arise !—rejoice !—behold their fetters break !
At last the echo of thy woes
Has reached and roused the Christian lands ;
Their arm is raised—their saviour bands
Are on the wave to seek thy Moslem foes—
Hark to the opening guns !—their vengeance is awake !

How gallant, in Messene's bay,
Ere yet the voice of war grew strong,
The Christian fleets in proud array
To battle bore along !
In dreadful beauty, one by one,
The mighty ships came sweeping on ;
As when the angry skies collect their wrath,
The huge black clouds, whose threatening gloom
Bears the fork'd lightning in its womb,
Roll o'er the shuddering earth on their resistless path.
See, as the marshalled lines advance,
The gorgeous flag of sunny France,
Unfold its lillies to the air
Beside the eagles of the Czar ;—
While in the van, before the rest,
In many a stormy fight confest
The first, the bravest, and the best,
Are fluttering o'er that breathless scene,
The banners of the Ocean-queen !

List ! For the storm has broke.—How fierce and loud
 Bursts its hoarse thunder on the trembling sky !
 While madly rage, beneath yon sulphurous cloud
 Which the hot breath of battle wreathes on high,
 The mingled shouts—the rush of strife,
 The last wild shriek of parting life,—
 The yell of frantic hate—the Moslem's charging cry—
 The tyrant's curse is on their swarthy bands ;
 In vain they strive—for Greece's wrongs
 Have found a thousand fiery tongues,
 And scatter death from twice ten thousand hands.—
 'Tis done !—they yield—the flames arise,
 To crown the fearful sacrifice ;
 Shout for the Franks !—the Turkish slaughter
 Is reeking on the dark blue water,
 And Navarino's rocky shore
 Is richly dyed with Paynim gore.

Mourn, Moslem, in Byzantium's streets,
 On Thracia's plains, on Egypt's coast :—
 The flames have seized your countless fleets—
 The waves are rolling o'er the vaunted host
 That late, in savage pomp, athirst for blood,
 So proudly pressed the shrinking flood,
 And bold the Christian bands to strife defied.
 Vain was their boast,—their myriads vain—
 For long the purple steam of carnage shed
 From virgins, sires, and mothers slain,
 Had risen to Heaven, and, as the victims bled,
 For vengeance on the murderers cried !

The God of Battles heard—and spoke
 In thunder from that veil of smoke—
 He stretched his right hand forth, and crushed them in
 their pride.

But thou, that bear'st the sword of victory—
 Thou, that enshrouded in thy misty robe
 Uprear'st thy rocky throne upon the wave,
 A sea-borne Empress—mother of the brave,
 Land of bright eyes, true hearts, and spirits free,
 That bear thy glorious name around the wondering globe,—
 MY COUNTRY!—when I fain would sing
 This triumph worthy thee,
 How gladly would my spirit's wing,
 Like the Dircean swan's of yore,
 Or his whom smiling Lesbos bore,
 Mount to the boldest flight of harmony!
 That thus on high, with fitting tone,
 I might in lofty strains rejoice,
 And celebrate, as with a trumpet's voice,
 This last and best of all thy thousand battles won!

Thou art so rich in wreathes of martial fame,
 They hang so thickly round thy brow,
 Thou need'st not gather laurels now,
 Or the proud trophies of successful strife;
 Thou dost not need the empty name
 Of victory in a common fight—
 But this, thy latest and most bright,

Is hymned with blessings, and the loud acclaim
Of a glad nation's thanks for liberty and life !
Nor these alone—What awful sound
 Floats o'er thy bannered hosts, that ride
 In triumph on Ionia's tide,—
What dim, majestic forms the fleet surround ?
Lo !—in mid air, a shadowy band,—
The gray and mighty ghosts of other days,—
 Called from their loved Elysian plains,
 Pour on the dying breeze their spirit strains,
Crown thy brave warriors with immortal bays,
And bless, in solemn joy, the saviours of their land !

Weep not for those who died—
 There is no grief for those who fall like them—
Or, if ye weep, shed tears of joyous pride,
And let Arcadia's gales and Argos' tide
 Sing the sole sad requiem !
Peace to their sacred shades !—they slumber well—
I mourn them not—'tis better far
Than long-drawn years of splendid care—
 Ambition's fever—Passion's rage—
 To run a brief and brilliant race,
And conquerors in a virtuous war,
 Unstained by toil, unbent by age,
 To sink in glory's bright embrace,
And win an honoured name in History's page ;
With shouts of victory for a passing bell,
And deathless fame to mark the spot where heroes fell !

Journey up the Mississippi.

BY J. J. AUDUBON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRDS OF AMERICA."

OUR late conversation upon the subject of Christmas holidays has induced me to write, for your amusement, my dear friend, an account of a Christmas which I spent some years ago in the land that I call my own—America, —my country.

About the end of December, some eighteen years ago, I left my family at a village near Henderson, in the lower part of Kentucky; being bound on an expedition to the upper parts of the Mississippi. I started with my friend F— in a vessel there termed a keel-boat;—an open boat, with a covered stern which forms the cabin, over which projects the slender trunk of some tree (about sixty feet long) as a steering oar; the boat being impelled by four oars worked in the bow, at the rate of about five miles an hour, going with the current. The banks of the Ohio were already very dreary;—indeed nothing green remained, except the hanging canes that here and there bordered its shores, and the few dingy grape leaves, which hardly invited the eye to glance towards them. We started in a heavy snow storm,—and our first night was indeed ~~dis~~dismal; but as day began to appear, the storm ceased; and we found ourselves opposite the mouth of Cumberland River, which flows from the state of Tennessee, passing Nashville, and is a tolerably navigable

stream for many hundred miles. Here the Ohio spreads to a considerable width, and forms in summer a truly magnificent river, and is even at this season broad and beautifully transparent, though so shallow that it is often fordable from the Illinois shore to Cumberland Island. Vast trees overhang both banks, and their immense masses of foliage are reflected in the clear mirror.

Ere long we passed the mouth of the Tennessee River and Fort Massacre, and could easily perceive that the severe and sudden frost, which had just set in, had closed all the small lakes and lagoons in the neighbourhood, as thousands of wild water-fowl were flying and settling themselves on the borders of the Ohio. Suffering our boat to drift with the stream, whenever large flocks approached us, we shot a great number of them.

About the third day of our journey we entered the mouth of Cash Creek, a very small stream, but at all times a sufficient deep and good harbour. Here I met a French Count, a celebrated traveller, bound like ourselves to St. Genevieve, Upper Louisiana (now the State of Missouri.) We soon learned that the Mississippi was covered by thick ice, and that it was therefore impossible to ascend it. Cash Creek* is about six miles above the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi. The stream flows from some hills to the northward of its mouth, which are covered with red and black oak, shumac and locust trees; and were formerly said to contain valuable minerals, of which they have been since

* Now the site of the flourishing town of Trinity.

proved to be totally destitute.—The point of land, between the Creek and the junction of the two rivers, is all alluvial and extremely rich soil, covered with heavy black walnut, ash, and pecan trees, closely tangled canes, and nettles, that are in summer at least six feet high. It is overflowed by both rivers during their freshes.

The Creek, now filled by the overplus of the Ohio, abounded with fish of various sorts, and innumerable ducks, driven by winter to the south from the Polar Regions. Though the trees were entirely stripped of their verdure, I could not help raising my eyes towards their tops, and admiring their grandeur. The large sycamores with their white bark formed a lively contrast with the canes beneath them; and the thousands of parroquets, that came to roost in their hollow trunks at night, were to me objects of interest and curiosity. About fifty families of Shawanee Indians had moreover chosen this spot for an encampment, to reap the benefit of a good harvest of pecan nuts; and to hunt the innumerable deer, bears, and racoons, which the same cause had congregated here. These were not the first natives, (for I cannot like many Europeans call them savages) that I had seen; I understood their habits and a few words of their language, and as many of them spoke French passably, I easily joined both their “talks” and their avocations.

An apparent sympathy connects those fond of the same pursuit, with a discernment almost intuitive, whatever be their nation;—all those hunters who loved

fishing and pursuits of enterprize, ere long crowded round me; and as soon as they learned my anxiety for curiosities of natural history, they discovered the most gratifying anxiety to procure them for me. Even the squaws set small traps for the smaller animals;—and when, in return, I presented them with a knife, a pair of scissors, &c. they expressed their gratitude as gracefully as the most educated female would have done. My friend F— neither hunter nor naturalist, sat in the boat all day, brooding, in gloomy silence, over the loss of time, &c. entailed by our detention. The Count kept a valuable journal, since published—hunted a great deal, and was as careless of the weather as myself; but his companion and father-in-law, like my partner, sat in his boat, pining with chagrin and ennui:—their case, however, was hopeless; here we were, and were forced to remain, until liberated by a thaw.

On the second morning after our arrival, I heard a movement in the Indian camp, and having hastily risen and dressed myself, I discovered that a canoe containing half a dozen squaws and as many hunters, was about to leave the Illinois for the Tennessee side of the river. I learned also that their object was to proceed to a large lake opposite, to which immense flocks of swans resorted every morning. These flocks are so numerous and strong, that it is, however incredible it may at first seem, a well-known fact, that they keep the lakes which they frequent open, merely by swimming upon them night and day.—Having obtained permission to join the party, I seated myself in the canoe, well supplied with

ammunition and a bottle of whiskey,—in a few moments the paddles were at work, and we swiftly crossed to the opposite shore. I was not much astonished, during our passage, to see all the labour of paddling performed by the squaws; for this feature of Indian manners was not new to me; but I was surprized to see that upon entering the canoe, the hunters laid down, and positively slept during the whole passage. On landing, the squaws, after securing the boat, proceeded to search for nuts, whilst the *gentlemen* hunters made the best of their way, through the “*thick and thin,*” to the lake.

Those who have never seen anything of what I call “*thick and thin,*” may perhaps think I allude to something like the furze which covers some of the moors of Scotland,—but they must imagine the shores of the Ohio, at its junction with the great muddy river called the Mississippi, to be fairly overgrown with a kind of thick-set cotton trees, that rise as closely from the muddy soil of the bank as can well be conceived—they are not to be beaten down; you must slide yourself between them,—and in summer you have a pretty task to keep off the musquitos that abound amongst them. After these thickets there are small nasty lagoons, which you must either swim across, jump over, or leap into and be drowned, according to your taste or capability;—but when the task of reaching the lake is accomplished—what a feast for a sportsman! There they lie, by hundreds, of a white or rich cream colour—either dipping their black bills in the water; or leaning backwards, and gently resting with one leg expanded, floating along

and basking in the sunshine. The moment that these beautiful birds saw our videttes, they started up in immediate apprehension : — but the plan of our Indians drove the poor swans the nearer to their fate, the farther they retreated from either shore. Men were placed behind the trees, who knew how to take a dead aim, and every shot told. Being divided, three on one side and four on the other, the moment that one party had driven the swans towards the other,—the former hid themselves ; and when the birds flew from the fire of the latter, they alighted within good distance of those who had first alarmed them. What would those English *sportsmen*—who, after walking a whole day, and exploding a pound of powder, march home in great glee, holding a partridge by the legs, with a smile on their lips and a very empty stomach,—say to this day's devastation amongst the swans ? I saw these beautiful birds floating on the water, their backs downwards, their heads under the surface, and their legs in the air, struggling in the last agonies of life, to the number of at least fifty—their beautiful skins all intended for the ladies of Europe.

The sport was now over ;—the sun was nearly even with the tops of the trees—a conch was sounded, and after a while the squaws appeared, dragging the canoe, and moving about in quest of the dead game. It was at last all transported to the river's edge, and we were landed upon the Illinois bank again before dark. The fires were lighted—each man eat his mess of pecan nuts and bear's fat, and then stretched himself out, with feet close to the small heap of coal intended for the night.

The females then began their work ;—it was their duty to skin the birds. I observed them for some time, and then retired to rest, very well satisfied with the sports of this day—the 25th of December.

On the following morning I found that a squaw had given birth to beautiful twins during the night—she was at work, tanning deer-skins. She had cut two vines at the roots of opposite trees, which, having their upper branches twined in the tops of the trees, made a kind of swing ; and framed a cradle of bark, in which the infants were swung to and fro by a gentle push of her hand,—from time to time, she gave them the breast, and to all appearance seemed as unconcerned as if nothing had taken place. What a difference between this Indian mother and a lady of fashion !

An Indian camp upon a hunting expedition is not, I assure you, a place of idleness ;—and although the men do little more than hunt, they pursue this task with a degree of eagerness bordering upon enthusiasm. One of their party, a tall and robust man, assured us one morning that he would have some good sport that day, as he had found the *gite* of a bear of some size, and wished to combat him singly ;—we all started with him, to see him fulfill his bold promise. When we had gone about half a mile from the camp, he said he discerned the bear's track, although I could positively perceive nothing ; ~~and he went on,~~ and he went on, rambling through the thick cane brake, until we reached a large decaying log of timber, of an immense size :—in this he said that the bear was concealed. I have rarely seen a finer object

than this Indian, at the moment when he prepared to encounter his prey. His eyes sparkled with joy—the rusty blanket was thrown in an instant from his shoulders—his brawny arms seemed swelling with the blood that rushed through their prominent veins, and he drew his scalping knife with a fantastic gesture that plainly declared *la guerre à l'outrance*. He ordered me to mount a delicate sapling, which would, he said, be secure from the bear, who could easily ascend a larger tree with the activity of a squirrel;—whilst the other two Indians stood at the entrance of the hollow log, which the hero entered with the most resolute determination. All was still for some minutes;—he then emerged, and said the bear was slain, and that I could safely descend. His companions entered the log, and having tied the animal to a long vine, which they had cut, our united strength drew him out. This exploit was in fact less dangerous than it appeared, for the bear, when attacked in a confined spot like the trunk of a hollow tree, makes no resistance, but retires further and further back, until he is killed. As we returned to the camp, one of our Indians broke the twigs in our way from time to time, and on our reaching the camp, two squaws were sent on the track of the broken twigs, who returned at night with the flesh and skin of the animal.

The nuts were soon nearly all gathered; and I began to perceive that the game must be getting scarce, as the hunters remained in the camp, during the greater part of the day. At last, one morning, they packed up their

moveables, destroyed their abodes, and put off in their canoes down the Mississippi for the little Prairie,—bent on moving towards the Arkansas. Their example made us desirous of moving; and I set off with two of the crew to cross the bend of the river, and ascertain if the ice still remained too solid to allow us to proceed. The weather was milder: and on reaching the Mississippi, I found the ice so much sunk as to be scarcely discernible above the water; and I toiled along the muddy shore,—my fellows keeping about fifty yards behind me, until I reached Cape Girardeau. After calling for some time loudly for a boat, we saw a canoe put off from the opposite shore. When it reached us, a stout dark coloured man leaped on shore, who said his name was Lorimiè, the son of the Spanish Governor of Louisiana. Being a good pilot, he undertook with six stout men of his own, in addition to our four hands, to bring our boat up, and the bargain was soon arranged. His canoe was hauled into the woods, some blaze* was made on the surrounding trees; and he then took us by a direct route through the woods back to Cash-Creek, in about one third of the time I had occupied in coming, and ten times more comfortably. The night was spent in preparations; in making towing ropes of bullocks hides, and cutting good oars; and at daylight we left Cash-Creek, to embark on wider waters.

Going down the stream, to the mouth of the Ohio, was fine sport, and my friend F— thought himself near

* Cutting the bark off to mark the spot.

the end of the journey ;—but alas !—when we turned the point, and began to ascend the Mississippi, we had to stem a current of three miles an hour, and to encounter ice which, although sunk, much impeded our progress. The patron, as the director of the boat's crew is termed, got on shore ; and it became the duty of every man to *haul the Cordelle*—viz. to tow the boat by a rope fastened to a pole in the bow, leaving only one man in her to steer. This was slow and heavy work ; and we only advanced seven miles, during the whole day, up the famous Mississippi. On the approach of night, our crew camped on the bank ; and having made a tremendous fire, we all eat and drank like men that had worked hard, and went to sleep in a few moments. We started the next morning two hours before daybreak, and made about a mile an hour against the current ; our sail lying useless, as the wind was contrary. This night we camped out as before ;—and another ; and after that, a following day finding us at the same work, with very little progress, and the frost becoming quite severe again, our patron put us into winter quarters in the great bend of Tawapatee Bottom.

What a place for winter quarters ! Not a white man's cabin within twenty miles on the other side of the river, and on our own, none within at least fifty ! A regular camp was raised—trees cut down, and a cabin erected, in less time than a native of Europe would think possible. In the search for objects of natural history, I rambled through the deep forests, and soon knew all the Indian passes and lakes in the neighbourhood. The na-

tives, by some intuitive faculty, discover an encampment of this kind, almost as quickly as a flight of vultures find a dead deer; and I soon met some strolling in the woods on the look out. Their numbers gradually increased; and in about a week, several of these unfortunate rambling beings were around us. Some were Osages, but the greater part were Shawanees. The former were athletic, robust, well-formed men, of a nobler aspect than the others, from whom they kept apart. They hunted nothing but larger game—the few elk^s that remain in the country, and one or two buffaloes were all that they paid attention to. The latter were more reduced, or rather harder pressed upon by the whites; they condescended to kill opossums and even wild turkeys for their subsistence. Though I was often amongst the Osages, and very anxious to observe their manners, as they were a race new to me, yet as they spoke no French and very little English, I could hardly get acquainted with them, being ignorant of their language. They were delighted to see me draw; and when I made a tolerable portrait of one of them in red chalk, the others, to my astonishment, laughed to an excess. They bore the cold better than the Shawanees, and were more expert in the use of their bows and arrows.

Our time passed away;—after hunting all day with a young Kentuckian of our party, he would join me at night to chase the wolves that were prowling on the ice—~~crossing the river~~ to and fro, howling, and sneaking about the ~~very~~ camp for the bones which we threw away.

Meanwhile I studied the habits of the wild turkies, bears, congars, racoons, and many other animals ;—and I drew, more or less every day, by the side of our great fire. I will try to give you some idea of a great fire at a camp of this sort in the woods of America. Just before evening the axe-men tumble down four or five trees—probably ash, about three feet in diameter, and sixty feet to the first branches, or as we call them, the limbs. These are again cut into logs, of about ten feet in length, and, with the assistance of strong sticks, are rolled together, into a heap several feet high. A fire is made at the top, with brush-wood and dry leaves, kindled by a flint and steel ; and in the course of an hour, there is a flame that would roast you at the distance of five paces :—under the smoke of this the party go to sleep. It happened, on the only night that my friend F— slept on shore, that being very chill, he drew himself so close to the fire, that the side of his face, which lay uppermost, was fairly singed, and he lost one of his whiskers. We all laughed at this ;—but it was no joke to him, and he shaved off the remaining whisker very ruefully the next morning.

We remained here six weeks :—we had plenty of company from our Indian friends, with whiskey and food in abundance ; but our stock of bread began to give way, and we got tired of using the breasts of wild turkeys for bread, and bear oil instead of meat. The racoons and opossums, however tender, were at last disliked ; and it was decided one morning that I and my Kentuckian friend should cross the bend, to procure

some Indian corn-meal, and have it dragged down by men on skates, or otherwise. I was no novice in the woods; and my companion bound on his mocassins with great glee, and told me to come onwards,—and I followed his steps, until, meeting a herd of deer, we pursued them, tracking them with great ease through the snow. I shot one; and as we did not know what to do with it, we hung it on a tree; and, after marking the place, resumed our course. We walked on till nearly dark, but no river was seen. My friend urged me forward, and I still followed him; knowing very well that the business would end at last in supping on an opossum,—when we suddenly struck upon two tracks, which I took for those of Indians. He said that they would guide us to the river; and we followed them, until at an opening, I saw the wished-for Mississippi;—but many *shoe-racks* were visible and I began to get alarmed. My friend still kept up his spirits, until at length we arrived at—our own encampment! The boatmen laughed, and the Indians joined in the chorus:—we eat a racoon supper, and were soon after refreshed by sleep. This was a raw expedition; yet nothing was more natural than that it should happen to those not perfectly acquainted with the woods. They start—form a circle, and return to the point which they left at first. I cannot account for this: but the same thing has often occurred to me in my early hunting excursions. Of which the following is an instance.

One day in the winter, I had been shooting ducks upon a lake at no great distance from home. It was rather late when I discontinued my sport, and turned

my steps homewards, well laden with the birds, which were suspended from a belt around my waist. Soon after I had entered the woods which I had to traverse, it began to snow ; and as I was therefore desirous to reach home as soon as possible, I unburdened myself of about half of my game, laying it upon a stump of a newly-felled tree. Thus lightened, I set off at a quick pace ;—the snow continuing to fall, I was no longer able to see my way ; but pushed on, as I thought, in a straight line ; until, after about two hours of smart walking, I arrived at a felled tree, upon the stump of which lay about a dozen dead ducks. It did not for a moment occur to me that these could be the birds of which I had divested myself two hours before ; and so, thinking that they had been deposited there by some other hunter, I set forth again ; wondering, however, that I was so long in reaching home, which I knew to be not more than ten miles distant from the place where I had been shooting. After walking as hard as I could for about an hour longer, to my disagreeable surprise, I came upon the ducks again ! This second meeting induced me to examine them narrowly ; when I discovered that they were my own game ; and that I had actually been walking all this time in a circle ; although, on leaving them, I had taken different directions each time, I had returned, as it were by magic, to the self-same spot from which I had first departed ! It was now night :—I saw that it would be useless to attempt reaching home before morning, and prepared myself for camping out beside my ducks. I lighted a fire, and passed the night very

comfortably, sheltered by the snow, which I scooped out so as to form a very good *gite*. The following morning, I started at daylight, and in about half an hour reached my home, which was not more than three miles distant from the place where I had passed the night.

My friend and I were not to be thus defeated; we moved off, as soon as day broke, without mentioning our intentions, taking our guns and my dog, in search of the opposite side of the bend. This time, luckily, we pushed straight across;—neither the innumerable flocks of turkies nor the herds of deer stopped us, until we saw Cape Girardeau, about an hour before sunset. On reaching the river, we called in vain for a boat—the ice was running swiftly down the stream, and none dared put out. A small abandoned hut stood close to us, and we made it our home for the night; and our evening meal was principally composed of a pumpkin that had withstood the frost. With a gun and a little powder we soon kindled a fire and lighted some broken branches—we fed the flames with the boards of the abandoned house, and went to sleep very comfortably;—what a different life from the one I lead now! And yet that very evening I wrote the day's occurrences in my journal before going to sleep—just as I do now; and I well remember, that I gained more information that evening about the roosting of the Prairie hen, than I had ever done before.

Daylight returned, fair and frosty:—the trees, covered with snow and icicles, became so brilliant when the sun rose, that the wild turkies quite dazzled, preferred walk-

ing under them to flying amongst their glittering branches. After hailing the opposite shore for some time, we perceived a canoe picking its way towards us through the floating ice ;—it arrived, and we soon told the boatmen our wishes to procure some bread or flour. They returned, after having been absent nearly the whole day, bringing us a barrel of flour, several large loaves, and a bag of Indian corn-meal. The flour was rolled high on the bank ; we thrust our gun-barrels through the loaves, and having hung the bag of Indian corn-meal on a tree, to preserve it from the wild hogs, we marched for our camp, which we reached about midnight. Four of our men were sent with axes, who formed a small sledge, on which they placed the precious cargo, and hauled it safely to the camp, over the snow.

The river having risen slowly and regularly, as the Mississippi always does, now began to subside ; the ice, falling with the water, prepared fresh trouble for us ; and in order to keep the boat afloat, it was thought prudent to unload the cargo. It took us two days, with the assistance of the Indian women, to pile our goods safely on the shore, and to protect them from the weather. For the security of the boat, we cut down some strong trees, with which we framed a kind of jetty, a little higher up the stream, to ward off the ice, which was rapidly accumulating. Being now fairly settled in our winter quarters, we spent our time very merrily ; and so many deer, bears, and wild turkies suffered in our

hunting parties, that the trees around our camp looked like butchers' stalls, being hung round with fat venison, &c. Moreover we soon found that the lakes contained abundance of excellent fish; and many of us would walk over the ice with axes, and whenever a trout, pike, or cat-fish rose immediately beneath it, a severe blow on the ice killed the fish, which the hunter secured by opening a hole with the axe. We used also sometimes to make a large hole in the ice, several feet in diameter; the fish, in search of air, resorted to it from different quarters, and were shot as they appeared on the surface of the water. The squaws tanned the deer-skins, stretched those of the racoons and otters, and made baskets of canes: my friend played tolerably on the violin; I had a flute—and our music found pleased hearers, whilst our men danced to the tunes, and the squaws laughed heartily at our merriment. The Indian hunters formed the outer ring of our auditory—smoking their tomahawk pipes with a degree of composure, which no white man ever displayed at such merry-makings. After we had passed six weeks in this manner, the river began to fall very much,—the ice was heaped along both shores, so that a narrow channel alone appeared clear; and at last our patron said, that this was the time to depart for Cape Girardeau. All was bustle—the cargo was once more put on board;—our camp was abandoned, and the Indians and we parted like brethren.

Our navigation was now of the most dangerous

natures; the boat was propelled by pushing with long poles against the ice, or the bottom, whenever it could be touched;—and we moved extremely slowly. The ice on each side was higher than our heads;—and I frequently thought that if a sudden thaw had taken place, we should have been in a dangerous predicament indeed;—but good fortune assisted us, and at length we reached the famous Cape.

The little village of Cape Girardeau contained nothing remarkable or interesting except Mr. Lorimié, the father of our patron, who was indeed an original, and the representative of a class of men now fast disappearing from the face of the earth. His portrait is so striking and well worth preserving, that I shall attempt to draw it.

Imagine a man not exceeding four feet six inches in height, and thin in proportion, looking as if he had just been shot out of a pop-gun. He had a spare, meagre countenance, in which his nose formed decidedly the most prominent feature. It was a true *nez à la Grand Frédéric*—a tremendous promontory, full three inches in length—hooked like a hawk's beak, and garnished with a pair of eyes resembling those of an eagle. His hair was plastered close to his head with a quantity of pomatum; and behind he wore a long queue rolled up in a dirty ribbon, which hung down below his waist. The upper part of his dress was European, and had evidently once been made of the richest materials; and though now wofully patched and dilapidated, you might still observe here and there

shreds of gold and silver lace adhering to the worn apparel. His waistcoat, of a fashion as antique as that of his nose, had immense flaps or pockets that covered more than one-half of his lower garments. These latter were of a description totally at variance with the upper part of his costume. They were of dressed buck-skin, fitting tight to his attenuated limbs, and ornamented with large iron buckles at the knees, which served to attach and support a pair of Indian hunting-gaiters that had, like the rest of his dress, seen long and hard service. To complete his costume, he wore on his feet a pair of mocassins, or Indian shoes, that were really of most beautiful workmanship. These articles of dress, together with his small stature and singular features, rendered his appearance, at a little distance, the most ludicrous caricature that can be imagined; but upon approaching nearer, and conversing with him, his manners were found to be courteous and polished. He had been, as I before mentioned, the governor of Louisiana, while it was in the possession of the Spaniards; when this country was purchased by the Government of the United States, he retired to this little village, where he was looked upon as a great general, and held in the highest esteem and consideration by all the inhabitants.

We decided not to remain here; and our patron urging us to proceed to St. Genevieve, we moved once more between the ice, and arrived in a few days at the Grand Tower; an immense rock detached from the shore, around which the current rushes with great

violence. Our *cordelles* were used to force a passage at this dangerous spot ; and our men, clinging to the rock as well as they could, looked as if each movement would plunge them into the abyss—but we passed on without accident. All this night, we heard the continual howling of the wolves, amidst the heavy woods that covered the large hills on the Illinois shore, opposite to this rock. From what I know of their habits, I am convinced that they were hunting deer in the following manner. They hunt in packs, like dogs,—but with far more sagacity and contrivance. They divide themselves into separate bodies ; some to rouse the game, and others to waylay them. The pack that is on the hunt starts one or more deer, following them with a note, like that of hounds in full cry,—and drives the game before it towards the wolves posted in ambush. These wolves, when the deer pass, start up fresh, and following their prey, soon overtake it ;—and it is well known that a cry is uttered as a signal for assembling at the death of the game, somewhat like the death-note of the hunter's bugle.

We arrived safely at St. Genevieve, and concluded the object of our adventure very satisfactorily. St. Genevieve was then an old French town—small and dirty ; and I far preferred the time I spent in Tawapatee Bottom to my sojourn here. Having arranged my affairs, I waited only for a thaw to return home. The ice broke at last ; and bidding my companions good-bye, I whistled to my dog—

crossed the Mississippi, and in a few hours was on my road, on foot and alone, bent on reaching Shawanee Town as soon as possible.' I had little foreseen the nature of the task before me,—as soon as I had left the lands, on reaching the Prairies, I found them covered with water, like large seas: however nothing could induce me to return, and my ardent desire to rejoin my wife and family made me careless of inconvenience or fatigue. Unfortunately I had no shoes;—and my mocassins constantly slipped, which made the wading very irksome. Nevertheless, on the first day I made forty-five miles, and swam the Muddy River. I saw only two cabins during the whole day; but I had great pleasure in observing the herds of deer that were crossing the Prairies, as well as myself, ankle-deep in water. Their graceful motions, and their tails spread to the breeze, were discernible for many miles. With the exception of these beautiful animals, and the thousands of buffalo-skulls that lay scattered about, just appearing above the water, which was about a foot deep—there was nothing remarkable at this season; but in Spring, about the month of May, the Prairies are indeed a garden. The grass, rich and succulent, shoots from the soil with incredible rapidity; and amongst its green carpeting, millions of variegated flowers raise their odoriferous heads. Butterflies of the richest colours, hover about in the sunshine, and the humming-bird darts swiftly along, gathering honey, amongst clouds of bees. The deer are quietly reposing

upon the luxuriant herbage, in picturesque groups, and the flocks of the squatters are seen scattered about in all directions. The weather is mild, the sky cloudless; and nothing can be conceived more delightful than travelling over these fertile regions at this season. Yet they are infested by one scourge—the Buffalo-gnats. These insects fly in dense bodies, compacted together like swarms of bees, as swift as the wind. They attack a deer or buffalo—alight upon it, and torture the animal to death in a few minutes. This may appear incredible, till we recollect that the swarms are so dense that above a hundred will often alight upon a square inch. I had myself an opportunity of witnessing their fatal power, when I crossed the same prairies in the May following the very Christmas of which I am writing. I was mounted upon a fine horse; and in consequence of the advice of experienced persons, I had his head and body wholly cloathed with light linen, to protect him from these gnats—leaving only the nostrils uncovered. Being unaware of the full extent of the danger, I was not, as it proved, sufficiently careful in joining the different cloths which covered my horse. I had ridden a considerable distance, when, on a sudden, he actually began to dance: he snorted, leaped, and almost flew from under me. This took place near the Big Muddy River, for which I instantly made, and plunged the horse into the stream to quiet him;—but upon reaching the shore, his motions were languid—his head drooped—and it was with difficulty

that I reached a squatter's hut, where the poor animal died in a few hours. He had been bitten between the joinings of his body-cloths by a swarm of these remorseless insects, whose bite is invariably fatal, whenever they can settle upon the body of an animal in any number. They do not attack the human species ;—and it is only during the heat of the day that they appear,—at which time the cattle in the prairies resort to the woods for security. The deer rush to the water to avoid them, and stand, during the mid-day heats, with only their noses appearing above the surface.

A light smoke arising from the trees which covered a beautiful mound, promised me a good dinner, and gave me an appetite ;—and I made straight for it. The woman of the house which stood there received me kindly ; and, whilst the boys were busied in examining my handsome double-barrelled gun, as I sat drying my clothes by the fire, the daughter ground coffee, fried venison, and prepared eggs ; which, washed down by a good glass of brandy, formed a sumptuous repast. To those who, used to the ceremonies of cities, have no idea how soon an acquaintance is cemented in these wilds by the broad ties of hospitality—it would have been a matter of surprise to see how, though we were previously strangers, we became in an hour as familiar as if we had been friends for years.

I slept at this hospitable dwelling ;—and the kind hostess was stirring at day-break to get me a good

breakfast before I started ;—of course for all this she would receive no recompence, so I gave each of the boys a horn of powder—a rare and valuable article to a squatter in those days. My way lay through woods, and many cross roads that intersected them embarrassed me much ; but I marched on ; and, according to my computation, I had left about forty five miles behind me at nightfall. I found a party of Indians encamped by the edge of a cane brake ; and having asked in French permission to pass the night with them, my request was granted. My bed was soon prepared, in which, after eating some supper, I was ere long fast asleep. On awaking the next morning, I found, to my surprize, that all the Indians were gone, with their guns—leaving only two dogs to guard the camp from the wolves. I was now not above forty miles from Shawanee ; and my dog, who knew very well that he was near home, seemed as happy as myself. I did not meet a single person the whole day, and not a cabin was then to be found on that road. At four the same evening I passed the first salt-well ; and half an hour brought me to the village. At the Inn, I was met by several of my friends, who had come to purchase salt ; and here I slept,—forty seven miles from home.—The next day, to my great joy, brought me to my family :—and thus ended this pleasant excursion. Now confess, my dear friend, were not these rare Christmas doings ?

A Thought of the Rose.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

*Rosa, Rosa ! perche nulla tua beltà
Sempro e scritta questa parola—MORTE ?*

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
 ROSE ! ever wearing beauty for thy dower !
 The Bridal day—the Festival—the Tomb—
 Thou hast thy part in each,—thou statest thou flower !

Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by
 A thousand images of Love and Grief,
 Dreams, fill'd with tokens of mortality,
 Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that hail'd thee first
 In the clear light of Eden's golden day ;
There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
 Link'd with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose ! for the banquet gathered, and the bier ;
 Rose ! coloured now by human hope or pain ;
 Surely where death is not—nor change, nor fear,
 Yet may we meet thee, Joy's own Flower, again !

Gibbon in his Garden.

"It was on the day or rather night of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a Summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *harcour*, or covered walk of *Acetius*, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene—the silver tint of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all creation was silent. * * * But I feel, and with the decline of years I shall more painfully feel that I am alone in Paradise.

GIBBON'S MEMOIRS.

HE sate in his own loved bowers,
 While the summer-moon's soft light
 Was bathing the roses and jessamine flowers,
 That bloom'd through the noon of night ;
 The spirit of nature benignly had blest
 The scene and the season with beauty and rest.

Before him a bright lake lay,
 And a fruitful valley smil'd ;
 And beyond, in the moon-beam's glancing ray,
 Were the polished glaciers piled ;
 And the splendour of million worlds was lent
 To the face of the dark blue firmament.

And not the charm alone,
 Of visible nature was there ;
 For the MIND's high triumphs and beauties shone
 Even more divinely fair ;
 After years of labour the patient sage
 In rapture gazed on the perfect page.

He had traced an Empire's fate,
And the star of Cæsar's line,
From the blaze of its high meridian state,
To its dark and cold decline ;
And the lofty magnificent tale was told
In words that glittered like burnished gold.

He had linked his humble name
With that of the mighty dead ;
And already he felt the rich wreath of fame
On his throbbing temples shed ;
The splendent circle was round them twined,
And he reigned a king in the realms of mind !

But in this, his hour of pride,
Was his spirit truly blest ?
And felt he no longing for aught, beside
The high hopes that thronged his breast ?
Oh yes !—for his bosom yearned to impart
Its burden of bliss to some kindly heart.

He knew that fate had given
All other boons than this—
And he sighed, when he felt that the hand of heaven
Had denied the crowning bliss—
The Eden around him was all his own,
~~But~~ amid that Eden he stood *alone* !

H. R.

A Retrospect.

BY J. MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

I LEFT the God of truth and light,
 I left the God who gave me breath,
 To wander in the wilds of night,
 To perish in the snares of death !

Sweet was His service ; and His yoke
 Was light and easy to be borne ;—
 Through all His bonds of love I broke ;
 I cast away His gifts in scorn.

I danced in folly's giddy maze ;
 And drank the sea, and chased the wind ;—
 But falsehood lurked in all her ways,
 Her laughter left a pang behind.

I dream'd of bliss in pleasure's bowers,
 While pillowing roses stayed my head ;
 But serpents hiss'd among the flowers,—
 I woke, and thorns were all my bed.

In riches then I sought for joy,
 And placed in glittering ore my trust ;
 But found that gold was all alloy,
 And worldly treasure fleeting dust.

I woo'd ambition—climb'd the pole,
And shone among the stars ;—but fell
Headlong, in all my pride of soul, '
Like Lucifer, from heaven to hell.

Now poor, and lost, and trampled down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty vengeance, from thy frown ?
Eternal justice, from thy eye ?

Lo ! through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace ;
The sun of righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.

My suffering, slain, and risen Lord !
In deep distress I turn to Thee—
I claim acceptance on thy word,
My God ! my God ! forsake not me !

Prostrate before thy mercy seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair ;
None ever perished at thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

Lines to S. E.

ON STEALING A VIOLET.

'MID the leaves where the beautiful fugitive grew,
 From the spot where it bloomed to the splendours of day,
 I marked with delight its soft petals of blue,
 And bore from the garden exulting away.

'Twas gathered—'twas done, no regret could recall,
 Or restore the gay blossom again to the bower ;
 Then I mused—and perhaps as I mourned o'er its fall,
 Fancy whispered in accents like these to the flower :

Sweet infant of Spring ! never more, in the shade,
 Shall thy tints in their brilliancy rival the sky—
 Ah ! surely, as fast as the moment, they fade,
 Condemned on my bosom to languish and die.

But though Time, as he silently steals the short hour,
 Shall wither the bud and the blossom away,
 There are hues—there are odours, surviving his power,
 In colours more lovely—more lasting than they.

Yes Friendship for thee, with the pulse of my heart,
 Shall beat, as they wander united along,
 With warmth unabated—and only depart
 When the last potent mandate must silence my song.

[spring—

There are flowers far more fragrant than those of the
 For thee, my belov'd ! they for ever shall bloom ;
 And when we in the dust have forgotten to sing,
 They shall breathe o'er our graves an immortal perfume.

S. R.

Epigram

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY (AUTHOR UNKNOWN.)

BY THE REV. W. SHEPHERD.

IF at the bottom of the cask,
 Be left of wine a little flask,
 It soon grows acid :—so when man,
 Living through Life's most lengthened span,
 His joys all drain'd or turn'd to tears,
 Sinks to the lees of fourscore years,
 And sees ~~the~~ ~~approach~~ Death's darksome hour—
 No wonder if *he's* somewhat sour !

Kester Hobson.*

A TALE OF THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS.

IN a retired part of the Yorkshire Wolds, stood, some years ago, the Castle of Lounsbrough, 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 Lounsbrough 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

* This legendary tale was related to the author by some of the older peasants of the Wolds; similar traditions have prevailed in many other places.—See “Fairy Legends,” &c. by T. C. CROKER, Esq.

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 dark 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 Lounsborough 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 surprized 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 deposites. 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 beseeemed 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 success 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 to 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 for 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 bedside, 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 as 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 Lounsborough Castle. His countenance betrayed a visible agitation; but fortunately he stood in the dark part of the shop, where the light did not fall upon his face. He could hardly for-

bear 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 reigns 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 laughs 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.

J. M.

Sonnet.

ON Death, thy time my spirit dreads to view,
 Not for its pangs—their sum is quickly told;
 But earth is fair, the grave how dark and cold!
 And though pale sorrow as a leaf of rue
 The draught of life embitters, 'tis not true
 That all its sweetness from the cup hath fled;
 Hath not the hand of the Almighty shed,
 Upon our arid path, the balmy dew
 Of frequent blessing—therefore do I grieve,
 My native quiet home, and faithful friend,
 Whose presence charmed the sense of pain, to leave.
 —Oh not so soon my brief existence end!
 But let me linger forth a few more hours,—
 A few more summer-days of sunshine and gay flowers!

F.



The Vintage.

THE Vintage! the Vintage! our labour is done,
 We have finished our toils with the course of the sun:
 The heavens are all radiant with glory—the earth
 Is full of the sounds of rejoicing and mirth;
 Our presses stream over with rich rosy wine,
 And the husbandman sleeps at the foot of his vine.

Thy praises, brown Autumn! thy praises we sing:
 Thy smile hath matured the pale children of Spring;
 Thou hast finished the task which bright Summer begun,
 And ripened her lingering fruits by thy sun;
 Thou hast given the corn-field its mantle of gold,
 And the grape those rich clusters we joy to behold.

All day we have toiled on the vine-covered hill,
 And now it is even-tide, balmy and still;
 Then haste;—on the turf let the banquet be spread,
 With the stars in the sky for our lamps over head;
 And pause but a moment, one *Ora* to say
 For the souls of the dead, and our friends far away.

Who spoke of the dead? let no thought of *them* now
 With its chilling remembrance o'ershadow the brow—
 Long ages have passed since the sires of our line,
 Built up their low hamlet, and planted this vine;
 Like ours was their labour, like ours was their feast,
 And where they are slumbering we also shall rest.

In peace let them slumber ! their sons will not stray
From their dear native clime, to a land far away ;
But under the vault of our blue southern sky,
As they lived we will live, as they died we will die :
The cypress and yew o'er their monuments wave.
Nor traitor nor tyrant shall trample their grave !

But think not of them ! for the present be gay,
Though grief come to-morrow, now pleasure shall sway ;
And sadness shall vanish at melody's sound,
Then, Music, awake ! and the goblet go round !
Be joyful, be joyful, our labour is done,
We have finished our toils with the course of the sun !

H. F. C.

Lobe's Mastery.

SHE was his own, his all:—the crowd may prove
A transient feeling, and misname it love :—
His was a higher impulse ; 'twas a part
Of the warm blood that circled through his heart,
A fervid energy, a spell that bound —
Thoughts, wishes, feelings, in one hallow'd round.

Benevolence.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

OH, let us never lightly fling
 A barb of woe to wound another ; .
 Oh, never let us haste to bring
 The cup of sorrow to a brother.
 Each has the power to wound—but he
 Who wounds that he may witness pain,
 Has learnt no law of Charity,
 Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.

'Tis godlike to awaken joy,
 Or sorrow's influence to subdue ;
 But not to wound—nor to annoy,
 Is part of virtue's lesson too :—
 Peace, winged in fairer worlds above,
 Shall bend her down and brighten *this*,
 When all man's labour shall be love,
 And all his thoughts—a brother's bliss.

London, 2d May, 1826.

The Water Lily.

UNRIVALLED empress of the silver lake,
 The slow canal, still pool, and rushy brake—
 When verdant morning opes her azure eyes,
 From her green couch, see lovely Nymphia rise!
 And, as her form the liquid glass divides,
 In rapturous wonder gaze the adoring tides—
 Lave her white neck in virgin beauty fair,
 And braid with lucid gems her golden hair.
 Where'er she moves, unnumbered swains attend,
 And with submissive love around her bend,
 Watch her gay smiles—inhale her rising sighs,
 And view the beauty with delighted eyes.—
 The passing breeze forgets awhile to blow,
 And Naiads wonder in the deeps below!

But when grey evening tints the hazy west,
 And twilight shadows tremble on her breast,
 Chilled by the sighing gales that round her blow,
 She folds her green vest o'er a neck of snow—
 Bends her soft cheek unused the storms to brave,
 And sleeps in silence on the languid wave.

S. R.

A Vision.

BY THE LATE DR. CURRIE.

*"Sunt gemine eorum portae, quarum altera fertur
Corne, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris."*

VIRGIL.

As I was passing a month of the delightful summer of 1780 at the ancient seat of my family in North Wales, I one morning awoke, after a disturbed night, soon after day break; and the shutters of my windows being open, the light shone on the bed where I lay. Not finding myself disposed to return to sleep, I opened my curtains, and resolved to indulge myself in that listless musing, that half delirium, which is often so grateful to the mind. A sycamore tree, which, according to the tradition of our family, was planted towards the middle of the last century by my great-grandfather, grew on the outside of my window: its branches, driven by the wind, were moving slowly backwards and forwards before the glass, and in the almost dead stillness around me, I could hear the noise of the breeze passing through its leaves. This tree was an acquaintance of mine from my infancy, but I had never before seen it in so interesting a point of view. The whistling of the wind, the movement of the branches which seemed almost voluntary, and the alternate shades of light and darkness thrown by this movement on the floor, gave it altogether a liveliness which struck me forcibly, and it required but little aid from the imagination to bestow on it con-

sciousness and animation. "How old, and yet how vigorous" said I, "is this beautiful sycamore! A hundred summers have shed their dews on its leaves; and a hundred more shall witness its unfading verdure: but he who planted it has long ceased to live; and the being that now contemplates it shall soon be motionless also. Yet art thou not, Oh Tree! exempt from the laws of decay: thy branches shall wither;—thy trunk grow dry and sapless;—the matter that forms thee resolve into its parent earth, and mingle with the dust of man, over whom thou triumphest! But hast thou indeed a substance, or art thou only a creature of the mind? An hour ago, where wert thou? In the arms of sleep, I perceived thee not, and how do I know that thou differest in aught from the phantasms of the night, which then seemed real? In a few hours hence I shall sleep again as before, and that which seems now a dream, shall again become reality. In a few years I shall sleep longer and deeper; and this pillow of down shall be exchanged for a pillow of dust; but who shall say that I shall then be senseless? The night of the tomb may present a new scenery before me, more beautiful and complete; and when I awake to its enjoyment, I may look back on 'this ferv'rous being,' as on a turbulent dream! Divine Berkeley! Thou second Plato, but greater than the first—how just and sublime are thy views! Mind alone has essence: the forms of matter are but shadows. The whole choir of earth and heaven?—what is it? What, but a passing vision?"

In this state of mind, so favourable to the operations of fancy, the impressions of sense gradually became more indistinct; a dark vapour seemed to spread itself over my eyes, and when my consciousness returned, the following pageant appeared before me.

I found myself on the side of a lofty mountain, rising out of the sea, the waves of which dashed against its base. The water was covered with a thin vapour, through which the sight penetrated with difficulty: and the objects on its surface, seen indistinctly, seemed agitated by the heavings of the surge. Casting my eyes behind me, I saw the mountain divide into two branches, which appeared to lose themselves in the clouds. Between them was a narrow passage, in the front of which stood a Being of more than mortal stature. His countenance had the bloom of youth; his eye, which was upon me, shone with divine radiance;—in one hand he held a spear, and with the other he beckoned me to approach, with benignant aspect. Wonder and reverence took possession of my heart; and I advanced with humble and hesitating steps. “Fear nothing,” said he, “I am the angel Ithuriel, the servant of the Most High; obey me, and be instructed. I have strengthened thy sight: turn thy face towards the ocean, and tell me what thou seest.” The clouds which had brooded over the water were rolled away; and the sea was covered with vessels of different sizes, all bending their course towards the mountain where we stood. On board of them I could discern the figures of human beings, sometimes directing the

helm or expanding the sails, and at other times resting indolently on the deck, and trusting themselves to the tide. Many of these vessels seemed to enjoy a steady gale, but some were almost becalmed, and others appeared to be tossed and agitated by the violence of a tempest. All, however, approached us, though with different degrees of celerity; the whole being carried forward by a strong current which set towards the shore. While I was about to ask an explanation of what I saw, the angel again addressed me. "Direct thy view upwards," said he, "and contemplate the sky as it hangs over the ocean." I turned my eyes towards the heavens, and saw them illuminated with streaks of light, and with meteors of transcendent beauty, shooting from behind the mountain where we stood across the hemisphere, and tinging the clouds with various colours of celestial hue. I gazed with astonishment and rapture; "Whence," said I, "Oh, inhabitant of heaven! arise those glorious visions, and what do they represent?" "A portion" said Ithuriel, "of the never-ending circle of being is presented before thee *in the tablet of human life*. Thou standest on an isthmus: below thee is the sea of Time, behind thee, where thine eye cannot penetrate, the boundless regions of eternity. The meteors that play on the heavens before thee are irradiations from objects too luminous for mortal eye, which have penetrated across the dark vapours that overshadow this mountain, and give a faint display of the real beauties of a brighter world. Again reflected from the impending clouds,

they are thrown with diminished lustre on the surface of the ocean, where they assume a thousand unsubstantial forms. It is these phantoms, which they mistake for realities, that thy fellow-mortals are pursuing; thy sight is farther strengthened; observe them more narrowly, and tell me what thou seest." "I see" said I, "the countenances of those who are advancing on the water agitated by various passions; and I can discern some of the objects which attract them, and which appear to dance before them on the billows as they approach. In their direct course I can discern a mighty whirlpool, towards which all the waters of the sea seem to flow, and the vessels are carried along by the power of its vortex." "The whirlpool which thou observest" said Ithuriel, "is the termination of mortal life; the innumerable tribes that cover the surface of the ocean must all be swallowed up in its abyss. Many, thou mayst see, that are on the brink of fate, are stored with provisions for a long voyage. How vain is their solicitude! their barks and their ladings shall perish in the gulph, and they themselves be cast up naked upon the shore!"

While the angel was yet speaking, I could discern the headmost vessel fast approaching the whirlpool. On the deck sat a man with contented air, and dull but placid countenance. His vessel was deeply laden, and moved evenly on the tide. He appeared unconscious of his danger, his attention being engaged by the figure of a palace in front, resembling, as far as I could discern, the Mansion-house in London. As he

got up, seemingly with the intention of preparing to enter it, he discovered the gulph immediately before him, and starting with agony and terror, instantly disappeared.

After him, followed several others of the same description. Their vessels were in general laden with different articles of merchandize, but some were ballasted with gold and silver, and others, to my surprise, were deeply pressed down in the water, though their lading seemed to consist only of thin pieces of paper of an oblong form. Some of these persons seemed to be entirely employed in gazing on their cargoes, but others appeared to have objects at some distance in their view, on which their attention was fixed. Among these last, I could observe a man of an open and ingenuous appearance, but with a face marked with anxiety and care. The vessel under him seemed to have been buffeted by the storms, and rolled much in the water. He kept his place however steadily at the helm, with an air of fortitude in his countenance, which seemed at times clouded with pain, but more frequently enlightened with comfort. He discovered the abyss at some distance before him, and folding his arms, he resigned himself to his fate with composure and magnanimity. When on the verge of the whirlpool, I saw him lying backward, with the air and attitude of one that sleeps.

The next vessel that followed was a canoe, in one end of which sat a man of a reddish hue. His body was almost naked, and his face was painted of different colours. On his head he wore a crown of variegated feathers, and in his hand he carried a bow. His coun-

tenance was sometimes agitated with keen emotion, and sometimes lethargic and dull. As he approached the whirlpool, he arose erect in his canoe, and with eyes fixed on the gulph before him, sunk undaunted under the waves.

A great variety of beings succeeded, most of whom seemed unconscious of the fate that awaited them; but some discerned the abyss at a distance, and endeavoured to steer a different course. They were able to hold a direction somewhat oblique, but the power of the vortex soon overcame their efforts, and sucked them under the tide.

While I contemplated the immense crowd that was rushing forward, I saw a vessel advancing that engaged my particular observation. It seemed extremely light, and violently agitated by the winds, which blew in succession in various directions. On the deck sat a man, whose hair hung loose on the breeze, and whose temples were covered with leaves of bay. He held a harp before him on which he seemed to play; and his countenance bespoke a mind agitated by lofty conceptions. Of the storm he appeared altogether heedless, his eye glanced alternately on the surface of the ocean, and the convexity of the sky; and I could discover a beam of light reflected from the heavens that played on his head. In this situation a sudden blast upset his bark; and he was tumbled into the sea. He was, however, able to get on the inverted keel, and I could discern that he still preserved his harp. At times he resumed his employment with the same

air of unconcern as formerly; but he was frequently interrupted by the rolling of the vessel, and he was generally half immersed in the water. A few of the notes he struck I could hear—they were exquisitely melodious, and seemed to brighten the sorrow of his countenance with an expression of elevation and hope. My heart was drawn towards this unfortunate being; but while I was musing on his condition, I perceived that he also had reached the termination of his voyage, and had sunk, like the rest, into the inevitable gulph.

My eye again wandered at large over the surface of the water, when a new object engaged my attention. In the prow of a bark that advanced with great rapidity, I saw a young man standing in a military garb. His port was noble, his aspect commanding, and his look was directed, with the utmost animation and ardour, towards a phantom immediately before him. The colours in which this spectre was portrayed were so vivid as to be distinctly visible. The figure seemed that of a beautiful female in the dress of an amazon; one hand was laid across her breast, and with the other she pointed upwards. The farther the warrior advanced, the greater appeared his eagerness; and his visage seemed to grow pale and sicken with the anxiety of his mind. But the instant he reached the gulph, his eye sparkled, his cheek flushed—he sprang forward with extended arms to catch the beautiful phantom, which burst in his embrace with a

flash of light that illuminated his countenance, as he sank under the waves, and diffused a splendour across the ocean far and wide !

The surprize and admiration which this produced had no sooner subsided, than a vessel attracted my notice, of a superior size. On the deck stood a man, in the dress of a Senator. His stature was tall, his attitude graceful and majestic ; though his hair was whitened with age, his countenance had the energy of youth, and his eye seemed to brighten with unquenchable fire. He looked around him with an air of authority and command ; and I could observe that his fellow voyagers within his view gazed on him with awe and reverence. The vessel seemed to move proudly under him ; the waves curling and foaming against her stem. As he approached the brink of the whirlpool, he stepped forward, in the attitude of one that speaks ; and raising his hand above his head in high emotion, he suddenly staggered forward, as if struck by lightning,—and tumbled headlong into the gulph ! The sound of his fall, which seemed like the fall of a Colossus, reached me distinctly ; and the waves appeared to recoil all around !

Whilst I was lost in sorrow and wonder, the voice of the angel again saluted me. “Grieve not” said he, “for what thou hast seen. The Eternal Spirit, whose creatures we are, penetrates all nature, and is equally present in the depth and darkness of the ocean, as in the brightness of the summer’s day. The beings that are lost to thy sight are yet under his protection, and shall again emerge with renovated powers. They are

spirits like thyself—emanations from the Supreme Spirit, and after a course of action and suffering, a part of which thou hast seen, shall again be united to the source from whence they sprung. Human life is a single scene in the great drama of existence. Earth, Oh Mortal! is the school of minds. When thou minglest in its cares and its pleasures, remember thy origin and thy destination: let thy heart be purified from baseness and vice, and bear thyself with the temper of an immortal. But look again on the ocean, and direct thine eye towards the North." I obeyed. On the verge of the horizon, a small vessel appeared, bounding through the waves. As it moved along, I could discern a man standing on the deck with a pencil in his hand. His attention was engaged by the vessels that were passing before him; and he seemed busy in recording their fate, as they successively disappeared. But of his own vessel he appeared to take no care or direction; and he did not seem conscious that he himself was rapidly borne along by the tide—I gazed on him by a secret sympathy—as he approached more nearly, a sudden thought struck me—alas! I knew his features, though I had never seen them *but in a mirror*. Confusion, surprise, and terror took possession of my mind. But as I saw this image approach the gulph, my eyes became dim; a thousand half-formed shadows danced before ~~my~~ sight; clouds and darkness gathered around; the vision melted away; and I found myself lying on my bed in the old Castle of B— by the bay of Caernarvon, with the sun-beams playing on my face.

Spring Crocuses.

BY MARY HOWITT.

“The vernal crocus in the neighbourhood of Nottingham presents a most beautiful appearance, covering with its bloom many acres of meadow, rivalling whatever has been sung of the fields of Enna; shewing at a distance like a flood of lilac, and tempting every merry little heart, and many graver ones also, to go out and gather.”

Naturalists Calendar for Time's Telescope for 1827, by W. Howitt.

NOT to cold-hearted, weary care
 Give up the soul, a votary won !
 Come now, a simple pleasure seize,
 Where a thousand thousand crocuses
 Are shining in the sun.

I have seen them oft, and loved them long,
 Comparing them in wild vagary,
 To some enchanted lake that lies
 Beneath the bright enchanted skies,
 In the old land of Faëry.

But why need we comparisons,
 They are themselves so beautiful ;
 Are they not flowers, dear English flowers,
 Growing in meadows that are ours,
 For any child to pull ?

And, from the dim and treeless town,
The little children have gone forth,
Running and leaping, happy bands,
With little baskets in their hands,
And hearts brim-full of mirth.

And, darkly pondering on the past,
Slowly have come down aged men ;
Feeble with years, and bent and hoar,
To gaze upon the flowers once more :—
Never to gaze again.

Here come the children of the poor,
Leaving their early cares behind,
Gamesome as the wild forest herd,
And free as is the mountain bird,
Or as the mountain wind.

Some like strong lambs at play ; and some
Culling of choicest flowers a few ;
And some like gleaners bending low,
Keep gathering on, a steady row,
And never have enow.

The little infant 'mong the grass
Sits, gaily singing to itself ;
Until comes out a gaudy fly,
Or a small bee goes humming by,
Then shouts the merry elf.

Aye, sing unto the lark above ye,
And freely wander where ye list,
And glean up from the abounding earth
Strong joy, and rosy health, and mirth,
Good gifts too often missed !

For carelessly ye wander now ;
But passing life brings deep'ning shadows,
And ye, in some far, burning clime,
May oft retrace the youthful time
Spent in your native meadows !

And God sent flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood ;
And he is happiest who has power,
To gather wisdom from a flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude.

To an Eolian Harp.

SWELL on ! the Spirit of the breeze
 Seems now as sad as I—
 Or is it in soft sounds like these,
 He whispers sympathy ?
 None on earth with me will grieve,
 And though not there,
 Some, my heart would fain believe,
 Dwell in the air !

But no ! his grief is all his own—
 Doth he not, in that low tone,
 Half a sigh, and half a groan,
 Mourn, that 'mid the fields of flowers,
 He hath spent his twilight hours ?—
 But fragrance they have given him none ;
 They had been robb'd by the scorching sun !

Ha ! there's another strain—
 More hollow and drear ;
 Hark ! let it swell again—
 The wind is in fear ;
 Now he rushes o'er the wires,
 With deadly haste and shrill,—
 Now he quivers—now expires :
 How awful !—for how still !

Oh! he had passed some church-yard lone,
 And heard a wailing spirit's moan ;
 And then came trembling, shrieking, here,
 Till the strings echoed back his fear.

He awakes !—but his sorrow and dread

Still sleep—hark ! a melody

Too high for woe, for mirth too low,

Warbles soothingly—cheeringly.

Now the lulling numbers

Seem only meant for slumbers ;

Now, so bright the strain,

I wake to hear again ;

For dreams, for dreams alone,

Swells that wond'rous tone !

Oh! I hear in that sound the soft murmurings
 Of groves lov'd by zephyrs, and rock-channelled
 springs ;

And of fairies and wood-sprites the chorus gay,

As they meet, and exult o'er the death of day ;

And there breathes the nightingale's gentle farewell,

As she leaves to dark silence her favourite dell ;

And the word which maidens but once can tell,

And which lovers have longed for, and loved so well ;

And I hear the lone hermit's pensive prayer

Float to his God on the midnight air ;

And I hear Peace wave her harmonious wings,

In her short-lived joy, over sleep-tamed kings :

And I hear—I hear—oh ! 'tis Fancy's call,

And my spirit must fly to her dreamy hall !

The Oak Tree.

MAJESTIC monarch of the forest scene,
 The wood-birds love thy shade, thou noble Tree!
 And, nestling in thy foliage rich and green,
 Wake the sweet echoes with their melody,
 Half through the branches seen.

And when the sun is blazing in the sky,
 And earth is faint beneath its fervent heat,
 The deer will leave the open plains, and fly
 To seek for shelter at thy rugged feet,
 Where the brook wanders by.

And when the day is done, and all is still,
 Round thee the fairies dance, a merry throng,
 The moon gives forth her light, and from the hill,
 The nightingale for music lends her song,
 Joined with the bubbling rill.

The flowers that deck thy feet adorn their hair,
 Thy acorn-cups are vessels for their feast,
 And round they frolic it in gambols rare,
 Until the earliest morning paints the east,—
 Then vanish into air.

Each passing day in beauty didst thou grow,
 And now three hundred years thy form has stood ;
 But soon thy goodly beauty must be low—
 Low in the dust, proud monarch of the wood !
 Fell'd by the axe's blow.

A change comes o'er thy lot ;—and can it be,
 That this brave vessel which in harbour rides,
 Is formed and fashioned of the noble tree,
 To be the sport of waves, and winds, and tides—
 A traveller of the sea ?

Yes !—thou must pass to regions far away,
 Where the hot sun in tropic skies doth glow ;
 Or where his beams, with faint and sickly ray,
 But half light up the silver fields of snow
 That skirt some Arctic bay.

No more in verdant greenwood shalt thou hear
 The lark's sweet hymn, that bids the sun farewell ;
 For whistling winds and thunder peals are near,
 And ocean greets thee with his roaring swell,
 And stormy skies appear.

Go bounding o'er the waves, like war-horse gay !
 Clear be the skies, and gently breathe the wind ;
 Uncheck'd by winds or waves, hold on thy way,
 And safe return to those, who, left behind,
 Now for thy coming pray.

And, oh ! may He, whose all-creating power
 Bade thee spring up from earth, a stately tree,
 And decked thy feet with many a fairy flower,
 Guide thee in safety o'er the pathless sea,
 When storms tempestuous lour.

H F. C.

Sonnet.

TO DR. CHANNING.

YES ! earth shall still be brightened with the rays,
 Which virtuous hearts upon its darkness shed :
 Freedom shall raise up her exulting head,
 And point prophetic to the future days !
 And thine, O Channing ! be the Patriot's praise,
 Whose words of fire inflame the soul of youth
 With heaven's own spirit—honour, virtue, truth,
 Th' immortal glory time shall not erase.

Proceed ! while tyrants at thy page turn pale,
 And unstain'd hearts throb warmer at its power ;
 Leave to posterity that noblest dower,
 Thine own high mind—which future times shall hail ;
 And dwell enraptured on thy hope and trust,
 When earth's oppressors lie forgotten in the dust !

J. E. R.

Separation.

A CHANGE comes o'er my being—the last link,
 That bound me to its sympathies, is broken !
 And still I linger on its dreary brink,
 Waiting until the last command be spoken ;
 Oh ! who can tell how mournfully we think,
 When every passing moment brings a token
 Of that lost love, that, like the glowing sun,
 Warmed every beating pulse, until its sand was run.

I may not pause to dream of days long past,
 When love like this kept vigil o'er my hours ;
 For, oh ! remembrances so bitter cast
 Upon my withering heart their icy showers :—
 Thick on the ground, beneath the unpitying blast,
 My hopes lie scatter'd, like decaying flowers ;
 And as I contemplate the wreck, aghast,
 I feel that, in the heart, no spring-time pours
 Another flush of bloom o'er winter's leafless bowers !

Oh ! ye, who shroud the smiling earth in gloom,
 Winter of Death ! and Midnight of the Grave !
 Ye give not back your victims from the tomb,
 Though nature bleed to lose the fond and brave.

Your power shall crumble at the day of doom,
 Before His word, that stills the wind and wave ;—
 And His own children, from your bondage free,
 Shall join the lov'd—the lost,—through all eternity !

J. C.

Trans-Atlantic Scenery.

THE sandy banks, that now unfold,
 Seem to the sight like fretted gold ;
 And the hot and stilly air scarce heaves
 The palm tree's broad and rustling leaves ;
 No bird is seen o'er the wave to fly,
 But the fish-hawk darting from on high ;
 The panther sleeps, and the rattle-snake
 Lies coiled within the myrtle brake.—

But though so still, no scenes are these
 Nature's meek worshipper to please ;
 Before her thus in splendour drest,
 The spirit sinks—but not to rest,
 And for the calmer influence sighs
 Of sheltered vales, and milder skies.

Swiss Home-Sickness.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LAST OF THE MELODIES SUNG BY THE
TYROLESE FAMILY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Herr, mein Herr, warum so traurig," &c.

WHEREFORE so sad and faint, my heart !—
The stranger's land is fair ;
Yet weary, weary still thou art—
What find'st thou wanting there ?

What wanting ?—all, oh ! all I love !
Am I not lonely here ?
Through a fair land in sooth I rove,
Yet what like home is dear ?

My home ! oh ! thither would I fly,
Where the free air is sweet,
My father's voice, my mother's eye,
My own wild hills to greet.

My hills, with all their soaring steeps,
With all their glaciers bright,
Where in his joy the chamois leaps,
Mocking the hunter's might.

Oh ! but to hear the herd-bell sound,
 When shepherds lead the way
 Up the high Alps, and children bound,
 And not a lamb will stay !

Oh ! but to climb the uplands free,
 And, where the pure streams foam,
 By the blue shining lake, to see,
 Once more, my hamlet-home !

Here, no familiar look I trace ;
 I touch no friendly hand ;
 No child laughs kindly in my face—
 As in my own bright land !—

Stanzas

INTENDED FOR MUSIC.

FEAR not, love, that I should flutter
 To another's heart again ;—
 Every word thy sweet lips utter
 Is a magic chain.

Say not that my tongue dissembles—
 Can I feign the burning sigh,
 Poured to the pure soul that trembles
 In thy soft, dark eye ?

Autographs.

As the "*Hermit*" of M. de JOUY is scarcely less familiar to the English public than to the French, there are few of our readers who will not recollect the paper in which he denounces the collecting of *autographs* as the most absurd of all similar pursuits. "The English," he observes, "ever ready to confound what is merely rare with what is beautiful, are particularly curious in these collections;" and he ridicules the desire of possessing one of the letters even of BOILEAU, because written only "in the most simple style, not containing any anecdote, any particular fact, and remarkable for nothing but its bad spelling."

It could not but have occurred to the Parisian moralist that curiosity and veneration were motives sufficiently powerful to account for this apparent folly.

However contradictory it may sound, notoriety seems to invest its object with a veil of mystery which all are desirous of penetrating. We are curious not only to see the inspirations of a man of genius as they appeared before they were reflected to us from the press, but we wish to learn whether his familiar communications bear any resemblance to his works, or whether he accepts an invitation or makes an inquiry in a manner different from that of other men. Like the schoolboy, we are as much inclined to examine the mechanism of the watch, as to appreciate its beauty or its value.

In addition to these, are the higher feelings which induce us to reverence the relics of genius, as a homage to genius itself. The paper that bears undoubted marks of having been traced by the hand which has given the thoughts of its possessor to immortality, is worthy of a better fate than to be sent to "*l'épiciier du coin*," as the only place where it may be "*encore de quelque utilité*;" and he who can view it with unmoved feelings is little to be envied.

But independent of these considerations, it is impossible that such collections can be worthless. Even the meagre portfolio that now lies on our table has its value. We leave out of view its connection with the history of its possessor; the occasional evidences it exhibits of romantic hopes and mortifying disappointments; and we turn to the scraps which he cherished with the fondness, or, it may be, the folly of an enthusiast.

It is true the two letters we find written by BURNS relate only to the sale of his early publications: and the note by SIR WALTER SCOTT has no worthier subject than the furniture intended to decorate the splendid library of Abbotsford; but there are others more indicative of the dispositions and pursuits of their writers.

We do not give them as specimens of composition, but as possessing an interest connected with the public characters of the parties whose signatures they bear.

The first is from a letter written by MONTGOMERY, upon being informed of the popularity of his poems in the interior of the United States.

“ Those solitudes have heard my song, and smiled to hear it. I need not blush to say so; it is the truth—and of such an honest unbought triumph the pride and petulance of criticism cannot rob me: I have laurels beyond the reach of envy or spleen, and laurels which could not have been unworthily won. How long they will flourish I cannot pretend to foresee; but if they live but a day, and, like the gourd of *Jouah*, perish in a night, while they *do* live I will solace myself in their shade, and if I dream of immortality and awake to behold them withered in the morning, I will not repine; I shall slumber as sweetly in my grave, if daisies blossom, as if laurels thicken over it; yet every poet would be remembered, and remembered for ever on earth, though none ever died in the certain hope of *that* immortality, however confident in his talents, or however truly deserving the admiration and gratitude of posterity.”

Our next extract is from a letter from the late Miss SEWARD, and it would be difficult to find in her published volumes anything more characteristic of her mind and feelings—her ready appreciation of the talents of others—her restless vanity and concern as to the fame of her own.

“ When the warm and artless spirit of youth kindles at my strains, that delight-imparting circumstance seems to be, to use *Mr. Southey's* words concerning my warm praise of his glorious epic poem *Madoc*, ‘ an earn-

est of what posterity will give me.' The consciousness of it makes me feel that I have not lived or sung in vain. To hope that what I have written is capable of inspiring through future generations, the pure pleasure which genuine poetry never fails to impart where nature has given the respondent feeling, is a full recompence for the injustice of ignorance, prejudice, and envy. They *may*, indeed they *have* long since sickened me of publishing, of ordering new editions of those poems which have already passed the press, and of rescuing from the darkness of the closet a large collection of unpublished writings; but they cannot at their wish annihilate the verse that is lodged in the stores of the past, and which I think my country and her yet unborn Literati will rescue from the grasp of oblivion."

The subsequent passage is from the pen of a popular dramatist and actor, evidently written in one of those moments of depression by which the excitement of the stage, and its pursuits are so likely to be followed.

"Repeated attacks, too, of illness, of an illness which like mine bears strongly on the mind and spirits, lessen very much the ardour of life, and produce a carelessness about human events that borders often upon total apathy. They *indeed* make existence seem 'a weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable' labour, a mere mockery of the task of thought and the toil of action: under *their* influence it all seems to amount to—nothing; and in the moments of sickness, when activity is destroyed, when feeling is sub-

duced, and when reason is useless, when the world without us is a gloomy waste of indifference, and the world within us a dark mist of uncertainty, we are left wondering what we have been doing, and why we endeavoured to do it."

We take the following from a memorandum by the most powerful author of the *Lake School*, on the difference between the emotions produced by seeing the Pantheon at Rome and by a Gothic cathedral: the Apollo Belvidere and the Moses of Michael Angelo.

"The contemplation of the first fills the mind with self-satisfaction: we see an elevation, a deification of our own natures, and feel a noble pride in beholding it: but the last-mentioned objects lead us to the contemplation of a nature superior to our own; we feel an obscure consciousness of the eternal and immutable Being with whose worship they are connected; and in attempting to grasp the grandeur and infinity of the idea, the mind seems to grow with the effort. The one is an emotion of pride and elevation,—the other of reverence and awe."

If, following the fashion of the day, we could reconcile it to ourselves to violate the sanctity of private intercourse, we could swell this single paper to half the contemplated size of our volume. But we proceed no farther. Nor are such passages as these necessary to give value to a collection: there is both character and

meaning in single signatures ; and no one can look upon those of CANNING and of BROUGHAM without recognising the graceful and easy vigour of the one, and the gnarled strength, and power of the other. Or, if this should be merely visionary, when we consider how much, not only of misery but of crime, is occasioned by the want of a pursuit, we shall view with toleration one so innocent, if so useless, as that of collecting autographs.

X.

Scenery near Tyn-y-Maes.

• • • • •

ON either side, the mountains mottled heights
 Flung their dark shadows o'er a gloomy lake ;
 And, at their feet, a gush of waters fell
 From rocks in wildly-broken fragments piled
 O'er Nature's awful ruins. Spreading thence,
 The foaming river lingered through a vale,
 That smiled in summer beauty. Far above,
 My mountain-way I held—so that the lark,
 As from the sloping harvest-fields it sprung,
 Was pois'd beneath me, and I heard its song,
 Ev'n as the viewless spirits of the air
 May listen to the melody, when Morn
 Beholds its loftier flight !

The Banshee's Song.

" How oft has the Banshee cried,
 How oft has death untied
 Bright links that Glory wove,
 Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love."

MOONS.

THE moon was riding high in heaven, silvering the
 trees and waves,
 And 'twas at midnight's awful hour, when spirits
 leave their graves ;
 No wind the rustling tree-tops stirred,—and all was
 still and clear,
 Except the plaining of the brook which distant met
 the ear ;
 When lo ! upon the breeze was borne a strange
 unearthly sound
 To where an old and stately hall in gloomy grandeur
 frowned ;
 And, as still nearer and more near, the solemn music
 rang,
 Que single voice distinct and clear, this funeral
 message sang.

“ Is it to thee, thou aged sire, to *thee* that I am sent ?
Thy hair is silver as the snow, thy form with age is bent ;
The music of the lute and lyre is ever hushed to thee,
And to distinguish night from day is all thine eye
can see ;
But yet, though worn with care and woe, awhile thy
frame may last,
As the leaves long tremble on the bough, ere
scattered by the blast ;
Though Life is but one weary pang, and Death
would set thee free,
The Earth^{’s} must hold thee yet awhile—I am not
sent for thee !

“ Or am I sent to sing to thee, and tell thee thou
must die,
Thou of the tall, commanding form, and brightly-
glancing eye ?
Time has not touched thy raven locks, and on thy
cheek there glows
The rich unvarying bloom of health, like Summer’s
lingering rose ;
And must thou leave thy tender babes to want a
mother’s care,
Who morn and evening, at thy knee, lisp out their
infant prayer ?
No ! Heaven, in bounteous mercy rich, will spare the
parent tree,
Lest the young saplings perish too—I am not sent
to *thee* !

And thou, sweet babe, that in thy sleep so fair and
 placid seems,
 I would not that *my* fearful voice should scare thy
 golden dreams ;
 Thou hast known nought of Envy's pang, or Care's
 unquiet hours,
 Thy world is one vast Faëry land of sunshine and of
 flowers ;
 But soon, alas ! its gorgeous hues will fade before thine
 eyes,
 And all its glorious visions yield to sad realities ;
 Sleep on, and, blameless as thou art, so sweet thy sleep
 shall be,
 But thou must live to face the world—I am not sent
 for thee !

“ And thou, that watchest out the stars, with pale and
 solemn brow,
 Is it to thee that I am sent, from earth to call thee now ?
 Speak to their orbs of sparkling fire, and ask them
 can they tell,
 When thou must quit this mortal scene within a tomb
 to dwell :
 Speak yet again ! the stars are mute ! thy call they
 disobey,
 Thy necromantic art is vain ;—go, break thy wand,
 and pray !
 Thy sands are not run out ; their span may yet ex-
 tended be ;
 Improve the years that still remain—I am not sent
 for thee !

" But thou, fair girl of blithesome mien, there's gladness
 in thy voice,
 That oft has made these ancient halls re-echo and
 rejoice ;
 There is a lightness in thy step—a lustre in thine eye—
 That mocks at Death—but I am come to tell thee thou
 must die !
 And though so blooming now thou art, the gayest of
 the gay,—
 Before Disease's chilling touch thy beauties must decay ;
 For ere the Spring bedeck with flowers the field—with
 leaves the tree,
 Thou in the grave wilt silent lie—for I am sent to thee !

" The flowers thou tendest now with care will soon
 neglected die ;
 Thy bird, from cage released again, to its native forests
 fly ;
 How will thy widow'd mother weep, when, standing
 by *thy* bier,
 Whose lute, and smile, and angel voice, her darkest
 hours could cheer :
 And *he* to whom, but yester-eve, I heard thee plight
 thy vow—
 The flowers which might have formed thy wreath, may
 deck thy coffin now !
 E'en spirit as I am, I weep, that such a thing must be—
 But I am sent to call thee hence—and thou must
 follow me !"



Scene of the Opera

Designed by Edward P. Fisher

Le Contretems.

A TALK OF THE ANCIEN REGIME.

AMONGST the numerous traces of the Revolution in France, which arrest the attention of the foreign traveller, there are few which strike him more forcibly and painfully than the ruins of old chateaux which are scattered throughout the country, particularly in the northern and western departments. It may have been necessary that France should wade through the sanguinary lustration which deprived her of a host of noble houses, whose very names were rich in recollections of her former glories;—she may reconcile herself to this loss, as to a necessary consequence of the reduction of a haughty order, whose privileges were hostile to her liberties;—but there is no such reflection to console her for the ravages of that blind and Gothic barbarism, which razed the castles of her nobles, when their once powerful owners had perished under the guillotine, or had been driven into homeless exile by the proscriptions of the revolutionary tribunals. There is something inexpressibly painful in the fate of the provincial *noblesse*, who were doomed to expiate so fearfully the long-established oppressions of their order; and those among them who returned to their native land at the restoration, after an exile of nearly twenty years, form a class which it is impossible to regard without strong feelings

of commiseration. Impoverished in their possessions,—stripped of their privileges,—and thrown into the shade by the *nouveaux hommes*—the military aristocracy of Napoleon, or the more politic, though less faithful members of their own caste,—they languish in unhonoured retirement, and fondly contrast their former splendour with their present obscurity and insignificance.

Such, however, was not the fate of the noble house of Vaugirard. The last Count of that name died in 1785;—fortunate in being spared the spectacle of the destruction of his ancestral dwelling, the annihilation of his order, and the execution of his sovereign. His proud chateau, which formerly crowned an eminence on the banks of the Orne, not far from the town of Falaise in Normandy, was, like many others, destroyed during the Revolution;—and there now remains no vestige of those halls, which, in the days of my youth, were graced, and almost sanctified, by the presence of the last and fairest of her high-born race—sweet Emilie de Vaugirard!

I dare hardly attempt to describe her:—She was indeed as bright and ethereal a vision as ever hovered over this polluted world, seeming too pure to belong to it. Her beauty was not of that haughty imperative character which commands you to bow down before it, but bore in every trait the impress of woman's most fascinating attributes—sweetness and delicacy. She was fair, like most of her Norman countrywomen; the bloom on her cheek was as exquisite as the blushing tinge in an eastern shell;—and her eyes, swimming in their own light, were of that pure blue which Raphaël has given

to his cherubs. Her mouth was just what a woman's mouth should be;—small, rosy, and expressive—her lips seemed made for kisses, and “wreathed smiles,” and the display of white teeth, and the utterance of kind, gentle words. She was remarkable, even amongst her countrywomen, for white, taper hands, and such little fairy feet as are only seen in modern Gaul. Her figure, though richly moulded, had all the airy lightness of youth and joy—her fair, open brow was as yet unruffled by care or sorrow;—and, to conclude this hopeless attempt to transfer my recollections to these pages, she was altogether one of those enchanting beings whose image, though seen but for a moment, leaves an impression of witchery and brightness upon the memory, which no time or distance can efface.

She had grown up to luxuriant and perfect womanhood in the seclusion of her father's remote chateau, under the tutelage of an ancient aunt, La Duchesse de Ramire; her mother having died in giving her birth. The Count, an old soldier, who had lost an arm at the battle of Rocoux, naturally doated upon this sole remaining object of his affections with a fondness approaching to idolatry; and as at the death of the venerable Duchess, she was left wholly to his indulgence, it is not to be wondered at if she became the least in the world of a spoiled child. Nor was she to be blamed if, as she approached the delightful age of eighteen, she found the chateau rather a dull spot; and now and then wished, in a fit of caprice, for some society more enlivening than that of M. le Confesseur, or a few of the Count's old

frères d'armes, who were almost the only guests whom his invalid and retired habits permitted to appear at Chateau Vaugirard.

It was about this time that the Count's niece, Madame la Marquise de Valbelle, a gay and fashionable woman, who moved with great *éclat* in the first circles of Paris, signified to him her intention of passing at the chateau the period of seclusion, which the recent decease of her husband rendered necessary.—In a few days she arrived, as gaily dressed as the *costume de deuil* permitted;—and with no more sorrow in her countenance or manners than was absolutely indispensable. She was a dashing brunette of about thirty; with a bright complexion, and a pair of wicked eyes, *dont elle connaissait bien le pouvoir*.

It may well be supposed that the society of this lively guest was a delightful interruption to Emilie's solitude; but the former soon became weary of her banishment *en province*, where she had no more fitting object for the display of her attractive powers than M. L'Abbé, whom she utterly scorned; and, unused to restrain the expression of her feelings, she soon complained of *ennui* in no measured terms. This greatly afflicted the hospitable old Count, and after much reflection he devised a plan, which he hoped would render the chateau less wearisome to his volatile niece. The result of this plan was not, however, exactly such as he had anticipated.

The cousins were seated together in the *salon*, one fine morning in May. However incredible it may appear, it is an attested fact, that not one word had

passed between them for full ten minutes. At length the Marquise raised her head from her embroidery, and, after a portentous yawn, exclaimed,—

“ *Grand Dieu ! quel étrange silence ! que cet endroit est triste ! Ne pensez vous pas, ma chère, que le ciel devrait à quelque illustre chevalier la recompense de l’envoyer à nos pieds ?* ”

“ *Aux vôtres,* ” replied Emilie, laughing,—*mais quoi ! votre ennui ne finirait-il donc qu’à l’aspect d’un nouveau Don Quichotte ? Le compliment est plaisant, en vérité !* ”

“ *Et vous, jolie cousine, prétendriez vous que ma société suffise à vos plaisirs ?—vous soupirez, je le vois ;—Qu’il vienne ce preux que vous raillez, et nous verrons laquelle de nous deux lui fera l’accueil le plus empressé.* ”

“ *Nous allons en juger tout-à-l’heure,* ” said the old Count, who had overheard part of the conversation as he hobbled into the room ; “ *Le fils d’un ancien ami nous fait espérer sa visite sur mon invitation.* ”

“ *Vraiment ! mais c’est divin !* ” exclaimed the Marquise, letting fall her embroidery—“ *pourrions nous savoir d’où vient cet aimable cavalier ?* ”

“ *Il vient du camp de Vaussieux ;—vous le trouverez aimable en effet, puisque, sans connaître le plaisir qui l’attend auprès de vous, il veut bien consacrer à un vieillard le congé qu’il vient d’obtenir de son regiment.* ”

“ *Et comment s’appelle-t-il ce paladin-ci ?* ”

“ *Henri De La Luzerne, le fils du Duc d’Epernay.* ”

“ *De La Luzerne !* ” repeated the Marquise ; “ *c’est divin !—nous sommes d’anciens amis :* ” then, addressing

Emilie,—“ *Il est adorable, ma chère, mais un peu volage—A Paris,—en province, on raffole de lui : et je prévois,*” (in a whisper), “ *que ton cœur ne résistera pas à son art*”—Emilie blushed, but said nothing—her little heart was in a strange flutter of surprise and curiosity ; nor did her cousin’s comments diminish the sensation caused by this unexpected announcement.

The appearance of this pink of cavaliers ere long enlivened the dulness of the Chateau ; and he was agreeably surprised at meeting his old acquaintance the Marquise, and her beautiful cousin, where he had merely anticipated a tiresome visit of ceremony to his father’s old friend. A passionate, though rather volatile admirer of women, he naturally preferred a *séjour* at the Chateau, to the wearisome duties of a camp during a period of peace ; and took great pains to conciliate his host, with the intention of remaining as long as possible in such agreeable quarters. He listened attentively to his long stories, deferred to his opinions, was constant in his attendance at the evening *parti aux échecs*, (the Count’s favourite game,) and even went so far as to commence the perusal of Folard and Montecuculi, upon his recommendation.

Our hero, it may well be believed, did not at the same time neglect the female part of the establishment ;—nor had he long been a guest at the Chateau, before Emilie’s grace and beauty began to entangle his affections to a degree that astonished and even alarmed him ; inasmuch as, for many reasons, he unaffectedly dreaded committing marriage. In a very short time,

his increasing admiration produced a lively contest between his judgment and his passion ; 'in which, as usually happens, the latter was finally victorious. But the triumph appeared purely gratuitous ; for the fair object of his passion certainly bestowed no external encouragement upon it—on the contrary, she seemed afraid of his presence, and sank timidly from his advances. This coldness in a *petite beauté de province* piqued his vanity—he resolved twenty times to think of her no more ; and to that end, paid the most extravagant attentions to the Marquise. But it was impossible to escape thus from Emilie's fascination ; and his resolutions were only formed to be successively broken each time he found himself in her presence.

The Marquise, habitually keen-sighted in matters of this nature, soon discovered that Emilie was far from feeling indifferent to De La Luzerne—she perceived that her heart was already lost, and that bashfulness and rustic timidity alone caused her apparent reserve—but as Emilie refused to part with her secret, she was too very a woman to refuse herself the pleasure of tormenting her for this want of confidence. Fortunately for poor Emilie, she had no inclination to become her rival ; but this did not prevent her from seeming to receive the vicomte's compliments as something more tender than the mere common-places of gallantry ; and so well did she play her part, that her cousin was completely deceived, and De La Luzerne himself began to entertain the alarming suspicion, that she had a design upon his heart. This

double misapprehension, and the ludicrous perplexity it occasioned, were, for some time, a source of continual merriment to the Marquise, until Emilie began to look so wretched, and Henri so impatient, that her good nature prevailed, and induced her to attempt an *eclaircissement*.

This was, however, no easy task. She had rendered herself an object of fear and distrust to both parties. De La Luzerne avoided speaking of Emilie in her presence ; and, with the latter, she soon found that it would be impossible even to approach the subject, as long as she appeared in the light of a rival. This impression, therefore, she attempted to remove in her next *tête-à-tête* with Emilie.

After sitting some time in silence, which Emilie appeared afraid, or unwilling to break, the Marquise said abruptly,—

“ *Je ne sais ce que me préoccupe—Le Vicomte est bien peu empressé—Qu’avez vous donc fait de lui, cousine ?* ”

Emilie reddened to the very tips of her fingers ; and replied hastily,—

“ *Moi ?—vous plaisantez, Marquise ;—que sais-je ce qu’il devient ?—mais je dois le plaindre, sans doute, puisqu’il me laisse prendre sa place auprès de vous.* ”

“ *Je vois, cousine, que vous allez le prendre au tragique—le Vicomte serait peu flatté de votre froideur—il se montre assurément fort mal appris en tardant à se nommer votre esclave. Pour moi, je donnerai tout au monde qu’il se jettât à vos pieds—rien n’est si plaisant qu’une déclaration ! ‘ Belle Emilie ! ’ vous dirait il, ‘ je me meurs*

à vos pieds !—vous le laisseriez mourir.—C'est vraiment fort drôle !—Ne pensez vous pas, Emilie, que l'attitude suppliante sierait à merveille avec le Vicomte ?”

Poor Emilie could hardly utter a reply, and the tears started into her eyes, in spite of all her efforts at self-command ;

“ De grace, Marquise, épargnez moi vos sarcasmes ; et songez que, pour être aimée du Vicomte, vous ne l'êtes pas moins de votre Emilie !”

“ Tu te trompes, ma chère ; De La Luzerne, je t'assure, n'eut jamais pour moi d'autres sentimens qu'une amitié fondée sur l'habitude et la gaité de nos caractères. Il est volage—semillant—mais depuis quelque tems, je le trouve rêveur, distrait—la cause de ce changement ne m'échappe point—il t'aime, Emilie ! il t'aime tendrement !” With these words, the Marquise arose, kissed her cousin's forehead, and left the apartment.

No sooner was she out of sight, than Emilie, covering her face with her hands, fell back on the sofa, with her heart throbbing in a tumult of delightful surprise.—“ Could it really be ?—The Marquise might have been sporting with her feelings ;—might have been mistaken—and yet, she had said so positively. ‘ Il t'aime !’ delightful words !” In any case, she had wronged her cousin, who was certainly the most generous, amiable creature breathing—and as for Henri—But I dare not attempt to pursue any further the course of her reveries upon this theme. I leave it to be completed by those among my fair readers who are *un peu expérimentées dans la belle passion.*

On leaving Emilie, the Marquise crossed the hall, where

she found De La Luzerne, pacing up and down, with a very disconsolate air. She did not stop, but smiling significantly as she passed him, said, "*Emilie m'a chassé du salon, je vous cède une place que je ne puis pas conserver,*" and, without waiting for a reply, entered an opposite apartment. Henri, though suspicious of some mischief on the part of the Marquise, resolved to avail himself of her hint that Emilie was alone in the *salon*. He entered, and was delighted to find the fair object of his sighs, reclining with her back turned to the door, so that she could not see who it was that entered; nor did she appear sensible of his approach, until a series of dexterous *glissades* had placed him at her side. On hearing a step so near to her, she raised her eyes, and started in the prettiest confusion imaginable, upon perceiving De La Luzerne. She did not however attempt to run away.

The Vicomte, nearly as much embarrassed as herself, leant upon the back of the *canapé*, saying in a low voice,

"*Je serais bien flatté, Madame, qu'une seule des pensées, dont je viens interrompre le cours, m'eut été destinée!* —Emilie blushed, and stammered, (of whom had she been thinking?)

"*Je..... Je songeais à*"

"*Au cachemire que la Marquise vient de recevoir de Paris?*"

"*Precisément,—M. le Vicomte n'en trouve-t-il pas la nuance ravissante?—j'en suis jalouse.*

"*Le goût de la Marquise est l'oracle de tout Paris;—mais vous, qui fuyez nos regards, belle Emilie, quel peut être pour vous l'attrait de la parure?*

M. le Vicomte pense donc que l' on dût se parer pour lui seul !

“*Si de tels soins étaient importuns, on pourrait du moins reconnaître, à l'éclat de la toilette, des sentimens sur les quels les femmes sont si discrètes—une rose trahirait les vôtres—que dis-je ?*” perceiving one in Emilie's bosom—“*je l'aperçois ! — Belle Emilie, puis-je prendre cette fleur pour un heureux présage ?*”

She replied hastily,—“*La Marquise m'en a fait présent,—mais elle doit, sans doute, la regretter.*”

“*Je vous entends, cruelle !—quoi ! vous soupçonneriez—aimer la Marquise !—moi ?—vous m'eussiez rendu mille fois infidèle !*”

“*Vous pourriez l'être,*” replied Emilie softly.—The Vicomte answered, in the most earnest manner,

“*En me rendant coupable, vous m'eussiez corrigé ; mais un cœur que l'amour n'eut pas même effleuré pourrait seul vous être offert—je ne puis contenir l'aveu de ma tendresse—charmante Emilie ! daigneriez vous en excuser l'audace ?—daigneriez vous*” At this moment, our hero's rhetoric was unfortunately cut short by the entrance of the Marquise, leaning upon the old Count ; and Emilie, much agitated, was glad of an opportunity of retiring to her own chamber.

The consciousness that she was beloved by De La Luzerne soon restored Emilie's high spirits—yet she still kept her lover at a distance, and avoided all particular interviews, in spite of the stratagems which he employed to procure one. This coyness was partly caused by the spirit of coquetry, from which no woman

is exempt; and partly by the delicate shyness of a first love, which shrinks from the accents it longs most to hear. The Vicomte, however, who had been sadly mortified by the Marquise's interruption of his *tête à tête* with Emilie, was still more so by the unwillingness of the latter to grant him a second. He knew not what soft thoughts of him were nestling in her very "heart of hearts"—he could not, or *would not* derive any consolation from the tender little *æillades*, which were now and then cast upon him, from the sweetest blue eyes in all Normandy—no—he was dying, (as he said to himself,) to throw himself at Emilie's feet; and as she provokingly refused him the opportunity of so doing, he concluded that she hated him. Precious reasoning! for which, however, he must be pardoned,—for he was desperately in love!

This was a fine spectacle for Madame la Marquise, who coolly looked on and suffered *les affaires d'aller leur train*. The old Count, all this while, saw nothing of the bye-play. He was rather deaf, and so lost the greater part of what was said;—and weak-sighted, so that a host of significant glances, from different quarters, escaped him.—Every thing seemed going on well—His Emilie was gay and lovely as ever—*Madame sa nièce* seemed to have forgotten her weariness—and the Vicomte still lent an attentive ear to his long stories, and suffered himself to be beaten every evening at chess—*Que demandrait-on de mieux?*

The Summer had nearly passed away in this manner, when an event occurred to change materially the posture

of affairs at the chateau. Our hero, on returning to his chamber one evening, found upon his dressing table a letter from the Colonel of his regiment, informing him that his *congé* had expired ; and ordering him to return to the camp before a fixed day.—This was most astounding intelligence ; so completely had he been engrossed with other cares, that the thought of his departure had never once occurred to him ; and now he found that, to arrive at Vaussieux at the appointed time, it would be necessary for him to quit the chateau early on the following morning ! It was terrible to think of departing in such haste ; with barely time to bid adieu to Emilie, and still uncertain of her affections. He must terminate his doubts before he could leave her—but how ?—A variety of plans were successively entertained, and rejected ;—at length, he resolved, in a sort of desperation, to throw himself upon the Marquise's generosity ; to impart to her his doubts and his wishes ; and endeavour to obtain her aid in procuring him an interview with Emilie. This seemed unpromising enough ; but it was the best measure which his emergency admitted of.

After a sleepless night, employed in the painful preparations for his journey, he descended to take leave of the family. The Count was still in his dressing-room ; thither he first repaired, and bid him a hasty farewell ; urging the orders of his Colonel as the cause of so sudden a departure. The old soldier parted with him in the true ancient fashion,—with a hearty embrace, and

a profusion of good wishes. After leaving the Count, Henri proceeded to the antichamber, from which Emilie's boudoir opened, uncertain how to procure an audience at this early hour; when, after waiting there for a few moments, the entrance of the Marquise decided the course he was to pursue. She was in extravagant spirits, and surpassingly gay dress; the term of her mourning had expired on the previous day, and she had lost no time in casting off its external trappings. Besides, she was shortly returning to dear Paris; and this prospect rendered her even more than usually vivacious. She gaily returned De la Luzerne's salutation; and then, observing his pale and anxious countenance, exclaimed,

“ Mon Dieu ! qu'avez vous donc, Vicomte ? auriez vous mal passé la nuit ?—vous est-il apparu quelque spectre ?—Mais, que pensez vous de ma mise ; n'est elle pas charmante !

“ Vous l'êtes toujours — mais—votre cousine, est-elle levée ?

“ Vraiment, voilà une réponse assez bizarre !—vous voulez savoir si Emilie est levée ?—elle l'est depuis une demi-heure ; je viens la quitter. Mais qu'est ce qui vous presse de la voir si matin ?”

“ C'est que je pars à l'instant ;—je viens de recevoir l'ordre de me rendre a Vaussieux.”

“ Ah !—c'est là ce qui vous attriste ! Votre galanterie a, je crois, profité de l'air de la campagne :—mais souvenez vous, qu' un preux est toujours prêt à obeir, quand l'

devoir et l'honneur ordonnent. Tenez, je vous constitue mon chevalier" (binding a gay ribbon on his arm),
"soyez heureux et vaillant !"

De la Lauzèrne bowed, tried to smile, and led the Marquise to a seat, placing himself at her side :

"Oserais-je, ma chère Marquise, vous demander une faveur avant mon départ !—daignez m'écouter sérieusement pour un instant.

"Bon ! — je serai aussi sérieuse que M. L'Abbé ; quelle est donc cette affaire importante ?

"Mon existence dépend de son succès,—et je m'adresse à vous, persuadé que votre obligeance ne me refusera pas son appui."

The Marquise smiled archly, for she knew what was coming ; and listened, with a droll air of gravity, while our hero detailed his love and his uncertainty ; begged her to say if she knew the state of Emilie's feelings towards him ; and implored her assistance in procuring an interview before he left the chateau. As soon as he had concluded, the Marquise, with a well assumed air of anger, exclaimed,

"Et comment osez vous donc, petit traître, m'entretenir de votre amour pour une autre dame ? n'est ce pas monstrueux ? je suis prête à vous défendre de me revoir jamais, pour vous apprendre à manquer pareillement aux bienséances !

"Pardonnez, ma chère Marquise, et soyez sérieuse pour un moment, je vous supplie ! Songez que je pars tout-à l'heure, peut-être sans revoir Emilie,—je partirai

sans espoir, si votre bonté ne me tire du plus cruel embarras."

"Sérieuse, dites vous?—en vérité je suis sérieusement offensée contre vous, pour m'entretenir des regrets dont ma cousine est l'objet — je m'attendais à vous trouver plus aimable."

"Je sais combien vous l'êtes :—vous excuserez ma franchise, en voyant combien je souffre ;—de grace, dites moi, au moins, Emilie m'aime-t-elle, ou non ?"

"Mais vous devenez tout-à-fait insupportable ! Vous feriez mieux de demander celà à Emilie elle-même."

"Elle m'a toujours refusé l'occasion de le faire. Peut-être ne me l'accordera-t-elle pas avant mon départ—je suis persuadé que vous connaissez le fond de sa pensée—ne me laissez donc partir dans cette cruelle incertitude ! Seriez vous devenue moins compatissante que vous n'êtes belle ?"

"Fi donc !" said the Marquise, tapping him gaily on the lips with her fan, "Comment osez vous donc me faire des compliments, après les propos que vous m'avez tenus ? C'est par trop de faire la cour à deux dames à la fois !"

De la Luzerne did not hear this reply ; for at that moment, the door of Emilie's boudoir, which had been half opened a minute before, was suddenly closed ; but not before something between a sigh and a sob caught the ear of the Marquise, who arose, saying, *"Adieu, mon amoureux, vous feriez mieux dire toutes ces belles choses là à Emilie,—peut-être en a-t-elle déjà entendu la plupart. Au plaisir ! nous nous reverrons bientôt à Paris !"*

Poor Emilie had indeed over-heard part of the conversation ;—how much unnecessary suffering would she have escaped, had she heard more, or not heard at all ! She had been singing to her guitar some airs which she had just received from Paris—they had been recommended to her by Henri, and as she warbled them to herself, in the gaiety of her heart, it was to him that her thoughts fondly turned. She ceased to sing when she heard in the antichamber the voice of De La Luzerne, and the laughing tones of the Marquise. Her first impulse was to join them ; but an undefinable feeling made her pause for a moment, and the longer she hesitated, the more powerful it became. Twice or thrice, she proceeded to the door, and as often drew back again—why, she could not explain to herself. As De La Luzerne's voice became distinct in entreaty, its tone struck her, and excited a feeling of anxious curiosity to learn the subject of his eager conversation with her cousin. He continued—and she could not avoid hearing the increasing earnestness of his accent, which at once suggested a fear that made her cheek turn pale—“Could he be making love to her cousin ?” She rejected the suspicion as unworthy of him ; but still, her situation became embarrassing—she could not bear to remain an involuntary listener to a conversation which, possibly, was not intended for her ears—this idea conquered her indecision,—she proceeded to the door, half opened it—and instantly drew back, shocked, and wounded to the heart ! She had heard De La Luzerne's words “ *Sériez vous devenue moins compatissante que vous n'êtes belle ?* ”

—the imploring tone in which they were uttered left no doubt as to their meaning ! For a moment she stood, pale, and nearly breathless—unable to retire or advance—with one hand still upon the lock of the door, the other slightly extended, and motionless—her head unconsciously inclined forward, in the attitude of agonized attention.—During this moment, she heard the laughing “*’i donc !*” of her cousin, and the sound of her fan upon De La Luzerne’s lips, which her excited imagination represented as a kiss ! It was then certain—her fears were but too well founded—and Henri was false !—She had barely sufficient strength to close the door ; her heart was swelling over—she flew into a *cabinet* within the boudoir, locked herself in, and sank upon a couch, in the feebleness of intense agony. At first, indignation, and burning scorn of the unworthiness of him, on whom she had wasted her whole love, closed up the fountain of her tears, and choked her breath ; so that her poor little oppressed heart must have burst, if these feelings had not soon yielded to the softness of her nature. She buried her face in her white hands, and was relieved by shedding a flood of bitter tears such as eyes like her’s alone can shed. At length exhausted Nature could bear no more, and she sank to sleep, like an infant that sobs itself to rest upon its nurse’s bosom.

Long before she awoke, De La Luzerne had left the chateau ; *fervens difficili bile*, as the poet expresses it. He had run to the door of Emilie’s boudoir, a moment after it was closed ; soliciting, in the most urgent terms, to be allowed to speak with her, if but for an instant.

Unfortunately, he was not heard. For some time, he reiterated his supplications—no answer was returned—and as he believed that Emilie was still in the boudoir, he concluded that his entreaties must be displeasing to her, as she had not vouchsafed even to reply to them. This wounded him to the quick ;—he turned from the door in bitterness of spirit ; and hastily descending to the court-yard, he rode off at a furious speed ; as if he hoped to escape, by rapidity of motion, from the stings of galled pride and disappointed passion.

Madame La Marquise waited, with considerable impatience, to learn the result of the interview between Emilie and her lover ; whom she had amused herself with tormenting, in the certainty that his doubts would soon be terminated by Emilie's confession. After some time had elapsed, she learnt that he had departed in violent haste, and she began to fear that some unlucky *contretems* had occurred. On gaining admittance to her cousin's apartment, she was greatly shocked to see the pitiable state in which the poor girl was lying.—One word, "*perfidie!*" sufficed to disclose to her the cause of all this suffering, for which she partly blamed her own folly ; and eager to repair it, she insisted upon deceiving Emilie, in spite of the latter's unwillingness to listen to any thing connected with the name of De La Luzerne.

What tumultuous and conflicting sensations did this disclosure excite in Emilie's bosom ! At first, unmixed joy prevailed ; but it soon yielded to the sorrowful reflection, that the discovery had been made too late !

Henri had departed, under the impression that she had treated him with coldness and scorn;—he might never learn how great had been his mistake; and how fondly he was beloved!—A mere misapprehension—an accident—the thoughtlessness of her cousin, had separated them—perhaps for ever!

The Marquise *fit l'impossible* to calm her afflicted spirit—assuring her, that she should certainly meet Henri at Paris; and that she would seize the first opportunity of undeceiving him. With this promise, poor Emilie was compelled to content herself. In a few days, the Marquise left Chateau Vaugirard for the capital.

De La Luzerne had been there before her; and was gone—nobody could tell whither.—He had left his regiment, passed a few days in Paris, and departed from thence, without communicating his route to any of his friends. This intelligence, sad and heavy as it was, was all that the Marquise could procure for poor Emilie, who had unconsciously buoyed herself up with hopes of her cousin's promised intervention. As soon as this disheartening news arrived, she perceived how much she had depended upon it—she felt as if her last stay were gone, and fell into a deep melancholy, which soon dimmed the light of her eye, and stole the roses from her cheek.

A year wore away in the suspense of “hope deferred,” which did not fail to produce its heart-sickening effect upon so delicate a victim. The old Count at last observed the sad change which had taken place in his once radiant child; without, however, suspecting its cause: and it

was no small aggravation of Emilie's sufferings, that she was compelled to endure the visits of a prosing village Doctor, whom her father insisted upon calling in. The Esculapius of Falaise prescribed one medicine after another (none of which Emilie took) without, of course, producing any amendment in the health of his patient; until, fearful of proceeding further, he gravely shook his empty head, pronouncing her disease beyond the cure of art. In reward for this piece of unwelcome intelligence, he was kicked down stairs by the choleric old soldier, who would not admit the idea of his daughter being incurable. He insisted that the doctor was no better than an ass; and instantly resolved upon taking Emilie to Paris, in order to be magnetized by the celebrated Mesmer, whose reputation, at that time, filled all France. Emilie willingly acceded to the proposal—not of being magnetized, for that she internally resolved not to submit to,—but of visiting Paris, where a lurking hope still whispered, that she might possibly meet De La Luzerne.

In a few days, the Count and his daughter were established in the Rue Richelieu, where they were immediately visited by the Marquise. Under her *chaperonnage*, Emilie visited the public places, and was introduced to the brilliant society of the *salons*; while the Count soon formed a little *clique* of veterans, with whom he enjoyed himself in fighting over his early campaigns. The exciting novelty of every object which presented itself to Emilie's eyes, produced a temporary improvement in her spirits; and she succeeded, upon the

strength thereof, in persuading papa to defer the threatened magnetization. She was, however, destined to be electrified; though not by Mesmer's empirical process.

One evening, about a month after her arrival in Paris, she accompanied the Marquise to the Français, to witness the representation of "*Brutus*;" then in the zenith of its popularity. About the middle of the performance, her attention was suddenly diverted from the scene to a side box, into which a young man in a military undress, with a gold medal suspended from his neck, had just entered. A single glance told her that it was Henri!—but that one glance was too much for her delicate frame;—she turned ashy pale, gasped for breath, and leant, half fainting, upon her cousin, totally unable to reply to the anxious inquiry, "if she were ill?" The Marquise, greatly alarmed, conducted her, with difficulty, out of the theatre, and calling her servants, supported her trembling charge into the carriage; which she was herself upon the point of entering, when her hand was seized by some one behind her, and turning round, she was accosted, in accents of the most eager anxiety, by a well-known voice. It was our hero, who had recognized Emilie, just as she was leaving the theatre. The Marquise was now at no loss to account for her cousin's sudden fainting-fit, which, she assured the Vicomte, "*n'avait rien de dangereux*," and, entering her carriage, she gave him her address, requesting that he would call upon her on the morrow.

A few words will conclude the story. Henri visited the Marquise early on the following morning, and

received from her the delightful intelligence which circumstances had long withheld from him. He briefly related, that, upon his return to the camp, his feelings, in spite of his pride, became insupportable, and that desirous of losing the sense of disappointment in exertion, he had obtained permission from the Court, to embark for America with the secret expedition under the Duke de Langeron.—He had fought in several actions—had been severely wounded, and had returned to France, at the expiration of the campaign, with the medal of Cincinnatus, and a determination to make one more effort to win Emilie,—to whom he entreated the Marquise to conduct him immediately.

It may be supposed that the meeting between our lovers was one of exquisite pleasure on both sides. The description of such scenes is necessarily tame and imperfect, so that I will not attempt to relate what passed upon this occasion. My readers may, however, be gratified to learn that, about a month afterwards, very sublime nuptials were celebrated in Notre Dame, between De La Luzerne and our fair Emilie—the Marquise giving away the bride, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage of *assistans*.

I will not pursue the history further. I have already trespassed too long upon the patience of my readers;—but such is the charm of early recollections, and the garrulity of age, that a recital, which I had intended should occupy twenty lines, has unconsciously extended itself over as many pages.—For this I can only say to my readers, *Ignoscite et valete!*

The Widow.

HIS hour is come ! he breathes his last,
 His darkening glance on heavèn is cast,
 The sign of death is on his brow,
 His heart has done with earthly woe ;
 The father, husband, friend, is gone,
 His spirit stands before the throne !

And thou who, bending o'er his head,
 Those drops of misery dost shed,
 Who looking round thy silent room,
 Feel'st in thy heart a tenfold gloom,—
 Thou thing of love and agony,
 What hope has earth for thine and thee ?

And she has seen him borne away,
 And seen the clay returned to clay,
 Dust given to dust !—and heard the sound
 Strike through her bosom like a wound,
 And felt, beside his burial stone,
 What 'tis to be on earth—alone !

Yet still the world has bitter ties,
 Her babe upon her bosom lies :
 And shall we leave it to its fate ?
 Come, comfort ye the desolate ;
 Know triflers, know, your slightest toy
 Might make her tears the tears of joy.

The meanest gem in Beauty's hair
 Might raise her spirit from despair ;
 The crumbs, that from your tables fall,
 Might, to her heart, be all in all ;
 But know, ye rich, ye proud, ye gay,
 The God, who gives, can take away !

Oh ! Thou, who sit'st the stars above,
 Whose nature, and whose name, is love—
 Thou, who for man did'st not disdain
 The life of toil, the death of pain,—
 Teach us to live, and love, like thee,
 King, Saviour, God of CHARITY !

C. G.

Canzonet.

CAN I love thee?—thou art fair ;
 And thy voice is music's breath ;
 But thy smiles, like flowers that blow
 On the Polar summer's snow,
 Hide but the frost beneath !

Can I love thee?—thou art bright ;
 But the fire thy charms impart,
 Like the dazzling rays that pass
 Through the sage's sun-lit glass,
 Warm not thy own cold heart !

Kydal Chapel.

BY THE REV. J. PARRY.

BEAUTIFUL Fane ! amid the solitude
 Lifting thy form on high, to memory's gaze
 Thou risest now, as when in other years,
 A wanderer on the mountains, I beheld
 The quiet nook where thou art half conceal'd
 'Mid the deep hush of woods : behind thee tower
 The everlasting hills, and at thy feet
 The brook wakes its wild music, gurgling on
 To the clear Lake. Around thee, beauteous Fane !
 Are flung the spells of Poesy ; and names,
 Immortal names, are linked with thine. The Bard,*
 To whose enchanted vision Nature's self
 Hath bared her mysteries ; he, whose thrilling harp,
 With its deep tones of passion and of truth,
 Hath won our spirit's homage, near thee makes
 His dwelling place.—But holier charms than these
 Are poured upon thee, for thou art the shrine
 Of the Most High, and from thy sanctuary,
 In its untutored notes, the sabbath hymn
 Steals forth to heaven : whilst on the shepherd's heart
 Descend calm influences, and precious thoughts,
 And glorious consolations.

* Wordsworth.

Ever stand,
 Beautiful Temple! flinging to the vale,
 And round the silent hills, and o'er the lake,
 Those chimes that call the simple villager
 Within thy courts to worship. At those sounds,
 The village matron shall recall the hour
 When her pure faith was pledged before thy shrine ;
 And aged men shall gaze on thee, and talk
 Of those that sleep around thee the cold sleep
 Which yet shall know a waking.

Fare thee well !—

I summon thee from Memory's inmost haunts,
 Where thou art treasured ; and upon mine eye
 Arise the breezy woods, the pastoral hills,
 The lake with its calm waters, and the skies,
 The summer skies, that make thee beautiful.
 These recollections fade, but thou shalt still,
 As centuries roll away, have power to charm :
 Long shall thy walls repeat the simple lay
 Of gratitude : and Christian faith, and hope
 Gladden the spirit of each worshipper,
 Who in his humbleness shall seek thy gates,
 And thro' them tread the path that leads to heaven.

The Exile's Song.

O'ER billows dark with threaten'ng clouds,
 My bark is bounding fast and free ;
 While every blast that strains her shrouds
 But bears me farther, love, from thee !
 I gaze in silence on the sea,
 Which parts me from the lessening coast,—
 And muse on all I hoped to be—
 On all I loved—on all I've lost !

Yet though I calmly seem to bear
 The thoughts that o'er my memory sweep,—
 The tearless stillness of despair
 Has woes unknown to those that weep.
 And when the heart is pierced too deep
 No outward scar its suffering tells,
 But still the pangs that never sleep
 Are struggling in its inmost cells !

I do not blame thee, that my prayer
 Was vainly pour'd before thy shrine ;—
 Thou wert too bright, too pure, too fair,
 To bow thy ear to vows like mine.
 Nor shalt thou learn that I resign,
 With thee, my golden dreams of bliss—
 To have even sought such love as thine,
 Inspires a nobler part than this.

Thy gentle breast shall never know
What conflicts mine was doomed to feel;
Thou shalt not grieve to mark the woe
Thy beauty caused, but cannot heal;—
And though the wound I still conceal
May wear me to the earth, my pride
Disdains from Pity's eye to steal
One sorrowing tear, to Love denied.

Farewell ! the bitterest hour is past ;—
Though still its memory racks my brain—
One sigh for England ! 'tis my last ;
I ne'er shall climb her hills again.
Nor heed I where the uncertain main
May cast me on some foreign shore ;—
What boots it *where* he drags his chain,
Who only longs to feel no more ?

VIVIAN.



A Passage of the Civil Wars.

ON a lovely evening, early in June 1644, a solitary wanderer was seen traversing a high sandy ridge, near to, and commanding a view of, the sea coast. He proceeded slowly; and at length resting on his staff, he contemplated with intense interest the scene which lay before him. And it was a scene on which a traveller's eye might well rest. It was indeed, in some respects, bleak; for the high land I have mentioned, extending for some distance to the right and left, inclined its dull irregular surface towards the water's edge, unadorned by one straggling patch of verdure. At its base, on the one side, a flat sandy beach stretched as far as the eye could follow; on the other, lay a broad tract of marshy land. On the most elevated part of the ridge stood a lonely watch-tower or beacon; and below the stranger, —almost under his feet,—a small fortified town, with its rude walls and ancient castle, looked yet more gloomy from the deep shadow in which it lay obscured. But whatever might be the defects of the foreground of the picture, they were amply redeemed by the distance, where a broad, noble river poured its full tribute to the sea; the whole magnificent expanse giving back the splendour of the evening sun, in one unbroken sheet of dazzling glory! The town was situated on its banks about three miles from the *embouchure*; on the opposite

side, and commanding the entrance of the channel, three or four vessels rode at anchor, under a long, low rock, or rather point of land, which jutted out far into the water,—the tips of their taper masts just gilded by the yellow light which streamed in full radiance over the open sea beyond. Far away to the south-west, a range of blue hills bounded the cloudless horizon, until their aerial tints were blended with the surrounding sky.

The individual who gazed on the prospect which I have attempted to describe, was a man of slight figure, below the middle height, whose black silk skull-cap, Geneva cloak, and band, distinguished him, at once, as a Puritan and a preacher. Full seventy summers had withered his pallid cheek, and blanched his thin hairs; but the fire which burned brightly in his small clear blue eye, bore witness to a spirit unquenched by age, and unsubdued by suffering. His wasted features were prominent, strongly marked, and expressive; but their prevailing cast was mild and melancholy.—And such was his character. With firm faith, undaunted courage, and untired zeal—but with little of the stern bigotry which characterized his contemporaries—Hezekiah Standfast had spoken his message throughout the stormy period which preceded the downfall of the unfortunate Charles the First. He was among the first who had preached the Presbyterian doctrines in England: he had braved danger—rejoiced in privation—and borne up under imprisonment;—one prayer, alone, for himself, ascended with his daily orisons—one hope sustained him;—and far spent as his sands now were, he still

clung to it with the sanguine eagerness of youth—that he might see the good cause triumph—and then die!—

At the present moment, his faded countenance glowed with exultation, as he beheld the flag of the Parliament float proudly on the evening breeze from the tower of the Castle below ;—and, folding his hands, he looked upwards, as in silent thanksgiving.

His meditations were, ere long, interrupted by the distant trampling of horse :—he looked round, but could only observe a dense cloud of dust ; which, while it totally enveloped those who approached, told an appalling tale of their numbers.

In the dreadful hour of civil discord, “ the traveller,” to borrow an Eastern proverb, “ rarely meets a friend ;”—the strong are prepared to combat,—the feeble, to fly ;—and the preacher gazed anxiously around him, to discover some means of escape. To effect this by mere bodily activity, he well knew was impossible. It might have been achieved by scrambling down the broken side of the hill, and making straight for the town. But while he yet looked upon the difficulties of the steep, rugged ground, the time for flight was past. A shout, commanding him to halt, informed him that he had been discovered by the party of horsemen ; the foremost riders of which were now within a hundred yards of the spot where he stood. As they approached, he perceived that his worst fears were justified ;—they were cavaliers ; and, as far as he could judge, in considerable numbers ;—but the

main body halted on the brow of the hill, while a small troop, which rode a little in advance, spurred towards him.

The riders appeared by their dresses to be officers, or men of high rank. The few troopers who attended them were well equipped and mounted : and some there were, of unusual stature, whose foreign uniforms, and golden hair, belonged to the shores of the Rhine. But the officer, who rode in the centre of this little group, was a figure so remarkable and commanding as to rivet the attention on himself alone. Less in size than his colossal body-guard, and in form graceful, though athletic, he was, nevertheless, much taller than the English cavaliers by whom he was surrounded. A quantity of light brown hair escaped from under his helmet, fell on his shoulders, and clustered round his drooping feather. His fair, open countenance, and full blue eye, bespoke his Teutonic origin ; and were expressive of pride, courage, and that reckless gaiety, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the soldier by profession. He wore a steel breast-plate and buff coat : at his side hung a long Spanish sword ; he had pistols at his saddle-bow, and in his belt he carried a short poniard or dagger. The rest of his equipment was in the picturesque fashion of the time, but covered with dust and foam from plume to spur ; and the jaded chargers, and travel-soiled housings both of himself and his little band of followers, proved that they had made a long and rapid march.

As they approached, two of the troopers, at a sign

from their leader, dismounted ; and leaving their horses in the care of their comrades, sprang forward and seized the preacher. Resistance was worse than useless.—Standfast knew this, and submitted to his fate in silence. Meanwhile, the cavalier, drawing up, bestowed a long and earnest gaze on the scene, which the preacher had regarded with feelings so different, a moment before.

“ This then,” he at length exclaimed, “ is Leverpole ! and fair enough she looks from hence, with the goodly river beyond. She is well fortified too, I doubt me not, —and hath the vantage of her sea defences. But,” after a moments pause, “ we have here a brave position for our battering train, and will surely destroy this crow’s nest of roundheads in two days, at farthest.—Forward, cavaliers !—we must even seek quarters for the night,” then, turning to one of the soldiers who held the prisoner in durance ; “ Look well to yon preacher, Baldwin ;—a spy, I warrant me,—his trade have ever been such—I will examine him ere I sleep.” Standfast was hastily secured on horseback, before one of the troopers ; and the party proceeded with the main body, which had halted at a little distance.

After a short consultation between the Prince, (for the commander was no less) and the officers of his staff, the army made preparations for encamping around the beacon ; while Rupert himself advanced a little to the south-west, where a small low farm house stood, under the shade of a few elm trees, upon the brow of the acclivity. This house had already been selected for his accommodation, and his followers were soon busied in

making such internal arrangements for his comfort as the place allowed. The baggage and artillery of the army, with their usual accompaniment of rabble, began now to arrive ;—the air rang with martial sounds, and boisterous mirth ; and the scene, late so placid and silent, was instinct with life, and with preparation for the work of death.—

* * * * *

Another evening, calm and lovely as the former, sank down on that sandy hill, castled town, and broad river. But a month had passed away, and the aspect of the landscape was somewhat changed. The face of the hill was white with tents ; at its foot deep trenches had been cut ; and batteries erected, thickly planted with cannon. The surface of the ground was broken up by the feet of horses and the deep ruts of the heavy artillery. The town lay dark and still as before ; but, though its fortifications had hitherto resisted all attacks, they were pierced with cannon balls, and scorched with the black traces of fire.

Evening had, as heretofore, suspended the operations of the besiegers ; and their leader rested at the door of his cottage shelter. He, too, had undergone a change. The natural gaiety of his countenance had given place to an expression of extreme anxiety and perplexity. Provoked and disappointed by the obstinate resistance of the town ; and harassed, at the same time, by repeated and impatient letters from the King, urging him to proceed to York, Rupert felt his inactivity before Leverpole intolerably irksome.

As a warrior, and a Prince, he spurned the idea of a retreat; yet the certainty that his presence was much needed elsewhere irritated him beyond endurance. He now gazed on the scene before him; trying to school his proud spirit into yielding to the exigency of the time, and abandoning the enterprize. At his side, watching every turn of his countenance, stood Hezekiah Standfast; who was still his prisoner, and whom he kept at his quarters, partly for security, and partly from kindness to the old man, who had won the Prince's regard, in spite of the earnestness with which he, from time to time, declaimed against the errors of prelacy. Soldiers were standing in detached groups at the entrance of their tents; or lay basking in the rays of the setting sun; and, at some distance, the centinels, who had mounted guard for the night in the trenches, might be observed pacing slowly to and fro.

The Prince looked long and earnestly on the town and its fortifications. At last, starting from his reverie, he exclaimed, "A crow's nest!—it were better called a nest of eagles, or a den of lions! Yet will we try it one day longer. The ramparts of defence are sorely maltreated;—they cannot much longer abide the shooting of our great guns."—"Delude not thyself, great Prince," interrupted the preacher, "by supposing that they will yield, while one stone of that castle remains upon another. Numbers may overpower them—famine may subdue them;—but fear, never! If their walls be cast down, they will flee into their strong hold, and defend it

with their lives. More looketh not back when his hand is to the plough—he doeth not the Lord’s work negligently !”

As Standfast spoke, he cast his eyes triumphantly on the tower, from whence the banner of the Parliament displayed its heavy folds to the breeze. But his attention was insensibly attracted to the open sea beyond, now “filled with the face of Heaven :”—and the uncertain chances of battle, or the triumph of victory,—nay, even the recollection of his own dubious situation, were swallowed up in the contemplation of that Being whose grandeur was but faintly imaged by the wide waters before him ; and who had promised “that the righteous should shine forth” even as the glory of that bright sun ; which looked yet more resplendent, the nearer it approached its temporary extinction in the waves ! “Such,” he silently ejaculated, “O leader of thy faithful and chosen,—such be my fate ! Not in clouds and darkness, but in the moment of hope and sunshine, take me to thyself !”

At this moment, he observed something unusual in the position of the shipping at the mouth of the river ; but, as the vessels lay in the shadow of the promontory, he could not immediately discern the nature of their movements. A few minutes, however, convinced him that they were loosing their sails, and standing out into the middle of the stream. Standfast rubbed his eyes—How could this be ? The vessels had been stationed to defend the entrance of the channel—their commander was in close communication with General More,—and yet he was leaving his post—at a moment when his

presence was more than ever necessary ! Could no warning be given—no intelligence conveyed—to prevent the fatal folly of such a proceeding ? He looked towards the Prince ; but Rupert was too deeply engaged, with his own painful reflections, to observe either his prisoner's uneasiness, or its cause. Slowly—one by one—the gallant ships emerged from shadow into the glorious line of light which traversed the middle of the channel ; and as soon as the largest vessel had gained the mouth of the river, she hove to, and hoisted a signal at the mast-head. Standfast could not discover whether it was answered from the town, or not ; but while he continued straining his eyes to watch the motions of the admiral's ship, he imagined—though surely it must be “ a delusion of the adversary ”—that he saw her boarded by a boat, which must have come from the town. He even fancied he could discern that it was a long-boat, of considerable size, and crowded with men. In a few minutes, another and another were seen descending the river, and bending their course apparently towards the vessels at its mouth.

The Prince had been entirely absorbed by his meditations for an unusual time—but he was a soldier ;—and, as such, habituated to acute observation. A glance towards the river awakened him from his abstraction ; and his experienced eye at once interpreted the appearances which had so disturbed the good Hezekiah. He called to his attendants in the loud, quick accents of hope and joy—“ To horse ! to horse, gallant cavaliers,—and upon them ! More is flying—

the town is ours !” In a moment he was surrounded by his guards and the officers of his staff. He dispatched messengers to the others, commanding them to mount speedily and in silence, and prepare for an immediate assault upon the town.

In five minutes all was in motion ;—the face of the hill bristling with spears ;—the air filled with the dull sounds of the horses’ feet on the soft earth, and the “ stifled hum” which ran along the ranks ; while each officer, noiselessly as he might, was marshalling his men for the attack. Rupert himself, with his German guards, a few troopers, and one or two inferior officers, rode rapidly forward to reconnoitre.

And it was in truth a gallant sight to see that little company, as it swept down the hill—feathers waving—spurs jingling—and breast-plates and morions glancing in the bright sunset. As Standfast followed them with his eyes, in spite of his grief at More’s defection, he thought within himself that the proudest monarch, or the fairest cause, might be well graced by such defenders.

All were now pressing forward to the town ;—and the prisoner’s guards, unwilling to be left behind, followed in the rear, dragging him along with them in no gentle fashion. Meanwhile the Prince proceeded towards Lleverpole ; meeting on his way with no obstacle whatever. When he had passed his own batteries, and drew near the works of the besieged, he halted for the coming up of the vanguard ;—placed himself ~~at~~ its head, and pressed towards the town

at a charging step. The gates were undefended ; they gave way before the first attack ; and the troops entered without opposition. They advanced cautiously, apprehending an ambuscade ; but as they marched along the narrow streets, now shadowed by twilight, nothing obstructed their progress ; they saw no living thing, save here and there a startled inhabitant looking timorously from a casement at the cavaliers as they passed on.

When, however, they entered the street, at the further extremity of which stood the high cross of the town, they halted, on perceiving a regiment of soldiers drawn up across it, apparently for the purpose of preventing their further advance. But a moment's observation convinced the Prince that they had no such intention ;—they stood firm, but with a dejected air ; and as the foremost of the royalist troops approached them, a non-commissioned officer came forward, and demanded, for himself and for his men, free pardon and permission to depart, on condition of laying down their arms :—in the event of this being refused, “ they were prepared,” he said, “ to dispute the passage with the Prince, even unto the death.”

After a short parley, Rupert acceded to their terms ; glad to have obtained, at last, the possession of the town at so trifling an expense. During the confusion occasioned by the disarming of the garrison, he caught a glimpse of the prisoner Standfast, as he stood between his guards,—and called out, “ Release the preacher, Baldwin ! he may also depart with his flock.” He was accordingly set at liberty ; the Parliament soldiers

opened their ranks to receive him ; but as he passed between the two parties he raised his hand, and exclaimed in a loud and clear voice,—“ Stop !” Then he addressed Prince Rupert, near to whose person he had been forced by the crowd.

“ Hear me, noble Prince ! whose errors, grievous though they be, are those of the cause thou blindly espoucest, rather than thine own ;—who art the deceived, and not the deceiver ! Thou art perilling thine immortal soul, to support a damnable superstition—Thou art risking thy mortal body, to uphold a bad and sinking cause. Thou art devoting thy true heart and good right hand to a false, ungrateful tyrant, who can neither estimate the one, nor reward the other. Turn, turn then, while there is yet time ! Turn, ere the tottering fabric which even now nods above thy head shall fall, (for fall it must and will,) and grind thee to dust beneath its fragments !”

The ranks of the Presbyterians closed upon him ere he had well done speaking ; and before the sound of his last words died away, he was to be seen no longer. The Prince paused for a moment, and it was observed by those around him that he seemed somewhat moved. The prophetic words of the zealous divine might probably affect him the more, from his late experience of his Royal Uncle’s unreasonable disposition. But it was already night ;—he hastened to take possession of the now deserted castle ; and having planted the royal standard on its battlements, and left a garrison for its defence, he pressed onward

to York, where his disastrous fortunes are known, alas !
but too well.

* * * *

The prayer of the enthusiastic preacher was granted ; he lived to witness the ascendancy of his party. Though he lamented the regicide, yet he acquiesced in the necessity of the measure ; and while the Commonwealth was in the zenith of its glory, he was gathered gently to his everlasting rest !

Q. Q.

Sonnet.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I LOOKED up to the heavens, “ And art thou there !”

I cried, “ beloved one, is that thy home ?

Art thou a dweller in the azure dome,

Free as the cloud and spiritual as the air ?”

And sinful doubtings of my dim despair

Made answer, mocking every hope benign,

Making the very heaven for which we pine,

Because impalpable, a thing of nought :—

Anon, from out the hidden depths of thought,

A voice of solemn warning said, “ Forbear !

Oh thou of little faith, lift up thine eyes !

Behold the ten thousand glorious stars of night

... ~~But~~ a vain dream, because thy feeble sight

May not behold them in the noon-day skies ?”

The last De Valençay.

A ROMAUNT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is a time-worn castle frowns in sunny Dauphiné,
And still its towers look proud and strong, though
tottering in decay.

There's many a lance upon its walls, that hangs in
useless rust,

And many a brand that once was borne by arms that
now are dust :

Within the halls the untrodden grass is springing green
and fresh,

Around the banners waving there the spider weaves
its mesh ;

And the owl hoots through the portal's arch, now
crumbling fast away,

That once could boast the sculptured shield of the
Lords De Valençay.

For feats of arms those Barons proud for many an age
were known,

And they lie at rest in a stately tomb, in the church
at Briançon.

Within the aisle their 'scutcheons hang, in all their
blazon fair,

Save one—the last Lord Reginald's—he is not buried
there—

No holy earth received his bones ; no solemn mass
was said

Above his dust : and none can tell the spot where he
is laid—

He sleeps not in his fathers' tomb ;—but many a
Provence lay

Has sung the strange and fearful tale of the last
De Valençay.

He was a comely knight to see ; and well he knew
to wield

The sword and spear at courtly jousts, or in the
battle-field ;

And when he rode along the lists, full many a sun-
bright eye

Would turn to mark his manly form, and praise his
bearing high.

But little cared Lord Reginald for lists or ladye love,
He prized the steel-bound gauntlet's clasp far more than
silken glove.

The trumpets' bray, the level row of lances couched
in rest,

Were sounds in which his ear rejoiced, and sights his
eye loved best.

His was a stern and rugged soul, full little did he care
For justice, or for pity's voice, for book, or church-
man's prayer.

His wealth was vast—yet, shame upon the knightly
badge he wore,

He ever strove, by force or fraud, to make his treasure
more ;

He spoiled the neighbouring Abbeyes' lands, their vassals
did he slay,
And made the pilgrims to their shrines a weighty
ransom pay ;
And when the Holy Church denounced his wild and
lawless deeds,
He laughed to scorn the bishop's threats—the abbot and
his beads ;
Nor feared he more his sovereign's wrath, for when he
took the field,
Two thousand horsemen rode behind, well armed with
spear and shield.

* * * * *

The sun had sunk beneath the Alps ;—yet still a
rosy glow
Just lingered on their spiry peaks, while all was dim
below ;—
And where that pile of massive towers in gloomy
shadow rose,
The sounds of mirth had ceased, and all was hushed in
stern repose.
That hour from yonder turrets' height a glimmering
taper shone
Upon a mail-clad form, so still, it seemed as carved
in stone ;
His arms were folded on his breast, his rigid brow
was bare—
It was Lord Reginald who stood in moody musing
there !

What thoughts were busy in his brain that hour, I
cannot say;
But still he gazed on the scene without, nor turned his
head away
Until the evening breeze had died, and slowly, over all,
The deep majestic midnight rose, and hovered like
a pall.
When, hark ! the turret portal creaks with harsh and
heavy sound—
The Baron started from his trance, and quickly turned
him round—
A figure clad in Palmer's weeds was pacing on the floor,
And on his hand, besmeared with blood, a sparkling
ring he wore.
And when the Baron saw that form, his courage seemed
to quail,
His strong frame trembled like a reed, his quivering lip
turned pale !
For heedless of his holy garb, the glittering ring
to gain,
He deemed, full many a year before, that Palmer to
have slain ;
But when he stooped beside the corpse, to seize the
precious spoil,
It would not leave the dead man's hand, in spite of all
his toil.
And as his form, in the silent night, before his mur-
derer stood,
It was a fearful sight that well might freeze the warmest
blood !

I trow that when the phantom spoke, the Baron was
sore dismayed,
And shuddered at the ghastly smile that o'er its blue
lips played ;—
“ Behold,” it said, “ the welcome gift thou once hast
sought in vain !
I bid thee wear it as thy prize until we meet again.”
And ere the Baron could say a prayer, so mute his
sudden dread,
The ring was clasped upon his hand—the Palmer's
form had fled.

Awhile Lord Reginald stood fixed, with stiffening
horror cold,
And then his eyes a shrinking glance around the
chamber rolled :
They met no form ;—his courage rose, his breath grew
free again ;—
‘ It was, perchance, a waking dream, a phantom of
the brain :—
He was too stout to fear a shade, who feared no
living thing’—
And then he flung his arm aloft—and saw the
Palmer's ring !
The Baron again turned icy chill, as he gazed upon
his hand,
But straight he strove, with all his force, to loose the
fatal band ;
In vain—it seemed as if the flesh around the ring
had grown,
And when he tried to turn it round, it cut him to the bone !

At each attempt the clinging gold but wounded him
the more,
Until his garments and his hands were dripping red
with gore.
Ere long he grew quite wild with pain, and rolled upon
the ground,
And howled, until the castle-walls were startled with
the sound.
The pages heard his piercing cries, and rose in sore
dismay,
And sought the chamber where their lord in fearful
struggles lay ;
He writhed like a crushed snake, and grinned, until his
teeth lay bare ;
And, as he raved, they thought at times he muttered
forth a prayer ;
At times he swore so frightfully, the awe-struck pages
shook,
As ever on his bloody hand he cast a shuddering look ;
Anon he seemed, as though he spoke with one they
could not see ;
And then he started up, and laughed with wild and
fearful glee :—
He called “ To horse ! ”—and though the grooms
besought their lord to stay,
He was so dreadful in his wrath, they durst not but obey.
—He vaulted on his charger’s back—it was a noble
steed—
Nor paused, but spurred him headlong forth with madly
desperate speed.

The anxious menials mounted all ;—a fond and
fruitless chase—
How could they hope, that pitchy night, his frenzied
course to trace ?
Full many a weary mile they rodè ;—their loving care
was vain ;
For none of all that faithful band e'er saw his lord
again !
Two tedious years for his return they watched from day
to day ;
And then they ceased to hope,—and man by man they
dropped away.
Some said the boldest feared to dwell in those dismantled
halls ;
And that at night unearthly sounds were borne around
the walls ;
I know not if the tale be sooth ;—but ere long time
had flown,
The castle stood as now it stands, deserted, still,
and lone :
And ever from that time, at eve the peasants shunned
to stray
Beneath the dark and mouldering walls of Tour de
Valençay.

• • • • •

—Who bends beside the hermit's shrine, on Terni's
woody steep,
With trembling limbs, and bloodshot eyes, that burn,
but cannot weep ?

You would not guess that haggard wretch, that kneels
and strives to pray,

Was once a stout and warlike lord ;—the bold De Va-
lençay :—

Mark ! as he clasps his withered hands, how one for
ever bleeds !—

What means that brilliant ring he bears, that mocks
his tattered weeds ?

—“ Oh ! father, if thy pious prayers can cleanse my soul
from sin,

And charm to sleep the restless worm that gnaws and
rends within ;

And if the Holy Church have power to break a spell
in twain,

That long, with dark, mysterious weight, upon my
breast hath lain ;

In mercy, let thy prayer ascend, thy ghostly aid be given
To one whom years of ceaseless pain have nigh to
madness driven !

My wrongs to Mother Church I own ; her pardon I implore ;
And if my former sins were great, my sufferings have
been sore !”

The hermit spoke of peace and hope, and cheered his
suppliant guest,

Who then his early story told, and all his sins confessed.

At length, his voice more feeble grew, his pallid cheek
more pale,

As thus the penitent pursued his strange and woeful tale ;

“ I wildly fled, I wist not where, upon that fearful night ;
And madness urged, for many a day, to still unceasing
flight.

Methought the Palmer evermore my flying steps pursued,
And when I felt the grinding ring, my frantic course
renewed.

In time, the frenzy grew more calm ; but still I did not
dare

To seek my lordly home again ;—for I had seen *him*
there !—

For months I wandered onward still, a crushed and
broken thing—

And long and fruitlessly I strove to loose the spectre’s
ring.

At last, when many a weary day had dulled the sense
of pain,

My spirit rose ;—I longed once more to tread the
battle-plain :

’Twas when the German Cæsar’s bands arrayed their
hostile ranks,

Against his vassal King of Huns, on Danube’s blood-
stained banks,

That with my trusty sword I joined the Imperial
hosts, that lay

In martial leaguer camped beneath the walls of proud
Tokay.

“ The banner of King Sigismund above the ramparts flew,
And by its side was broad displayed the crescent’s
paly hue ;

For there the swarthy Turkish hordes, in friendly
succour sent,
With all the flower of Hungary, within the walls
were pent.
'Twas nearly eve;—the watch was set, the cannon
rolled no more,
The weary soldier thought his toils, that day, at least,
were o'er :—
Hark ! 'tis the foeman's shout again !—his hosts, with
heavy tramp,
Pour from the leaguered city's gates ; and thunder on
the camp !
A moment ere the first wild shock of man opposed to man,
I rushed, as was my wont, to fight the foremost in
the van.
I waved my sword that oft had stemmed the battle's
stormiest tide,
But when I struck,—my good right arm fell powerless
by my side !
I cursed the Palmer's fatal gift—I felt its withering
blight ;
And as I turned, in stern despair, to quit the hopeless fight,
A Turkish spearman bore me down, for still I scorned
to yield,
And stretched me, weltering in my blood and senseless,
on the field.

“ At length I woke, and strove in vain to raise me from
the ground,
For I was deadly faint, the gore still trickled from my
wound ;

I cast my eyes abroad ;—'twas night—the battle's strife
had ceased,
The vultures had begun to gorge—the wolves were at
their feast.
Good Lord ! it was a fearful thing to find my lonely bed
Upon that reeking field—at night—among the ghastly
dead !
The moon on high a cold blue gleam through misty
vapour cast ;
The wind was moaning o'er the slain, in shrill and fitful
blast ;
They lay around, with glassy eyes—a freezing sight
to see,—
And as I look'd on them, I thought they all were
turned on me !
Till, as the wavering rays upon their stiffened features
played,
They seemed to smile, and grin, and gape, as changed
the light or shade :
At times upon my shuddering ear there fell a stifled
groan—
It was no living voice that spoke in that unearthly
tone !—
Well might I close my shrinking eyes, for I could bear
no more
To gaze upon that grisly heap of corpses stained
with gore.
And then the carrion raven's wing swept o'er me
• as I lay,
And yet I could not raise my voice to scare him from
his prey ;

It seemed as though I could not dare to break with
human sound,

The silence of the dead that lay so cold and still around!
I slept at last, or swooned away; all sense had nearly
died,—

So help me, Saints!—a bony hand was clutching at
my side!

A stern low voice breathed in my ear! I shrunk and
groan'd aloud,

To see the form that met my glance among the lifeless
crowd!

Full well that deathlike face I knew—that cowl of
sombre grey,—

It was the Palmer's threatening shade—it mocked me
as I lay!

Again I met its blighting smile, that chilled me to
the core,

Again it moved its thin blue lips—'Tis well—we meet
once more;—

I ceased to hear—I swooned away, o'ercome with dire
affright,—

Good saints defend me evermore from such another sight!"

He paused, and o'er his withered limbs a shivering
tremor came,

The memory of that awful scene so shook his feeble
frame;

And long he faint and breathless lay, of sense and
speech deprived,

Before the hermit's pitying cares his fluttering pulse
revived.

And then he told how he was found, in madness, on
the field ;
And how he raved for many a month, before his wounds
were heal'd ;
How, as he wander'd forth again, despoiled of health
and fame,
The Palmer's fixed and fatal gift still wrought him woe
and shame ;
That he had doffed his knightly spurs, defaced his
useless shield,
And broke the sword, his withered arm had lost the
power to wield ;
That he had fled, like one pursued, to many a foreign shore,
And still the vengeful spectre's hate oppressed him more
and more ;
Till, broken with unceasing pain, and harrowed by despair,
He sought the hermit's sainted cell, to end his sufferings
there,
And faint besought his pious aid, for one that could
not pray—
If prayer could loose the deadly spell, and wash his
guilt away.

His tale was told—his breath grew short, and choak'd
with struggling sighs ;
And the hermit saw that the hand of death was heavy
on his eyes.
And when in vain the holy man his healing skill
had tried,
He laid him on his couch ; and prayed, while watching
by his side.

The dying man tossed restlessly upon the rugged bed,
 And, muttering, did not seem to heed the prayers the
 hermit said :

At times, he gnashed his teeth so fell, as torn with
 inward pain,

The hermit turned his eyes away, and durst not gaze
 again.

The midnight hour came slowly near ; his moans more
 feeble grew,

And hard, and harder than the last, was every gasp
 he drew ;

When, as the spirit from its coil seemed fluttering to
 depart,

He raised a shriek, 'so loud and shrill, it made the hermit
 start !

The lamp, that long had waned, expired ; the breeze's
 moaning swell

Bore, from the distant convents' tower, the sound of
 the midnight bell ;

And in the darkness of the cave was heard a heavy tread—

A groan—a strife of trampling feet around the
 sufferer's bed ;

Then through the air a hissing sound of waving
 garments rush'd—

A pause—a faint and distant shriek, without—and all
 was hush'd !

The awestruck hermit breathed a prayer, then lit his
 lamp again,

And trembling gazed upon the couch where the dying
 man had lain—

He was not there—again he cast a fearful glance
around,
But not a trace of him he sought in all the cell was
found!—
The holy man bent o'er his beads till the waning stars
grew pale,
And then to all the neighbouring lands he told the
wonderous tale.
Long time to find the corpse they strove; but none
until this day,
Can point where lies the mouldering dust of the last
De Valençay.

Strange tales were rumoured of his death :—by some,
even now, 'tis said
That there watched a spectre form that night beside his
dying bed ;
And some have told, that the self-same hour his spirit
passed away,
His shield fell from the castle-wall in distant Dauphiné ;
And that beneath the donjon tower, deep buried in the
ground,
When many a year had passed away, a blood-stained
ring was found.
'Tis long ago : but still the hinds beguile the winter's night
With legends of the Palmer's gift, and the Baron's
troubled sprite ;
And ever as the tale is told, the breathless listeners say
A *pater* for the parted soul of the last De Valençay !

On reading "the Records of Woman."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN."

Is it twilight from some bright former day,
 Or Aurora of one to come,
 That bids me thus feel when I hear thy lay,
 As if in my spirit's home?

Is it because thy measures wake
 All the sleepers in memory's cave?
 Or is it because their flight they take
 With the wing'd ones beyond the grave?

Is it because we are born to weep
 That thy page is blotted still?
 Then why do our hearts so wildly leap
 At thy clarion's unearthly thrill?

It is that each beat of the restless heart
 Finds an echo in thy tone,
 As the hues of all deep, bright things have part
 In the rainbow's changeful zone.

'Tis because *thy* spirit hath soared with the strain,
 Yet the page has been wet with thy tear,
 That thou lead'st us all in thy radiant train
 To *thine* own bright holier sphere!



Engraved by W.H. Lazenby

The Sailor-Boy.

" Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on."—————

BURNS.

THERE is a solemn music in the sound
Heard from afar across the heaving deep,
Ere gath'ring tempests o'er its surface sweep,
And call the billows from their dark profound :
There is a noble wildness—when around
The plunging vessel the white surges leap ;
And, 'midst the fearful dissonance they keep,
Are manly hearts that even with gladness bound.
But dimly it strikes upon the ear
Of the poor Ship-boy, as he climbs the mast,
And thro' the storm his thoughts are homeward cast
Tow'rd's all in careless childhood held most dear,
Ere, for the untried terrors of the main,
He left the friends he ne'er may see again !

T.

On Popular Education.

OF the various essays and speeches, on this most interesting of all subjects, which have been given to the public, the greater part,—consisting merely of intemperate declamation, or of arguments which do not touch the real merits of the case—are unworthy of serious refutation. A few others, however, are of a very different character, and are entitled to be dealt with in a more respectful manner. In some of these, the subject is strongly and clearly presented, but as frequently happens in all polemical discussions, it is viewed principally on one side. The *gravamen* of the opposite side is slightly hinted at, or cursorily dispatched, or perhaps wholly omitted. The best of these writers seem to be of opinion, that the *onus defendendi* may be properly thrown on the adversary. The few reflections, which follow, are the result of a very imperfect effort to supply this deficiency, and to give to both sides a fair hearing.

The advocates for Universal Education appear to take it for granted, that the time for hesitation is now at an end. The *impetus*, say they, is given, and cannot be retracted. The breeze is set in; the vessel is under weigh; and as there is no power to arrest its progress, the only question now is, who shall guide the helm; or

what are the best means of directing its course. But with all due submission to this general sentiment, I must beg leave to say, that it is neither the first nor the principal question, either in fact or theory. A preliminary inquiry demands our earliest attention. The great machine being confessedly in motion, the first point for our consideration is, whether it be better or safer to accelerate, by any means, its onward march, or to leave it to the quiet progression of its own intrinsic force. A mighty engine of incalculable power, for good or for ill, is visibly at work. Is it our wisest plan to hasten, or to retard, or to leave it undisturbed? This is the previous question. When that is settled, our next consideration is to find out the best means of giving to this untried power a right direction.

I certainly concur in the general impression, that the immense experiment on the fortunes of the human race is now inevitable. That branch of the controversy is at present *hors de combat*; we may safely put it out of court. The progress of general knowledge is besides not only matter of fact, but matter of right. We must go on at the risk of whatever consequences, If there be any supposable cause, in which *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, is of peremptory application, it must be that of the progress and diffusion of knowledge, which in every age has been concurrent with the improvement of our moral and social condition. We are not to be deterred from a benefit so universal by fear of partial or temporary inconvenience. In this, however, as in every other unquestionable good, it is our business to pursue

it with the least possible risk, and to acquire it with the smallest admixture of evil.

But there are some amongst us, who think the experiment so perfectly safe—so entirely free from hazard in all its stages, that every shoulder is instantly to be put to the wheel. They see nothing in its progressive workings, or its final results, but unmixed and defecated good. But surely this is being a great deal too sanguine. A mighty intellectual revolution may be expected to produce many concussions and collisions, analogous in some sort to the great movements of nature. Who shall say that the earthquake, the inundation and the hurricane, though ultimately subservient to the great scheme of benevolence, which pervades the system of universal Nature, are not in themselves, things of awful peril, and portentous hazard? Such in a greater or lesser degree must be the upheaving of the general intellect.

The great danger I take to be this. That portion of instruction or of reflection, which enables us to detect the manifold evils which abound in every civilized community, is unfortunately very slight. They are the first objects which meet the opening eye of mental vision. That portion, on the contrary, which enables us to discern how far these evils and imperfections are susceptible of remedy, or are inseparable from our social condition, is confessedly very great. The first of these portions will necessarily be the lot of the many; the second can only be the privilege of the few. Here lies the great difficulty; and the great dread. The

writings most obvious to the initiatory reading of a poor man will be such as shew him, in the strongest light, the corruptions of government, of law, of the church; the exclusive, generally unacquired, and often unmerited privileges of the aristocracy; the privations of the poor, and the luxuries of the rich. These topics are comprehensible to all, and can be demonstrated to the conviction of the humblest student. They will not fail to be enforced by the demagogue of his little circle, with all the eloquence, which a system of general education is sure to call forth in individuals of every class. Then comes the philosopher on the other side, to shew by arguments drawn from the history of nations, the selfishness of human nature, and the laws which actuate man as a social animal, that these evils are the price and the compensation of the immense benefits which he derives from political union. These arguments address themselves, for the most part, to the higher faculties of the cultivated mind, and demand the investigation of matured knowledge. Is it likely that a man heated and occupied with the recent discovery of all his rights and all his wrongs, will labour to comprehend these arguments; subtle as they are, though sound? Is it likely that he will at all relish them, even though he should succeed in comprehending them? Is it probable that they will ever be placed within his reach?

A practical instance will illustrate this position. Let us suppose that the admirable treatise of Paley on Moral and Political Philosophy should become a text-

book in the great national schools: as it is already in our principal universities. The unsophisticated student reads the famous pigeon-apologue, which forms the introductory section to the masterly treatise on property. It places vividly before him a faithful, though partial view of the actual state of civil society; a view which his mind can instantly grasp. It shews him that all the labour and exertion are on one side; and all the possession and enjoyment on the other. No assistance is wanting to enable him to discern the gross injustice and manifest absurdity of this order of things. Next follows a series of chapters intended to demonstrate, that the institution of property, in spite of all this apparent injustice, is absolutely essential to the prosperity of states, the happiness of individuals, and even the very existence of civil society. To a mind of calm reflection and matured knowledge, these arguments are irrefragable; but is it likely that they will produce conviction on understandings of crude and imperfect information, little accustomed to investigate a train of reasoning, and whose prejudices are all arrayed against the conclusions which the Philosopher labours to establish? If, even to some men of high acquirements, it has appeared that Paley's subsequent reasonings have failed to remove the impressions excited by this initiatory chapter,—he can hardly expect to succeed with a body of students who are so deeply interested in very opposite results; who are often more disposed to act than to argue; and who are conscious of possessing the physical force of the state.

On such grounds as these it has been asserted, that every poor man, of superior intellect, is necessarily a revolutionist. Without going the full length of this alarming dictum, all persons, who are much conversant with human life, must have observed that any mechanic or artizan, whose mind is much elevated above his fellows, either by nature or acquirement, will be found in the ranks of the ultra reformers. Perhaps the most enlightened class in the whole of this immense body are the Journey-men Printers, and other artizans connected with books and literature. The entire members of this class, almost to a man, are amongst the most violent reformers of the country. Nor is it all wonderful that a poor man of cultivated understanding should be restless and impatient under the actual order of things. The fair edifice of the social union, whatever it may have done for others, has been unpropitious to him. It has put him out of his place. The argument on which it rests is, at all events, bad as an *argumentum ad hominem*. For him the rich harvest of civilized society, with all its abundant promise, yields nothing but blight and mildew.

Such is the aspect under which this momentous question presents itself *à priori* to every reflecting and observant understanding. But the science of politics, it has been well observed, whether international or civil, ought to be regarded principally as a science of fact and experiment. When any great change is meditated therefore, the first thing to be done is to try, whether the records of the past will afford us any

guide for the future. On this subject however, it is but too evident that our researches will be but of little use. The history of the world affords us no instance of an educated people, in the strict sense of the expression; and even the approximations to that desirable condition, have been so few and imperfect, that they demand but a very cursory notice.

The first instance which naturally presents itself to the mind is the enlightened democracy of ancient Athens. The common people of that refined republic, we are told, were competent to sit in critical judgment on such finished pieces as the dramas of Sophocles and Euripides; and were capable of detecting and exposing not only the errors in the representation, but those of the dialogue, the sentiments, and even the structure and conduct of the fable. Yet where shall we find a body of citizens so turbulent, refractory, and unreasonable; so entirely under the influence of demagogues, and so little capable of distinguishing their real friends.

The instance of Scotland has been triumphantly produced on this occasion: and as far as it goes, it is unquestionably a most encouraging example. The analogy is however very imperfect. In the first place, the system of education adopted in the national schools of Scotland is, I apprehend, very different from that of the new institutions, established or contemplated in this country. In these seminaries, the religious and moral tuition of the pupils is not merely concurrent with their advancement in literature or science. It is the predominant object: the great foundation on which the

scheme of their general instruction is erected and supported. This sufficiently accounts for the national characteristics of reflection, order, and good sense. In the next place, it is only within little more than half a century, that Scotland has become a commercial and manufacturing nation; and this great innovation, wherever it has spread, has introduced a corresponding change in the habits and character of the people. The *operatives* of Glasgow and Paisley have been found, of late years, quite as untractable in seasons of adversity, as those of Manchester and Leeds. The example of Scotland, therefore, is not exactly applicable.

But we have lately been told, that if we are desirous of contemplating the best instructed portion of modern Europe, we are to look to the lesser States of Germany. It may be doubted however, whether this survey would afford us much satisfaction. A great number of the Universities of that country do not seem to be many grades above the Mechanics' Institutes of our own, and the scheme of instruction is not very dissimilar. The students are conveyed by a rapid and eccentric journey round all the Cyclopædia of human knowledge in a few years; with little leisure by the way, for observation or reflection. Of course they come out with that sort of jejune and unripe attainment, which is just enough to render them loquacious and self-sufficient; eager for disputation, and impatient of restraint. The consequences are such as might have been apprehended. We are assured by a late enlightened and observant traveller, that these youths constitute exactly that

portion of the *enlightened public*, which is the most eager for revolutions, *avidissima rerum novarum*; and yet the most unfit for conducting them: always ready to take the field against every state grievance; and yet utterly ignorant of any process by which the redress of inveterate abuse can be safely attempted.

These considerations, and many others which might easily be suggested, demonstrate that the dangers of an enlightened populace are not wholly chimerical. They require to be guarded against, and provided for, in every scheme of universal education, though not of sufficient weight to deter us from engaging in such undertakings. In a purpose of such general concern, and such unquestionable, though not unequivocal good, as the diffusion of knowledge, whatever hinderances or perils may occur in the way, we are compelled to persevere. As in the pursuit of virtue, we are bound to press on at all hazards; if indeed the two pursuits are not identical. But the education of the people, we are told, is the safety valve, which is to preserve the equipoise, or to direct the excesses of their physical forces or their peccant humours. Without presuming to find fault with this happy analogy of the safety valve; we may venture to suggest that, as far as regards the present inquiry, the contemplated diffusion of knowledge may be considered as the expansive power itself, rather than the *safety valve*. It is that sort of movement, which may be expected to put into action all the dormant faculties, and to let loose all the energies of the general mind. This is the *impetus*. The controlling power, or safety

valve, is to be sought for in the religious, moral, and economical instruction which, in the education of the ~~people~~, must always be made concomitant with their literary and scientific progress. We must adopt the wise and salutary suggestions of Mr. M'Culloch on this most momentous subject. Next to the great principles of piety and virtue, the important point is to instruct them sedulously in those branches of Political Economy and the theory of Population, by which their welfare and their condition in the community are determined : to make them sensible that no alteration in the structure of society, or in the distribution of national wealth, so long as the proportion between capital, or subsistence, and population remains the same, could possibly improve the condition of the general mass. Property might be made to change hands, and the existing system of subordination might be subverted ; but the gross amount of poverty and privation would remain just as before. This is so plain that it may be made evident to every capacity.

The great practical principles of government may be made equally intelligible. The pupils must be taught that Politics is as much a science of experiment as Chemistry or Mechanics ; and that we are only safe so long as we reason from facts. They must be taught from History, how inconceivably small is the number of even tolerably good governments, which have ever been established since the dawn of civilization ; and how precarious the chance of success in such an attempt must consequently be. That in the very best which

has ever yet appeared, innumerable errors and corruptions may be detected by an acute observer; and this is as much a matter of course, as it would be to discern imperfections in the individuals, from which the government emanates. Above all, they must be impressed with the principle that no effectual remedy for public grievances is ever to be sought for in physical force, unless in those extreme cases, which, in the present state of public opinion, cannot be expected to occur. A revolution, when it really effects any ultimate good, can do so only when it falls in with the current of public opinion; and then the same effects would have been produced quietly by a little delay. It is on these grounds that J. J. Rousseau has advanced the startling opinion, that the best revolution, which has ever been accomplished, is not worth the life of a single man that has fallen in its defence. Without going the full length of this extravagant assertion, we may say with that enlightened Republican, Mr. Everett of Boston, that a revolution is the most doubtful and dangerous, and therefore the least desirable, of all modes of reform; and that the wise and good will always hope that the expected advantages may be obtained, at less cost, from the gentle operation of time. To which may be added the striking sentiment of Mr. Roscoe, that every nation must of necessity have nearly as good a government as it deserves; since it is not likely that the government will be much behind the people in morals and intelligence.

Such, I conceive, are the only means by which the

fermentation, excited by the collision of ardent feelings and practical intelligence, about to be put in motion, can be restrained and directed. The moral and economical tuition above described, early begun and steadily pursued, may in some degree interrupt the mischief of imperfect knowledge ; or at least may arm the feeble against that sort of reasoning and instruction, with which in due time the popular writers of the day will be sure to assail them. After all, whatever be the plan or purpose of the new system, its effective action can only be on a few : on that select few, of which a certain number are to be found in every class ; who are open to instruction, and eager to attain it ; who have capacity to receive, memory to retain, and ambition to extend the knowledge that will be offered to the understanding. These will govern the respective classes ; and it is these alone that are virtually the subjects of our experiments, and the objects of our solicitude.

In some respects it may be considered as unfortunate, that it has fallen to the lot of this country to undertake the first voyage of discovery into this *terra incognita*. The peculiar character and condition of our population, its immense amount, and the small spot of ground in which it is compressed, are but ill adapted for any new and hazardous experiment. An American writer of some eminence has said that British property is built on a quicksand. It may with more propriety be said to be erected on a volcano : for it is much more liable to be derpolished by the combustion of its materials, than the frailty of its foundation. But at all events, our position

in civilized society presents a novelty to which there is nothing analagous in the history of the species. Our enormous trade has generated a manufacturing population, superfluous to the necessities of the soil, amounting to nearly two-thirds of our physical strength. By habit and education reckless and improvident in prosperity, distressed and discontented in adversity, this immense body may be considered, like the familiar spirits of Faustus, as only ceasing to be dangerous whilst fully employed. This wonderful mass of manufacturing industry, in conjunction with our still more wonderful machinery, has created a power of production, which can only be fed by an active, incessant, and constantly increasing demand, both at home and abroad. Yet essential as is this never-failing demand, even to our domestic quiet, it is at the mercy of a thousand casualties. The commencement of a war, the conclusion of a peace, the decree of a foreign Court, or even the caprice of fashion, will at once reduce the inhabitants of a whole district to distress and want. Experience has taught us that these unfortunate persons, conscious that they are brought to this state by no fault of their own, naturally turn their eyes on their rulers: and a little persuasion, which on such occasions is never wanting, will easily convince them that this distress is caused or can be remedied by the government. We know but too well from past experience how such a sentiment is likely to operate. What is more alarming, we know also that of late years, such a progress has been made in a system of association and organization, that the whole mass

may soon be made capable of a simultaneous movement on any given occasion. If it be said that from the un-
 armed and undisciplined multitude, little can be effected in the way of force; it may be replied, that such a body, however incompetent to the destruction of the state, has at least the capacity of working such an extent of calamity, as cannot be thought of without horror and alarm.

J. MERRITT.

To Hesperus.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

BY THE REV. W. SHEPHERD.

HAIL to thee, Hesperus! Love's golden light,
 Fixed like a gem on the dark brow of Night!
 Less splendid than the Moon, but brighter far
 Thy beams, than those of every other star—
 The youthful Moon has clos'd her transient reign,
 And sinks obscure beneath the western main.
 Pour, then, O Hesperus! thy friendly ray,
 To light a pilgrim on his wilder'd way:
 No house unguarded seek I to invade,
 Or spoil the traveller 'midst the dusky shade;
 Love speeds my steps, and every toil beguiles
 , With thoughts of her, who welcomes me with smiles.

The Voice of Music.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

CHILDRE HAROLD.

WHENCE is the might of thy master-spell ?
 Speak to me, Voice of sweet sound, and tell !
 How canst thou wake, by one gentle breath,
 Passionate visions of love and death !

How callest thou back, with a note, a sigh,
 Words and low tones from the days gone by—
 A sunny glance, or a fond farewell ?—
 Speak to me, Voice of sweet sound, and tell !

What is thy power, from the soul's deep spring
 In sudden gushes the tears to bring ?
 Even 'midst the swells of thy festal glee,
 Fountains of sorrow are stirred by thee !

Vain are those tears !—vain and fruitless all—
 Showers that refresh not, yet still must fall ;
 For a purer bliss while the full heart burns,
 For a brighter home while the Spirit yearns !

Something of mystery there surely dwells,
 Waiting thy touch, in our bosom-cells ;
 Something that finds not its answer here—
 A chain to be clasped in another sphere.

Therefore a current of sadness deep,
 Through the stream of thy triumphs is heard to sweep,
 Like a moan of the breeze through a summer sky—
 Like a name of the dead when the wine foams high !

Yet speak to me still, though thy tones be fraught
 With vain remembrance and troubled thought ;—
 Speak ! for thou tellest my soul that its birth
 Links it with regions more bright than earth !

Sonnet.

BY MISS E. TAYLOR.

MOTHER ! revere God's image in thy child !
 No earthly gift thy parent arms enfold ;
 No mortal tongue as yet the worth hath told
 Of that which in thy bosom, meek and mild,
 Rests its weak head.—O not by sense beguil'd
 Gaze on that form of perishable mould ;
 Though first by thee it liv'd, on thee it smil'd,
 Yet not for thee existence must it hold ;
 For God's it is, not thine :—Thou art but one
 To whom that happy destiny is given,
 To see an everlasting life begun,
 To watch the dawnings of the future heaven,
 And to be such in purity and love
 As best may win it to that life above ! —

On Prayer.

ALMIGHTY Power ! who didst create
 Eolian mysteries in this brain,
Arise ! lest passion desolate,
 With storm, the melodies that reign,
 When breathing on my soul the roseate breath
 Of Prayer, thou whisperest, I am thine in death ;
 My sight is on the gate of Paradise,
 And my tranced soul beams upwards through mine eyes,
 Like incense in the hour of holiest sacrifice !

There is a voice in Nature's solitude,
 Let him that prayeth listen—but not speak,
 With clasped hands—all rapt—as though he stood,
 And heard the voice of mighty Nature seek,
 On necks of giant winds, the Deity !
 Tears, sighs, and joy—all passion's extacy—
 Throb from his struggling soul—the voice of prayer ;
 Heaven opens on his eyes—its mysteries bare ;
 Ravished he sleeps : he shall awake anon—and there !

Thou Spirit of old Prophecy ! that spake
 In thunder, or the still small voice with fire,
 Man, prostrate with the elements, did quake,
 With glory blasted in thy presence dire ;

Thy veil is torn—thine holiest desolate—
 Thy Seers are dead—thy Thummim beams not fate !
 Oh lost ! shall mortal speak with God alone ?
 Lo ! Prayer, the angel, kneels—the mighty one—
 On earth—her eye in heaven, her hand upon the throne !

The heaven is weeping stars, pale gleams, and dew ;
 The purple west hath glimmered into gray ;
 This mountain throne, reared silent in the blue
 Deep sea of light, 's mine altar—I will pray !
 The low world weltering in a misty sea—
 This rock upreared in blest infinity,
 An island of its depths, where sleeps the flood
 Of heaven—my garments white in Jesus' blood—
 Bethel ! It is heaven's gate ! I speak alone with God !

For on this altar I beheld expire
 The sun, a martyr ; in his glorious blood
 Was dyed the west—till the immortal fire
 Sunk in one flash, like an engulfed flood ;
 And glimmered in the sky a ghostly cloud,
 All gray and withered in its rayless shroud ;
 And the wan moon was wedded to the gloom—
 Like the lone spectre to its ruined tomb,
 Or corpse-light to the shroud, till dawns the day of doom !

J. K.

A Chapter on Woods.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

"Care selve lente !
E voi solinghi, e taciturni orrori,
Di riposo e di pace alberghi veri !
O quanto volentieri
A rivedervi io torno!"—(GUARINI.)

I LOVE a day's excursion into the woods, with a choice party, with all my soul. Not as many attempt the matter when they would be exceedingly Arcadian:—not a formal and formidable *Villegiatura*, an invasion of the silent woods with gigs and post-chaises, startling the creatures of solitude with the flash of scarfs, and ribbons, and parasols, with cloths spread upon the green grass,—with cold collations, with breaking of bottles and obstreperous merriment:—but with simple and unpretending hearts, with souls familiar with the mysteries and spirit of Nature, prepared to expect nothing but what her freshness, and silence, and beauty may pour into their bosoms,—and what their own social natures can afford them. Pleasant it is at all times to wander in woods

"Where there's neither suit nor plea,
But only the wild creatures and many a spreading tree."

LOCKHART.

Especially pleasant is it in Autumn. Their tempered gloom, their silence—the wild cries which flit, ever and anon, through them—the leaves which already

whistle to the tread—all is full of a thoughtful pleasantness. And who that has lived, or sojourned in any part of his youth, in the country, has not some delicious remembrances of *nutting*? For me, those dim and vast woods, whither our good schoolmaster conducted his jolly troop of boys once in the season; those rustling boughs, amongst which we rushed and plunged with the rapturous impetuosity of young deer—those clusters which tempted us to climb, or to crash down the tree that bore them, like many other ambitious mortals, destroying to possess—those brown shellers which came pattering upon our heads—our dinner *à la gipsy*;—these were not merely enjoyed for *one* day; they have filled us on a hundred different occasions with felicitous reflections.

And then those breaks!—those openings!—those sudden emergings from shadow and silence to light and liberty!—those unexpected comings out to the skirts of the forest, or to some wild and heathy tract in the very depth of the woodlands! My heart leaps at the thought of it! I feel the fresh-blowing breeze of Autumn! I scent the fresh odour of the turf which never was *exhausted*—I feel its elasticity beneath my tread; and rejoice as I behold on its lovely bosom a few loiterers which remain of all Summer's flowery tribes,—a solitary honeysuckle on some young birch; a few harebells, bright and blue as Summer skies. The rich crimson flush of forest ground

“Where mingled heath-bells congregated bloom,”

MILHOUSE.

is fast fading away; the fern is assuming its russet hue, docks lift their ruddy and full-seeded heads,—thistles stand covered with down like a foam, ready at the lightest breeze to float away to a thousand places; and the grass of Parnassus crowns the silent waste with its chaste and classic beauty. And then, the brightness of the sky! There is a diaphanous purity of atmosphere, at once surprizing and delightful. From some woodland height, we remark, with astonishment, how perfectly and distinctly the whole of the most extensive landscape lies, in varied and solemn beauty, before us; while such is the reposing stillness of Nature, that not a sound disturbs the sunny solitude, save perhaps the clapping of pigeons' wings as they arise from the stubbles. This clearness of vision may partly arise from the paucity of vapour ascending from the ground at this dry season, and partly from the eye being relieved from the intensity of splendour with which it is oppressed in summer; but be it what it may, the fact has not escaped the observation of one of our most beautiful poets:

“ There is a harmony
 In Autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
 Which through the Summer is not heard, & not seen
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been.”

SHELLEY.

It is somewhat later in the season however, that woods may be pronounced most beautiful. The gorgeous splendour of wood-scenery constitutes the glory of **October**. Towards the end of it, what is called *the*

fading of the leaf, but which might more fitly be termed the kindling, or tinting of the leaf, presents a magnificent spectacle. Every species of tree so beautifully varied in its general character,—the silver-stemmed and pensile-branched birch—the tall smooth beech—the wide-spreading oak and chesnut, each develops its own florid hue of orange, red, brown, or yellow, which, mingling with the greenness of unchanged trees, or the darkness of the pine, present a *tout ensemble* rich, glowing and splendid. Yet, fine as are our woods at this season, far are they exceeded by the vast forests of America. The greater variety of trees, and the greater effect of climate, conspiring to render them in decay gorgeous and beautiful beyond description.

“ Oh, solemn are the woods of the great western world,
In *their* decline,”

MRS. HEMANS.

and solemn too are our own. The dark and glossy acorns lie scattered in profusion on the ground—the richly coloured and veined horse-chesnuts glow in the midst of their rugged and spiny shells, which have burst open, by their fall into the deep and well-defined circle of “broad palmy leaves” that seem to have been shed at once. The host of birds enjoy a plentiful feast of beech-nuts in the tree tops; and the squirrels beneath them, ruddy as the fallen leaves amongst which they rustle, and full of life and archness, are a beautiful sight.

Woods have, in all ages, vividly impressed the human

mind. They possess a majesty and solemnity which strike and charm the eye. Their silence and beauty affect the imagination with a meditative awe. They soothe the spirit by their grateful seclusion, and delight it by the novel cries, and by glimpses of their wild inhabitants,—by odours and beautiful phenomena of vegetative life—so distinct from what we find in our ordinary walks—so peculiar to themselves. This may be more particularly applied to our own woods—woods comparatively reclaimed; but in less populous and cultivated countries, they possess a far more wild and gloomy character. The abodes of banditti, of wild beasts, and deadly reptiles, they truly merit the epithet of “salvage woods” which Spencer has bestowed upon them. In remote ages, their fearful solitudes and overbrooding shadows fostered superstition; and peopled them with satyrs, fawns, dryads, hamadryads, and innumerable spirits of dubious natures. The same cause consecrated them to religious rites. It was from the mighty and ancient oak of Dodona that the earliest oracles of Greece were pronounced. The Syrians had their groves dedicated to Baal and Ashtaroth, the queen of Heaven; and infected the Israelites with their idolatrous customs. In the heart of woods the Druid cut down the bough of misseltoe, and performed the horrible ceremonies of his religion. The philosophers of Greece resorted to groves, as schools the most august and befitting the delivery of their sublime precepts. In the depth of woods did anchorites seek to forget the world; and to prepare their hearts for the purity of heaven.

To lovers and poets they have ever been favourite haunts; and the poets, by making them the scenes and subjects of their most beautiful fictions and descriptions, have added to their native charms a thousand delightful associations. Ariosto, Tasso, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton have sanctified them to the hearts of all generations. What a world of magnificent creations come swarming upon the memory, as we wander in woods! The gallant knights and beautiful dames, the magical castles and hypogryphs of the Orlando; the enchanted forests, the Armida and Erminia of the Gerusalemme Liberata; "Fair Una with her milk-white lamb," and all the satyrs, Archimages, the fair Florimels and false Duessas of the Faëry Queen; Ariel and Caliban, Jaques and his motley fool in Ardennes, the fairies of the Midsummer Night's Dream, Oberon, Titania, and that pleasantest of all mischief-makers, ineffable Puck; the noble spirits of the immortal "Comus:" with such company, woods are to us any thing but solitudes. They are populous and inexhaustible worlds; where creatures that mock the grasp, but not the mind—a matchless phantasmagoria—flit before us; alternately make us merry with their pleasant follies, delight us with their romantic grandeur and beauty, and elevate our hearts with their sublime sentiments. What wisdom do we learn in the world that they do not teach us better? What music do we hear like that which bursts from the pipes of the universal Pan, or comes from some viewless source with the Eolian melodies of Faëry Land. Whatever woods have been to all ages

—to all descriptions of superior mind—to all the sages and poets of the past world, they are to us. We have the varied whole of their sentiments, feelings, and fancies, bequeathed us as an immortal legacy, and combined and concentrated for our gratification and advantage; besides the innumerable pleasures, which modern art has thrown to the accumulated wealth of all antiquity. Botany has introduced us to a more intimate acquaintance with the names and characters, and with something also of the physical economy of both “the trees of the wood,” and of the smallest plants which flourish at their feet; so that wherever we cast our eyes, we behold matter for both admiration and research.

What can be more beautiful than trees? Their lofty trunks, august in their simplicity, asserting to the most inexperienced eye their infinite superiority over the imitative pillars of man’s pride; their graceful play of wide-spreading branches; and all the delicate and glorious machinery of buds, leaves, flowers, and fruit, that, with more than magical effect, burst forth from naked and rigid twigs, with all the rich, and brilliant, and unimaginably varied colours under heaven; breathing delectable odours, pure and fresh, and animating; pouring out spices and medicinal essences; and making music, from the softest and most melancholy under-tones to the full organ peel of the tempest. I wonder not that trees have commanded the admiration of men in all periods and nations of the world. What is the richest country without trees? What barren and

monotonous spot can they not convert into a paradise? Xerxes, in the midst of his most ambitious enterprise, stopped his vast army to contemplate the beauty of a tree. Cicero, from the throng, and exertion, and anxiety of the forum, was accustomed, Pliny tells us, to steal forth to a grove of plane-trees to refresh and invigorate his spirit. In the Scapæan groves, the same author adds, Thucydides was supposed to have composed his noble histories. The Greek and Roman classics, indeed, abound with expressions of admiration of trees and woods, and with customs which have originated in that admiration: but above all, as the Bible surpasses, in the splendour and majesty of its poetry, all books in the world, so is its sylvan and arborescent imagery the most bold and beautiful. Beneath some spreading tree are the ancient patriarchs revealed to us, sitting in contemplation, or receiving the visits of angels; and what a calm and dignified picture of primeval life is presented to our imagination, at the mention of Deborah, the wife of Lapidoth, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, between Ramah and Bethel, in Mount Ephraim, beneath the palm-tree of Deborah. The oaks of Bashan, and the cedars of Lebanon, are but other and better names for glory and power. The vine, the olive, and the fig-tree, are made imperishable emblems of peace, plenty, and festivity. David in his psalms, Solomon in his songs and proverbs, the prophets in the sublime outpourings of their awful inspiration, and Christ in his parables—those most beautiful and perfect

of allegories—luxuriate in signs and similies drawn from the fair trees of the East.

In the earlier ages of Europe, Kings were crowned, councils held, and justice dispensed, beneath the shade of some noble tree. From the shadow of an oak was Christianity first proclaimed in these realms. In a more recent day of our dear and noble country, the willows of Pope and Johnson, the mulberry of Shakspeare and that of Milton, have associated those great names with the love of trees and of planting. Many noble works of our illustrious countrymen, it would be easy to mention, that have been written, and more than one of our most distinguished living authors who delight to compose, amid the inspiring grace, and purity, and freshness of trees. John Evelyn spent a considerable portion of a valuable life in endeavouring to communicate his admiration of trees and forests; and besides immediately effecting a great national service, by turning the attention of government to the importance of planting, has left a noble monument of his taste and labour. Well might this venerable and enthusiastic apostle of woods exclaim: “Here then is the true Parnassus, Castalia, and the Muses; and at every call in a grove of venerable oaks, methinks I hear the answer of a hundred old Druids, and the bards of our inspired ancestors. In a word, so charmed were poets with those natural shades, that they honoured temples with the names of groves, though they had not a tree about them. In walks and shades of trees poets have composed verses, which have

animated men to heroic and glorious actions. Here orators have made their panegyrics, historians their grave relations; and the profound philosophers have loved to pass their lives in repose and contemplation.”

Who has walked in woods, that has not felt them become to him as superb temples, filling him with a desire

“ To contemplate and worship him, whose mind
Stirs in the stilly night like solitude,
Or breathes, in whispers, on the gentle wind,
Through vast cathedral groves, and leaves a calm behind.”

MILHOUSE'S *Sherwood Forest*.

And what author, ancient or modern, has not expressed his sense of their beauty by employing them as figures of whatever is rich, flourishing, and pleasant? In spring, when they are in the delicacy of their pride—in summer, when they are shadowy and aromatic—in the last splendour of autumn, or when winter robs them of their foliage, but brings to light what summer had concealed—the underwork and tracery of their branches; in each and all, are trees and woods inspiring and delightful.

How often, in this weary world, I pine and long to flee,
And lay me down, as I was wont, under the greenwood tree.

Verses

TO _____

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

OH gentle Spirit ! hovering near,
 A stranger to thy heavenly birth,
 What sad mischance could bring thee here,
 To mingle in these scenes of earth ?

Say, wandering through the realms of space,
 Ere-while incautious didst thou roam ;
 And, lighting on this lower place,
 Mistake it for thy native home ?

Or, seated midst the sainted choir,
 Say, didst thou cast one glance below,
 And feel the kind, intense desire
 To share and soften human woe ?

Yes, thou hast shared—and in thine heart
 Affliction placed her sharpest thorn ;
 And thou hast known what 'tis to part
 With tenderest ties untimely torn.

Thus taught for human ills to feel,
 Thy lenient care, with skill benign,
 Has learnt to mitigate and heal
 Those throbbing pangs that once were thine.

The anguish of a friend to share,
To raise the faint and drooping head,
And chase the phantoms of despair,
That hover round the sufferer's bed ;

Prompt on misfortune's bleeding wound
To pour the soft and healing balm,
And, all thine own, diffuse around
A tempered bliss, a heavenly calm.

Yet midst the scenes that round thee rise—
The cares to earthly objects given—
Oft wilt thou turn thy longing eyes
To gaze upon thy native heaven !

Oh ! when thy Master's voice from high
Shall call thee to thy home again,
Say, shall thine earthly friend be nigh,
The humblest follower in thy train ?

For sure some spark of holier fires
An inmate of his breast must be,
Who, midst these darkling scenes, aspires
To feel a sympathy with thee !

The First Morning of May.

COMEST thou, May! on thy golden wing,
 Radiant with beauty; what dost thou bring?
 Light to the heavens, and blossoms to earth—
 A voice to the forest of music and mirth;
 Health in the breezes that play round thy brow,
 Breathing of perfume to hedge-row and bough—
 Grass to the meadow, and leaves to the tree;
 Morning of gladness! what bring'st thou to me?

Dost thou come with the glow by sorrow shaded,
 Or the blossoms of hope untimely faded?
 Shall the joyous song break forth at thy call,
 From the broken lute, in the silent hall?
 Hast thou healing for me in thy gentle gale
 Rich with the scent of the hawthorn pale?
 Canst thou brighten the tear-dimmed eye, to see
 The glorious green on meadow and tree?

May! thou art lovely, and nature is fair
 In the brilliant bloom that thy features wear;
 And we bask in the warmth of thy sun-bright hours,
 And lightly we tread on thy delicate flowers.
Them thou *canst* call from their long—long, sleep,
 Again thy festival season to keep;—
 Thou *canst* waken the birds, with thy fragrant breath,
To burst their prison of winter and death!

What bring'st thou to *me*, in thy beaming pride,
 Crowned with fresh wreaths from the fountain side ?
 Thou openest the grave, that a voice—a smile—
 May charm my spell-bound fancy awhile.
 Visions of youth, when my spirit was free
 As the ocean-winds, come thronging with thee ;
 But the shades flit past, and their parting tone
 Dies on the ear of the sad and lone !

Comes then no May, no second spring-time,
 True to its seeming of youth and prime,
 To the desolate bosom—the aching heart,—
 That has seen its hopes and its joys depart ?
 Come not these back to our earth with thee ?
 Never, oh ! never that bliss shall be ;
 Life is one year, and its vernal bloom
 Has but *one* brief triumph on this side the tomb !

J. C.

“ **A Temple not made with hands.** ”

THE mountains are God's altars, on whose sides
 Silence, the parent of deep thought, abides ;
 His matin-song the hour when morning breaks,
 And the glad heart to gratitude awakes :
 And he who from the world's temptations flies
 To his own mind's retir'd solemnities,
 Erects a temple to his God, more holy
 Than any built by human pride or folly.

Kit Wallace.

A RECOLLECTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PENINSULA."

—"No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool"—SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is scarcely a village any where in the wide world, but has in it some half-witted being, whom the very children feel privileged to mock. How often do we see such a crazy unfortunate, followed by a little tribe of urchin tyrants tormenting and torturing it! some by the nick-name and the cruel laugh—some by the mouth awry or the broad grimace—others by the sly pull at the ragged skirt—and a few by the coward stone :—and the loud shout of triumph the little mob will give, when they succeed in making the poor creature turn and stand at bay ; or run after them in fierce, but, happily for them, in impotent anger. Such a sight is not uncommon, and, to a man of thought and feeling is very humiliating and affecting.

—————"the little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me"—

cries Lear in his mad misery. "Is there any *cause* in *Nature* that makes these hard hearts?" Ah me!

I fear there is. Kit Wallace, I call thee up from thy grave. Let me paint thy portrait; record thy wrongs; and relate thy death. It may be, some poor, feeble-minded being shall be treated the better for this sketch of thy inoffensive life:—some stick shall be raised in defence of a mobbed miserable—some word of kindness be spoken into an ear accustomed only to reviling and reproach.

I remember, in the ardent and joyous days of my early military life—when my laughter was “like the crackling of thorns under a pot”—a poor, half-witted man, who had enlisted into the regiment; I know not when or how.

He was certainly, poor fellow, to use the favourite phrase of the drill-sergeant, *one of his Majesty's hard bargains*. He was not crazy—he was not an idiot—so that there was no way of getting him discharged—for, at that period, inspecting generals were very strict about discharges; but he was a simpleton of the silliest. The intelligence of a child was greater. It was well for him, perhaps, that he had been driven to enlist by ill treatment at home; or inveigled by some adroit recruiting sergeant, who wanted to pocket the bringing money:—for in a regiment he was sure to be clothed, fed, taken care of, and governed. Poor Kit! to make a soldier of him was impossible. However he had eyes, arms, and legs; and as he would not use these last to desert, to get rid of him was impracticable. He had a slouch; and he was a sloven. He never stood in the proper position of a soldier; nor did he ever put on his

clothes and appointments like one. Officers and drill-sergeants gave him up in despair. He sunk into a sort of privileged character ; one who was

“ Unapt to learn, and formed of stubborn stuff.”

Kit was in the company of which I was the Lieutenant ; for awhile my pupil, but soon, and for years, my torment and my plague ; and oftentimes—I write it with a blush—oftentimes my jest. Upon inspection and review-days, I hid him as well as I could ; put him on a rear-guard, or in an awkward squad of lately-joined recruits ; employed him for the day as a cook, or on fatigue duty, or as a line or barrack Orderly ; some out-of-the-way post or corner was found, in which to conceal Kit : but if, owing to untoward circumstances, such an arrangement could not be effected, I would get him well cleaned, and his appointments well put on, by one of the smartest of my corporals ;—and then place him in the rear rank, and a clever sergeant behind, with his eye constantly on him, to prevent him from discrediting the company by his blunders.

It may be supposed, that such a subject soon became the butt of his comrades ; they never wanted a joke, when he was by ;—they tormented him incessantly. They played him tricks, at which sometimes he himself gave the laugh of silliness ; while at others, he would ~~blubber~~ like a baby :—on these last occasions, I would rebuke him, and punish the men :—but I

often, too often, shared in the laughter. Poor Kit!—he went with us to the Peninsula: I remember him well in our marches there. My old captain, who was one of the best-tempered men I ever met with, would sometimes be provoked into a violent passion with him; and while he punished half the company for teasing him, would threaten, in a voice of thunder, “to ride down Kit’s throat!” the only threat that ever effectually silenced him when he was in the mood to blubber and bellow;—and the only punishment, if a threat be a punishment, he ever received.

The silliness of the poor fellow was incredible. I remember on one occasion, when the regiment was drawn up, expecting to be immediately engaged, and I was in charge of the company; as a simple act of duty, I placed him in the front rank; lest, by his extreme awkwardness, he might do some injury, in firing, to the man who would otherwise have stood in front of him. It is a ludicrous fact, that the poor fellow complained to the colonel, as he was riding down the line, that I had placed him in the front rank to get him killed. “Is he not in the front rank himself, you fool!” was the colonel’s reply. This shows, first, alas! that poor Kit regarded all the world, and me amongst them, as *his* enemies—next, that he had not much of the hero in his composition. This little incident was never forgotten by the men of the company; and they plagued him about it to the end of the war: but many a voice that gibed and jeered him was, in succession, silenced in death. He was one of the few survivors in the

company, at the termination of those memorable campaigns. He was present in every battle, and on every march. The handsome, and the happy, and the hardy fell around him: Kit lived on. At the close of the bloody battle of Albuera, when I saw him safe upon that field of carnage, I was glad in my very heart; and felt that "I could have better spared a better man." I have said truly that Kit was no hero, as his complaint to the colonel on a former occasion had proved; yet he had apparently no fear of death. He stood in his place—had a pouch full of ball-cartridges, and fired them away in the battle; whether guilty or innocent of blood, he could not on that occasion know, and little heeded.

How strange to think of such a man receiving **THE THANKS OF PARLIAMENT**; as he did in common with the army many times; and was perhaps sent to drill by the commanding officer or adjutant, at the very Parade when they were read to him, for some awkwardness or irregularity;—shared perhaps in victory in the morning, and was for some offence put on extra fatigue duty the same evening. What a strange and complicated machine is an army! How much of "the common" enters into it! *Hurrah for Liberty and Old England!* is the cheerful cry of men, enlisted for life, rushing into battle to deal out, and to meet, the death-stroke. The victory is won: then comes again **ATTENTION! WORD OF COMMAND AND EXERCISE OF ARMS—*L'étrange chose que la vie!***

At the conclusion of the war, and upon the return of

the regiment home, the battalion was reorganized; Kit was no longer in the same company with me, and, except being occasionally thrown on duty near him, I almost lost sight of the man. At length, after a lapse of years, he fell again under my notice in India. I observed about him a very remarkable change—an evident improvement. He was far cleverer than he was ever wont to be: his awkward gait remained, but his look was no longer the same. His eye, once so restless, that used to be looking on every side, as if constantly expecting either reproof or ridicule, was now still and placid; and a beam of contentment shone in it. He always saluted me with a look of kind and familiar recognition; and if I occasionally stopped and said a word to him, replied as if pleased at the notice.

I was much puzzled and perplexed at first about this change in a man, whose imbecility of mind I had once regarded as alike painful and hopeless. Upon making a more particular inquiry, I found that, in the company to which he belonged, he had become attached to the little child of one of his comrades, of whom he took as much care as if it had been his own: that he spent all his spare pay upon it: that he did his duty quietly, was regular, and neither troubled his fellow-soldiers, nor was troubled by them: and that he never associated with the men, but was always with this little child, who was exceedingly fond of him.

Here was the secret. I more particularly observed him ever after:—I often met him with the child in his hand:—a little, common-looking child—just old enough

to trot by his side, and stammer out its liking—with eyes that to him had beauty, for they looked up to him with affection. Here was the secret: he had never hitherto found in the cold world any thing *to love him*, any thing he could love;—here was a Heaven-sent object exactly suited to his heart's want;—a little stranger in this earth, too young to know, and to take part with, those who despised him. A little thing, which perhaps had first attracted his notice when, in the chance absence of its parents, it stood terrified and helpless, crying in a tumultuous barrack-room. Poor Kit, who had been buffeted with roughness from his very cradle, had been frightened or laughed out of his wits, and then scorned for having none; had been the sport of the lane or alley in which he was born, and then been driven from the haunts of home—first to be the butt of his fellow-workmen, and next of those, amongst whom he had cast in his lot “to mend his fate or be rid on’t”—had now found something *to love him*.

Oftentimes now, as I met him and the child together, and mused upon this sweet mystery of mercy, did I repent in my heart for the many sharp words I had once given him; and for my many thoughtless and unfeeling smiles at his folly. I saw, however, by the very expression of his complacent eye, that I was fully forgiven. He had no hate, no malice, no memory for wrong; he was peaceful and gentle; and passed whole days, playing with a child. Kit too was now elevated to the dignity of an instructor. He was still simple, but he was no longer silly. He could not read: yes he

could—*one* of God's books, for he could *see* ; could see the high Heavens, and the starry firmament ;—the sun by day, and the moon by night. I have seen him with his little comfort, walking on the ramparts at Fort St. George in the cool evening ; and calmly looking up at the bright sky, and out upon the glittering ocean ; and pointing to the white sail and to the anchored vessel, and teaching the child to stutter out the names of these objects.

The suffering of those, who are looked upon as half-crazed or fools, has in it this most bitter ingredient ; they have no mate in their sorrow. They suffer *alone, apart* ; with a consciousness that they are degraded. Kit's suffering was now all at an end : he was no longer alone in the world. But I knew not at this time that he had gotten a higher consolation. I will, some day, said I to myself, speak to him about his immortal soul, and his hopes of an hereafter. It chanced a few weeks afterwards, that, as I was visiting some men of my own company in the hospital, in passing down the ward I observed poor Kit, lying in bed, sick. I sat down by him—took his hand, and spoke to him with tenderness ;—he was very ill. I named the Redeemer ; he knew the sound—knew it, not perhaps as some would have wanted him to know it—but as a sound that had already touched a chord in his humble heart. He had heard that all his sins would be forgiven, and how ; he had simply believed the message, and gratefully accepted the pardon. He had gotten wisdom, not knowledge. There was peace, hope, and the joy of a simple confiding trust in his Redeemer.

I visited him again : again the same was his enviable state of mind. The next, and last time I saw him, he was dying and speechless. I whispered in his dulling ear : he opened his eyes—he knew me—he looked pleased and happy ; he tried to return the pressure of my hand. I placed it on his forehead. The death damps were already on his brow. “ He is pleased,” said the Orderly, “ to see you, Sir ; he knows you.” “ He was pleased, Friend,” said I, “ to hear the word of promise in his ear—to hear the sound of his Redeemer’s name—to hear the word *Christ*.”

Sonnet.

BY ROBERT MILHOUSE.

ON TIME ! Although thou writest with decay,
 Yet are thine oracles as sure as fate ;
 Man’s gorgeous Temples, things of yesterday,
 Thou in thy giant play canst desolate.
 Thy finger points to joys ’midst snares and death,
 And sprinkles nuptial feasts with bridegroom’s blood ;
 Thou laughest when the Conqueror yields his breath,
 And fosterest snakes where kingly mansions stood.
 Thy Chronicle the sickening tale unfold,
 How Monarchs were the playthings of an hour,
 How mighty Empires have been bought with gold,
 The shame of crowds, the infamy of Power :
 And how, in loathsome cells while Patriots wept,
 Ruthless Oppressors sank on down—and slept.

Translation from Schiller's *Mary Stuart*.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

A PARK—TREES IN THE FOREGROUND, AND A WIDE LANDSCAPE
IN THE DISTANCE.

MARY—HANNAH KENNEDY—SIR AMIAS PAULET—THE EARL OF
SHREWSBURY—ELIZABETH—THE EARL OF LEICESTER—
ATTENDANTS.

ELIZABETH. (*To Leicester.*)

What is the title of these fair domains ?

LEICESTER.

The castle and estate of FOTHERINGAY.

ELIZABETH. (*To Shrewsbury.*)

Send our attendants onwards to the city ;
From eager crowds that press along our way,
We seek for shelter in this green, still, park.

(*Talbot removes the attendants.—She fixes her eyes
upon Mary, and then addresses Paulet.*)

Too much my loyal subjects love their queen ;
Whene'er I pass, with fond idolatry,
They offer homage, due to God alone.

MARY.

(*Who is leaning nearly fainting, upon her attendant,
raises herself, and her eye meets the fixed glance
of Elizabeth.—She shudders and throws herself back
into Hannah's arms.*)

Oh God ! from that stern aspect speaks no heart !

ELIZABETH.

Who is this Lady? (*A general silence.*)

LEICESTER.

Queen, this is FOTHERINGAY.

ELIZABETH.

(Appears struck with astonishment, looking angrily upon Leicester.)

Is this design, my Lord of Leicester, yours?

LEICESTER.

A chance, my Queen, has willed it should be thus,—
Yet no blind fate, but Heaven here led your steps;
Oh! let high thoughts, let mercy then prevail.

SHREWSBURY.

Yield, Royal Princess, to our prayers, and look
On one of many sorrows, one who sinks
E'en now before thee, by thy glance borne down.

*(Mary collects herself, and goes towards Elizabeth—
then stops trembling, her features strongly agitated.)*

ELIZABETH.

How's this, my Lords? Who named a suppliant here?
I find but stubborn pride untamed by woe.

MARY.

Be it even so. E'en unto this I bend.
Farewell, farewell! vain pride of noble souls!
What I have been—felt—suffered—all the past
Shall be forgotten, whilst I humbly kneel,
Before her feet who bows me to this shame.

(She turns towards the queen.)

On you, my sister, heaven has looked in favour!
And crown'd your Royal Head with wreaths of conquest,

To GOD, whose hand exalts you thus, I kneel !

(She kneels at her feet.)

Sister, let gentle mercy touch your heart !

Nor let me bow before you thus abased ;

Hold forth your Royal hand to raise me up,

From falling thus degraded in the dust !

ELIZABETH. *(Stepping back.)*

The place becomes your fortunes, Lady Mary !

With praise I thank my God, that at your feet

I do not kneel disgraced, as you at mine.

MARY. *(With deeper emotion.)*

Think on the change of human destinies !

There lives a God to punish pride with wrath !

Worship and fear the Fearful One, who cast

Me at your feet, a suppliant—for the sake

Even of these strangers, see in me yourself—

Shame not the blood of Tudor by my shame,

Our kindred blood, which flows in all my veins,

As free, as warm, as noble as in yours !

Oh, God in heaven ! stand not there, stern and mute,

Defying all approach, like some rude cliff,

Whose top, the shipwrecked wretch, grappling in death,

Attempts in vain to seize. My life, my fate

Hang on the passion of my words and tears,

Free me my heart, that I may move your own !

When thus you look on me, your icy glance

Freezes my shuddering blood, congeals my tears,

And fetters in my soul the half-formed prayer.

ELIZABETH. *(Coldly and austere.)*

What would you say to me, my Lady Stuart ?

You wished to speak with me,—and I forget
 The Queen so sorely injured, to fulfil
 The sister's part—vouchsafing you my presence,
 I follow mercy's impulse, and expose
 Myself to just reproach, for deigning thus
 To visit you—for you must well remember,
 That you by treacherous plots have sought my life.

MARY.

Where shall my prayer begin. What skill shall range
 My words, and lend them chastened eloquence,
 That they may move your heart, but not offend !
 God give my utterance strength—and from my speech
 Take every pointed sting, which else might wound !
 Yet, by the mere recital of my wrongs,
 I should accuse you deeply—this I will not.
 —I have received injustice at your hands,
 A Queen, free as yourself, I am detained
 A common prisoner. To your hearth I came,
 A suppliant, claiming hospitable rites,
 But you these rites denying—spurning all
 The hallow'd laws of nations, you have held
 Your guest, a dungeon's captive. From my side
 Friends, followers, have been torn :—ignoble want
 Hath fallen upon me :—and degradingly
 Before a vile Tribunal I have stood !
 No more of this—a long oblivion shroud
 The many cruel wrongs I have endured !
 —Come ! I will call it all a destiny,
Your's the blame is not—nor can I be blamed.
 An evil spirit rose from the abyss,

To kindle bitter hate between our hearts,
 Which widely parted even our tender years ;—
 It strengthened with our growth, and wicked men
 Fanned with unholy breath the fatal flame ;
 Whilst doating zealots grasped the sword and spear,
 To arm, in phrenzied haste, uncalled-for hands ;—
 This is the curse which marks the fate of kings ;
 Their slightest jars distract the world with hate,
 Their discords bid the furies rage unchained !
 —But no strange lips can now sow strife between us,
*(She approaches Elizabeth confidently, and her tone
 grows more persuasive.)*

Now face to face we stand—now speak to me,
 Sister ! Oh, speak !—Let me but know my crime,
 And all, ten thousand fold, shall be atoned !
 Oh ! that you had but heard me, when I sought
 Your face erewhile with such ir:passioned prayer !
 We had not come to this. We had not met
 Thus bitterly, and in this place of woe.

ELIZABETH.

From this my guardian stars protected me,
 From pressing to my breast the crafty viper ;
 —Accuse not heaven—blame your perfidious heart,
 The fierce ambition of your treacherous house.
 There was no cause of enmity between us,
 When your proud uncle, that rash, meddling priest,
 Who grasps with daring hand at every crown,
 Began to war with me—deluded you,
 To assume my arms, and claim my royal title ;
 Until the strife between us grew a contest

Of life and death :—Whom roused he not against me ?
 The churchmen's furious tongues—the laymen's swords,
 The dreaded arms of blind religious zeal :
 Nay, even here—in mine own peaceful realm,
 He blew the flames of treason and revolt.
 But God is with me, and the haughty priest
 Wins not the field :—Against *my* head was aimed
 The blow he menaced—and it falls on *yours* !

MARY.

I stand in God's own hand. You will not thus
 Assert the glory of your throne by blood—

ELIZABETH.

Who shall prevent me ? Your own uncle gave
 A lesson to all kings throughout the world,
 How peace is made and kept with enemies.
 So Saint Bartholomew shall be my school !
 What are the claims of blood, or common rights ?
 The church can break the ties which duty binds,
 She blesses breach of faith and regicide ;
 I should but practice what your priests enjoin :
 — Tell me, what pledge could firmly bind your faith,
 Were I to pardon all and loose your bonds ?
 What lock could I devise to seal your vows,
 Which would not yield before St. Peter's key ?
 My best, my sole security is force ;
 Man makes no compact with the viper's brood.

MARY.

This is your gloomy spirit of distrust !
 Which always viewed me merely as a foe,
 And as a stranger. Had you but declared me

Your heiress to the throne, as is my right,
 Then would my lasting gratitude and love
 Have bound me to you as a trusted friend,
 In ties of kindred—

ELIZABETH.

—Lady Stuart, your kindred
 Are all abroad—your house obeys the Pope,
 Your brother is the monk.—Name *you* my heiress !
 That was indeed a treacherous artifice !
 That you, through all my life, might thus allure
 My people's hearts—a traitorous Armida,
 Drawing the noble youth in all my realm,
 By chains of love within your crafty snares,
 That all might turn, as towards the rising sun,
 To look on you, whilst I—

MARY.

—Oh ! reign in peace !
 Here I renounce all claim upon your throne.
 Alas ! my spirit's wings are crushed by woe ;
 No glory lures me more. Your work is done.
 I am but Mary's shadow. Long dark years
 Have tamed the courage of my noble race,
 And quenched its fire in dungeons. All is o'er.
 You have destroyed me in my bloom of life !
 —Now, sister, end my wrongs, and speak my freedom !
 Oh let me hear the words for which you came !
 For I will ne'er believe you came to insult,
 And mock with cruel sport your wretched victim !
 Then speak to me—say, “ Mary, you are free !
 As you have felt the vengeance of my power,

Now learn to venerate my clemency.”
 Say this, and I will hold my life, my freedom,
 As from your hands, a free and royal gift—
 One word undoes the past :—for this I wait ;
 Delay not then my sickening hope too long !
 Woe for your fame, unless you speak at last
 This wished-for word ! Woe, if you part not hence
 Showering down blessings, as a Deity !
 Sister ! for all the wealth of this rich island,
 For all the lands which every sea surrounds,
 I would not thus have stood and heard *you* plead !

ELIZABETH.

Do you resign at last as fairly vanquished ?
 Are your plots ended ? Is there no new deed
 Of murder to be planned ? And will no Quixote
 Come forth Knight-errant, mad in your defence ?
 —Yes, Lady Mary, all is past. Your charms
 Can lure no more. The world has other cares :
 Nor will another lover claim your hand,
 As your—*fourth* husband,—for your next intrigue
 Might kill your suitors, as you killed your husbands !

MARY. (*Rising up.*)

Oh, sister, sister !—Grant me patience, heaven !

ELIZABETH.

(*Surveys her with a long look of proud contempt.*)

Are these the fatal charms, my Lord of Leicester,
 Which no man viewed unwounded—which no woman
 Dared say her own might equal !—Can it be !
 —Forsooth, it was an easy task to gain
 The *general* fame of beauty. Nothing more
 Was needed than to *grant these charms to all* !

MARY.

This is too much !

• ELIZABETH. (*With a scornful laugh.*)

—Aye, this is your true face !

Till now we merely saw the painted mask.

MARY.

(*Reddening with anger, still speaks with noble dignity.*)

I may have erred, as youth, as woman errs,
 As power misled me—but I never sought
 To hide or cloak it—false deceitful show
 I have cast from me with a queen's disdain.
 The world knows all the worst of me—nay more,
 Rumour adds blame severe and undeserved—
 But woe for you, should your fair shroud of fame,
 Which veils the ardour of your hidden loves,
 Fall from you, leaving your true self exposed.—
 Your mother left her child for heritage
 No name unstained—we all know well what *virtue*
 Anna of Boleyn died for on the scaffold.

SHREWSBURY. (*Stepping between the Queens.*)

Oh, God in Heaven ! and must it end in this ?

Is this your meek submission, Lady Mary !

Is this your patience ?

MARY.

—Patience !—I *have* borne,

Till human feelings could endure no more.

Begone, the mild forbearance of the lamb !

Fly back to heaven, enduring patient meekness !

Burst all thy bonds !—and start in tenfold strength,

From thy deep prison, Hate till now restrained !

And Thou, who gavest the enraged basilisk

His murderous glance, touch with a poisoned dart,
My vengeful tongue !—

SHREWSBURY.

—Oh ! she is not herself !

Forgive the wretched maniac, thus provoked !

*(Elizabeth speechless with anger, casts furious looks
on Mary.)*

LEICESTER.

(In the most violent agitation tries to draw Elizabeth away)

Hear not her madness ! Come away, away !

And leave this wretched place !

MARY.

A child of shame profanes the throne of England,

The noble Britons have been long deceived

By a state juggler, and her cunning tricks :

—Did justice reign, *you at my feet* would lie,

Kissing the dust, I am your lawful Queen !

*(Elizabeth goes out hastily, followed by the Lords in
the deepest consternation.)*

* * * * *

HANNAH KENNEDY.

What hast thou said, what done ? She goes in wrath !

Now all is o'er—now every hope farewell !

MARY. *(Still in extacy.)*

She goes in wrath ! Death, death is at her heart !

(She falls into Hannah Kennedy's arms.)

Oh ! it is well with me !—At last, at last !

After the shame, the burning pangs of years,

One bright, fierce moment of triumphant hate !

—A mountain's burden from my soul hath fall'n ;

I have plunged daggers in my foe's proud breast ! Σ



The Fireworks at St. Angelo.

"They bring the visions of my youth
Back to my soul in all their truth."

UPON how small a point does the balance of our destiny often turn! There are moments which seem to affect us for ever, and, like a subtle perfume, spread their influence through the whole atmosphere of our existence. I have myself felt the tyranny of this belief, and can never forget the time when it first impressed itself upon my mind. Fourteen years have passed away since I was at Rome at the Easter Festival, and standing near the banks of the river, opposite the castle of St. Angelo, to witness the imposing spectacle, of which the picture I now look upon too forcibly reminds me. The beautiful proportions and swelling dome of the Cathedral had been invested with a magnificent outline of glittering light; and—casting a bright glare upon the dark surface of the Tiber, or on the lofty walls of the Vatican—the element that millions have worshipped was rising from the tower of St. Angelo in every imaginable form of brief, but dazzling splendour.

While intent upon a sight so strange and admirable, I had scarcely noticed a group, immediately before me, till a female who stood between two foreigners, apparently of distinction, turned back her head with a look of subdued sorrow that is even now present to my mind in all its appealing loveliness. I shall not attempt the

impossibility of describing that face. It had the beauty in which we may hope to see those dear to us on earth invested, in a higher and a happier state of being—the expression that at once awakens our sympathies—the purity that commands our respect :

“ Those lovely looks we hope to meet in heaven.”

But I had scarcely gazed upon it, when a display of vivid fires of every shape, and in endless changes of brilliancy, concluded with an awful and terrific blaze, and produced a movement in the multitude that witnessed it, which removed me to a considerable distance from the being whose single glance had given a colour to the remainder of my life. I sought her in every direction, I spent the night in wild conjectures, and the morning in fruitless inquiries : I descended, in prosecuting my search, to expedients from which I should at other times have shrunk ; fatiguing days were followed by miserable and feverish nights ; till finally my mind became affected, and for some weeks my life was likely to be the forfeit of the strange infatuation that had seized me.

I at length recovered ; but Rome, the principal object of my pilgrimage, had now lost its interest : its classic recollections ; its noble works of art ; its hallowed ruins, that stand like links connecting distant ages, had become indifferent to me ; and upon vague and unsatisfactory information, most dearly purchased, I followed in pursuit of the object of my search. The morbid state of excitement under which I still suffered, again threw me upon a bed of sickness at Milan ; and on my

recovery I determined to direct my course towards England. In health and youth we may feel happy while wandering in a foreign land, but our thoughts are directed to home—as to heaven, when sickness has enfeebled us, or age begun to tread too closely upon our footsteps.

On passing the Simplon, as I descended towards Brieg, my carriage, which had before met with several accidents, broke down; and it was necessary to send some miles off for assistance to repair it. A feeling of melancholy, such as I then laboured under, makes us proof against life's petty vexations; and, quietly resigning myself to my fate, I sat by the road side, my attention only diverted from my own thoughts by the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, or the occasional passing of the peasantry. The rattling of carriage-wheels at length roused me from one of the deep reveries in which I often remained for hours; and, looking upwards, I again saw those features of surpassing beauty that had been the constant object of my thoughts, and the cause of the first misery I had ever suffered.

I started on my feet—but she passed by me like a vision; and the impotency of every attempt to overtake her, drove me again on the brink of frenzy. I cursed the accident that I had before scarcely thought of, and, with the feelings of the shipwrecked seaman—who sees the sail, to which he had looked for succour, pass by him on its course—I reascended the mountain, and threw myself in agony upon the ground. It was some time

before I could proceed, and, in a few posts, I lost all traces of her route.

As I became calmer, the apprehension that these frequent attacks might permanently affect my mind gave me more rational cause for uneasiness; and, after submitting to the treatment of an eminent physician on my way through Paris, I hastened to my native country. There is no scenery in the world so likely to heal a wounded spirit as the green freshness and quiet cottages—homes of the more secluded parts of England: and on my return from the continent—sheltered in tranquil retirements endeared to me by my earliest recollections, I remained for some time in Devonshire, and from thence went to reside with my family near Brighton.

After one of those chill and tempestuous nights which disfigure the early part of our summers, I was drawn, with many others, to the neighbouring beach, by a report that an outward-bound East Indiaman had been wrecked during the gale. The sky was still wild and louring—as though the storm was unwilling to abate its wrath; and the irregular line of light, that skirted the horizon, made the darkness above and below it, still more gloomy: the shore was covered with wreck of every description;—broken masts—spars entangled in fragments of rigging—trunks—cabin furniture—instruments of luxury that seemed placed in mockery of the misery that surrounded them—articles of dress—and packages of merchandise, lay in confused and scattered heaps; and at some distance—left dry by the ebbing tide—rose the hull of the vessel; a melancholy but

magnificent monument of the feebleness of man's best skill, when opposed to the fury of the elements. Below the cliffs were groups of sailors and passengers, whom mercy or intrepidity had saved ; and on the sands still lay the bodies of their less fortunate, or perhaps more enviable companions, over whom Death had thrown a shield against every sorrow,—and amongst these was the object of all my anxieties—the being to whom my fate seemed linked by some mysterious sympathy !

As I gazed upon her, a death-like rigor crept through my frame ; my eyes stiffened in their sockets ; and I sunk as insensible as the corpse by which I fell.

I was removed to my home, where some of the passengers had also been taken, and from them I learnt—in a mournful tale of sacrificed feelings and splendid misery—the wrongs which the mean ambition of a parent had inflicted upon a lovely and guiltless woman. I may be told that this brief history of an attachment that must appear so groundless, is improbable—that it is unnatural ; and I could myself believe it to proceed from the confused recollections of a mind over which sickness has often deprived reason of her power, if I did not still too painfully feel—*its truth !*

X.

The Fresh Green Moss.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

How I love to look on the fresh green moss,
 In the pleasant time of Spring,
 When the young light leaves in the quick breeze toss,
 Like fairies on the wing ;
 When it springeth up in the woodland walks,
 And a natural carpet weaves,
 To cover the mass of withered stalks,
 And last year's fallen leaves.

The lovely moss ! on the lowly cot
 It lies like an emerald crown,
 And the summer-shower pierceth it not,
 As it comes rushing down ;
 And I love its freshened brilliancy,
 When the last rain hath pattered,
 And the sparkling drops on its surface lie,
 Like stars from the pure sky scattered.

And I love, I love to see it much,
 When on the ruin gray,
 That crumbles with Time's heavy touch,
 It spreads its mantle gay ;
 While the cold ivy only gives,
 As it shivereth, thoughts of fear,
 The closely clinging moss still lives,
 Like a friend, for ever near.

But oh ! I love the bright moss most,
When I see it thickly spread
On the sculptured stone, that fain would boast
Of its forgotten dead.
For I think if that lowly thing can efface
The fame that earth hath given,
Who is there that would ever chase
Glory, save that of Heaven ?

Song.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

OH ! ye voices gone,
Sounds of other years !
Hush that haunting tone,
Melt me not to tears.
All around forget,
All who loved you well,
Yet sweet voices, yet,
O'er my soul ye swell.

With the winds of Spring,
With the breath of flowers,
Floating back, ye bring
Thoughts of banished hours.
Hence your music take,
Oh ! ye voices gone !
This lone heart ye make
But more deeply lone.

To the Lyre.

O laborum

Dulce lenimen.—HORAT.

BELOVED lyre ! thy chords no more
 Shall ring symphonious to my strain ;
 It is my portion to deplore,
 As it was thine to soothe my pain :
 The world rejects my sinless art,
 And whiles away my hand from thee ;
 And must I dash thee from my heart,
 That even as life wast dear to me !

Dear !—'tis not wondrous—like the swan,
 That silent lives, yet singing dies,
 Thou wert the sun-light of my span,
 My solace in adversities ;
 The fears and feelings of my soul
 Alternating were hymned to thee ;
 But life shall pass, and time shall roll,
 And thou and I forgotten be.

The world's stern duty calls—I turn
 From thee, to mould my heart anew ;
 Such worshipper thou well mayst spurn,
 To thee, and to himself, untrue ;

Feelings, for use too delicate,—
 Dreams of pure innocence and bliss,
 Be gone !—I seek a sterner fate,
 And plunge within the world's abyss.

Who seeks for bliss in human lot ?
 All that I valued most on earth
 Shall be forsaken—not forgot,
 And life must find a second birth :
 Well, be it so—'tis heaven ordains,
 And I submissive bow the knee ;
 The Righteous Power, o'er all that reigns,
 Shall nerve me to the dark decree.

Once—'twas a rainbow hope of yore—
 I thought to leave amongst mankind,
 When life was past, and I no more,
 A bard's unblemished name behind :
 I thought that to my humble grave,
 What time the earliest stars appear
 Reflected in the twilight wave,
 Kind steps might stray to shed a tear.

'Tis past—oblivion spreads her wing ;
 The weeds of darkness o'er us wave ;
 I see the dust on every string,
 And daisies on a nameless grave !
 Kind charmer of my youthful years,
 An ingrate, thus, from out my heart
 I tear thee—vanish childish tears !
 We must—and thus for ever part.

Mary's Tomb.

BY ROBERT MILHOUSE.

How gloomy pass the fleeting years,
 Since Mary filled yon bed of clay ;
 And Time has closed the spring of tears,
 For none, alas ! can find their way.
 Those bending snowdrops, sadly gay,
 Awake remembrance of her doom,
 For others there bloomed sweet as they,
 That day they bore her to the tomb.

Soon shall the rarest flowers of Spring,
 With dewy smiles her grave adorn,
 And there shall wild birds stay to sing
 Their love-songs from the budding thorn ;
 But me, dejected and forlorn,
 No dewy smiles of Spring can cheer,
 The sweetest songs that glad the morn,
 To me are tokens of despair.

They tell of youth, and transports past ;
 They tell of her, the fair and true ;
 They tell of loves, which might not last,
 But fled away like morning dew.
 Now, sad in crowds, I oft pursue
 Those cankering thoughts which mock my pain ;
 And vainly struggle to renew,
 Joy, which may ne'er return again.

Pleasant Companions.

"To be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue."

WHO that observes the effect of *manner*, good or bad, upon the judgments of men concerning individuals, but must feel that it is a most unfortunate thing, when valuable and respectable beings are wanting in every popular quality. "Will my friend risk his life, upon occasion, for mine: will he be perfectly just, steady, and to be depended upon?"—all these are very essential questions;—but "Will he condescend to be *agreeable*?" is another, which I must ask, before I can look forward to much improving intercourse with him. Is he thinking about himself continually—about his own mind—about some one object of pursuit?—in other words, is he an entirely preoccupied man?—if so, he is not the companion for me. Again, is he a man of sects and parties? I have no ambition to associate with one who has never felt, nay, intensely felt, the high claims of religion, the blessings of liberty, the glories of a noble name:—but I cannot bear the principled blindness of those who have taken their part, and are determined never to bestow another honest look upon the other side of a question.

What is it that constitutes the power, which some few favoured individuals possess, of conciliating the most unpleasant tempers, and uniting the suffrages of the most agreeable and disagreeable people in the

world in their favour? It is not good temper only; nor hilarity, nor sensibility,—nor is it even benevolence,—for very benevolent persons may be deficient in tact—nor is it mere good sense; though sensible people will be, on the whole, more likely to obtain affection, at last, than those kind-hearted, ill-judging souls, chiefly known by their good intentions and practical uselessness. It is very difficult, in short, to say what a pleasant companion is; but not so hard to tell what he is *not*.

He is not a *jester*. Professed jokers are wearisome company. They have, of all people, the least real knowledge of the human heart—though they often make it their boast, that they know human nature thoroughly; the least tenderness for those little infirmities which cling to the best of human beings; the least sympathy in bodily or mental afflictions; the least reverence for the image of God in the mind of man. When once the spirit of ridicule has taken possession, thenceforth farewell high and noble feeling; farewell all hopes of partaking with such an one any of that deep communion which exalts and refines the human character. Serious, even these jesters must sometimes be; but their seriousness is not improving. So accustomed are they to irony, that they can never again regard life in a calm and philosophic spirit. It is still a jest, though a bitter one. But suppose that the banterer never had a mind, and that no regrets are called forth for the blight which has passed over it, still he might have been an inoffensive companion. But now he is the scourge of every company into which he

enters;—and will spoil the most refreshing conversation, by filling up every pause with a joke. We often feel affection for the individual who has extorted from us *tears*; but he, who drags forth, hour after hour, unwilling laughter, is never regarded with complacency.

“ With limbs of British oak, and nerves of wire,
And wit that puppet prompters might inspire,
His sovereign nostrum is a clumsy joke,
On pangs enforced by God’s severest stroke.”

A “pleasant companion” is not often one who has lived much in solitude. Reflective habits, and depth of information are valuable; but a *slow* man is not an agreeable man. An hour after the party is broken up, such an one will have framed an excellent reply to an argument; but we wanted entertainment, and wit, and spirit; and cannot wait for the full development of every rising idea. We do not like to be always learners or teachers—though, in due season, we are willing to be both. A far more unpleasant character, however, is often reared up in solitude. A pedant, for ever endeavouring to lead conversation into one particular track,—if unsuccessful, looking with angry contempt upon the little-minded beings before him. It matters not what the pursuit may be, to which he has devoted his exclusive attention. He may be an antiquarian, or a geologist; a Spurzheimite, a Wordsworthian, a radical reformer, or a speculative Theologian. Whatever it may be, his looks, his whole manner testify, that if that *one* thing be not valued by his associates, he

regards them and their pursuits as unworthy his attention.

“Pleasant companions” are not those, who, brought up in a small and literary circle, have accustomed themselves to an uncommon degree of correctness and *finish* in speaking and thinking;—who talk, as it were, “out of book,” and appear ever on the watch for ungrammatical, inappropriate expressions: make you blush for your carelessness fifty times in an hour. Such people are “like the frost, which blights what it cannot produce.” Every warm feeling, or gay flight of fancy, is checked in their presence;—sacrificed to the dread of failing in some trifling turn of expression. It is so impossible for any but consummate assurance, or a hardiness acquired by long habit, to pass through such an ordeal with credit, that I really pity the persons who can subject their fellow-creatures to it; seeing that they must for ever remain strangers to the true spirit of society.

Some feeling of equality is requisite to make you enjoy the company of others. Hence, people of rank or talent, who do not possess the art of raising their associates to their own level, cannot be “pleasant companions.” You do not wish them to let themselves down to you; *that* is a humiliation: you like to feel elevated to their station, and then you are disposed to give and receive pleasure.

There are some individuals who in common society are not unpleasant, but who are indescribably annoying in certain states of the mind and affections. These are

common-place characters ; people without imagination, who therefore form no conception of what will be soothing or wounding to other persons. They have regular rules for every thing. They may have kind and affectionate natures ; but having settled it with themselves that grief and joy have established modes of exhibiting themselves, they are apt to resent all departures from *these*, as something very like a departure from principle. They wonder, are alarmed, and endeavour to bring back the wanderer into the beaten track. As life cannot always present one fair and pleasant prospect, I tremble at the idea of sharing it with those, who cannot leave me the liberty of taking my own measures, when storms and difficulties arise. The companion I love will always allow me independence. *

· Upon the whole, it seems that we want a little more of the spirit of a chivalrous age. Selfishness is at the root of the evil. We have no business to rely upon our own intentions merely ; but should endeavour to take cognizance of another's mind before we spread before him our own ; to get an insight into his feelings before we hazard the expression of such as may be painful or unpleasant to him. I am not fond of the fashionable world, and its levelling habits ; it seems difficult to rise above its standard of good-humoured pleasantry, or to think deeply and soberly when we mingle much in it ; but yet it is pleasant to see the ease and refinement which pervade a truly polite circle ; to see how agreeably the actors in the drama lay into

one another's hands, and how complete is the avoidance of, at least, the appearance of selfish and monopolizing habits. Such people may not be actuated by a deep spirit of Christian benevolence, they may not be thus agreeable on the highest principles, but agreeable they are; and let those, who profess to be guided by higher motives, be watchful, and not suffer themselves to be outdone by those, over whom fashion and the desire of distinction may exercise the principal dominion.

Polite conversation, it is true, is apt to take a turn in which no one possessing kind and generous feelings can follow it. Poignant and satirical remarks on individuals are never to be justified; but in the best society, *things* are always preferred to *persons*, as the subjects of lively remark. Upon these to talk, and to talk well, is an accomplishment no one need disdain; and he, whose motives of action are the most exalted, whose politeness approaches the nearest to philanthropy, and whose philanthropy loses itself in the clearer and more distinguishing benevolence of Christianity, may, and ought to be, the pleasantest of companions.

E. T.

Epitaph

ON A LADY WHO DIED SOON AFTER HER MARRIAGE
INTO IRELAND.

DAUGHTERS of Erin, bow your heads and weep
O'er this fair tomb where love and beauty sleep !
Where fond affection bends with throbbing breath,
And Faith looks homeward from the realms of death !
Oh ! mourn the stranger, who, from Albion's isle,
Led by soft hopes, and Love's all ruling smile,
Gave to the desert wave her lovely form,
And met with burning heart the ocean storm.
O'er the dark rolling deep, preceding bright,
Love wav'd his torch amid the starless night,
Walked on the mountain wave,—or through the abyss
Of whelming billows, bore the torch of bliss ;
But, oh ! no sooner reached the sister shore,
Than Death reversed it, to relume no more !
—To this sad urn the fragrant cypress bring,
With the soft violets of the budding Spring ;
Breathe the deep sigh, unzone the sobbing breast,
And bid these ashes in sweet slumbers rest ;
Shed the warm tear, that tells the long adieu,
Join your faint hands, and turn with lingering view,
Till silence, gathering o'er your sister woes,
Cast on the sacred scenes a long repose !

W. S. R.

Lobe's Pleadings.

TO ———

NAY, let me gaze upon thy radiant face
 In the pure blush of innocent youth arrayed,
 And that light form, whose loveliness and grace
 Surpass the brightest sketch by Fancy made,
 Or all that Painting's skill has e'er pourtrayed ;—
 Unveil, fair girl, thy brow, so smooth and white ;
 And let the silken lids forbear to shade
 Those eyes, that glisten like a star's pure light
 Shed on a tranquil lake—serene, and deep, and bright !

And when thy small and delicate fingers stray,
 With magic ease, the trembling chords among,
 Thou *canst* not bid me coldly turn away,
 And quit *thy* side to join the listless throng :—
 No ! let thy warbling voice the spell prolong ;
 And while its silver notes enthrall mine ear,
 I'll seem to listen to some spirit's song,
 Or a wild strain from Faëry-land to hear,—
 So soft its dying close,—its liquid swell so clear.

And do not blame me, loved one, that my glance
 Pursues *thy* form alone, with rapturous gaze,
 When *thy* light footsteps, twinkling in the dance,
 With airy motion thread its sportive maze ;—

And if, at times, my conscious tongue betrays
 The deep and passionate love it cannot hide,
 Think that one smile, one look of thine repays
 The long, sad hours, that I have mourned and sighed,
 When far from thee, dear girl,—and then thou canst
 not chide !

J. R. V.

Lines

ON READING THE LAST PAGES OF THE PREFACE TO
 BISHOP HEBER'S NARRATIVE.

YES, there are noble spirits who redeem
 Our nature's baser parts ; and shed around
 The earthly prisons, where we oft lie bound
 By pain, or care, or wrong, a heavenly gleam !
 And Friendship—generous Worth—deserv'd Esteem
 Would oftener in the world's dark waste be found
 Pouring their gentle rays, did *we* abound
 More in the attributes for which we deem
 Their homage due. It is ourselves who blight
 Earth's Paradise : our sin its beauty shrouds,
 And Wrath and Pride love's genial warmth absorb :
 Our crimes o'ershade the world, as threat'ning clouds
 Before the setting sun obscure its light,
 And cast their blood-red o'er its glorious orb.

T.

The last Sacrifice of the Druids.

A LETTER FROM MARCUS AHALA IN BRITAIN TO LUCIUS
SCIPIO IN ROME.

THY letters, my Lucius, have at last reached me, and I know not if their delay can be deemed a misfortune; since they have come to hand at the very moment when aught from Rome was sweet as a draught of Falernian in July. For it is now a whole week since my cohort, together with that of Curius Manlius, have been left by our main army to garrison the town of Isurium.* This is the chief town of the Brigantes,—a tribe noted for their valour, civilization, and hatred to the Romans. Their country is more fertile than any north of the Coritani,† and they were not subdued when Cæsar conquered South Britain. It was reserved for our brave Agricola to bring hither the Roman Eagles. Some deserters having told our General, that part of the enemy, whose forces are gathering in Valentia,‡ lay hid in this neighbourhood, ready to fall upon his rear; and his haste not allowing him to make a way with the army through the thick forests around us;—he left our division to guard this district, pushing on, himself, with all speed northward. Being thus divided from my

* A Borough in Yorkshire.

† Inhabitants of Derby to Lincoln. ‡ Northumberland.

companions, and not having heard from the army for three days, thou mayst well believe that I welcomed Sulpicius with no small joy. For my state of weariness was such, that very indifferent news would have delighted me; and kind fortune sent me letters from my most valued friend, brought by him who holds nearly an equal place in my love. Nor was this weariness all that oppressed me;—to this are added other troubles—the recital of which demands, O Lucius! all thy sympathy.

My former letters have told thee that a union has been formed by the Northern Britannie States, much more formidable than even that headed by Boadicea; and that their forces are collected in the North, under the command of Calgacus,—whom fame reports to be the bravest and most experienced leader in Britain. All the tribes of the Brigantes have laid aside the feuds, which had so long divided them, and have joined the enemy—except a few chiefs, who have been left behind to defend the women and cattle in their forts, or to collect, and lead northward, the straggling levies.

Soon after the departure of our general;—leaving Curius Manlius to defend the camp, I marched my cohort to a place, of which I know not the name, about eighty stadia to the north east of Isurium;—having been informed by some spies, that I might there surprize a detachment about to join the enemy. When I came within two hundred paces of the place pointed out, I halted, hid by the brow of a hill, and would have sent scouts onwards to learn the position and numbers

of the Britons. But my cohort being from Germany—levied at the same time with that which had been false to its eagles and to the empire—I feared to trust any of the soldiers in a situation where they might have gone over to the enemy and betrayed us. Whilst I hesitated what to do, an old Briton whom we call Gallus, who has served the Romans faithfully many years—being for his wisdom often asked for counsel by our leaders, advised as follows:—That he, who was painted and habited in the manner of the country, should steal unperceived amongst the enemy, and afterwards report to me what he had seen. But all my Germans called out with loud clamour, that they would not be betrayed by him—pretending to think that he would have joined his countrymen. Though I was thoroughly assured of his honesty,—and knew moreover, that these accusations arose rather from their dislike to him, than from actual fear; yet I resolved to quiet the tumult, by saying that I would myself go down with Gallus. Wherefore—leaving Rutilius, my second in command, with orders by no means to stir, until he should see or hear from us—I and Gallus walked cautiously towards a grove of oak-trees on our right; where he supposed their leaders to be conferring with the Druids or Priests.

Then said Gallus to me, “Should we be discovered, I may hope to pass for a friend;—but what will they say to your general’s dress and Roman arms? It were therefore wiser that you stay here, out of sight of our men—whilst I will go amongst them, and, bring you tidings.” “By Hercules!” I replied, “I

will not return, until I have seen these Britons—for I am curious to view their rites. Wherefore, O Gallus! contrive how I may safely behold them.” We were walking on as we whispered, when Gallus, hastily drawing me back, with his finger on his lips, in token of silence, placed me behind a large tree—for we had come full upon the encampment. He, going on more boldly, as confiding in his disguise, entered the grove and took his seat in the outer circle of the assembly, where no one noticed him; all being intent upon other things.

So great a desire possessed me of seeing those religious ceremonies, now vanishing fast before our conquering arms, that I climbed into the tree—neglecting the danger I thereby run of being discovered, which was however lessened by the thickness of the foliage, amongst which I concealed myself. Moreover, all eyes were, as I have just remarked, turned towards the centre of the circle. What they there looked upon I will endeavour to describe to thee.

The grove was of small size, but wholly composed of oak trees—large, as the growth of ages—green and luxuriant. In the centre was a cleared space of grassy turf, swelling into a gentle mound, surrounded with seats of earth. A sort of altar, composed also of sod, arose in the midst;—on the front of which were laid a silver hatchet and a green bough, which I knew to be the plant sacred to their worship;—on the back, blazed their holy fire. The outer seats were filled by inferior chiefs, and by soldiers, painted and armed like those

prisoners whom our brave Agricola sent to Rome last summer. Near the altar stood two old men of uncommon stature, clothed in snow-white tunics,—their heads bare, and crowned with oak leaves. It was impossible to look on them without being struck with awe. Their hair was white, and flowed on their shoulders. All the dignity of age appeared in their countenances, and time had marked them with many furrows. Their looks were austere and commanding. The golden bracelets and ornaments, with the egg of gold, to which they ascribe many fabulous properties, pointed one of them out to me as the chief priest of their Druids:—for Gallus has taught me many of the customs, together with the tongue of the Brigantes. The other leaned on a huge branch of pine, which, when lighted at the sacred fire, carries the flame to the wicker cage in which the victims are enclosed. He was one of those Druids who discharge the functions of orators, or bards.

Behind these, and to the left of the altar, was a group upon which my eyes were soon fixed. A girl, of about eighteen years of age, leaned upon the arm of an old man, who was plainly her father. Were I to repeat, Lucius, all that our poets have written in praise of our fairest women, I should fail to describe half her beauties, for all the Goddesses had lent her their charms. Her hair was light-coloured, but inclined to brown, and not red, like that of many of the Britons. Her eyes were of that deep blue, which gives such a sweet mildness to the features of the women of these Islands.

But her face had that charming dignity, and her brow that open loveliness, which belong to our Roman ladies. She was fair as the marble of Paros, and the bloom of her cheek rivalled the roses of young Chia, sung by our Horace. In height she was less than the huge stature of many of her countrywomen :—yet we Romans should have thought her tall. Her form answered in all its proportions to the divine countenance ;—the dress thrown, as is the custom, over one shoulder, left her right arm and part of the bosom uncovered. Ye Immortal Gods !—but I stop, lest thou say I have forgotten Claudia. She was clothed in a long robe of fine white linen, over which hung one of their mantles of a bright blue colour, caught with a clasp of gold—a blue band held back on her forehead the light locks which flowed down to her girdle. Her eyes were bent on the ground, save when she now and then raised them, full of tears, to regard the chief Druid with a look of agony. The old man, who supported her, was wrapped in a dark mantle ; and his golden ornaments, and the rude kind of sceptre which he carried, declared him to be one of their chiefs. A youth of noble aspect sate on the ground beside them, his back leaned against a tree. His features and whole frame were full of vigour and manly beauty. Though his limbs were fast bound with thongs, yet his looks were not those of a prisoner.—and his dark eye beamed calm and steady, except when it turned upon the fair girl. Then he would bend down his head, and, in spite of all his efforts, his lips quivered. Behind him

was placed one of those large cages of wicker, in which they burn their victims.

Though all was still when I first beheld them—yet these things filled me with strange apprehensions for the fate of the young man ; and I longed for the return of Gallus to prevent what I feared. But I dared not move before he came ; lest, having killed me, the Britons should attack our cohort from ambush, which might have placed our Eagle in no trifling danger. This was evidently not a celebration of those secret mysteries to be viewed by Druids alone—but one of their general assemblies, where the bards and priests stimulate their soldiers to valour in the combat. Yet human victims have often been slain on such occasions, to make the power of their Druids seem more terrible to the people.

But this doubtful silence endured not long :—the chief priest, who, apparently, had just laid their sacred plant upon the altar, muttered a short sentence in a low, measured tone ; but I could not hear his words. The whole assembly listened in mute attention. Then the bard, stepping forward, waved his hand as one who was about to address them. All looked upon him in silence. And what he spoke was nearly as follows—his voice, which was at first low, growing still louder, and his features becoming animated, as he proceeded.

“ Where is thy heaven, Oh God of the Britons ! for the souls of the brave who perish in the fight ? The hall of HESUS * is beyond the blue waves, in the land

* Hesus, the Mars of the Britons.

where the sun goes down. Their banquet is spread, and the Gods and heroes feast. They know pain no more. From these has the Deity turned :—on whom does he now look in wrath? His red Lightnings flame, and the voice of his Thunder is loud. The green oak is not harmed—yet the coward falls slain on its mossy root. Never shall he reach the palace of TEUTATES !* Through long ages shall he crouch in bitter woe and slavery! The God of Thunder calls on you, Oh Brigantes! to defend his altars and our sacred groves! Your fathers bent not before the Romans :—why did I not die with them? Then I had not seen your disgrace. If the wrongs of your land arouse you not—if the voice of your gods be not heard!—then the words of a weak old man are indeed but vainly scattered on the winds. But if any amongst you have the courage of your fathers, and dare look war in the face—let us call upon the God of battles, and march towards the Star of the North! There are our brethren in arms, and the son of HESUS is their leader! Their arrows are sharper than hail, and their bright swords grow red with the blood of the Romans. Like a whirlwind do they scatter the foe. From North to the shores of the South are the heroes of Albion gathered. Shall the bravest, Oh Brigantes! remain behind?”

Thus he ended; and the soldiers, with loud cries and shouts, demanded war, clashing their arms. Then the chief Druid spoke, and all was in an instant calm: “Go forward, my sons, to the combat! Your spears

* Teutates, the Jupiter of the Britons.

shall flame like the lightnings of TARANIS: *—the foes of your country shall fly before your might ! For you shall my prayers ascend ;—a burnt sacrifice will I offer to the great Spirit of the Sun. With human blood shall his altars smoke :—with the blood of him who has polluted the sacred grove of the Druids !”

Then he made a sign with his hand, and four young men stepped from an outer circle. They were clothed in white—being assistants in the worship of the Groves. Two of them advanced towards the youth, who lay bound, as though they would have raised him up ; whilst the others opened the wicker cage, and carried towards it some fuel which was in readiness. But the fair girl, who had till now stood silent and trembling, cried aloud, as though she sent forth her soul in very anguish. Her voice pierced my ear, like the last shriek of her who is drowned in deep waters. Throwing herself before the young man, she cast her arms around him, as if to defend him. The old chief and the priests drew her back, but uttered not a word. Hardly had they touched her, when the young man, with violence, burst his strong bonds, as though they had been the soft hair of a weak child ; and stood erect before them, his dark eye gleaming with the courage of death. He stood there but for a moment :—the heavy pine-branch fell upon his brown hair ; and the force of the bard was not aimed in vain. His strength forsook him, and he fell without life at the feet of her whom he would have protected.

* Taranis, the God of Thunder.

Then I drew my sword, and descended in haste—for I feared they would murder the girl also; and was about to rush into the midst of them—rage having deprived me of thought. But Gallus running towards me, caught hold of me and cried “Let us quickly bring down the cohort, Oh general! that so we may make them all prisoners, and save many lives.” Whilst he spoke my reason returned; and as, in the tumult, no one had seen me, I and Gallus, flying with the speed of the South-wind, soon reached our soldiers. Then I commanded to surround the grove, and to kill with their swords the enemies who should fight or should seek to escape;—but not to throw the javelin, lest they should wound the girl or the old men. And I chose two Centurions, with whose aid and that of Gallus, I hoped to have taken them alive. But when we reached the grove, their foot-soldiers, being aware of our approach, charged in a body where our line was weakest, and gained a neighbouring marsh—having left some of their numbers slain on the ground. Whilst our light-troops were engaged in their pursuit, I ran hastily to see what was become of the girl and the body of the youth. I found one of the Druids already slain; and the other fell just as I approached them. For they had seized some of the spears of their warriors, and, standing by their altar, they killed some of our men, and then ran against the soldiers’ swords; so that we could not save their lives, and thus they perished. The old chief, having wrested his sword from Gallus, and knowing by my dress that I was the tribune, attacked me with fury,

whilst I bent down to see if either of the Druids were yet living. And had not my centurion cut him down, he would doubtless have slain me unawares. So the girl only being left alive, and finding that the Velites* could not cross the marsh without much delay, I bade them sound the recall, and wished to convey her to Isurium.

But she, embracing the dead body of the youth, lay with her face towards the earth—her long hair streaming over him, and her weeping alone shewing that she still lived. Having ordered a litter to be made, I raised her up gently—speaking to her kindly in her own language; and she looked wildly on my dress as one awakened suddenly from sleep. Then throwing her eyes around, she saw the dead body of her father, and looking again on the corpse of the young man, she shrieked aloud, and sank lifeless from my arms. I caught her before she reached the ground, but she was already dead. Wherefore, oppressed with grief, I ordered them to collect the slain; whom they burnt in a funeral pile, with the fuel already prepared. But taking the bodies of the youth and of the fair girl in the litter, which I had ready, we returned mournfully to Isurium: and there I celebrated their funeral, as is our custom, and laid their ashes in the same urn.

Her image never quits me. Thrice has it appeared to me in the second watch of the night; and it is before my eyes, whenever I am alone. Think not, my dear friend, that this arises from any diminution of my love

* Velites—Roman light infantry

for thy sister. I call on the divine Claudia, till my lips of themselves pronounce her name. But she visits my thoughts, clothed in the form of the fair Briton, —and her own beautiful features seem to have faded from my memory. Be not angry with me, Lucius,— I need both thy forgiveness and pity—for I am sick unto death, and fear much that I shall never see Rome again. Perhaps, however, time may restore my wonted health ; and do thou cause prayers and gifts to be offered up to the God of healing for my recovery.—
FAREWELL !

W. B. CHORLEY.

Sonnet.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

HONOUR ! Truth ! Friendship ! *are* ye then but names ?
 As many a treason-stricken soul has cried
 In bitterest agony ? I wander wide
 Mid earth's vast swarms, and every where your claims
 Are vaunted, and your proud resemblance worn ;
 But some caprice still blows the false disguise
 Aside, and leaves, to my astonished eyes,
 Subject of tears, indignant tears, and scorn.
 Oh ! beautiful and pure ! Oh ! ye divine
 And changeless emanations of high heaven !
 Shall I then cease my quest ? Shall I repine
 That to man's heart so rarely ye are given ?
 Never ! the need is more to honour Worth,
 And Truth, who walks in sadness through the earth.

On the New Year.

ANOTHER year ! another year
 Is borne by Time away ;
 Nor pauses yet his swift career,
 Nor tires his wing, nor makes he here
 E'en one short hour's delay,

But hurries on ; and round, and round,
 The wheel of Life is sped,
 Unnoted oft, until rebound
 Upon the ear the startling sound,
 Another year has fled !

Who ever said " 'Tis New Year's
 With unmixed care or glee ?
 For Hope still paints the future gay,
 And Memory o'er the past will stray
 With sorrowing constancy.

Another year ! so swift it flew,
 We scarce had marked it ours,
 Ere fading from our backward view,
 'Tis but the past our eyes pursue,
 Eternity's long hours !

'Tis New Year's Day ! The coming year
 A blank before us lies ;
 Oh ! may no blot nor stain appear,
 To mar its history, written here,
 When published in the skies !

E. D.



Meleager and Atalanta.

YOUR choicest gifts let chaste Latona share,
 And lay the year's first offerings on her shrine,
 Shepherds ! be mindful, with religious care
 To mark her sacred day and rites divine,
 Nor on that day let hound or hunter dare
 To rouse the hungry wolf, or sullen bear ;
 Lest in her vengeance rise
 The virgin queen, to claim her sacrifice !

Thus, when did erst Etolia's hapless king
 The sylvan Gods adore,
 But in neglect forbore
 To Delia's fane the spotless hind to bring,
 Not all the gifts he laid
 On other shrines,—no other Power forgot,—
 Not all the vows he made
 To Pales, should she guard his fleecy store,
 Could save him, for Diana spared him not !
 Sent by her wrath, the Calydonian boar
 Devoured his helpless flocks, the guardian shepherds
 tore.

The peasants fled ;
 And left their herds unwatched,—their fields unsown :
 •For Dian struck them with despair and dread,
 And armed the avenging beast with terrors not his own :

In trembling crowds they sought the cities near,
 And left their rural glades ;
 Behind the circling walls they crouched in fear :
 Thus, when the wolf invades
 A flock of timorous deer,—
 Far from their open grassy vales they fly,
 To some lone brake, where piled in quivering heaps
 [they lie.
 The plains were desolate :—o'er all the land,
 Devouring fruits and flocks, the monster came ;
 Till Meleager led a chosen band,
 Whose youthful courage burned for deeds of fame :
 Who would not dare to die or win a name,
 When Atalanta arms her tender hand ?
 Whose softer charms the savage brute might tame !
 She bears the hunter's bow ;
 While o'er her virgin brow
 Courage, and trembling hope, alternate empire claim.

Deep in the woodlands lay a lonely pool,
 Fringed by tall trees and many a tangled brake ;
 In summer's noon-day heats the beast would cool
 His burning mouth in this dark silent lake :
 Thither the band repair ;
 With notes of sylvan war the wood resounds ;
 The boar is in his lair !
 The copse-woods break beneath the baying hounds !
 The impatient riders urge their neighing steeds !
 Fierce on his foes the savage monster bounds ;
 And many a faithful dog before his fury bleeds !

No more with life to rise ;
Rejoice ! The scourge of Calydon is slain !
Loud shouts of triumph cleave the echoing skies ;
Latona heard their mirth,—and knew it vain.
With other notes these groves shall soon resound ;
Though every breeze around
Now waft the voice of gladness o'er the plain ;
Soon shall these breezes swell with hopeless woe and
pain !

Let other bards the hapless lovers sing !
How discord came with all her train of woes ;
And what dark deeds from jealous envy spring :
Let other bards disclose
The sorrows of that day, with trembling string :
From Dian's wrath these numerous griefs arose.
Long for your mournful fate
Shall nymphs and hunters shed a pitying tear ;
Brave Meleager ! blest, alas ! too late ;
Scarce to his arms did laughing Hymen bring
His Atalanta ; when his hour was near ;—
And both, still true in love, lie in one narrow bier !

W. B. C.

The Mourner's Sleep.

SLEEP, weary mourner ! darkness veils the skies :—
 Sleep ! there is silence in the midnight air ;
 'Tis long since slumber closed thy weeping eyes,
 And smoothed thy brow of care.

Daughter of Sorrow ! 'tis the hour of rest,
 The hour when mortal tears may cease to flow ;
 Kind Nature lulls thee on her gentle breast ;
 Sleep, and forget thy woe !

Sleep !—there is joy upon thy faded brow—
 Does Fancy paint thy childhood's smiling years ?
 Or art thou dreaming of thy bridal vow,
 Breathed amid joyous tears ?

Perchance the grave gives up the loved and dead,
 And dearest eyes upon thy slumbers beam :—
 Thou lovely widow, rest thy weary head !
 Sleep, 'tis a blissful dream !

A smile is on thy face :—O wake not yet !
 Perchance some fairy forms around thee move,
 And tones a mother's heart can ne'er forget,
 Are lisping words of love.

Do infant lips again thy pale cheek press.
 And sunny ringlets on thy bosom wave !
 Sleep, childless mother ! 'tis thy babe's caress,—
 Sleep, and forget the grave !

J. W.

The Ridley Coach.

ABOUT two years ago, the little town of Ridley was visited, for the first time, by that lively, sociable-looking thing, a STAGE-COACH. Ridley is not in the regular coach-road which travellers, to and from London, would take to N——;—but it certainly ought to be so. There is an excellent turnpike-road from N—— to Ridley, and those who made it must have originally intended to carry it on, twelve or fourteen miles farther; in which *case* it would have joined the grand London road, and effected a saving of half a mile in thirty, according to the inn-keepers on the other road,—a mile, according to the most impartial persons;—but full twice that distance, in the opinion of all the inhabitants of Ridley, with which I entirely coincide. It is certainly, the middle road—the happy mean. The whole surrounding tract of country is sown with villages. Fat farmers, and stout-looking graziers, meet your eye in every direction; and the rectories are, most of them, newly built or nicely repaired edifices, betokening the genteel notions and habits of the country clergymen. Lord B— too, and General G—, and the Marquis of A—, have their noble-looking, paternal dwellings, in the midst of old woods, near

which the turnpike-road *ought* to pass. It is clear injustice to the country, and gives room for suspicion that there must be some impure motives, at work against us and our interests. There must, we think, be some coalition of inn-keepers, post-masters, and coach-proprietors on the other road; perhaps they have gained over the bench of magistrates;—and, though nothing can be more clear than that Right is with us, yet the other party has the advantage of prior possession.

However it may be, it is certain that if you look at a map of our county, you will see that the two parallel lines, which mark the turnpike-roads, have their termination at Ridley; and that from thence to Imor—about thirteen miles, where we find the London high-road again, there is a great confusion of little, insignificant cross-markings, denoting that, although there may be at least a dozen ways of going from Ridley to Imor, there is no broad, even, authorized, taxed coach-road, bestridden, at proper intervals, by a toll-bar. It is true, these roads are, almost without exception, as good as any turnpike-roads in the kingdom. There is not a single fault to be found with them, except that the Government has nothing to do with their management, and all loyal people naturally prefer travelling upon ways of the King's preparing.

Two years ago, however, a novelty-loving, radical coach-proprietor determined to try the experiment of running his vehicle right through Ridley, and so on,

by the principal cross-road, to Imor. Never was a bolder scheme. The people on the other road were perfectly confounded by the fellow's impudence. As to the question of a new turnpike, they were prepared. The lawyers were all in readiness; the county members had been spoken to a year before; and counter-petitions were kept, ready drawn up for signature the moment complaint should be made by the Ridleians:—but such a measure as this had never been contemplated, and, if it succeeded, the consequences would be fatal. But it could not succeed—it was impossible;—there was a brook to cross, which must be forded, as it had no bridge, and, in a wet season, it was said, this stream had often been swollen in a formidable degree: a country common was also to be crossed, and this, at either end, was bounded by a gate, which must cause a regular dismounting of coachman or guard. It was altogether, if not absolutely illegal, a most ungenteeled way of proceeding, and would be patronized by no respectable people whatever.

I shall never forget the day when the coach first drove up to the Red Lion Inn at Ridley. A smart, new-painted, flaming yellow concern, with a very hard name, painted in red letters, on the outside, which all the school children were trying to spell and accent properly—“THE PHENOMENON”—while the mistress herself looked somewhat puzzled, and afraid to set them right. It is true, there was but one inside passenger; and this, we heard, was the proprietor himself, who either wished to explore the

mysteries of this *Terra Incognita* for the first time, in his own vehicle, or was prompted by the laudable spirit of self-devotedness, which has led many of our experimental philosophers to put their inventions to a previous trial themselves. He must have been highly gratified by his reception at Ridley. We thought him a most benevolent, kind, pleasant-looking individual. The whole town was abroad—and he had bows and smiles for all. The coachman too, and the guard, were fine fellows. The former was, perhaps, rather too abrupt, rather too bustling. He sprang from the box, and nearly knocked little Tom Lee down in the mud, as he pushed his way up to the bar of the Red Lion. He called for the horses, too, a little hastily, and seemed angry with the hostler for standing only just one minute to look at the coach, before he went to the stables for the leaders. It was plain these things must be attended to at the Red Lion. The Widow Brown wanted to go that evening to a village ten miles off, and thought that the guard, as he seemed a civil person, would allow her to ride that distance for nothing by his side, on the top of the coach; but there was no such thing as bargaining with these gentry: fares were fixed:—whoever could not pay, must trudge; so the Widow Brown gave it up in despair, and was never heard to say much in praise of the new coach again. But the beauty and wonder of all was to hear the guard's horn, which, to do him justice, was the most musical horn I ever heard. Sometimes he would come in with the

Tyrolese Song of Liberty;—sometimes “Faint and Wearily”;—and on Sabbath mornings we were always greeted by a Psalm tune.

Altogether the coach was very popular, and, after a while, we began to hope it would succeed. It was generally pretty well filled; and of course we, and all those who lived in the other villages through which it passed, patronized it with all our might, for we knew that our road was in the predicament of one of those by-ways to Heaven, called Tabernacles, or Meeting-houses, and was, as yet, rather winked at than authorized. Miss Grace, the milliner, ventured herself in the new vehicle, when she visited London, as usual, in the Spring; and liked it so well that, to our surprise, she even returned with all her Spring Fashions, (boxes of large dimensions) piled on the top, by the same conveyance. Mr. Strachan too, at *the* shop, (so it was called by way of distinction) plainly announced his determination of patronizing it;—a thing of great consequence, as he regularly went to town four times in the year. Miss Tipple, the Squire’s daughter, tried it next, and expressed much satisfaction:—all this time the brook did not swell, and the roads were particularly good. Every thing looked fair and promising for the New Coach.

Meanwhile, it was interesting to mark the effect, which the daily visitations of this organ of communication with the metropolis, produced upon our people. We were now, it is true, just as before, a hundred miles from town; but it was not *this* distance—it was not

the intervening *hundred* miles which had allowed our country prejudices to take root, and flourish so long ; but the *six* which separated us from the post-town and high London road. To that post-town we were obliged to have recourse, whenever a coach or chaise was needed for our distant expeditions, and we had a jealousy of this place ; a feeling that its privileges ought to have been ours, which prevented us from profiting by them indirectly. Now, however, that our town was actually a thorough-fare to London, we began to display a few of those points of character which, imperceptibly formed, are made known chiefly by the occasions for their exercise. It is usual, among country people, to hear the cockneys very unsparingly accused of conceit and positiveness ; but I must, in all fairness, say that, so far as my own experience goes, these qualities are to be found in larger measure amongst the inhabitants of small country towns. The vanity and conceit of a London journeyman, coming down to visit his country friends, have a good humour, a confidence, a reliance on the justice of his claims to admiration, that is very disarming. They are light-hearted, airy, and pleasant—and are by no means so nearly allied to contempt as the suspicious rustics are apt to imagine. The dash and finery poured forth upon us are not meant to humble us—no such thing—they are the mere gratification of vanity, and if we will but be good humoured enough to admire and be pleased, all will be well. But we, meanwhile, have many lessons of humility and moderation to learn.

Pride is suspicious, and some lurking idea, that we are not regarded as on an equality with the Londoners, steels our hearts against them, and much of the good that is in them. We think *they* think only of their own world, and regard us as a set of children. Our selfishness takes alarm, and we are obstinate against the admission of inferiority in a single point. All this while, there are sneaking attempts at imitation going on amongst us. We cannot forbear catching at some of the novelties we see, though affecting to despise the source from whence they emanate; and it sometimes happens that there is, in the same character, a most comic mixture of country prejudice and attempts at town breeding.

This was exhibited, in a striking manner, during the era of more frequent communication between ourselves and the Great City. But we should have lived down such inconveniences, and in due time, perhaps another, though more confined evil, would have passed away also. The graver people, the ancient, the religious, had settled it in their minds that London was the abode of peculiar, and almost unheard of, wickedness. If they heard of one of our people taking advantage of the opportunity for visiting the metropolis, they sighed and groaned over the prospect of future back-sliding. They were, from the very first, enemies to the new coach, and regarded it as a corrupter of our simplicity, a daring innovation! Good souls! they forgot how often they had previously declaimed against our vices; they forgot that rustic

ignorance is not innocence ; that vice is not the less, but rather the more vicious, for being the growth of retirement :—and now, to hear them talk, you would have supposed that the PHENOMENON had found us invested with all the primitive simplicity of a pastoral age. For my own part, I regarded the case as a lost one, long before. Simplicity was gone, no one knew whither. Machinery, some thought, had sent it out of the country—and certain it is that, with the loss of the distaff, many wholesome, stay-at-home customs had disappeared. Woe to the land where female industry and activity have, all at once, ceased to be directed into the channel of quiet usefulness ! Leisure for gossip ! Leisure for dress ! Leisure for scandal ! The children too, hanging about the doors, in all the indolence that attends a complete surfeit of play :—no call to work,—no bustling, important-looking mother, watching the sun's declining beams with a jealous eye, and finding the longest summer-day not long enough for what is to be done. All this is passed away, and Education, as it is called, is come in its stead. Education ; that noble, but, alas ! often mistaken thing ! that frequent substitution of words for ideas, of signs for realities ! But to return ;—considering that our own lights were grown dim, I was inclined, from the first, to the experiment of borrowing a little oil from others, and I hoped it would be to the increase both of knowledge and charity amongst ourselves. And such is still the opinion of some of our worthies. But *time* must, in all these cases, be

allowed for experiments ; and, unfortunately for the Ridley people, just as they had obtained some insight into the good and evil of the new arrangements, an unforeseen concurrence of circumstances deprived them of the opportunity of witnessing this “ march of mind”, or contemplating, on the other hand, any retrograde movements.

One unlucky morning, the Coach was overturned at the sharp corner, just by the saddler's shop. We had never thought of that corner, and yet it is certainly a very awkward one, till we saw the PHENOMENON dashed over before our eyes. Happily no one was much hurt. Two old ladies, inside passengers, declared of course that they had sustained serious injury ; but I never heard this declaration substantiated by any surgeon, or nurse, or credible witness whatever. The coachman was blameless, the accident being solely attributable to the unfortunate breaking of a rein. However, we soon found out that an overturn, on our road, was something entirely different from an overturn on the King's turnpike. It was trumpeted and magnified about the country, till we did not know the story again ; and though some of us would willingly have been overturned twice over in defence of the PHENOMENON, we could not get a fair hearing for our side. The Editors of the Papers were all bribed or prejudiced men, and would not put in our contradictions. Just at this crisis, a new Coach Company (I think) started up at N—— ; and its first endeavour was to buy up the whole concern—the

coach, the coachman, and the benevolent and amiable proprietor himself. For a short time this was resisted : the coach still came and went,—went and came :—but, methought, it was with a wavering, flickering kind of motion, as if uncertain whether to live or die. The Guard's horn too, seemed to send forth a doubtful sound, and, one morning, it was totally mute. The Guard was gone—gone over to the enemy, with all his mirth and his music. We looked sadly at one another, and thought what was to come :—Yes ! It was too true.—In another week, the RIDLEY COACH was no more !

E. T.

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.”

Lines

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE, ESQ.

QUESTION.

WHERE dwells she now? That life of joy,
 Which seemed as age could ne'er destroy,
 Nor frail infectious sense alloy
 Its self-derived and self-sufficing gladness—
 Abides she in the bounds of space?
 Or like a thought, a moment's grace,
 Is she released from Time and Place,
 The dull arithmetic of prisoned sadness?

Or loves she still this plot of earth,
 This human home that saw her birth,
 Her baby tears, her childish mirth,
 The first quick stirrings of her human mind?
 May she return to watch the flowers,
 Which last she reared in Faëry bowers?
 They freshen yet with summer showers,
 And frolic in the sportive summer wind.

That lovely form, that face so bright,
 That changeful image of delight,
 Shall it no more, to mortal sight,

Or spiritual ken, in very truth appear?
 That visible shape, that kind warm glow,
 That all that heaven vouchsafed to show,
 Is gone! 'Twas all our sense could know
 Of her we loved, whom yet we hold so dear!

The world hath lost the antique faith
 In shade and spectre, warning wraith,
 That wander'd forth to blast and scathe
 Poor earth-clogged dark humanity:—
 No more the mystic craft of hell,
 In cavern murk, with impious spell,
 Evokes the naked souls, that dwell
 In uncreated night's inanity:

'Tis well—that creed is out of date,
 And man hath learned, at last though late,
 That loathing Fear, and fearful Hate,
 And rankling Vengeance, all are cruel liars;
 And all the doctrine that they teach,
 Of ghosts, that roam when owlets screech,
 Is but the false and fatal speech
 Of guilty terrors, or of worse desires.

But is there not a charm in love
 To call thy spirit from above?
 Oh! had I pinions like a dove,
 Were I, like thee, a pure, enfranchised soul,
 Then might I see thee as thou art,
 Receive thee in my inmost heart:—
 But, can it be? She has no part
 In all she loved beneath the changeless Pole!

REPLY.

Ah ! well it is, since she is gone,
 She may return no more,
 To see that face so dim and wan,
 That was so warm before.

Familiar things would all seem strange,
 And pleasures past be woe ;
 A record sad of ceaseless change
 Is all the world below.

The very hills, they are not now
 The hills that once they were,—
 They change as we are changed, or how
 Could we the burden bear ?

Ye deem the dead are ashy pale,
 Cold denizens of gloom ;
 But what are ye that live, and wail,
 And weep upon the tomb ?

She passed away like morning dew,
 Before the sun was high ;
 So brief her time, she scarcely knew
 The meaning of a sigh.

As round the rose its soft perfume,
 Sweet love around her floated ;
 Beloved she grew, while mortal doom
 Crept on, unfelt, unnoted.

Love was her guardian angel here ;
 But Love to Death resigned her :
 Though Love was kind, why should we fear
 But holy Death is kinder ?

The Warrior's Lobe.

INEZ sat in her bower alone,
 No tear bedimmed her laughing eye ;
 Though he she loved to war has gone,
 She fondly deems he cannot die !

Death for her boy no shroud can weave,
 Nor cypress round him throw its gloom ;
 For Love will shield the true and brave,
 And twine his brow with victor-bloom !

No woe was her's—in maiden pride,
 She thought the battle wild delight,
 As fancy placed her by his side—
 The charm that manned him in the fight.

For what is youth, when idly spent ?
 Or what is age, without renown ?—
 A sturdy bow—but never bent ;
 A regal head—without a crown !

T. B.

Azel and Zemira.

THAT time of spiritual deliverance, foretold from the creation of the world by the holy and the inspired ;— that hour, when the sceptre should depart from Shiloh, and the idolatrous Gentiles be admitted to the same privileges as the chosen few—had arrived ; and men marvelled whereunto this would grow. The world at large continued ignorant of the glory and the magnitude of the events with which this period was fraught ;— Jerusalem and its concerns were little known, and less esteemed,—for its grandeur at the moment in question was to be seen by the mind, not by the eye. Therefore tumults and victories, disputes respecting dynasties, projects for the acquirement of riches or glory formed, as heretofore, the sole business of life, and employed, as they had ever done, the attention both of Empires and individuals. It was not so in the Holy City. There, concerns of deeper import and diviner origin formed the main object of interest, from the High Priest of the Sanctuary, to the debased and lowly leper, who was not reckoned among the people. There, as in other cities, might be heard the tumult of busy life, the sounds of merriment, of occupation, and of sorrow ; there, as of old, its inhabitants eat and drank, bought and sold, married and were given in marriage ;—the harp and the viol were still heard in the feasts, and the minstrel made lamentation over the dead.

But other sounds were also heard in the streets of Jerusalem, other sights witnessed in its villages; and other crowds gathered in its environs, for purposes different from this world's tumult or traffic. ONE, that one, the subject, through every age of its history, of song and prophecy, walked upon its dust—mingled with its tribes—taught in its temples—ministered to the wants, and relieved the woes of its suppliants. Miracles and mysteries formed its every day events, and gracious truths that its saints had scarcely conceived in vision, were addressed, without reserve to every ear, and dropped like dew on thousands of weary hearts. That ONE, who spoke to the wretched, and their sorrows vanished at his word—who touched the sick, and disease became vigorous health—“who looked upon death, and there was life”—was yet to be approached as a guide, and conversed with, as a man talketh with his friends. Jerusalem was filled from one end to the other with his disciples, his enemies, and his fame. The meek believed his words, and their joy was increased; the proud approached with subtle questions, and were sent empty away. The arrogant Pharisee, and the scoffing Sadducee quailed before his frown; but the poor and the sorrowful looked to him and were comforted. Men of years and possessions arose, and left all that they had, when he said unto them *Follow me*; and women sate at his feet, and ministered of their substance.

He passed away from earth, the scene of his mission; from Jerusalem, the place of his sojourn;—but not so his memory and his doctrine. Multitudes had followed

him ; and of those multitudes, many cleaved to his precepts, and followed his footsteps, with the faith that overcometh—the love that is stronger than death. Far away from Jerusalem, in the palace of Cæsar, in the halls of the Greeks were heard the strange tidings of a gospel, which made no difference between bond and free ; which, in the sublime simplicity of its commands, stood opposed to the power, the prejudice, and the belief of the whole enlightened world ! CHRISTIAN was a name of reproach—of persecution ; a name cast out on earth, but written in heaven.

Nevertheless all who were called by this holy designation were not equally full of faith ; and when times of persecution arose, many were offended, and *went out from them, because they were not of them*. And to many, the very Gospel of Life came not to bring peace, but a fire ; it was to them a sword, piercing through their souls, a separating influence between friend and friend ; setting the father against his son, and the daughter against her mother. Many a flower was crushed beneath the despotism of domestic power ; many a young heart offered its choicest love a *willing sacrifice* on the altar of devotedness to God. Alas ! many, too, made shipwreck of their faith, and to purchase prosperity surrendered their peace of mind. And some, vacillating and unsteady in their profession, sank in the conflict between passion and principle ; yoked themselves with unbelievers ; and, if they lost not heaven, had their punishment upon earth.

Zemira was the sole surviving child of Rabbi Ben

Harim, and attained the age of womanhood, about the time, when the first persecution commenced in Jerusalem, against the sect that was every where spoken against. Her father had no longer a wife; and she was unto him as the ewe-lamb of the prophet. There was another, to whom she was even more; to Azel her betrothed, she was as the light that guided his path—as the air, whose breath was life. Does woman love *less* than man? If burning words and passionate vows come not from her lips, is the fire less vivid in her soul? What Zemira was to Azel, Azel was to Zemira; and the time approached, when the nuptial feast was to be spread, and when the lonely dwelling of Ben Harim was to resound with the voice of mirth and minstrelsy.

But before Zemira's affections had been thus engrossed by him who was to espouse her, she had listened—and listened with conviction, to the words of a disciple of the Christians, who was in Jerusalem amongst the chief supporters of their doctrines. Her heart *had burned within her*, when her mother's brother had reasoned with her concerning the new faith. Mattithiah trusted that a blessing had accompanied his instructions to his youthful niece; that in addition to the sacred raptures, with which as a Jewess she read the law of Moses, and the songs of the Prophets,—she had found HIM of whom Moses in that law, of whom the Prophets in those songs, testified and wrote. But Azel came from his father's dwelling in the hill country, and she then saw for the first time the man destined for her husband—

for amongst the Jews, marriage contracts were chiefly made by the parents ; and prior to the present occasion, Azel had not visited Jerusalem ; he had therefore seen the glories of the Mosaic Ritual, whilst he had only heard, through the medium of report, of the New Faith and of its Founder. To the ear of youthful pride, and national prejudice, that report possessed no charms ;—and he became one of its bitterest despisers ; one, who deemed that he did God service by maligning that only name, whereby he could be saved.

Though Zemira was convinced of the truth of Christianity—yet, after she had seen and known and loved Azel, it became doubtful whether she retained her convictions. They were choked by her affections—but only to shoot up again with stronger force. They faded from her soul, like stars, in the noon-blaze of passion, to shine brightly in the twilight of sorrow and disappointment. They loosed their hold on her conscience in the Spring of prosperity and joy ; but her soul clung to them, when the breezes deepened into the storm. Now it was so, that even in the bright hours of happiness, when Azel sate beside her, wooing her with words due to the Infinite alone, when most she felt the joy of loving—the bliss of being loved, in all its fearful fulness, yes, even *then*, strange misgivings for the future, sad remembrances of the past, would wring her soul, and bring a cloud over her brow, and change her songs and smiles into ~~sighs~~ and mournful silence.

Passion ! Passion ! Is there a crime, a folly, which thy victims may not commit—a sorrow or a snare into

which they may not fall? Is there any opinion that thou canst not pervert?—any feeling which thou dost not lead astray? None :—thou art no celestial meteor, which although it may dazzle and deceive, can boast a heavenly origin ; but a base bewildering light, that is *of the earth, earthy* ; and none, from the first bold apostate, who wilfully surrendered his conscience to thy guidance, to the timid Zemira, who did so unknowing what she did, none have escaped the pangs of retribution, the darkness of remorse. It would seem as though of all idolatries, the Infinite smote with peculiar wrath the idolatry of the affections. It may appear strange that Mattithiah should make no effort to bring his wavering proselyte to a decision in favour of Christianity ; or at least that he suffered her to take the marriage vows without remonstrance. But it was now about the time, when the Sanhedrim put forth the persecuting power which Providence had hitherto restrained ; and the church was *every where scattered abroad*. Mattithiah was amongst the number of the dispersed, and, occupied like his brethren in the one absorbing care of disseminating the Christian faith, he forgot for awhile his kinswoman in Jerusalem :—the one, who, in a spiritual sense, was left, *as a stray sheep in the wilderness*, exposed to danger if not to death.

By one of the dispersed brethren, more recently arrived from the Holy City, tidings of the truth at length reached Mattithiah—tidings that filled his soul with grief for Zemira, and bowed his head with shame

for his own supineness. "Sinful that I am," exclaimed the sorrowing old man, "to deem myself a follower of Him who came to seek, and to save, that which was lost:—oh! that He would yet aid me to bring this dove back to the rock that cannot be moved, from the bosom of a mortal who hates the truth, and seeks the blood of all that believe therein!" There was personal danger in Mattithiah's return to Jerusalem, but convinced that he had sacrificed enough to prudence, he surrendered himself to the unrestrained guidance of his principles; and the language they suggested was—*Be ready to be bound, and even to die at Jerusalem, if another lamb may thereby be added to the fold of the shepherd.* With this hope, he set forth on his way rejoicing. Yet his determination did not exclude caution. He entered Jerusalem in the gray dawning of the day; and concealing himself in a situation, whence he could discern all who entered or who left the house of Ben Harim, he awaited with mingled feelings of faith and fear, of joy and sorrow; some opportunity of making himself known to Zemira.

Day, with all its busy scenes of toil and traffic, came on; the street grew thronged; and Mattithiah feared that his labour of watching would prove vain. Soon a number of persons, habited for a festival, entered Ben Harim's dwelling: minstrels, maidens, grave matrons, and friends and relatives of Zemira and her father. A little while after, another troop appeared, dressed also as for a feast. These were wholly men; some young, some older, others aged;

and they were preceded by a venerable rabbi,—whilst, glittering in the midst of the throng, young, proud, and joyous, was seen Azel, the betrothed of Zemira.

Mattithiah rung his hands. “Shepherd of Israel !” cried he, “it is :—no, let it not be ! too late. Pardon thy servant his delay, his faithless communing with the flesh. Strengthen him to suffer, if he may not succeed !” By the time these hurried ejaculations had arisen from his soul, the last party had entered the place of their destination. Mattithiah knew full well that he had arrived on the day of the nuptials—that if he saw Zemira, she must be seen instantly, or the ceremony would be performed :—the case was even now nearly without hope—it would be cruel, nay wicked, to reproach her when irrevocably the wife of Azel. Besides, the final procession, which conducted the bride by torch light to her future home, was always prefaced by some hours of revelry ; to enter then would be madness.

“I must risk my fate, and venture now,” thought Mattithiah ; and as the thought passed through his mind, he bent his footsteps towards a private portal, and solicited entrance into the house of his kinsman ; desiring that his coming might not be announced. Ignorant of his errand, and too much engrossed by their several duties to call to mind the barrier that separated him from their master’s family, the domestics readily admitted him ; and Mattithiah, well acquainted with the various rooms and passages in the house,

found his way, unmolested, to a small closet, separated from the guest-chamber by a partially-drawn curtain.

Zemira was seated beneath the nuptial canopy ;— beautiful, very beautiful she looked : but Mattithiah scarcely heeded her beauty ; his eye wandered over her face to discern, if it were possible, some indication of the heart within. Emotion was, indeed, written on her young features—but of so varied a character, that the gazer was continually at a loss how to describe it. When she looked on Azel, her eye kindled with the fulness of love—it might almost be said, with the fulness of joy ; but again there was an abstraction, a trace of deep thought, a shade of melancholy, and now and then a momentary sigh, which revealed some hidden disquietude—some sorrow amidst the joy—some fear battling hard with hope.

The ceremony began. The young people had surrounded the bride and her betrothed, and sung the usual nuptial song. Azel took hold of the Taled, or bridal veil, to throw it over the head of Zemira—the rabbi presented the wine—a few more minutes, and all would have been decided ; when, in a deep and solemn tone, was heard : *Whoso loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me !*

Zemira knew the voice. These awful words—the divine authority of Him who spake them—and all the stifled convictions of her heart's faith swept over her soul like a whirlwind ; till, like the deceived patriarch, she trembled very exceedingly. The confusion

may be conceived, which ensued when Mattithiah walked into the midst of the assembly, folded Zemira to his bosom, and wept over her like a child.

The fiery and astonished Azel was the first who laid hands on Mattithiah. "The maiden is my near kinswoman, young man," said the latter meekly. "And the Nazarene—he is thy master!" replied Azel with bitter scorn. "Zemira! clingest thou to him!—to a recreant, a reptile—he is thy kinsman no longer. Nay, if thou art too timid to assert the holy law of our fathers, I will!" and he flung Mattithiah, as he spoke, to a considerable distance. "To-day, and here," continued he, "thy vile life is safe; to-morrow it shall be cared for."

The young zealot's brow was wrung with dark passions; and the spectators strove in vain to calm him. Ben Harim was, both in mind and body, a feeble old man; and his alternate entreaties, that Mattithiah would cease to meddle with his family, and that Azel would suffer the ceremony to proceed in peace, were scarcely heard, or, if heard, were disregarded. A voice was at length heard, like music from a lonely lute amidst clashing cymbals and brazen trumpets. Zemira advanced from her place in the circle, and knelt down at the feet of him, whom, but for this interruption, she would ere now have called her husband.

Dark suspicions had already crossed the mind of Azel, or he would not have suffered her to retain a posture that otherwise he could not have borne to witness. He stood with folded arms, regarding her

with a keen and scrutinizing glance ; and the only words he spoke were in a cold, quiet tone, " What wouldst *thou*, Zemira ?" She kissed the hem of his robe ; and her tears fell like summer rain at his feet. A murmur of indignation ran amongst the by-standers. Azel heeded it not ; he heard but the voice of his own suspicions. " Azel !" said the suppliant, " I have deceived thee—not by loving another ; for thou hast been to me in the place of God !—but I will deceive thee no longer." She bowed her head to the very earth—she trembled, like one convulsed with mortal agony—and uttered in an unearthly whisper, " Azel ! wilt thou yet make me thine ?"

She paused: the fatal words *would* not come ;—there was a dead silence, and again the solemn tones of Mattithiah's voice were heard—*Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father, which is in Heaven.* The words operated upon Zemira like a holy spell. She arose from her kneeling posture—her frame assumed a more than natural strength and stateliness ; and she repeated in a slow, but steady voice, " Azel ! I believe in Christ."

He stood motionless—nor could any one have told his feelings ; so well did pride aid their concealment. " Zemira," said he, in a mastered voice, " art thou yet willing to be mine ?" " I am," replied the maiden meekly. " But I am not a friend to thy Nazarene," said he, in the same unnatural voice ; " how knowest thou that I should be kind to thee ?" " Unkindness is only my desert : I must gather the fruit of my decep-

tion. I am thine in the sight of God." "Wily maiden!" muttered Azel, stung to madness by the internal conflict of his feelings. Again he looked on her, and whispered in the soft tones of affection, "My own!" Again the proud spirit of youth—the zeal of the Jewish zealot—rage that he had been deceived—all rose in his bosom—and *conquered*. They err who say that Love is omnipotent; there are many stronger passions; religious bigotry is amongst them:—we have the history of ages—the testimony of scriptures in proof.

The night of that day, which had dawned in festivity and smiles, beheld Zemira an outcast and a fugitive. Parental love, and the love that is yet more ardent, that of a lover, restrained all acts of violence; but Zemira was added to the number of those who in that early day were practically taught to rely on the Creator alone. Ben Harim and Azel both deemed their unnatural conduct—the one casting off a child, the other his long betrothed, were sacrifices well pleasing to God; Zemira, on the other hand, felt that her martyrdom of heart was the just and needful punishment, for having quenched her convictions, for having called *good evil, and evil good*. But He who bindeth up the broken in heart—who saith to the wanderer, *return and I will receive you graciously*, left her not without a record that none ever trusted in him and were ashamed. She was preserved through persecution, danger, tumult, and suffering—a bruised but not a broken reed, receiving in inward peace a blessed substitute for outward prosperity. She proved, as Mattithiah often said to her, the truth

of Christ's words, *Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.*

X. X.

Sonnet.

OH ! look upon me in my loneliness,
 Eternal Spirit ! For I pour to Thee,
 Grief that can find no human sympathy—
 The sorrowing feelings that my heart oppress.
 And if their sharpness ever wound me less,
 'Tis when, in contrite thought, I bend the knee
 Before thy sacred footstool—and confess,
 That in thy bitter chastisements I see
 A father's gracious dealing. Let my prayer
 Reach thee in heaven, thy holy dwelling-place !
 That these my sufferings may my soul prepare,
 For that dread hour when I shall see thy face,
 In all its blaze of glorious light ;—and soar
 Far from this sinful earth ; and feel its grasp no more !

J. C.

The Greek Leader to his Troops.

BY DELTA.

AND say ye 'tis better to yield,
 Than give up our lives on the field ?
 Would ye bow down your necks to the foe,
 And with sullenness broke,
 Like the steer to his yoke,
 Would ye sacrifice Liberty ? No !—
 Our blood hath come down from the line of the brave,
 Let us die like the free, and not live like the slave.

Desert not, our country in need,
 Come forth with the steel and the steed ;
 And these boasters may learn from our band,
 Although we be few,
 What each freeman can do,
 When his sword is unsheathed for his land :—
 Then ho ! for the combat ; the end of our strife
 Shall be death, not defeat ; or be freedom and life !

Look on tower and on temple around,
 And hark to the bell's solemn sound,
 That so often hath called you to prayer !
 Looking up to the Cross,
 Know that life must be loss,
 Should the Crescent supplant it in air,

And swear by the volume, which knows not to lie,
For our hearts and our altars, to conquer or die !

Oh ! strange that your purpose should freeze !
Irresolutes, look ye on these,
The glories your foemen would shroud :—
Your country demands
Her defence from our hands,
Yea, her stones lift their voices aloud ;
And the ghosts of our fathers start up from their
graves,
To gibber at sons who submit to be slaves !

Yes, these worthies, they bled for its sake—
Let the might of their spirits awake,
And rouse ye to glory once more ;
Doubt and darkness shall fly
From that morning's bright eye,
Which dawns to illumine our shore :
In the might of each arm—in the flash of each sword—
In the throb of each heart shall the past be restored.

Then forward !—Heaven smiles on our cause—
Let us fight for our lives and our laws ;
Advance we, and vow by the sword,
While a kindling remains
Of Greek blood in our veins,
That " Freedom or Death " is the word ;
Then draw for the onset—huzza for the strife !
Which leads us from thralldom to freedom and life.

To the Cuckoo in the Vale of Cuatwg,

FROM THE WELSH OF LLYWARCH HËN.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

GORKISTE AR VRYN, AERWYN VY MRVD.

Llywarch Hën was a British bard and warrior, who flourished in the 6th century, being cotemporary with Aneurin; he lived to a great age. He was distinguished by his prowess against the Saxons, and had four and twenty sons; all of whom perished in battle against the hated invaders of their country; and all of whom he had the misfortune to outlive. His poems are extant, and have been edited by Dr. Owen Pughe.

SITTING ON this green hill to rest, my soul is sharply
 stirred,
 And yet it does not drive me on, like thee, thou wandering
 bird ;
 My home is sad, my journey short, and life is mere
 distress
 To me, when thus the vernal trees put on their pleasant
 dress.

I wind no horn ; I keep no hound ; I move with pain
 along :
 Yet still, whilst it seems good, mild bird, pursue thy
 simple song ;
 Thy loud melodious voice the vales shout duly with
 the day,
 “ Better the spendthrift than the churl,” it says, or
 seems to say.*

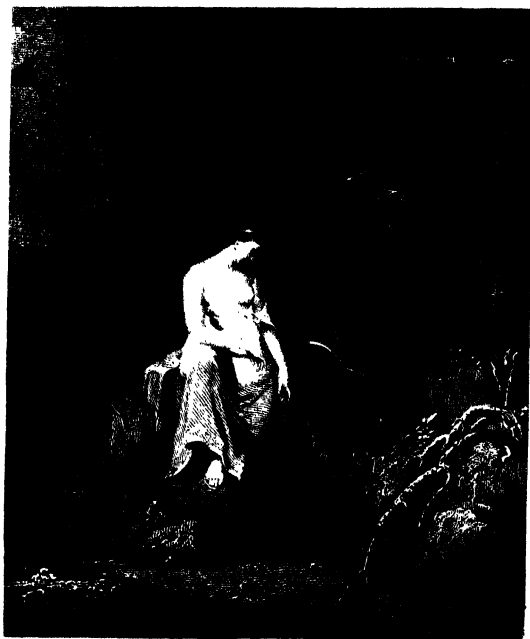
* The adage which the bard here introduces, bears no resemblance in the original language, to the cuckoo's note. But the Welsh bards are fond of inculcating moral truth, even where it may, at first sight, appear incongruous.

Hid in the green vale's blossomed trees, yet, yet thou
 strain'st thy throat ;
 Now heaven console the sick and sad, who hear thy
 happy note ;
 The woods and waters shout thy name—there's discord
 in their strain ;
 Oh, may none sicken at the sound, none mourn like
 Llywarch Hên !

Have I not listened, by the tree with ivy-wreaths
 entwined,
 To the fond cuckoo, as her note came wafted on the wind ?
 Has it not caused me before now, a warrior though
 I be,
 To hang my broad shield down, entranced in many a
 reverie !

Yes ! every lover thinks of her ; and oft on the lone hill
 That overlooks the merry oak, till fancy had her fill,
 For hours I've listened to the tale, but now her
 charmed cry
 I shun,—much as I loved it once, the passion shall go by.

Sweet bird ! her voice creates desire, do what—but she
 is gone :
 It is her fate for evermore thus, thus to wander on ;
 All swift and eager as the hawk, o'er castle, lake,
 and crag,
 Scuds the lone cuckoo by the woods and waves of
 Glen-cu-ag !



O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

O'Connor's Child.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

——— " I find the home of grief
 At Cunnocht Moran's tomb to fall :
 I found the helmet of my chief,
 His bow still hanging on our wall,
 And took it down, and vow'd to rove
 This desert place, a huntress bold :
 Nor would I change my buried love
 For any heart of living mould."

CAMPBELL.

THE sleep of storms is dark upon the skies ;
 The weight of omens heavy in the cloud :—
 Bid the lorn huntress of the desert rise,
 And gird the form whose beauty grief hath bowed,
 And leave the tomb, as tombs *are* left—alone,
 To the stars' vigil and the wind's wild moan.

Tell her of revelries in bower and hall,
 Where gems are glittering, and bright wine is pour'd—
 Where to glad measures chiming footsteps fall,
 And soul seems gushing from the harp's full chord ;
 And richer flowers amid fair tresses wave,
 Than the sad "*Love lies bleeding*" of the grave.

Oh ! little know'st thou of the o'ermastering spell,
 Wherewith love binds the spirit, strong in pain,
 To the spot hallow'd by a wild farewell,
 A parting agony—intense, yet vain,
 A look—and darkness when its gleam hath flown,
 A voice—and silence when its words are gone.

She hears thee not :—her full, deep, fervent heart
 Is set in her dark eyes ;—and they are bound
 Unto that cross, that shrine, that world apart,
 Where faithful blood hath sanctified the ground ;
 And love with death striven long by tear and prayer,
 And anguish frozen into still despair.

Yet on her spirit hath arisen at last
 A light, a joy, of its own wanderings born ;
 Around her path a vision's glow is cast,
 Back, back, her lost one comes, in hues of morn !*
 For her the gulf is filled—the curtain shred,
 Whose mystery parts the living and the dead.

And she can pour forth in such converse high,
 All her soul's tide of love, the deep, the strong !
 Oh ! lonelier far, perchance, *thy* destiny,
 And more forlorn, amidst the world's gay throng,
 Than hers,—the queen of that majestic gloom,
 The tempest, and the desert, and the tomb.

* "A son of light, a lovely form
 He comes, and makes her glad."

The Orphans of the Pays de Vaud.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN."

MOST truly has it been observed, and sadly has the remark been echoed by many a desolate heart—that there are few solitudes more dreary than that of a great city, to those unconscious of being objects of interest or sympathy to a single individual among its busy myriads. It is an aggravation, and a fearful one, of this sense of desolation, if the heart in which it arises, had beat high with delusive hopes of cordiality and kindness; to be at once repelled by blighting indifference, or worse still, cherished in wanton caprice for a moment, to be ere long cast adrift amid the ice-bergs of that frozen ocean of selfishness,—a heartless and dissipated metropolis! And has not misery reached its climax, if those thus cruelly abandoned have been reared in the lap of luxury and kindness—born in a land of feeling and romance—implicit believers in virtue—incredulous of the existence of deceit?

So it was with Eugène and Adèle Du Bocage, when, at the confiding ages of two and twenty, and eighteen, one of Monsieur Emery's clumsiest *voitures* conveyed them from the delicious precincts of the Pays de Vaud, with its rich undulating hills, clear lakes, and transparent skies—to the vast brick-kiln-like accumulation of houses, and mingled atmosphere of smoke and fog

constituting and enveloping London. It was in January too, when these evils of town winter were at their height—and when, for the pure aërial tints of the distant glaciers, or virgin snows of the untrodden pastures, were substituted dingy dripping eaves, and piles (alike unsightly and treacherous) of a substance as little akin to the snow of Poetry or Switzerland, as a black swan is to a white one.

Eugène and Adèle had *heard* that there were fogs in England:—now they *felt* it—for in English, as in Egyptian darkness, there is something tangible. The weather on their arrival was singularly gloomy, and none can tell how thoroughly sunshine alters the expression of a town, save those who have marked its magical effect upon a human countenance. But there was, as yet, a fount of light and hope within the bosoms of these unsuspecting pilgrims, sufficient amply to compensate for exterior gloom. They had sorrowed, it is true—and deeply;—had lost parents, fortune, home!—but what is the loss in youth for which Hope's treasury does not hold out compensation? It is in “the sear and yellow leaf” that parents are first adequately mourned. Youth can coin gold, or despise it; and its home is like the thistle's down, wherever Spring winds waft it!

It is time to speak of the home our exiles had left behind. It was one familiar to hundreds of our travelling countrymen—for whoever lingered beside—nay even flitted across the gay banks of R——, without acquaintance either in purse or person, with the *Ban-*

quier Du Bocage? If he lived—as was surmised—*by* or *upon* the English,—they at least lived *with* him. I never saw a journal kept by sauntering youth or sentimental Miss, in which a *fête champêtre*, or ball at La Fougère did not form a prominent incident. Nay more—Du Bocage knew John Bull too well to put him off with cakes and ices. Bull trout and Chambertin formed more congenial epochs in many a gourmand's *almanach*—and who could inquire minutely into the rate of exchange with one who gave sumptuous dinners, on principles of Irish reciprocity?

Monsieur Du Bocage was by nature a good sort of quiet plodding man, whose *francs de Suisse* would have gone on accumulating, undiminished either by his own speculations or extravagance; had not a luckless journey to Paris, to recover a bad debt, cost him his whole fortune, by his taking into partnership a Mademoiselle Stephanie de Bellecour—a person expressly designed by fate to act as a safety-valve to his nearly bursting coffers. She was perhaps the first Parisian belle who ever went to Switzerland for lucre—“*point d'argent, point de Suisse,*” would certainly have been, in a somewhat novel sense, her motto;—but properly gilded, she could swallow the cantons great and little, glaciers, Alps and all. She bade a slight adieu to her friends—(half Paris)—and a solemn one to the *Spectacles*—(all her business); and accompanied her Helvetian Cræsus, as she said “*au bout du monde!*”

The good Vaudois, primitive and protestant as they are in creed and customs, are not proof against the

idolatry of fashion ; and a Paris image, set up among their pastoral hills, found as many worshippers as Nebuchadnezzar's on the plains of Dura. Madame Du Bocage had just drained to the dregs the insipid draught of adulation tendered by the simple Swiss, when peace and idleness sent swarms of English, to swell her triumphs and her husband's money-bags. She was now in her element—dinners, balls, *déjeunes*, teeming with *Milords*, embellished every day of her existence ;—and when these began to fall, private theatricals attested the taste and talents of the hostess, and the infant wit and beauty of her, at other times, neglected children.

So-matters went on, summer after summer. Flight after flight of English locusts, having consumed the land, moved periodically on, to bask in the winter suns of Italy ;—while Madame Du Bocage yawned and shivered amid cold rooms and dull *soirées* ;—and the astonished banker cast up his books, and found, for the first time in his life—the balance on the wrong side of the sheet.

Deep speculations were the usual consequence of improvident expenditure—ruin, the end of both. The returning swarm of English found the firm annihilated—the master fled, no one knew whither—and the mistress gone, to beguile her griefs, (and save her jewels)—to Paris. Du Bocage died soon after of a broken heart, and his wife of a broken constitution— and Eugène and Adèle were thrown on distant relatives, to eat the bitter bread of sufferance. The Swiss, to do

them justice, though they love money dearly, love each other too:—and the poor orphans might have hung unshaken off, upon some branch or other of their native stem, till doomsday. But they had spirits suiting more their past than their present fortunes; and resolved—prompted alike by inclination and advice—to seek an El-Dorado in England.

Excluded, both by policy and custom, from much of the dissipation of their mother's circle, these amiable young creatures retained, in all its purity, the primitive character of their country. Eugène—whose father could brook no rival on the commercial throne of his high-backed stool of office—was early sent to manage a branch of the concern in the little rural town of D——, while Adele, whose mother a tall daughter's growth might have rebuked, was left to grow in simple loveliness, under an *antediluvian bonne*, amid the pastoral hills and *châlets* of *Les Ormonts*. At times, however, these exiles were necessarily recalled; and though there was no exuberance of parental fondness to endear the parental roof, there was a blaze of splendour to dazzle the young mind there—and point the bitter contrast hereafter. In short, Eugène and Adèle had been bred to riches, and were poor—reared amid cordiality, and were outcasts—endowed with romance and sensibility, and destined to earn their own bread!

To earn it too in London! that shrine of Mammon and of Moloch—those antipodes of Switzerland and sentiment. To earn it too, not in the plain, straightforward path of daily toil, and manual labour—but at

the nod of patronage, and by the exercise of unfledged and questionable talents !

To seek and claim this patronage, at first seemed easy ;—for hundreds in London, of the great, the rich, and fashionable, had been guests at La Fougère. But there are ties more binding still than transient hospitality ; and Lord De Crecy (then a disgraced, and all but disinherited, son) had been indebted to the shrewd liberality of the prescient banker, for the comfortable subsistence of many successive years. True, the debt had been duly cancelled : but could the obligation be forgotten ? Not in the Pays de Vaud, where memories, like skies, are cloudless ; but in London ! why the blessed sun himself can hardly 'scape oblivion, and how should benefits ?

Eugène (not having seen the sun since he came over) had lived hitherto in a luminous atmosphere of his own ; encircled by which, he set out to deliver a letter from a relation (a great Swiss crony of the Lord De Crecy's) to that noble lord. He picked his way, not easily, to Grosvenor-square ; got in, with difficulty, to his Lordship's study—and found the gay, wild, dissipated prodigal, of whom his cousin spoke—transformed into a cold, stiff, aristocratic personage, the careful steward of some twenty thousand a year.

The name of Du Bocage recalled less pleasing circumstances ; a deeper shade passed over the noble reader's brow ; nature however will sometimes take an inch, if not an ell, even of a miser's composition : the peer remembered how often he had dined at Du Bocage's

cost, when otherwise he might have dined with Duke Humphrey—and shaking Eugène by the hand à l'Anglaise—asked him to stay dinner.

The youth, for Adèle's sake—for the *château* of San Gothard is less inhospitable than an English lodging-house—would have declined; but hopes of benefit to both, from leisure to unfold their views, prevailed; and the young Swiss—his toilette superciliously amended by my lord's valet—followed his patron to a splendid drawing room; where sat the plebeian helpmate, for whom Lord De Crecy had nearly paid the penalty of forfeiture, and two tall dashing daughters, whose manners—formed when papa and mamma were in the shade, were rather strongly marked, for the full light of fashionable life.

There were other guests: and the peer's introduction, for his own credit, running thus—"Young Du Bocage, the great Swiss banker's son," procured for the good-looking stranger not unflattering notice: though an *aside* to Lady De Crecy, in which the words "*all blown*" and "*complete smash*" would have caught quicker ears than Eugène's, might have explained to him the meaning of the shade of condescension which she threw into her manner after dinner, as well as that of hauteur, which marked her daughters' subsequent deportment.

Eugène, timid and retiring by nature, sought in vain an opportunity to interest, this evening, his landlord in his fortunes. A vague "we'll see"—"bad times for lads!"—and, "better have staid in Switzerland"—were but indifferent omens of a zealous patron: but being

asked, nay even pressed, to come again, and bring Adèle ; he went away with hope, if not elated. The impression he had left was favourable: "A well-behaved lad!" said the quondam *voué*, with a solemn aspect: "Gentlemanlike!" exclaimed the low-born peeress: "Interesting," echoed the *uninteresting* young ladies.

Poor Adèle was not quite so fortunate. Except the peer (who so far relapsed into past habits as to *swear* she was a pretty girl), none could find aught to praise in the sweet child of nature. "No manner," growled my lady: "*Patois!*" drawled Miss Eliza: "*Mauvais ton!*" lisped out Miss Jane;—and all this, just because Adèle, low-spirited, ill-dressed, and ill at ease, looked more lady-like and bewitching than half the belles of London.

So seemed to think a certain Sir John Veroker, an unwittingly elected candidate for Miss Eliza's hand;—and this was sufficient to rouse her mother's energies to transform Adèle *au plus vite*, into the object of her own modest ambition—a Swiss governess. A Mrs. Bentinck, who had only just parted with the last of seven, was found to try an eighth; and if she proved no wonder of the world, it was not for want of Lady De Crecy's *disinterested* panegyric.

Eugène, meanwhile, whose knowledge of languages, and general habits fitted him for subordinate diplomacy, hung on, a weary suitor, in Grosvenor square: the evils of dependence embittered by alternate frowns and smiles—my lady's *aimable garçon*, when frights were to be *valsed* with, or harridans handed to supper; but invisible,

even with her eye-glass, when there was no forlorn hope to send him on. Then Miss Eliza, who, when engaged with higher game, could stare him into a doubt of his own identity—would play him off against Sir John, with all the mockery of a sentimental flirtation: and Miss Jane, who was dying for a foreign lover, would sing “*La Suisse au bord du lac*,” and “*Les armaillis de Colombette*,” till he paid, to music and to memory, a tribute, which she chose to ascribe to her own charms.

This became insupportable; and just as Eugène made up his mind to seek another patron, or become his own, Adèle took refuge from the tender mercies of Mrs. Bentinck in her brother's arms. That lady, who took Swiss girls on the avowed principle of their powers of endurance, and had been able *excéder* half a dozen of far humbler rank, and education than Adèle, soon drove that gentle but high spirited girl to quit her irksome tyranny—thankful that she had yet a haven from the storm in Eugène's humble lodgings. The prospects of the orphans would now have been dark enough: but malice and uncharitableness (like all things else permitted below) have their occasional use. Their tacit quarrel with Lady de Crecy stirred them up an enthusiastic champion in a Mrs. Willoughby, a gay widow; who, during her husband's life, had been at *La Fougère*; but whose memory on that subject had strangely slumbered, till waked by Lady de Crecy's invectives against protégés.

With Mrs. Willoughby, to protect was to *canonise*; she all but made love to Eugène, and would have

turned a less steady head than Adèle's by her senseless flatteries. She gave great parties—of which her handsome Swiss and *belle Vaudoise* were constituted *lions*—loaded Eugène with compliments, and Adèle with finery, till she made both ashamed, and herself ridiculous: then quarrelled with the former, for declining to make her more so by marriage—and with the latter, for appearing too amiable in the eyes of her son.

The cold and comfortless lodging was again their sole resource: and Eugène, to whom diplomacy had been but the shadow in the water, determined no longer to relinquish for it the more substantial emoluments his knowledge of banking business might enable him to command—but nobody would take an unrecommended foreign clerk; and to apply to either of his late patrons was impossible.

Adèle was walking one day, disconsolately enough, in the New Road, near which the orphans lived—when her attention was attracted by hearing a child speak French with uncommon grace and fluency. She bent to caress the little girl, and say a few words in her dear mother tongue, when they were eagerly caught by the child's attendant. A "*Mon Dieu! Mademoiselle!*" attested her first surprise; a "*Dieu soit loué!*" her more deliberate gratitude: It was from Vaudois lips both these ejaculations flowed; and the poor girl—a peasant's daughter from *La Fougère*, felt as if hope and happiness smiled before her, in its youthful mistress.

"*Whom* do you serve, Nannette? Whose is this lovely child?" said Adèle. "Dont you remember,

Mademoiselle, an English clergyman, who lived *là bas* —*tout près de La Fougère, dans cette chaumière, vous savez ?*”

“ I do indeed !” thought Adèle, blushing at the remembrances connected with this charming family. Straited in circumstances, delicate in health, unostentatious in appearance ; notwithstanding their close vicinity to her princely mansion, Madame Du Bocage had always refused, when urged by her daughter to visit them ; and Adèle recollected with horror, having heard that, in addition to neglect and contumely, they had incurred considerable pecuniary loss by her father’s failure. She therefore shrunk abashed, even before the unconscious child ; and besought Nannette to conceal the rencontre from her mistress.

“ *Cela sera difficile,*” replied the girl, “ for even were I able to restrain my joy, *la petite* hides nothing from her mother ; nor durst I, for my own life, impose concealment.” “ *Eh bien donc !*” sighed Adèle ; “ I must pay the penalty of past errors, in the contempt of the only people I ever teased *maman* to let me visit ! I always heard they were so amiable, and did so much good with their limited means ; and *Monsieur* looked so benign with his silver locks ; and *Madame* so like a lady, in her simple dress ! And then the pretty children ! —this is the youngest surely,” venturing once more to kiss the little girl.

“ *Oh que oui !* born long after the rest ; why you know my mistress has a son of one and twenty, *un ange*, just’ like his father and mother. I never knew such

people!—as humble and modest as at *La Fougère*, though now *Monsieur* has rich preferment, and is no longer *mal à son aise*.”

“Thank God!” sighed poor Adèle, “Heaven has repaired my father’s injustice; would I could atone for my mother’s! But *I*, poor, miserable, friendless—all I can do, is to pray for them in secret.”

The maid departed, casting many a look after her fair young countrywoman, and piously hoping the child—evidently much attracted by the stranger—would name her to her mother. She did so; Nannette, when questioned, poured forth a stream of passionate eulogiums on the desolate orphan; and before two hours had elapsed, the compassionate, truly christian Mrs. Arnold was seated by the side of Adèle—expressing a parent’s solicitude in her destitute condition—and leaving her no alternative but to exchange it for her own comfortable though unostentatious roof—where Eugène was assured of a constant welcome.

Adèle could scarce believe her senses, or express her gratitude. The family, once nearly beggared, and long contemned by her misjudging parents—thus to adopt their hapless progeny! No efforts were sufficient to testify her filial sense of kindness thus unparalleled; and yet which seemed to those who practised it, the easiest labour of love they were ever called to perform.

Through the powerful influence of Mr. Arnold’s recommendation, Eugène was taken into an eminent foreign house, with advantageous prospects. Adèle fulfilled, with all the enthusiasm of affection, a governess’s

office to the little girl she had so opportunely met;— and when at length the cherished and distinguished son, of whom his parents were most justly proud, saw in the orphan all that could charm and sweeten his domestic path, they took her—gladly took her—with her dower of simple virtues, to their disinterested hearts; and wished returning good for evil had in every case, so sweet a motive, and so bright a recompence !

Monumental Inscription.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Elle etait du Monde, ou les plus belles choses
 Ont le pire destin ;
 Et Rose, elle a dure, ce que durent les roses,
 L'espace d'un matin.

EARTH ! guard what here we lay in holy trust ;
 That which hath left our home a darkened place,
 Wanting the form, the smile, now veiled with dust,
 The light departed with our loveliest face.
 Yet from thy bonds undying hope springs free—
 We have but *lent* our beautiful to thee.

But thou, oh Heaven ! keep, keep what *Thou* hast taken.
 And with our treasure keep our hearts on high !
 The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,
 The faith, the love, the lofty constancy,
 Guide us where *these* are with our sister flown—
 They were of Thee, and thou hast claim'd thine own !

The British Heart.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

WHERE does the British soul expand.—

Where prove its noblest power ?
 Not in this glory-covered land ;
 Not in fair town, or tower.
 Here pleasure flows on like a flood ;
 Here haunts luxurious ease ;
 Man's spirit to the loftiest mood,
 Mounts not in scenes like these.

Here wealth runs riot in its lot ;
 Power, by oppression steeled,
 O'erturns the trembling peasant's cot,
 Still adding field to field.
 Here, as swoln greatness blazes by,
 Meek merit turns aside ;
 And poverty's submissive eye
 Quails to the eye of pride.

Seek it not in our vaunted laws,—
 Oh ! fair, Tantalian fruit !
 Winning the rich man's warm applause,
 Striking the friendless mute.

Seek it not in our martial fame,
 Supreme on field or flood,—
 Glory, in its sublimest aim,
 Shrinks from the touch of blood.

Seek it not in the thousand domes,
 Virtue to suffering gives ;—
 Not in the thousand, thousand homes,
 Where bright affection lives ;
 Not where the good man softly goes,
 As blessing were a sin ;
 Nor yet where many a school o'erflows
 With childhood's murmuring din.

In all the good or ill of these
 Some other realm may share,
 But hie thee to the sounding seas,
 And thou shalt find it there !
 Haste !—from the port's confused stir
 Our joyous fleets have passed,
 And merrily the mariner
 Sings on the breezy mast.

Follow !—there lies no distant land
 That Britons do not reach,—
 Their sails to every wind expand ;
 Their prows touch every beach.
 Where glory calls, where beckons gain,
 Thither the Briton flies :
 What sand-bank of the lonely main,
 But there the Briton lies ?

Follow !—till the far-sailing ship
 Strikes on the midnight rock ;
 And a hundred sleeping creatures leap
 In terror at the shock.
 Till, down as go both hull and mast,
 Higher, and higher they cling ;
 And o'er the stormy waves, aghast,
 Despairing glances fling.

What see'st thou ?—Tragic phrenzy brief.
 Where selfish madness raves ?
 —A sad, but patient crew !—a chief,
 That calmly plans, and saves !
 Follow that faint and dripping few
 Who climb the rugged shore :—
 A world of waves behind they view ;
 A savage land before.

Oh, glorious sight ! oh, sight of woe !
 Their weary way they track ;—
 On, through barbarian lands they go,
 And fiercest tribes shrink back.
 Oh, glorious scene ! oh, scene of woe !
 Through burning wilds they wind,
 To some far port—but, faint and slow,
 —How few that port shall find !

Follow !—until ~~the~~ crisis come !
 Till the dread hour arrives,
 When nature strikes affection dumb,
 And *life* alone survives :

Till eyes, where fondest love has lain,
 With ravenous glances rage ;
 And scorched lips their pangs would fain
 In kindred blood assuage.

Never!—such dreadful need, at length,
 May other hearts controul,—
 But there shines out the Briton's strength !
 There glows his generous soul !
 Oh, glorious scene! oh, scene to steep
 The stoutest heart in tears !
 Anguish, at every step more deep,
 That little band endears.

Faintly, and feebly, on they drag,—
 Hope, succour, comes there none,—
 Yet, if behind a comrade lag,
 Fondly they bear him on !
 The chief is like a tender child,—
 The child is like a chief,
 Seeking to bring, 'mid throes most wild,
 The mother's pangs relief !

Daughter of England ! who in bower
 And hall wert wont to be,
 What miracles, in such an hour,
 Have shewn themselves in thee !
 Rough sailor of the wintry main,
 How gentle hast thou grown !
 Balm hast thou for each sufferer's pain,
 Stern patience for thy own.

Oh, crowned Empress of the seas !
 Glorious thy name appears,
 As, bending over themes like these,
 I honour thee with tears.
 Then, how the realms of ancient time,
 With all their pride, depart—
 Dimmed by thy strength of love sublime
 Thy majesty of heart !

Co ———

It is delightful, in that soft, sweet voice,
 To hear thee speak, and see that sparkling eye
 Beam with the thoughts of immortality,
 Thine own or others, gathered from the choice
 Of lovely things which in thy memory lie.

Nature's rich dower has not to thee in vain
 Been given—for thee the forest and the field,
 The mountain and the lake, their tribute yield,
 And in the modest music of thy strain
 Their influence o'er thy spirit is reveal'd.

And this bright world, this garden of sweet flow'rs
 Music and love, will seem a wilderness,
 All dark its skies and desolate its bow'rs,
 And sadly giv'n a life so brief as our's,
 When converse such as thine shall cease to bless.

REMARKS ON

Music, Painting, and the Acted Drama.

BY THE REV. W. HORNER.

THERE is nothing less consistent with the plain good sense of our nation, than the almost uniform custom of making young women of the higher and middle classes of society, proficient in music. Drawing is nearly as general; and it is more difficult to attain a moderate degree of excellence in it than in the former art. It has however this advantage: it may be submitted without offence to the judgment of others. The drawings hang harmlessly on the walls, and we may look at them or not; and if the portfolio be produced, we may turn it over in silence, or gratify the utmost claim of vanity by Sir Joshua Reynolds' ambiguous "*Oho!*"

We cannot so easily escape the tyranny of music. Conversation is interrupted by an unmeaning air of Rossini, or, what is worse, a show lesson of Moschelles; played often in a style which adds nausea to insipid elegance and tasteless execution. But it is most intolerable when Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, or some one of our old English composers, whose music, from the hand of taste and feeling, enters into our very soul, is made familiar by the mechanical execution of a young lady, who has been drilled, sorely against her nature, into this *painful* accomplishment. We cannot help musing on the years of mechanical drudgery which have enabled her to "tear a passion to tatters," and overturn the natural taste of families, and indeed of

whole communities. This mechanical performance is continually varied, and at the same time made more hateful by inappropriate embellishments. A Miss of seventeen will often venture to improve upon Handel, unhappily sheltered under the precedent of some of our first performers, who find it more profitable to follow and indulge, than to correct the depraved taste of the public.*

If it were not for this gradual introduction to a corrupted ear, how could any one be brought to endure the pathetic movements of Mozart, or the magic combinations of Weber, in the form of a quadrille or a waltz? Strains which lead us to forget our mortal nature, and raise our souls far above this perishable world, become, by this profane appropriation, only excitements to merriment and romping. It is impossible to speak with patience of such an impudent and barefaced mockery; through which the chain, that led the imagination captive, is broken for ever. Satin shoes, fans, feathers, and flirtation, are united, never to part, with that harmony, which before was redolent of every thing elevated, grand, and solitary.

Many readers may probably feel how the finest of Shakspeare's works are, in the same manner, degraded

* "Common listeners frequently imagine, that provided the mere notes are played, the end of music is accomplished, forgetting that the mind of the performer should shew itself in the light in which he understands a passage; and then instead of being a mere automaton, with a number of ready-made graces bestowed upon his mechanism, we should have the emanation of his feeling and sensibility struck out in a momentary impulse."

by artificial and familiar associations. They who have read his tragedies before seeing them represented on the stage, if they possess any imagination, are the greatest losers by this debasement. The characters and local scenes, which they had pictured to themselves, in those forms which corresponded with their idea of perfection, are decked out with tinsel and besmeared with distemper: and it is surprising that any but the lowest, both in information and idea, should derive pleasure from such an exhibition. Sometimes indeed an actor or actress gratifies our utmost expectations, in the person of one of his fiercer or more ludicrous characters; but how few are they who have not altogether failed in the more amiable and engaging! Here, as in music, the tender, the plaintive, require a feeling and imagination, bestowed only on very few. In the drama, these qualities, to produce their full effect, must be united to an elegant person, and interesting countenance; a combination so rare, that it is no wonder that examples of such union are "few and far between."

To speak generally; the freshness, the vigour, and the nature of Shakspeare are withered by *representation*.

It is not the intention of the writer to assert that the acted drama should be a deception, any more than a statue should be. But the drama of Shakspeare, when read in the seclusion of a study, is really delusive. His persons and his scenery are embodied, and so deeply fixed in the mind, that memory lays them up as realities, almost as much as persons and places that are well known to us.

The painters, who have attempted to represent them,

have succeeded just in the same degree as the actors. Whilst the more coarse and bolder characters have been painted so as to harmonize with our ideas; where have we seen the more delicate and retiring, without some degree of disappointment?—not indeed so great as when acted, for the difficulty is not so great; the painter, being limited to one moment, has not, like the actor, to support a consistency of representation. The universal preference given in painting, to the portrait of an actor in a favourite character, before its ideal representation, is a proof of the difficulty of embodying the creations of Shakspeare, except through the medium of known forms.

The reader may now inquire, what is the object of this discussion; is it to encourage or condemn the practice of music, and the art of painting? Is it to shew that dramatic representation is unworthy of an enlightened age? In answer—it is intended to shew how each may be abused, and which is least liable to abuse, and least disagreeable when imperfect. The question is considered merely as regards taste, without reference to morality: as it refers to the enlargement of the mind, and the duration of the pleasure. Indeed, on beginning these remarks, it was never contemplated to touch upon the acted drama, but it occurred as an illustration, and we will dismiss it without bearing on those doubts, upon which we refer the reader to Dr. Jeremy Collier's well-known essay.

With regard to music, it might appear useless to point out an evil, except we also could propose a remedy. No one should proceed far in its practice who has not a real

talent for it. A child may have a good ear for tune and time, but without taste and feeling can never rise above the cold mediocrity of correct execution : patient industry, which overcomes so many difficulties, cannot supply their want. If the young performer is indifferent to slow and plaintive airs, whilst all alive to the noisy and merry, she wants the soul that alone can make music an accomplishment of the mind, as well as of the fingers. If parents would attend to this simple test, nine young people out of ten would be struck off the music stool ; and employ their vacant hours more agreeably to others, and usefully to themselves, with their pencil and needle.

Painting, though not above mediocrity, is capable of giving delight, even to a person of correct taste. A faithful sketch from nature however slight or tame, is always interesting, and is a most delicious remembrancer of past times. It is

“ The memory of what has been,
And never more will be !”

WORDSWORTH.

It leads the mind to an admiration of nature ; and thence to a reverence of the Great Cause. It depends little on the applause of others ; and its pursuit in solitude, or by our own fireside, is the most gratifying, as well as the purest of its delights. It may be said of painting, (which cannot be said of music) that no moment so employed can be considered as lost ; for the pleasure of each hour remains for the gratification of another age.

'Tis Home where'er the Heart is.

'Tis Home where'er the heart is ;
 Where'er its loved ones dwell,
 In cities or in cottages,
 Thronged haunts or mossy dell :
 The heart's a rover ever,
 And thus on wave and wild,
 The maiden with her lover walks,
 The mother with her child.

'Tis bright where'er the heart is ;
 Its fairy spells can bring
 Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
 And to the desert—spring.
 There are green isles in each ocean,
 O'er which affection glides ;
 And a haven on each shore,
 When Love's the star that guides.

'Tis free where'er the heart is ;
 Nor chains, nor dungeon dim,
 May check the mind's aspirings,
 The spirit's pealing hymn !
 The heart gives life its beauty,
 Its glory and its power,—
 'Tis sunlight to its rippling stream,
 And soft dew to its flower.

To Maenwyn,

FROM THE WELSH OF LLYWARCH BÊN.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

MAENWYN TRAWM I'RH OED.

Maenwyn was a young warrior, to whom Prince Maelgwn had entrusted the defence of one of his fortresses, against the Saxons. The bard addresses these pleasant verses of him, to confirm his resolution, since he had been commanded to capitulate and deliver up his arms.

WHEN I was a youth of thy stature, Maenwyn!
 My kibes none should have trod on, of foeman or kin;
 No base Saxon churl should have broken my bounds,
 Or have ploughed, without blood, on my forefathers'
 grounds.

When I was a youth of thy vigour, Maenwyn,
 With the rose on my cheek, and the down on my chin,
 Little loved the proud stranger the edge of my blade,
 Which, though borne by a boy, by a hero was swayed.

Look well to thy target, my bonny Maenwyn,
 For thy shaft's of the slenderest, thy bowstring's owre
 thin;—
 Shoot but false—and an archer more trusty, full soon,
 Shall keep watch and ward here for the princely
 Maelgwn.

A gift was once mine, in its scabbard concealed,
 As a thorn it was sharp—in the fire 'twas annealed ;
 That's the warder for me—the world has not its twin,
 (Thou must still be my whetstone, my pretty Maenwyn.)

It was long ; it was sharp ; make its temper thine own,
 And my blessing shall rest on the lonely old crone
 Who said from the door of her hut by the lynn,
 “ Give not up thy good whittle, my bonny Maenwyn !”

* The poet here plays upon the name of the youth ; *Maenwyn* signifying “ *Having the hardness of a stone.*”

Epigram.

LA BELLE REVEUSE.

INTENT I marked the thoughtful maid,
 Whose eye such pensive grace reveals ;
Absence alone the fair betray'd,
Distraction every lover feels.

T. D.

Memoir of a Young Sculptor.

" — — — Creative art
 Demands the service of a mind and heart
 Heroically fashioned—to infuse
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
 While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
 And oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
 Thro' long-liv'd pressure of obscure distress,
 Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
 And in the soul admit of no decay,
 Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
 Great is the glory, for the strife is hard.

WORDSWORTH.

The following affecting narrative is extracted from a letter, addressed to one of his warmest friends in Liverpool, by a student of the Royal Academy, who is already favourably known by his group of *Venus mourning over the dead body of Adonis*, deposited in the Royal Institution of his native town. May his own pursuit of the art, to which his talents and enthusiasm are devoted, be associated with the happier recollections of successful eminence!

MR. WESTMACOTT illustrated a portion of his Lectures on Sculpture (delivered last season at the Royal Academy) by models of "*Ixion on the Wheel*" and "*Pirithoüs slain by Cerberus*," the productions of a young man of the name of PROCTOR, who died a few years since, a martyr to his profession.

Proctor, from his earliest days, had a strong inclination for the arts; but owing to some family caprice, he was doomed to serve five or seven years behind a draper's counter—a delightful employment for a man of his feelings and imagination! Yet if he had continued there, his life would probably have glided on more

happily and smoothly, than it did when he entered on the task of endeavouring to satisfy a capricious public by the productions of his genius. After a joyful release from his servile employment, he resolved to devote himself wholly to Sculpture; and declared his intention to some of his intimate friends, who discouraged the idea, and urged him to remain in the business to which he had been brought up. Shortly afterwards however, having had some property bequeathed to him, and being encouraged to follow the arts by those who had admired his early efforts, and on whose judgment he relied,—he indulged his inclinations, and taking up the pencil and modelling instrument, he bade a final farewell to trade.

After pursuing his studies for a length of time with various fortunes, he succeeded in gaining the head prize at the Royal Academy. Soon after this, he was introduced to the President, Mr. West, who recommended him to model one of his designs for the following exhibition. This was the "*Ixion on the Wheel.*" Though the model was much admired by the members of the Academy, no one offered to purchase it, during the whole time the exhibition remained open; until at length Sir Abraham Hume bought it, merely, as he observed, to encourage the young man; an action which reflects great honour on the taste and feelings of that worthy baronet.

For the following year's exhibition, he produced his model of "*Pirithoüs slain by Cerberus,*" which was highly approved both by the President and members; but I am sorry to say, that such was the indifference

to the arts shewn by the nobility and gentry of the day, that they suffered this production, like his last, to remain unsold until late on the last day of the exhibition ; when Sir Abraham Hume called, and inquired if Proctor's model was sold ; and being answered in the negative, said, with much kindness and generosity, that though he did not want the group, he would purchase it to encourage Proctor, who was a young man worthy of patronage.

As the artist had now been studying for a considerable time, his funds were becoming extremely low ; and he resolved to make a desperate effort, before the next exhibition, to gain the public favour. He designed and modelled a group of "*Diomedes, king of Thrace, torn to pieces by wild horses,*" which was admired by every person who saw it ; and that it might have every chance of being viewed to advantage, the president and council very kindly placed it by itself in the centre of the library. Such were the crowds who daily flocked to see it, that it became necessary to have a strong iron railing placed round, to keep the multitude from pressing on and injuring it. Poor Proctor's model continued to excite a lively interest in the public mind till the close of the exhibition ; which only raised his hopes, and caused him to expect that some of its admirers would surely purchase it. His spirits were thus buoyed up till the very last day,—when all hope failed him ; he became dejected, and gave himself up to despair. At the close of the exhibition, his model was sent home to him ; and after viewing and examining it all round, in a fit of despondency he

seized a hammer, and in a few seconds broke the group on which he had been employed nearly twelve months ; and destroyed a work which had been viewed with admiration by thousands.

From this time he resigned himself to the deepest misery ; quitted his lodgings, and wandered up and down the streets in melancholy solitude. Nothing more was heard of him, till the President inquired of one of his domestics, whether Proctor had called to see his pictures ; as had been his custom, perhaps two or three times a week. He was informed that he had not been there for two or three previous months, and he sent a messenger to make inquiry after him. He was found in a deplorable state : his clothes were all tattered—his health impaired ; and he scarcely ever spoke to any one. His abode was a paltry lodging-house in Clare Market, for which he paid sixpence each night,—and his only food were hard biscuits, and the water he drank at a neighbouring pump.

The President was much shocked by this lamentable account ; and lost no time in summoning a council of the Academy, to whom he proposed to send the unfortunate young man to study at Rome for three years ; which was unanimously agreed to. A sufficient sum was voted for his outfit ; forty pounds for his travelling expenses to Rome, one hundred a year for his subsistence there, and forty pounds for his journey home. On the following day Mr. West invited Proctor to dine with him : we may be sure the invitation was gladly accepted. After dinner Mr. West communicated the pleasing intelligence ; at which he was quite overpowered

with joy. The President in continuation said, "as a mark of my personal approbation of your conduct, my own son (who was then studying for a painter) shall accompany you to Rome, and be the companion of your studies there." Mr. West then gave him a cheque on his banker, and settled that he should leave London with his son, for Paris, on their way to Rome, in about three weeks.

One short week had scarcely elapsed after this interview, when a messenger rang at the President's door, who said he came from Mr. Proctor. On hearing this, the President thought that it was Proctor himself, coming to communicate his arrangements, and immediately threw open the doors of his study, when he beheld a man at the other end of his gallery, advancing towards him, weeping. He feared all was not right, and asked if Mr. Proctor was unwell; when the messenger, overcome with grief, faintly answered "Sir, he is DEAD!

On further inquiry, Mr. West was told that three or four days after Proctor had dined at his house, he was taken ill of a fever; and had expired after two days illness. The fever was of a malignant character; and had been brought on by the overpowering effect of sudden joy upon his weak frame.

Thus died this Chatterton of Sculpture—a lamentable instance of the indifference of the public to the early struggles of genius:—a melancholy proof,

—————"How hard is it to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!"

Weber's Last Slumber.

Ergo . . . perpetuus somnus
Urget?—

THE Priest has closed his murmured prayer
 With faltering voice, and bended head ;
 And tells his beads with sorrowing air,
 In the deep stillness hovering there,
 Around the sufferer's bed.
 Hush !—not a word !—his pallid lips
 Are closed,—the Goblin-singer sleeps !

Sleep !—is it thus the stranger deems
 Of a cold breathless calm like this ?
 Can *she* thus quench the soul, that beams
 O'er the bright features, in the dreams
 Of spirits such as his ?
 Think'st thou *her* airy plumes could throw
 This rayless gloom on WEBER'S brow ?

Sleep ! 'twas not thus the minstrel slept
 Of old, at fragrant eventide,
 Or when the moaning night-winds crept
 Through the old chamber, where I kept
 My watch by his bed-side ;
 While noiseless wings his slumbers fanned,—
 The Spirits of his Fatherland !

'Twas then his gifted soul rode forth,
Unfettered, on its glad career ;
And sounds, unheard by grosser earth,
Of fiendish rage, and elfin mirth,
Fell on his eager ear,
And taught his tempest strains to dare
The spirit-wildness of the air !

And as the wavering visions spread
Their magic o'er his slumbering sight,
He heard the wailing of the dead
A stream of quivering music shed
On the starred sea of night ;
Or the Wild Huntsman's fearful cry
Far echoing through the peopled sky !

Or if the breeze his couch around,
From sighs of summer roses stole,
A softer spell his slumbers bound,
And Faëry music's twinkling sound
Thrilled transport through his soul ;
While Oberon, on lilies borne,
Blew shrill and clear his silver horn.

Or fancy touched a tenderer key,
And gave to life a native scene,
Where the glad hum of rustic glee
Laughed out beneath the linden-tree,
On the old hamlet-green ;
And dark-eyed girls, with witching glance,
Float through the dreamy Circle-dance.

That strain of youth's delicious years,
And Love's past raptures seemed to speak;—
Its tones still murmuring in his ears,
He woke—and memory's starting tears
Flowed o'er his faded cheek.
He struck his mournful harp, and wept—
Stranger! 'twas thus that WEBER slept!

Thus shall he sleep, shall wake no more!
No more, in passionate transport strong,
The tide of feelings gushing o'er,
On the full chords in music pour—
Woe for the sons of song!
Woe for all lands!—but most for thine,
Queen of the blue and castled Rhine!

Weep! when the deathless notes recall
His wizard might, his soul of fire;
And in some spectre-haunted hall,
Against the stained and mouldering wall,
Hang up his silent lyre.
Who now shall wake its strings of gold?
—Mourn! for the master hand is cold!

J. R. C.



VIEW NEAR ADMIRAL'S COTTAGE.

CHERRY BLOSSOM, PAGE 111.

Mountain Children.

BY MARY HOWITT.

DWELLERS by lake and hill!
 Merry companions of the bird and bee,
 Go gladly forth, and drink of joy your fill,
 With unconstrained step, and spirit free!

No crowd impedes your way,
 No city wall proscribes your further bounds,
 Where the wild flock can wander, ye may stray,
 The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds.

The sunshine and the flowers;
 And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
 The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours;
 And the green hills whereon your fathers played;

The gray and ancient peaks,
 Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;
 And the low voice of water, as it makes,
 Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight;

These are your joys. Go forth—
 Give your hearts up unto their mighty power;
 For in his spirit God has clothed the earth,
 And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills
Its quiet way into your spirits finds ;
And awfully the everlasting hills
Address you in their many-toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth,
Twining its flowers, and shouting, full of glee ;
And a pure mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently.

Hence is it that the lands
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons ;
Whom the world reverences—the patriot bands
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones !

Children of pleasant song
Are taught within the mountain solitudes ;
For hoary legends to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth—earth and sky
To you are tributary—joys are spread
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread.

The Old Trees and the New Houses.

BY MRS. OPEL.

“PERHAPS you are aware,” said a lady to two young friends, with whom she was walking in the pleasant village of L——, “that in early youth I used to spend some time here,—and I much wish to go over all my old walks. “We shall gladly accompany you,” replied the elder sister;—“but,” added the younger one, “if you expect to see as pretty walks as formerly, you will be painfully disappointed.” “Indeed! I should have thought that the trees would have been so much grown, that the country would have been greatly improved.” “By no means; for so many trees have been cut down, and one large field so shamefully robbed of them, that our walk there is quite spoiled: I hate to go near it.” “But do go thither once more to oblige me, for I think I recollect the field in question. Did it not belong to Colonel L——?” “Yes: it is his tasteless, selfish, son who has succeeded to the property, and has cut down those fine trees, and pulled down the house; meaning to rebuild that, and erect another house where the trees stood. Now was it not a shame?”

“No,” replied the lady, smiling at her young friend’s angry expressions, “Young L—— prefers the useful to the ornamental:—there is no harm in that.” “No

harm in spoiling the innocent amusement of a whole village? Why could he not build his houses elsewhere? or if he had only cleared away space enough for his own residence, one might have forgiven him; but from the mere love of money, as it seems to me, to cut down his timber, and spoil his own prospect at the same time!—indeed I never knew anything more meanly avaricious, absurd, and barbarous.”

“But if he spoils his own prospect, as well as that of others, he is at least impartial; and who knows, Fanny, what happiness may be the result? A young married couple may inhabit this new house, the erection of which you cannot forgive; and domestic bliss, and a fine family of children may ere long be found, where before were nothing but mere ornamental trees!” “Nay, it may just as likely be hired by an old bachelor, or an old maid, or by an unhappy couple, or a disagreeable one whom we cannot visit; for that must be all chance,” replied the young lady pettishly.

“True;” replied her friend, “but as I am too much sobered in my feelings by advancing years, to give way to such indiscriminate, and I may add, unchristian censure as the sensitive young are apt to indulge in; I cannot call this poor young L—— hard names, because he has thought it right to make the most of his property;—and you must own, my dear girl, that had he committed an immoral action, you could not have spoken of him much more severely than you have now done; ~~as seemed~~ to dislike him more.”

Her young companion blushed at this reproof, and

looked so distressed, that her elder sister said, "Do not mind what Fanny says, she often speaks without thinking, and I am sure she wishes young L—— no harm." "Certainly not," replied Fanny; "but I wish him no good for spoiling my favourite walk; however, as I never saw him, and know nobody who knows him, what I say is from my own feelings merely, and should therefore go for nothing, as the phrase is." "And were it better founded, I should not be tempted to repeat it," said her reprover, "as I quit I—— to-morrow for Portsmouth, and am going to leave England for many years. But if I should live to return, dear Fanny, perhaps I may find my picture realized; and you, sobered in your judgments by having a few more years over your head, may be willing to admit that young L—— may be a worthy man, though he *has* cut down useless trees, in order to make room for useful houses."

The lady sailed for India:—and at the end of ten years returned to England. One of her first visits was to her relation at I——; and, as she felt a renewal of her former wish to revisit the scenes of her youth, her cousins accompanied her to the well-known paths: and at length they reached the long-remembered field, where she found two large, good-looking houses, at some distance from each other, which had been built since she went away; and where the trees had once stood. She also saw gardens, tastefully laid out in gravel walks and shrubberies, with orchards behind the houses. "What a charming new creation this is!" cried she; "what an improvement on the old field,

even with all its fine trees!—surely my friend Fanny M—— must be reconciled to the loss of them now.”

“There she is to answer for herself,” replied the person spoken to; and turning round, the lady saw the fair Fanny changed from a blooming, slender girl, into a handsome portly matron, and her elder sister with her, leading two beautiful children.

The lady smiled archly, as she shook hands with Fanny, and pointed to the houses, and the latter also smiled; blushing as she did so, with a look of great meaning. “See there!” said the lady from India, “what improvements, and fine new things are these! surely, my dear friend, you are by this time quite reconciled to poor young I——.” “Yes, that she is,” answered her sister, “and those are not the only pleasing novelties which you have to become acquainted with. There are two of them (pointing to the children), and there are more in that house, the building of which Fanny was resolved never to forgive.”

“But I trust she knows better now.” “Oh, yes! and is quite a convert to your opinion,—and she would not have the trees back on any account. Now, with your leave, I will introduce you to the owners of the house, who, I may say without offence to Fanny, are as happy as possible; and have children, who are quite as fine and flourishing as ever her former favourites were, and quite as ornamental, she now thinks, to her evening walks.”

“I am glad she has retracted her opinion,” replied the lady from India, “but whose sweet children are

these?" "Henry L——'s." "And to whose house are you leading me?" "To Henry L——'s. That which he originally built for himself, he has given up to his mother and sisters, and he lives in this, having changed Fanny's aversion into warm approbation—by making her, seven years ago, *its happy mistress*." "It is even so," said Fanny, coming forward to receive her friend's congratulations, and welcome her to her pleasant abode. "Oh, Fanny! you little foresaw—" "No, but it seems that *you* foresaw a great deal; and you will readily believe that I have often recollected your reproving words." "Reproving words! What were they?" "You very properly censured the young for forming hasty, unreasonable opinions, and severe, unchristian judgments." "Aye, poor L——, I remember you had no mercy on him then!"

"No, but I am now delighted to own that my husband was always wiser than myself; and while I am deeply thankful for the unmerited happiness which I enjoy, I fully intend to teach my children, that we ought never to judge hastily or harshly of the conduct or motives of others; but to be more especially on our guard against the temptation to censure their actions, when they interfere with our own gratifications, and have a tendency to abridge our own self-indulgence."

Fragment of a Dream.

BY DELTA.

I WOKE from sleep at midnight—all was dark,
 And all was still, an everlasting silence :
 It was a fearful vision, and had made
 A mystical impression on my mind,
 For clouds lay o'er the ocean of my thoughts,
 In dark and broken masses, strangely wild ;
 And, as I turned me to my vanished dream,
 It rose upon me dreary as before.

The heaven reeled to and fro without a wind,
 The heaven and all its clouds ; a summer warmth
 Dwelt on the air, and fragrance, like the rose
 Of Araby in blossom, when the breeze
 Of eve steals out,—as up a steepy mount
 I clomb with one, a stranger, clad in robes
 Flowing and dark. To the left were ash trees old,
 Tall yet fantastic, with their gnarled boughs
 Clutching, in motion wild, the soundless air.
 To the right a slope plain lay, half hid in mists,
 Which, curling up, commingled with the clouds,
 And drifted eastwards through the soft warm sky :
 Before us, at the top of our ascent,
 Gloomed, with a stern wild gloom, an Abbey old.

Through whose tall windows shot a dim gray light,
As if for centuries no brighter ray
Had e'er illumed the twilight of its walls :
And the green grass was waving, waving rankly,
Of an unnatural growth, above the graves,
O'er which our footsteps stumbled as we went :
But the clouds they swept on heavily ; the grass,
Amid the silence and the solitude,
Waved to and fro, as up that steep ascent,
Hand linked in hand, I wandered with my guide.

Then stood we on the summit, and a sea,
With all its dim and multitudinous isles,
Lay far beneath ; and stretching onwards, paled
In the gray west, as if beyond the shores,
Were placed the regions of Eternity :—
And through the billows glided a black ship,
Black in its masts, and in its cordage black,
Devoid of sails ; until, mid Ocean gained,
Sudden it checked in its career, and went
Aye to and fro, like an impetuous steed
Curbed in its fury. * * *

△

The Lady Anne Carr.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAY YOU LIKE IT."

HAVE you not sometimes seen, upon the bosom of dark stagnant waters, a pure white water-lily lift up its head, breathing there a fresh and delicate fragrance, and deriving its existence thence—yet partaking in nothing of the loathsome nature of the pool, nor ever sullied by its close contact with the foul element beneath?

It is an honest simile to say that the gentle Anne Carr resembled that sweet water-lily. Sprung from the guilty loves of the favourite Somerset and his beautiful but infamous wife, she was herself pure and untainted by the dark and criminal dispositions of her parents. Not even a suspicion of their real character had ever crossed her mind; she knew that they had met with some reverse of fortune,—for she had heard her father regret, for her sake, his altered estate. She knew this, but nothing more: her father's enemies, who would gladly have added to his wretchedness, by making his child look upon him with horror, could not find in their hearts, when they gazed on her innocent face, to make one so unoffending wretched. It is a lovely blindness in a child to have no discernment of a parent's faultiness; and so it happened that the Lady Anne saw **nothing** in her father's mien or manner, betokening a sinful, worthless character.

Of her mother she had but few and faint recollections. Memory pictured her pale and drooping, nay gradually sinking under the cureless malady which brought her to her grave at last. She remembered, however, the soft and beautiful smiles, which had beamed over that haggard countenance, when it was turned upon her only child—smiles which she delighted to recognize in the lovely portrait, from which her idea of her mother was chiefly formed. This portrait adorned her own favourite apartment. It had been painted when the original was as young and happy as herself; and her filial love and fond imagination believed no grace had been wanting, to make all as beautiful and glorious within.

As the Lady Anne grew up to womanhood, the sweetness of her disposition and manners began to be acknowledged by those, who had seen without astonishment her extraordinary beauty; and many persons of distinction, who would hold no kind of fellowship with the Lord Somerset, sought the acquaintance of his innocent daughter for her own sake. Deeply as the once popular and courted favourite felt the neglect and abhorrence in which he was now held, yet he gladly endured it for his beloved daughter's sake, pretending to her that he was tired of the world, and preferred the seclusion in which he was forced to live.

The most beloved friend of the Lady Anne was the Lady Elliot G——, the eldest daughter of the Earl of G——: and with her, Lady Anne often passed several months in the year. A large party of young ladies were assembled at G—— Castle: and it happened

that a continued rain had confined the fair companions within doors the whole summer afternoon. They sat together over their embroidery and various kinds of needle work, telling old tales of fearful interest—the strange mishaps of benighted travellers—stories of witchcraft, and of mysterious murder. Though night was yet distant many hours, the tempestuous weather without had spread an unusual gloom over the spacious apartment, where they were assembled; and as the loud blasts of the wind brought, every now and then, the pattering rain in full sweep upon the high and narrow casements, or agitated the heavy hangings of the tapestry, many a cheek grew pale, and many a young heart beat with the excitement of terror and dismay.

The conversation turned at last to the legends belonging to a certain family; and one circumstance was mentioned so nearly resembling, in many particulars, the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, that the Lady Ellinor, scarcely doubting that some slight suspicion of her parents' crimes had reached the ears of the Lady Anne, determined to change the subject at once. She proposed to her fair friends that they should ramble together through the apartments of the castle; and she called for the old housekeeper, who had lived in the family from her childhood, to go along with them, and asked her to describe to them the person and manners of Queen Elizabeth, when she had visited at the castle, and slept in the state apartment; always since called, **The Queen's Bedchamber.**

by their talkative guide, the careless, laughing

party wandered from one chamber to another, listening to her anecdotes, and the descriptions she gave of persons and things in former days. She had known many of the originals of the stately portraits in the picture gallery; and she could tell the names, and the exploits of those warriors in the family, whose coats of mail and glittering weapons adorned the armoury. "And now," said the Lady Ellinor, "what else is there to be seen? Not that I mean to trouble you any longer with our questions, good Margaret, but give me this key, this key so seldom used," pointing to a large, strangely shaped key, that hung among a bunch at the old house-keeper's side. "There!" she added, disengaging it herself from the ring, "I have taken it, and will return it very safely, I assure you."

"This key," she said, turning to her young companions, "unlocks a gallery at the end of the eastern wing, which is always locked up, because the room is full of curious and rare treasures, that were brought by my father's brother from many foreign lands. It was indeed the favourite retreat of my poor uncle, and out of respect for his memory, every thing has been left as when he was last there." Then opening the door, she continued, "You see that there is plenty of amusement here." The gallery was long and narrow, with recesses on either side; each one forming a little chamber, and lighted by a broad low window. In these recesses were tables spread over with books, and manuscripts, and drawings; and cabinets, filled with many rare and precious articles. Shells from the southern seas, and the

bright plumage of tropical birds, with other rarities still dearer to the imagination,—Etruscan vases, and images of bronze, from the classic land of Italy. “This may be a charming place,” said one of the youngest and liveliest of the party, “but see, the rain has passed away, and the sun has at last burst out from the clouds. How brightly he shines, even through these dull and dusty windows!” She gave but a passing glance to the treasures around her, and hastened to a half open door at the end of the gallery. Some of her companions followed her to a broad landing place, at the top of a flight of marble stairs. They were absent but a few minutes, and they returned with smiles of delight, and glad eager voices, declaring that they had unbolted a door at the bottom of the staircase, and found themselves in the most beautiful part of the gardens. “Come!” said the young and sprightly girl, “do not loiter here; leave these rare and beautiful things until it rains again, and come forth at once with me into the sweet fresh air. Come and enjoy the fragrant smell of the moistened earth after the rain, and charm your eyes with the colours of the flowers, all hung with rain-drops twinkling in the sun: come and listen to the glad songs of the birds, who are as wild with delight as we are!”

The Lady Ellinor and her friend the Lady Anne were sitting side by side, at the same table, and looking over the same volume—a folio of Norman chronicles, embellished with many quaint and coloured pictures. They both lifted up their faces from the book, as their merry companion again addressed them. “Nay, do

not *look* up, but rise up!" said the laughing maiden, and drawing away the volume from before them, she shut it up instantly, and laid it on another table; throwing down a branch of jessamine in its place.

"Yes, yes, you are right, my merry Barbara," replied the Lady Ellinor, and she rose up as she spoke, "we have been prisoners all the day against our will, why should we now be confined when the smile of Nature bids us forth to share her joy. Come, come! my sweet Anne, *you* are not wont to be the last," turning to her friend who lingered behind. "Oh!" cried Lady Anne, "I am coming, I will soon be the first amongst you, I only wait a moment, to bind up my troublesome hair." As she spoke, her eye rested upon a little volume, which lay upon the broad sill of the casement. The wind fluttered in the pages, and blew them over and over; and half curiously, half carelessly, she looked again, and yet again. The word *murder* caught her eye; her feelings were still in a state of excitement from the tales and legends to which she had just been listening. Resting her head upon her hand, she leaned over the volume; and stood motionless, absorbed by the interest of the tale which she read, forgetful of her young companions—of all but the appalling story then before her.

But these feelings were soon lost in astonishment, and horror so confounding, that for a while she lost all power of moving, or even of thinking. Still her eyes were fixed upon the words which had pierced her heart:—she could not force them away. Again

and again, struck with shame and horror, she shrunk away;—again and again, she found herself forced by doubt, by positive disbelief, to search the terrible pages. At last she had read enough—quite, quite enough to be assured, not that her father—her mother, had been *suspected*, but that by the law of the land they had been convicted, and condemned to death as foul adulterous murderers;—the murderers of Sir Thomas Overbury!

The Lady Ellinor returned alone into the gallery, “You little truant!” she cried, “why so long? you said you would soon be with the foremost. I thought you must have escaped me, and have sought you through half the garden, and you are here all the while!”

No voice replied: not a sound was heard; and the Lady Ellinor had already returned to the door of the gallery, to seek her friend elsewhere, when something fell heavily to the ground.

She flew back; and in one of the receding windows, she found the Lady Anne lying senseless in a deep swoon. Throwing herself on the ground beside her, she raised her tenderly in her arms, and not without some difficulty, restored her to herself. Then laying her head upon her bosom, she whispered kind words. “You are ill, I fear, my own Anne, who has been here? What have you seen? How so changed in this short time? I left you well and smiling, and now—nay, my dear, dear friend, do not turn from me, and look so utterly wretched. Do not you see me! What can be the matter!” The Lady

Anne looked up in her friend's face with so piteous and desolate a look, that she began to fear her reason was affected.

“Have I lost your confidence? Am I no longer loved?” said the Lady Ellinor, “can you sit heart-broken there, and will not allow me to comfort you? Still no answer! Shall I go? shall I leave you, my love? Do you wish me absent?” continued she in a trembling voice, the tears flowing over her face, as she rose up. Her motion to depart aroused the Lady Anne. “Ellinor! my Ellinor!” she cried, and throwing herself forward, she stretched forth her arms. In another moment she was weeping on the bosom of her friend. She wept for a long time without restraint, for the Lady Ellinor said nothing, but drew her nearer and nearer to her bosom, and tenderly pressed the hand that was clasped in hers.

“I ought not to be weeping here,” at length she said, “I ought to let you leave me, but I have not the courage, I cannot bear to lose your friendship,—your affection, my Ellinor! Can you love me? Have you loved me, knowing all the while, as every one must? To-day—this very hour, since you left me, I learned:—no I cannot tell you! Look on that page, Ellinor, you will see why you find me thus. I am the most wretched, wretched creature!”—here again she burst into an agony of uncontrollable grief.

* * * * *

Who can describe the feelings of the Lady Anne, alone, in her chamber, looking up at the portrait of her mother, upon which she had so often gazed

with delight and reverence! "Is it possible!" said she to herself, "can this be she, of whom I have read such dreadful things? Have all my young and happy days been but a dream, from which I wake at last? Is not this dreadful certainty still as a hideous dream to me?"

She had another cause of bitter grief. She loved the young and noble-minded Lord Russell, the Earl of Bedford's eldest son; and she had heard him vow affection and faithfulness to her. She now perceived at once the reasons why the Earl of Bedford had objected to their marriage: she almost wondered within herself that the Lord Russell should have chosen her; and though she loved him more for avowing his attachment, though her heart pleaded warmly for him, she determined to renounce his plighted love. "It must be done," she said, "and better now;—delay will but bring weakness. *Now* I can write—I feel that I have strength." And the Lady Anne wrote, and folded with a trembling hand the letter which should give up her life's happiness; and fearing her resolution might not hold, she despatched it by a messenger, as the Lord Russell was then in the neighbourhood; and returned mournfully to her own chamber. She opened an old volume which lay upon her *toilette*—a volume to which she turned in time of trouble, to seek that peace which the world cannot give.

Lady Ellinor ~~soon~~ aroused her by the tidings that a messenger had arrived with a letter from her father, and she descended in search of him.

"Oh, why is this? why am I here?" exclaimed

the Lady Anne, as trembling and almost sinking to the ground—her face alternately pale and covered with crimson blushes, she found herself alone with the Lord Russell. “You have received my letter, might not this trial have been spared? my cup was already sufficiently bitter—but I had drunk it. No!” she continued gently withdrawing her hand which he had taken, “Do not make me despise myself—the voice of duty separates us. Farewell! I seek a messenger from my father.” “I am the messenger you seek,” replied he, “I have seen the Lord Somerset, and bring this letter to his daughter.”

The letter from the Earl of Somerset informed his daughter that he had seen the Earl of Bedford, and had obviated all obstacle to her union with the Lord Russell; that he was going himself to travel in foreign parts; and that he wished her to be married during a visit to the Earl and Countess of Bedford, whose invitation he had accepted for her.

“Does not your father say, that in this marriage his happiness is at stake?” said the Lord Russell, gently pressing her hand. The Lady Anne hung down her head, and wept in silence. “Are you still silent, my dearest?” continued he, “then will I summon another advocate to plead for me.”

He quitted the apartment for a moment, but soon returned with the Countess of Bedford, who had accompanied him to claim her future daughter-in-law. The Lady Anne had made many resolutions, but they yielded before the sweet and eloquent entreaties that

urged her to do what, in fact, she was all too willing to consent to.

They were married, the Lord Russell and the Lady Anne Carr; and they lived long and happily together. It was always thought that the Lord Russell had loved not only well, but wisely; for the Lady Anne was ever a faithful wife, and a loving, tender mother. It was not until some years after her marriage, that the Lady Russell discovered how the consent of the Earl of Bedford had been obtained. Till then, she knew not that this consent had been withheld, until the Earl of Somerset should give his daughter a large sum as her marriage portion:—the Earl of Bedford calculating upon the difficulty, nay almost impossibility, of his ever raising this sum.

But he had not calculated upon the devotion of the wretched father's love to his fair and innocent child: and he was astounded when his terms were complied with, and the money paid at once into his hands. He could no longer withhold his consent; nor could he refuse some admiration of this proof of a father's love for his child. The Lord Somerset had in fact sold his whole possessions, and reduced himself to an estate not far removed from beggary, to give his daughter the husband of her choice.

It was the Lady Anne Carr, of whom Vandyke painted an exquisite, and well-known portrait, when Countess of Bedford. She was the mother of William Lord Russell; and died heart-broken in her old age, when she heard of the execution of her noble and first-born son.

The Dying Minstrel.

———“ Farewell, and be this song
The last, wherein I say, I loved ye well.”

HARRY CORNWALL.

EVENING her wing over earth is extending,
Veiling in shadow the mountain and dell,
Brightly to ocean the sun is descending,
Making as gold every sea-weed and shell ;
Many a star that awaits his declining,
Soon with its cresset in heaven will be shining ;
Wonder ye then that my soul is repining
To bid such a scene of enchantment farewell ?

Ye who have known me in joy and in sadness,
Friends of my bosom ! the chosen—the few—
Ye who have given to my moments of gladness
Hands ever bountiful, hearts ever true ;
Still on your love is my spirit relying,
Fast though the life from my bosom be flying,
Oh ! there is only *one* anguish in dying,
Thus, and for ever, to bid you adieu !

Not in the summer I would we had parted :
She hath spread beauty o'er mountain and heath ;
Hers is the time for the free and light-hearted,
Glory her presence, and perfume her breath :

Spring, 'mid her verdure, has blightings and showers,
 Autumn—brown foliage, and withering flowers,
 Winter—his ice-drops, and wild gloomy hours,
 Each has some image that whispers of Death!

All but the Summer—her sunbeams are flinging
 Brightness o'er city, and forest, and wave;
 Nature rejoiceth—and Hope is up-springing
 Fresh in the breasts of the young and the brave.
 Each on his pathway to glory is wending,
 Life its gay prospects before him extending,
 While my bright visions and day dreams are ending,
 Lost in the shadows that circle the grave.

Hath not fair Dian her season of waning?
 Doth not rich Autumn to Winter, give way?
 Why must thy querulous heart be complaining,
 If thou art transient and fleeting as they?
 "He, who thy days of existence doth number,
 Again can awaken thy spirit from slumber
 In the realms of His glory,—where life hath no cumber,
 But joy reigneth ever, unstained by decay!

H. F. C.

The Wreath.

OUR WREATH is woven;—last this circling band,
 Which all the pliant stems may well confine,
 Be mine the care to fix with cautious hand;
 Nor wound the fragile flowers, whose leaves entwine
 Their colours bright,—braiding each varied line,
 Lending their odorous breath to every page;
 An arduous, yet delightful, task was mine,
 Such as did erst the Grecian youth engage,
 Whose erring choice filled Heaven and earth with hostile rage

Nor bolder his attempt to judge the
 When the three Goddesses stood all revealed,
 And gave their beauties to his dazzled eyes,
 Than mine, to cull amidst the spacious field,
 Where flowers of every scent their fragrance yield,
 A garland, which shall blend the fairest hues;—
 For still the sweetest lie the most concealed,
 And numerous charms each dubious sense confuse,
 Baffling his anxious care, who seeks the best to cho

Look not upon our Wreath in cold disdain,
 Withering its freshness with an evil eye,
 Nor blame us, captious pedants, that in vain,
 In the musk rose ye seek the violet's dye.
 Fruitless, I ween, must prove their toil, who try
 To find all Flora in one single flower ;—
 Fair Dames ! on your kind candour we rely,
 Which will not ask a gift beyond our power ;
 So may our verse succeed to wing one happy hour !

And when dark Winter frowns in all his wrath,
 Shaking stiff hail-drops from his frozen hair ;
 And heaps of snow-drift spread the garden path,
 Threatening with chilling damps your ankles fair,
 Which else would wander forth to take the air—
 Till the long day with tedious idlesse tire ;
 Far from your hearths to banish gloom or care,
 We try the varied tale, or touch the lyre :
 Adieu ! till next we meet around your Christmas fire !

W. B. C.

THE END.

