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J. J. D. Kiebler's

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W. J. Campbell

THE
WORKS
OF
CHARLES LAMB.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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VERE-STREET, BOND-STREET.

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[Those in Italics are by the Author's Sister.]

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DEDICATION.



TO

S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.



MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

YOU will smile to see the slender labors of your friend designated by the title of *Works*; but such was the wish of the gentlemen who have kindly undertaken the trouble of collecting them, and from their judgment could be no appeal.

It would be a kind of disloyalty to offer to

any one but yourself a volume containing the *early pieces*, which were first published among your poems, and were fairly derivatives from you and them. My friend Lloyd and myself came into our first battle (authorship is a sort of warfare) under cover of the greater Ajax. How this association, which shall always be a dear and proud recollection to me, came to be broken,—who snapped the three-fold cord,—whether yourself (but I know that was not the case) grew ashamed of your former companions,—or whether (which is by much the more probable) some ungracious bookseller was author of the separation,—I cannot tell;—but wanting the support of your friendly elm, (I speak for myself,) my vine has, since that time, put forth few or no fruits; the sap (if ever it had any) has become, in a manner, dried up and extinct; and you will find your old associate, in his second volume, dwindled into prose and *criticism*.

Am I right in assuming this as the cause? or is it that, as years come upon us, (except with some more healthy-happy spirits,) Life itself loses much of its Poetry for us? we transcribe but what we read in the great volume of Nature; and, as the characters grow dim, we turn off, and look another way. You yourself write no *Christabels*, nor *Ancient Mariners*, now.

Some of the *Sonnets*, which shall be carelessly turned over by the general reader, may happily awaken in you remembrances, which I should be sorry should be ever totally extinct—the memory

Of summer days and of delightful years—

even so far back as to those old suppers at our old ***** Inn,—when life was fresh, and topics exhaustless,—and you first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness.—

What words have I heard

Spoke at the Mermaid!

The world has given you many a shrewd nip and gird since that time, but either my eyes are grown dimmer, or my old friend is the *same*, who stood before me three and twenty years ago — his hair a little confessing the hand of time, but still shrouding the same capacious brain, — his heart not altered, scarcely where it “alteration finds.”

One piece, Coleridge, I have ventured to publish in its original form, though I have heard you complain of a certain over-imitation of the antique in the style. If I could see any way of getting rid of the objection, without re-writing it entirely, I would make some sacrifices. But when I wrote *John Woodvil*, I never proposed to myself any distinct deviation from common English. I had been newly initiated in the writings of our elder dramatists; Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, were then a *first love*; and from what I was so freshly conversant in, what wonder if my language imperceptibly

took a tinge? The very *time*, which I had chosen for my story, that which immediately followed the Restoration, seemed to require, in an English play, that the English should be of rather an older cast, than that of the precise year in which it happened to be written. I wish it had not some faults, which I can less vindicate than the language.

I remain,

My dear Coleridge,

Your's,

With unabated esteem,

C. LAMB.

POEMS.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
 With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
 That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call :—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy chearful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning ?

TO CHARLES LLOYD,

An Unexpected Visitor.

ALONE, obscure, without a friend,
A cheerless, solitary thing,
Why seeks, my Lloyd, the stranger out?
What offering can the stranger bring

Of social scenes, home-bred delights,
That him in aught compensate may
For Stowey's pleasant winter nights,
For loves and friendships far away?

In brief oblivion to forego
Friends, such as thine, so justly dear,
And be awhile with me content
To stay, a kindly loiterer, here:

For this a gleam of random joy
Hath flush'd my unaccustom'd cheek;
And, with an o'er-charg'd bursting heart,
I feel the thanks I cannot speak.

Oh! sweet are all the Muses' lays,
And sweet the charm of matin bird ;
'Twas long since these estranged ears
The sweeter voice of friend had heard.

The voice hath spoke: the pleasant sounds
In memory's ear in after time
Shall live, to sometimes rouse a tear,
And sometimes prompt an honest rhyme.

For, when the transient charm is fled,
And when the little week is o'er,
To cheerless, friendless, solitude
When I return, as heretofore,

Long, long, within my aching heart
The grateful sense shall cherish'd be ;
I'll think less meanly of myself,
That Lloyd will sometimes think on me.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

THREE young maids in friendship met ;
Mary, Martha, Margaret.
Margaret was tall and fair,
Martha shorter by a hair ;
If the first excell'd in feature,
Th' other's grace and ease were greater ;
Mary, though to rival loth,
In their best gifts equall'd both,
They a due proportion kept ;
Martha mourn'd if Margaret wept ;
Margaret joy'd when any good
She of Martha understood ;
And in sympathy for either
Mary was outdone by neither.
Thus far, for a happy space,
All three ran an even race,
A most constant friendship proving,
Equally belov'd and loving ;
All their wishes, joys, the same ;
Sisters only not in name.

Fortune upon each one smil'd,
As upon a fav'rite child ;
Well to do and well to see
Were the parents of all three ;
Till on Martha's father crosses
Brought a flood of worldly losses,
And his fortunes rich and great
Chang'd at once to low estate ;
Under which o'erwhelming blow
Martha's mother was laid low ;
She a hapless orphan left,
Of maternal care bereft,
Trouble following trouble fast,
Lay in a sick bed at last.

In the depth of her affliction
Martha now receiv'd conviction,
That a true and faithful friend
Can the surest comfort lend.
Night and day, with friendship tried,
Ever constant by her side
Was her gentle Mary found,
With a love that knew no bound ;
And the solace she imparted
Sav'd her dying broken-hearted.

In this scene of earthly things
Not one good unmixed springs.
That which had to Martha proved
A sweet consolation, moved
Different feelings of regret
In the mind of Margaret.
She, whose love was not less dear,
Nor affection less sincere
To her friend, was, by occasion
Of more distant habitation,
Fewer visits forc'd to pay her,
When no other cause did stay her ;
And her Mary living nearer,
Margaret began to fear her,
Lest her visits day by day
Martha's heart should steal away.
That whole heart she ill could spare her,
Where till now she'd been a sharer.
From this cause with grief she pined,
Till at length her health declined.
All her chearful spirits flew,
Fast as Martha gather'd new ;
And her sickness waxed sore,
Just when Martha felt no more.

Mary, who had quick suspicion
Of her alter'd friend's condition,
Seeing Martha's convalescence
Less demanded now her presence,
With a goodness, built on reason,
Chang'd her measures with the season ;
Turn'd her steps from Martha's door,
Went where she was wanted more ;
All her care and thoughts were set
Now to tend on Margaret.
Mary living 'twixt the two,
From her home could oft'ner go,
Either of her friends to see,
Than they could together be.

Truth explain'd is to suspicion
Evermore the best physician.
Soon her visits had the effect ;
All that Margaret did suspect,
From her fancy vanish'd clean ;
She was soon what she had been,
And the colour she did lack
To her faded cheek came back.
Wounds which love had made her feel,
Love alone had power to heal.

Martha, who the frequent visit
Now had lost, and sore did miss it,
With impatience waxed cross,
Counted Margaret's gain her loss :
All that Mary did confer
On her friend, thought due to her.
In her girlish bosom rise
Little foolish jealousies,
Which into such rancour wrought,
She one day for Margaret sought ;
Finding her by chance alone,
She began, with reasons shown,
To insinuate a fear
Whether Mary was sincere ;
Wish'd that Margaret would take heed
Whence her actions did proceed.
For herself, she'd long been minded
Not with outsides to be blinded ;
All that pity and compassion,
She believ'd was affectation ;
In her heart she doubted whether
Mary car'd a pin for either.
She could keep whole weeks at distance,
And not know of their existence,
While all things remain'd the same ;
But, when some misfortune came,

Then she made a great parade
Of her sympathy and aid,—
Not that she did really grieve,
It was only *make-believe*,
And she car'd for nothing, so
She might her fine feelings shew,
And get credit, on her part,
For a soft and tender heart.

With such speeches, smoothly made,
She found methods to persuade
Margaret (who, being sore
From the doubts she'd felt before,
Was prepared for mistrust)
To believe her reasons just ;
Quite destroy'd that comfort glad,
Which in Mary late she had ;
Made her, in experience' spite,
Think her friend a hypocrite,
And resolve, with cruel scoff,
To renounce and cast her off.

See how good turns are rewarded !
She of both is now discarded,
Who to both had been so late
Their support in low estate,

All their comfort, and their stay—
Now of both is cast away.
But the league her presence cherish'd,
Losing its best prop, soon perish'd ;
She, that was a link to either,
To keep them and it together,
Being gone, the two (no wonder)
That were left, soon fell asunder ;—
Some civilities were kept,
But the heart of friendship slept ;
Love with hollow forms was fed,
But the life of love lay dead :—
A cold intercourse they held,
After Mary was expell'd.

Two long years did intervene
Since they'd either of them seen,
Or, by letter, any word
Of their old companion heard,—
When, upon a day, once walking,
Of indifferent matters talking,
They a female figure met ;—
Martha said to Margaret,
“ That young maid in face does carry
A resemblance strong of Mary.”

Margaret, at nearer sight,
Own'd her observation right ;
But they did not far proceed
Ere they knew 'twas she indeed.
She—but, ah ! how chang'd they view her
From that person which they knew her !
Her fine face disease had scarr'd,
And its matchless beauty marr'd :—
But enough was left to trace
Mary's sweetness—Mary's grace.
When her eye did first behold them,
How they blush'd !—but, when she told them,
How on a sick bed she lay
Months, while they had kept away,
And had no inquiries made
If she were alive or dead ;—
How, for want of a true friend,
She was brought near to her end,
And was like so to have died,
With no friend at her bed-side ;—
How the constant irritation,
Caus'd by fruitless expectation
Of their coming, had extended
The illness, when she might have mended,—
Then, O then, how did reflection
Come on them with recollection !

All that she had done for them,
How it did their fault condemn!

But sweet Mary, still the same,
Kindly eas'd them of their shame;
Spoke to them with accents bland,
Took them friendly by the hand;
Bound them both with promise fast,
Not to speak of troubles past;
Made them on the spot declare
A new league of friendship there;
Which, without a word of strife,
Lasted thenceforth long as life.
Martha now and Margaret
Strove who most should pay the debt
Which they ow'd her, nor did vary
Ever after from their Mary.

TO A RIVER IN WHICH A CHILD WAS
DROWNED.

SMILING river, smiling river,
On thy bosom sun-beams play ;
Though they're fleeting, and retreating,
Thou hast more deceit than they.

In thy channel, in thy channel,
Choak'd with ooze and grav'ly stones,
Deep immersed, and unheard,
Lies young Edward's corse : his bones

Ever whitening, ever whitening,
As thy waves against them dash ;
What thy torrent, in the current,
Swallow'd, now it helps to wash.

As if senseless, as if senseless
Things had feeling in this case ;
What so blindly, and unkindly,
It destroy'd, it now does grace.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my
childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have
left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

HELEN.

HIGH-BORN Helen, round your dwelling
These twenty years I've paced in vain :
Haughty beauty, thy lover's duty
Hath been to glory in his pain.

High-born Helen, proudly telling
Stories of thy cold disdain ;
I starve, I die, now you comply,
And I no longer can complain.

These twenty years I've lived on tears,
Dwelling for ever on a frown ;
On sighs I've fed, your scorn my bread ;
I perish now you kind are grown.

Can I, who loved my beloved
But for the scorn " was in her eye,"
Can I be moved for my beloved,
When she " returns me sigh for sigh ?"

In stately pride, by my bed-side,
High-born Helen's portrait's hung;
Deaf to my praise, my mournful lays
Are nightly to the portrait sung.

To that I weep, nor ever sleep,
Complaining all night long to her—
Helen, grown old, no longer cold,
Said, "you to all men I prefer."

A VISION OF REPENTANCE.

I SAW a famous fountain, in my dream,
Where shady path-ways to a valley led;
A weeping willow lay upon that stream,
And all around the fountain brink were spread
Wide branching trees, with dark green leaf rich
clad,
Forming a doubtful twilight—desolate and sad.

The place was such, that whoso enter'd in,
Disrobed was of every earthly thought,
And straight became as one that knew not sin,
Or to the world's first innocence was brought;
Enseem'd it now, he stood on holy ground,
In sweet and tender melancholy wrapt around.

A most strange calm stole o'er my soothed sprite;
Long time I stood, and longer had I staid,
When, lo! I saw, saw by the sweet moon-light,
Which came in silence o'er that silent shade,

Where, near the fountain, SOMETHING like
 DESPAIR
Made, of that weeping willow, garlands for her
 hair.

And eke with painful fingers she inwove
 Many an uncouth stem of savage thorn—
“ The willow garland, *that* was for her love,
 And *these* her bleeding temples would adorn.”
With sighs her heart nigh burst, salt tears fast fell,
As mournfully she bended o’er that sacred well.

To whom when I addrest myself to speak,
 She lifted up her eyes, and nothing said ;
The delicate red came mantling o’er her cheek,
 And, gath’ring up her loose attire, she fled
To the dark covert of that woody shade,
And in her goings seem’d a timid gentle maid.

Revolving in my mind what this should mean,
 And why that lovely lady plained so ;
Perplex’d in thought at that mysterious scene,
 And doubting if ’twere best to stay or go,
I cast mine eyes in wistful gaze around,
When from the shades came slow a small and
 plaintive sound.

“ PSYCHE am I, who love to dwell
In these brown shades, this woody dell,
Where never busy mortal came,
Till now, to pry upon my shame.

At thy feet what thou dost see
The waters of repentance be,
Which, night and day, I must augment
With tears, like a true penitent,

If haply so my day of grace
Be not yet past ; and this lone place,
O'er-shadowy, dark, excludeth hence
All thoughts but grief and penitence.”

“ *Why dost thou weep, thou gentle maid!
And wherefore in this barren shade
Thy hidden thoughts with sorrow feed?
Can thing so fair repentance need?*”

“ O! I have done a deed of shame,
And tainted is my virgin fame,
And stain'd the beauteous maiden white,
In which my bridal robes were dight.”

“ *And who the promised spouse, declare ::
And what those bridal garments were.*”

“ Severe and saintly righteousness
Compos'd the clear white bridal dress;
JESUS, the son of Heaven's high king,
Bought with his blood the marriage ring.

A wretched sinful creature, I
Deem'd lightly of that sacred tie,
Gave to a treacherous WORLD my heart,
And play'd the foolish wanton's part.

Soon to these murky shades I came,
To hide from the sun's light my shame.
And still I haunt this woody dell,
And bathe me in that healing well,
Whose waters clear have influence
From sin's foul stains the soul to cleanse;
And, night and day, I them augment
With tears, like a true penitent,
Until, due expiation made,
And fit atonement fully paid,
The lord and bridegroom me present,
Where in sweet strains of high consent,
God's throne before, the Seraphim
Shall chaunt the extatic marriage hymn.”

“ Now Christ restore thee soon”—I said,
And thenceforth all my dream was fled.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MOTHER AND
CHILD.

CHILD.

“ O LADY, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride.”

MOTHER.

Wherefore to-day art singing in mine ear
Sad songs, were made so long ago, my dear ;
This day I am to be a bride, you know,
Why sing sad songs, were made so long ago ?

CHILD.

O, mother, lay your costly robes aside,
For you may never be another's bride.
That line I learn'd not in the old sad song.

MOTHER.

I pray thee, pretty one, now hold thy tongue,
Play with the bride-maids, and be glad, my boy,
For thou shalt be a second father's joy.

CHILD.

One father fondled me upon his knee.

One father is enough, alone, for me.

QUEEN ORIANA'S DREAM.

ON a bank with roses shaded,
Whose sweet scent the violets aided,
Violets whose breath alone
Yields but feeble smell or none,
(Sweeter bed Jove ne'er repos'd on
When his eyes Olympus closed on,)
While o'er head six slaves did hold
Canopy of cloth o'gold,
And two more did music keep,
Which might Juno lull to sleep,
Oriana who was queen
To the mighty Tamerlane,
That was lord of all the land
Between Thrace and Samarchand,
While the noon-tide fervor beam'd,
Mused herself to sleep, and *dream'd*.

Thus far, in magnificent strain,
A young poet sooth'd his vein,
But he had nor prose nor numbers
To express a princess' slumbers.—

Youthful Richard had strange fancies,
Was deep versed in old romances,
And could talk whole hours upon
The great Cham and Prester John,—
Tell the field in which the Sophi
From the Tartar won a trophy—
What he read with such delight of,
Thought he could as eas'ly write of—
But his over-young invention
Kept not pace with brave intention.
Twenty suns did rise and set,
And he could no further get ;
But, unable to proceed,
Made a virtue out of need,
And, his labours wiselier deem'd of,
Did omit *what the queen dream'd of.*

A BALLAD :

NOTING THE DIFFERENCE OF RICH AND POOR,
IN THE WAYS OF A RICH NOBLE'S PALACE
AND A POOR WORKHOUSE.

To the Tune of the " Old and Young Courtier."

IN a costly palace Youth goes clad in gold ;
In a wretched workhouse Age's limbs are cold :
There they sit, the old men by a shivering fire,
Still close and closer cowering, warmth is their
 desire.

In a costly palace, when the brave gallants
 dine,
They have store of good venison, with old
 canary wine,
With singing and music to heighten the cheer ;
Coarse bits, with grudging, are the pauper's best
 fare.

In a costly palace Youth is still carest
 By a train of attendants which laugh at my
 young Lord's jest ;
 In a wretched workhouse the contrary prevails :
 Does Age begin to prattle ?—no man heark'neth
 to his tales.

In a costly palace if the child with a pin
 Do but chance to prick a finger, strait the doc-
 tor is called in ;
 In a wretched workhouse men are left to perish
 For want of proper cordials, which their old age
 might cherish.

In a costly palace Youth enjoys his lust ;
 In a wretched workhouse Age, in corners thrust,
 Thinks upon the former days, when he was well
 to do,
 Had children to stand by him, both friends and
 kinsmen too.

In a costly palace Youth his temples hides
 With a new devised peruke that reaches to his
 sides ;
 In a wretched workhouse Age's crown is bare,
 With a few thin locks just to fence out the cold air.

In peace, as in war, 'tis our young gallants'
pride,
To walk, each one i' the streets, with a rapier
by his side,
'That none to do them injury may have pretence;
Wretched Age, in poverty, must brook offence.

HYPOCHONDRIACUS.

BY myself walking,
To myself talking,
When as I ruminatè
On my untoward fate,
Scarcely seem I
Alone sufficiently,
Black thoughts continually
Crowding my privacy ;
They come unbidden,
Like foes at a wedding,
Thrusting their faces
In better guests places,
Peevish and malecontent,
Clownish, impertinent,
Dashing the merriment :
So in like fashions
Dim cogitations
Follow and haunt me,
Striving to daunt me,

In my heart festering,
In my ears whispering,
“ Thy friends are treacherous,
“ Thy foes are dangerous,
“ Thy dreams ominous.”

Fierce Anthropophagi,
Spectra, Diaboli,
What scared St. Anthony,
Hobgoblins, Lemures,
Dreams of Antipodes,
Night-riding Incubi
Troubling the fantasy,
All dire illusions
Causing confusions ;
Figments heretical,
Scruples fantastical,
Doubts diabolical,
Abaddon vexeth me,
Mahu perplexeth me,
Lucifer teareth me——

*Jesu ! Maria ! liberate nos ab his diris tenta-
tionibus Inimici.*

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

MAY the Babylonish curse
Strait confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate :
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I shew,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;

Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women : thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us ;
While each man, thro' thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost shew us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us ;

Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first lov'd a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex can'st shew
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Can'st nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
 Chemic art did ne'er presume
 Through her quaint alembic strain,
 None so sov'reign to the brain.
 Nature, that did in thee excel,
 Fram'd again no second smell.
 Roses, violets, but toys
 For the smaller sort of boys,
 Or for greener damsels meant ;
 Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
 Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
 Africa, that brags her foyson,
 Breeds no such prodigious poison,
 Henbane, nightshade, both together,
 Hemlock, aconite——

Nay, rather,
 Plant divine, of rarest virtue ;
 Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
 'Twas but in a sort I blam'd thee ;
 None e'er prosper'd who defam'd thee ;
 Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
 Such as perplex lovers use,

At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike ;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop; Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more ;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,

And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
For thy sake, TOBACCO, I
Would do any thing but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain ;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys ;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarr'd the full fruition

Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife ;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces ;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

TO T. L. H.

A CHILD.

MODEL of thy parent dear,
Serious infant worth a fear :
In thy unfaltering visage well
Picturing forth the son of TELL,
When on his forehead, firm and good,
Motionless mark, the apple stood ;
Guileless traitor, rebel mild,
Convict unconscious, culprit-child !
Gates that close with iron roar
Have been to thee thy nursery door ;
Chains that chink in cheerless cells
Have been thy rattles and thy bells ;
Walls contrived for giant sin
Have hemmed thy faultless weakness in ;
Near thy sinless bed black Guilt
Her discordant house hath built,

And filled it with her monstrous brood—
Sights, by thee not understood—
Sights of fear, and of distress,
That pass a harmless infant's guess !

But the clouds, that overcast
Thy young morning, may not last.
Soon shall arrive the rescuing hour,
That yields thee up to Nature's power.
Nature, that so late doth greet thee,
Shall in o'er-flowing measure meet thee.
She shall recompense with cost
For every lesson thou hast lost.
Then wandering up thy sire's lov'd hill,*
Thou shalt take thy airy fill
Of health and pastime. *Birds shall sing
For thy delight each May morning.*
'Mid new-year'd lambkins thou shalt play,
Hardly less a lamb than they.
Then thy prison's lengthened bound
Shall be the horizon skirting round.
And, while thou fillest thy lap with flowers,
To make amends for wintery hours,

* Hampstead.

The breeze, the sunshine, and the place,
Shall from thy tender brow efface
Each vestige of untimely care,
That sour restraint had graven there ;
And on thy every look impress
A more excelling childishness.

So shall be thy days beguil'd,
THORNTON HUNT, my favourite child.

BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE clouds are blackening, the storms threaten-
ing,

And ever the forest maketh a moan :

Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,

Thus by herself she singeth alone,

Weeping right plenteously.

“ The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,

In this world plainly all seemeth amiss :

To thy breast, holy one, take now thy little one,

I have had earnest of all earth's bliss,

Living right lovingly.”

DAVID IN THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.

DAVID and his three captains bold
Kept ambush once within a hold.
It was in Adullam's cave,
Nigh which no water they could have,
Nor spring, nor running brook was near
To quench the thirst that parch'd them there.
Then David, king of Israel,
Strait bethought him of a well,
Which stood beside the city gate,
At Bethlem ; where, before his state
Of kingly dignity, he had
Oft drunk his fill, a shepherd lad ;
But now his fierce Philistine foe
Encamp'd before it he does know.
Yet ne'er the less, with heat opprest,
Those three bold captains he address,
And wish'd that one to him would bring
Some water from his native spring.
His valiant captains instantly
To execute his will did fly.

The mighty Three the ranks broke through
Of armed foes, and water drew
For David, their beloved king,
At his own sweet native spring.
Back through their armed foes they haste,
With the hard-earn'd treasure graced.
But when the good king David found
What they had done, he on the ground
The water pour'd. "Because," said he,
"That it was at the jeopardy
"Of your three lives this thing ye did,
"That I should drink it, God forbid."

SALOME.

ONCE on a charger there was laid,
And brought before a royal maid,
As price of attitude and grace,
A guiltless head, a holy face.

It was on Herod's natal day,
Who o'er Judea's land held sway.
He married his own brother's wife,
Wicked Herodias. She the life
Of John the Baptist long had sought,
Because he openly had taught
That she a life unlawful led,
Having her husband's brother wed.

This was he, that saintly John,
Who in the wilderness alone
Abiding, did for clothing wear
A garment made of camel's hair ;
Honey and locusts were his food,
And he was most severely good.

He preached penitence and tears,
And waking first the sinner's fears,
Prepared a path, made smooth a way,
For his diviner master's day.

Herod kept in princely state
His birth-day. On his throne he sate,
After the feast, beholding her
Who danced with grace peculiar ;
Fair Salome, who did excel
All in that land for dancing well.
The feastful monarch's heart was fired,
And whatso'er thing she desired,
Though half his kingdom it should be,
He in his pleasure swore that he
Would give the graceful Salome.
The damsel was Herodias' daughter :
She to the queen hastes, and besought her
To teach her what great gift to name.
Instructed by Herodias, came
The damsel back ; to Herod said,
" Give me John the Baptist's head ;
" And in a charger let it be
" Hither straitway brought to me."
Herod her suit would fain deny,
But for his oath's sake must comply.

When painters would by art express
Beauty in unloveliness,
Thee, Herodias' daughter, thee,
They fittest subject take to be.
They give thy form and features grace ;
But ever in thy beauteous face
They shew a steadfast cruel gaze,
An eye unpitying ; and amaze
In all beholders deep they mark,
That thou betrayest not one spark
Of feeling for the ruthless deed,
That did thy praiseful dance succeed.
For on the head they make you look,
As if a sullen joy you took,
A cruel triumph, wicked pride,
That for your sport a saint had died.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF TWO FEMALES

BY LIONARDO DA VINCI.

THE lady Blanch, regardless of all her lovers'
fears,
To the Urs'line convent hastens, and long the
Abbess hears.
" O Blanch, my child, repent ye of the courtly
life ye lead."
Blanch looked on a rose-bud and little seem'd
to heed.
She looked on the rose-bud, she looked round,
and thought
On all her heart had whisper'd, and all the Nun
had taught.
" I am worshipped by lovers, and brightly shines
my fame,
" All Christendom resoundeth the noble Blanch's
name.

- “ Nor shall I quickly wither like the rose-bud
from the tree,
“ My queen-like graces shining when my beauty’s gone from me.
“ But when the sculptur’d marble is raised o’er
my head,
“ And the matchless Blanch lies lifeless among
the noble dead,
“ This saintly lady Abbess hath made me justly
fear,
“ It nothing will avail me that I were wor-
shipp’d here.”

LINES

ON THE SAME PICTURE BEING REMOVED TO
MAKE PLACE FOR A PORTRAIT OF A LADY
BY TITIAN.

WHO art thou, fair one, who usurp'st the place
Of Blanch, the lady of the matchless grace?
Come, fair and pretty, tell to me,
Who, in thy life-time, thou might'st be.
Thou pretty art and fair,
But with the lady Blanch thou never must
compare.
No need for Blanch her history to tell;
Whoever saw her face, they there did read it
well.
But when I look on thee, I only know
There lived a pretty maid some hundred years
ago.

LINES

ON THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY LIONARDO
DA VINCI, CALLED THE VIRGIN OF THE
ROCKS.

WHILE young John runs to greet
The greater Infant's feet,
The Mother standing by, with trembling passion
Of devout admiration,
Beholds the engaging mystic play, and pretty
adoration ;
Nor knows as yet the full event
Of those so low beginnings,
From whence we date our winnings,
But wonders at the intent
Of those new rites, and what that strange child-
worship meant.
But at her side
An angel doth abide,
With such a perfect joy
As no dim doubts alloy,

An intuition,
A glory, an amenity,
Passing the dark condition
Of blind humanity,
As if he surely knew
All the blest wonders should ensue,
Or he had lately left the upper sphere,
And had read all the sovran schemes and divine
riddles there.

ON THE SAME.

MATERNAL lady with the virgin grace,
Heaven-born thy Jesus seemeth sure,
And thou a virgin pure.
Lady most perfect, when thy sinless face
Men look upon, they wish to be
A Catholic, Madonna fair, to worship thee.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

I.

TO MISS KELLY.

YOU are not, Kelly, of the common strain,
That stoop their pride and female honor down
To please that many-headed beast *the town*,
And vend their lavish smiles and tricks for
gain;
By fortune thrown amid the actors' train,
You keep your native dignity of thought;
The plaudits that attend you come unsought,
As tributes due unto your natural vein.

Your tears have passion in them, and a grace
Of genuine freshness, which our hearts avow ;
Your smiles are winds whose ways we cannot
trace,

That vanish and return we know not how—
And please the better from a pensive face,
A thoughtful eye, and a reflecting brow.

II.

ON THE SIGHT OF SWANS IN KENSINGTON GARDEN.

QUEEN-BIRD that sittest on thy shining nest,
And thy young cygnets without sorrow
hatchest,
And thou, thou other royal bird, that watchest
Lest the white mother wandering feet molest:
Shrined are your offspring in a chrystal cradle,
Brighter than Helen's ere she yet had burst
Her shelly prison. They shall be born at first
Strong, active, graceful, perfect, swan-like able
To tread the land or waters with security.
Unlike poor human births, conceived in sin,
In grief brought forth, both outwardly and in
Confessing weakness, error, and impurity.
Did heavenly creatures own succession's line,
The births of heaven like to your's would shine.

III.

Was it some sweet device of Faery
That mocked my steps with many a lonely
 glade,
And fancied wanderings with a fair-hair'd maid?
Have these things been? or what rare witchery,
Impregning with delights the charmed air,
Enlighted up the semblance of a smile
In those fine eyes? methought they spake the
 while
Soft soothing things, which might enforce
 despair
To drop the murdering knife, and let go by
His foul resolve. And does the lonely glade
Still court the foot-steps of the fair-hair'd maid?
Still in her locks the gales of summer sigh?
While I forlorn do wander reckless where,
And 'mid my wanderings meet no Anna there.

IV.

METHINKS how dainty sweet it were, reclin'd
Beneath the vast out-stretching branches high
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind
Aught envying. And, O Anna! mild-eyed
maid!

Beloved! I were well content to play
With thy free tresses all a summer's day,
Losing the time beneath the greenwood shade.
Or we might sit and tell some tender tale
Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,
A tale of true love, or of friend forgot;
And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail
In gentle sort, on those who practise not
Or love or pity, though of woman born.

V.

WHEN last I roved these winding wood-walks
green,
Green winding walks, and shady pathways
sweet,
Oft-times would Anna seek the silent scene,
Shrouding her beauties in the lone retreat.
No more I hear her footsteps in the shade :
Her image only in these pleasant ways
Meets me self-wandering, where in happier days
I held free converse with the fair-hair'd maid.
I passed the little cottage which she loved,
The cottage which did once my all contain ;
It spake of days which ne'er must come again,
Spake to my heart, and much my heart was moved.
“ Now fair befall thee, gentle maid !” said I,
And from the cottage turned me with a sigh.

VI.

A TIMID grace sits trembling in her eye,
As loth to meet the rudeness of men's sight,
Yet shedding a delicious lunar light,
That steps in kind oblivious ecstasy
The care-crazed mind, like some still melody :
Speaking most plain the thoughts which do
possess

Her gentle sprite: peace, and meek quietness,
And innocent loves, and maiden purity :
A look whereof might heal the cruel smart
Of changed friends, or fortune's wrongs unkind ;
Might to sweet deeds of mercy move the heart
Of him who hates his brethren of mankind.
Turned are those lights from me, who fondly yet
Past joys, vain loves, and buried hopes regret.

VII.

IF from my lips some angry accents fell,
Peevish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,
'Twas but the error of a sickly mind
And troubled thoughts, clouding the purer well,
And waters clear, of Reason ; and for me
Let this my verse the poor atonement be—
My verse, which thou to praise wert ever
inclined

Too highly, and with a partial eye to see
No blemish. Thou to me didst ever shew
Kindest affection ; and would oft-times lend
An ear to the desponding love-sick lay,
Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay
But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,
Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend.

VIII.

THE FAMILY NAME.

WHAT reason first imposed thee, gentle name,
Name that my father bore, and his sire's
sire,
Without reproach? we trace our stream no
higher ;
And I, a childless man, may end the same.
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
Received thee first amid the merry mocks
And arch allusions of his fellow swains.
Perchance from Salem's holier fields returned,
With glory gotten on the heads abhorr'd
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
Took HIS meek title, in whose zeal he burn'd.
Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.

IX.

TO JOHN LAMB, Esq.
OF THE SOUTH-SEA-HOUSE.

JOHN, you were figuring in the gay career
Of blooming manhood with a young man's joy,
When I was yet a little peevish boy—
Though time has made the difference dis-
appear
Betwixt our ages, which *then* seemed so great—
And still by rightful custom you retain
Much of the old authoritative strain,
And keep the elder brother up in state.
O! you do well in this. 'Tis man's worst
deed
To let the "things that have been" run to
waste,
And in the unmeaning present sink the past:
In whose dim glass even now I faintly read
Old buried forms, and faces long ago,
Which you, and I, and one more, only know.

X.

O! I could laugh to hear the midnight wind,
That, rushing on its way with careless sweep,
Scatters the ocean waves. And I could weep
Like to a child. For now to my raised mind
On wings of winds comes wild-eyed Phantasy,
And her rude visions give severe delight.
O winged bark! how swift along the night
Pass'd thy proud keel! nor shall I let go by
Lightly of that drear hour the memory,
When wet and chilly on thy deck I stood,
Unbonnetted, and gazed upon the flood,
Even till it seemed a pleasant thing to die,—
To be resolv'd into th' elemental wave,
Or take my portion with the winds that rave.

XI.

WE were two pretty babes, the youngest she,
The youngest, and the loveliest far, I ween,
And INNOCENCE her name. The time has been,
We two did love each other's company ;
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.
But when by show of seeming good beguil'd,
I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love for man's society,
Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
My loved companion dropped a tear, and fled,
And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
Beloved, who shall tell me where thou art—
In what delicious Eden to be found—
That I may seek thee the wide world around?

BLANK VERSE.

BLANK VERSE.



CHILDHOOD.



IN my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay
 flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand,
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled,)
Would throw away, and strait take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the press'd daisy scarce declined her head.

THE GRANDAME.

ON the green hill top,
Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,
And not distinguish'd from its neighbour-barn,
Save by a slender-tapering length of spire,
The Grandame sleeps. A plain stone barely
tells

The name and date to the chance passenger.
For lowly born was she, and long had eat,
Well-earned, the bread of service:—her's was
else

A mounting spirit, one that entertained
Scorn of base action, deed dishonorable,
Or aught unseemly. I remember well
Her reverend image: I remember, too,
With what a zeal she served her master's house;
And how the prattling tongue of garrulous age
Delighted to recount the oft-told tale
Or anecdote domestic. Wise she was,
And wondrous skilled in genealogies,
And could in apt and voluble terms discourse

Of births, of titles, and alliances ;
Of marriages, and intermarriages ;
Relationship remote, or near of kin ;
Of friends offended, family disgraced—
Maiden high-born, but wayward, disobeying
Parental strict injunction, and regardless
Of unmixed blood, and ancestry remote,
Stooping to wed with one of low degree.
But these are not thy praises ; and I wrong
Thy honor'd memory, recording chiefly
Things light or trivial. Better 'twere to tell,
How with a nobler zeal, and warmer love,
She served her *heavenly master*. I have seen
That reverend form bent down with age and
 pain,
And rankling malady. Yet not for this
Ceased she to praise her maker, or withdrew
Her trust in him, her faith, and humble hope—
So meekly had she learn'd to bear her cross—
For she had studied patience in the school
Of Christ, much comfort she had thence derived,
And was a follower of the NAZARENE.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

THE cheerful sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced
to lure

Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his puruit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.

Him, thus engaged, the sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.

FANCY EMPLOYED ON DIVINE
SUBJECTS.

THE truant Fancy was a wanderer ever,
A lone enthusiast maid. She loves to walk
In the bright visions of empyreal light,
By the green pastures, and the fragrant meads,
Where the perpetual flowers of Eden blow ;
By chrystal streams, and by the living waters,
Along whose margin grows the wondrous tree
Whose leaves shall heal the nations ; underneath
Whose holy shade a refuge shall be found
From pain and want, and all the ills that wait
On mortal life, from sin and death for ever.

COMPOSED AT MIDNIGHT.

FROM broken visions of perturbed rest
I wake, and start, and fear to sleep again.
How total a privation of all sounds,
Sights, and familiar objects, man, bird, beast,
Herb, tree, or flower, and prodigal light of
heaven.

'Twere some relief to catch the drowsy cry
Of the mechanic watchman, or the noise
Of revel reeling home from midnight cups.
Those are the moanings of the dying man,
Who lies in the upper chamber ; restless moans,
And interrupted only by a cough
Consumptive, torturing the wasted lungs.
So in the bitterness of death he lies,
And waits in anguish for the morning's light.
What can that do for him, or what restore ?
Short taste, faint sense, affecting notices,
And little images of pleasures past,
Of health, and active life—health not yet slain,
Nor the other grace of life, a good name, sold

For sin's black wages. On his tedious bed
He writhes, and turns him from the accusing
light,

And finds no comfort in the sun, but says
"When night comes I shall get a little rest."
Some few groans more, death comes, and there
an end.

'Tis darkness and conjecture all beyond ;
Weak Nature fears, though Charity must hope,
And Fancy, most licentious on such themes
Where decent reverence well had kept her mute,
Hath o'er-stock'd hell with devils, and brought
down,

By her enormous fablings and mad lies,
Discredit on the gospel's serious truths
And salutary fears. The man of parts,
Poet, or prose declaimer, on his couch
Lolling, like one indifferent, fabricates
A heaven of gold, where he, and such as he,
Their heads encompassed with crowns, their
heels

With fine wings garlanded, shall tread the stars
Beneath their feet, heaven's pavement, far re-
moved

From damned spirits, and the torturing cries
Of men, his breth'ren, fashioned of the earth,

As he was, nourish'd with the self-same bread,
Belike his kindred or companions once—
Through everlasting ages now divorced,
In chains and savage torments to repent
Short years of folly on earth. Their groans
unheard

In heav'n, the saint nor pity feels, nor care,
For those thus sentenced—pity might disturb
The delicate sense and most divine repose
Of spirits angelical. Blessed be God,
The measure of his judgments is not fixed
By man's erroneous standard. He discerns
No such inordinate difference and vast
Betwixt the sinner and the saint, to doom
Such disproportion'd fates. Compared with him,
No man on earth is holy called: they best
Stand in his sight approved, who at his feet
Their little crowns of virtue cast, and yield
To him of his own works the praise, his due.

JOHN WOODVIL.

A TRAGEDY.

CHARACTERS.

SIR WALTER WOODVIL.

JOHN. }
SIMON. } *his sons.*

LOVEL. }
GRAY. } *pretended friends of John.*

SANDFORD. *Sir Walter's old steward.*

MARGARET. *Orphan ward of Sir Walter.*

FOUR GENTLEMEN. *John's riotous companions.*

SERVANTS.

SCENE—*for the most part at Sir Walter's mansion in DEVONSHIRE; at other times in the forest of SHERWOOD.*

TIME—*soon after the RESTORATION.*

JOHN WOODVIL:

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE—*A Servants' Apartment in Woodvil Hall.*

Servants drinking—*Time, the morning.*

A Song, by DANIEL.

“ When the King enjoys his own again.”

PETER.

A delicate song. Where did'st learn it, fellow?

DANIEL.

Even there, where thou learnest thy oaths

and thy politics—at our master's table.—Where else should a serving-man pick up his poor accomplishments?

MARTIN.

Well spoken, Daniel. O rare Daniel!—his oaths and his politics! excellent!

FRANCIS.

And where did'st pick up thy knavery, Daniel?

PETER.

That came to him by inheritance. His family have supplied the shire of Devon, time out of mind, with good thieves and bad serving-men. All of his race have come into the world without their conscience.

MARTIN.

Good thieves, and bad serving-men! Better and better. I marvel what Daniel hath got to say in reply.

DANIEL.

I marvel more when thou wilt say any thing to the purpose, thou shallow serving-man, whose swiftest conceit carries thee no higher than to apprehend with difficulty the stale jests of us thy compeers. When was't ever known to club thy own particular jest among us?

MARTIN.

Most unkind Daniel, to speak such biting things of me!

FRANCIS.

See—if he hath not brought tears into the poor fellow's eyes with the saltness of his rebuke.

DANIEL.

No offence, brother Martin—I meant none. 'Tis true, Heaven gives gifts, and with-holds them. It has been pleased to bestow upon me a nimble invention to the manufacture of a jest; and upon thee, Martin, an indifferent bad capacity to understand my meaning.

MARTIN.

Is that all? I am content. Here's my hand.

FRANCIS.

Well, I like a little innocent mirth myself, but never could endure bawdry.

DANIEL.

Quot homines tot sententiæ.

MARTIN.

And what is that?

DANIEL.

'Tis Greek, and argues difference of opinion.

MARTIN.

I hope there is none between us.

DANIEL.

Here's to thee, brother Martin. (*drinks.*)

MARTIN.

And to thee, Daniel. (*drinks.*)

FRANCIS.

And to thee, Peter. (*drinks.*)

PETER.

Thank you, Francis. And here's to thee.
(*drinks.*)

MARTIN.

I shall be fuddled anon.

DANIEL.

And drunkenness I hold to be a very despicable vice.

ALL.

O! a shocking vice. (*they drink round.*)

PETER.

In as much as it taketh away the understanding.

DANIEL.

And makes the eyes red.

PETER.

And the tongue to stammer.

DANIEL.

And to blab out secrets.

(During this conversation they continue drinking.)

PETER.

Some men do not know an enemy from a friend when they are drunk.

DANIEL.

Certainly sobriety is the health of the soul.

MARTIN.

Now I know I am going to be drunk.

DANIEL.

How can'st tell, dry-bones ?

MARTIN.

Because I begin to be melancholy. That's always a sign.

FRANCIS.

Take care of Martin, he'll topple off his seat else. *(Martin drops asleep.)*

PETER.

Times are greatly altered, since young master took upon himself the government of this household.

ALL.

Greatly altered.

FRANCIS.

I think every thing be altered for the better since His Majesty's blessed restoration.

PETER.

In Sir Walter's days there was no encouragement given to good house-keeping.

ALL.

None.

DANIEL.

For instance, no possibility of getting drunk before two in the afternoon.

PETER.

Every man his allowance of ale at breakfast—his quart!

ALL.

A quart!!

(in derision.)

DANIEL.

Nothing left to our own sweet discretions.

PETER.

Whereby it may appear, we were treated more like beasts than what we were—discreet and reasonable serving-men.

ALL.

Like beasts.

MARTIN.

(*Opening his eyes.*) Like beasts.

DANIEL.

To sleep, wag-tail !

FRANCIS.

I marvel all this while where the old gentleman has found means to secrete himself. It seems no man has heard of him since the day of the King's return. Can any tell why our young master, being favoured by the court, should not have interest to procure his father's pardon ?

DANIEL.

Marry, I think 'tis the obstinacy of the old Knight, that will not be beholden to the court for his safety.

MARTIN.

Now that is wilful.

FRANCIS.

But can any tell me the place of his concealment ?

PETER.

That cannot I ; but I have my conjectures.

DANIEL.

Two hundred pounds, as I hear, to the man that shall apprehend him.

FRANCIS.

Well, I have my suspicions.

PETER.

And so have I.

MARTIN.

And I can keep a secret.

FRANCIS.

(*To Peter.*) Warwickshire you mean. (*aside.*)

PETER.

Perhaps not.

FRANCIS.

Nearer perhaps.

PETER.

I say nothing.

DANIEL.

I hope there is none in this company would be mean enough to betray him.

ALL.

O Lord, surely not. (*They drink to Sir Walter's safety.*)

FRANCIS.

I have often wondered how our master came to be excepted by name in the late Act of Oblivion.

DANIEL.

Shall I tell the reason ?

ALL.

Aye, do.

DANIEL.

'Tis thought he is no great friend to the present happy establishment.

ALL.

O ! monstrous !

PETER.

Fellow servants, a thought strikes me.—Do we, or do we not, come under the penalties of the treason-act, by reason of our being privy to this man's concealment.

ALL.

Truly a sad consideration.

To them enters Sandford suddenly.

SANDFORD.

You well-fed and unprofitable grooms,
Maintained for state, not use ;
You lazy feasters at another's cost,
'That eat like maggots into an estate,
And do as little work,
Being indeed but foul excrescences,
And no just parts in a well-order'd family ;
You base and rascal imitators,
Who act up to the height your master's vices,

But cannot read his virtues in your bond :
Which of you, as I enter'd, spake of betray-
ing ?

Was it you, or you, or, thin-face, was it you ?

MARTIN.

Whom does he call thin-face ?

SANDFORD.

No prating, loon, but tell me who he was,
That I may brain the villain with my staff,
That seeks Sir Walter's life ?
You miserable men,
With minds more slavish than your slave's
estate,
Have you that noble bounty so forgot,
Which took you from the looms, and from the
ploughs,
Which better had ye follow'd, fed ye, cloth'd
ye,
And entertain'd ye in a worthy service,
Where your best wages was the world's repute,
That thus ye seek his life, by whom ye live ?
Have you forgot too,
How often in old times
Your drunken mirths have stunn'd day's sober
ears,
Carousing full cups to Sir Walter's health ?—

Whom now ye would betray, but that he lies
 Out of the reach of your poor treacheries.
 This learn from me,
 Our master's secret sleeps with trustier tongues,
 Than will unlock themselves to carls like you.
 Go, get you gone, you knaves. Who stirs?
 this staff
 Shall teach you better manners else.

ALL.

Well, we are going.

SANDFORD.

And quickly too, ye had better, for I see
 Young mistress Margaret coming this way.
 (*Exeunt all but Sandford.*)

*Enter Margaret, as in a fright, pursued by a
 Gentleman, who, seeing Sandford, retires
 muttering a curse.*

SANDFORD. MARGARET.

SANDFORD.

Good morrow to my fair mistress. 'Twas a
 chance
 I saw you, lady, so intent was I
 On chiding hence these graceless serving-men,

Who cannot break their fast at morning meals
 Without debauch and mis-timed riotings.
 This house hath been a scene of nothing else
 But athiest riot and profane excess,
 Since my old master quitted all his rights here.

MARGARET.

Each day I endure fresh insult from the scorn
 Of Woodvil's friends, the uncivil jests,
 And free discourses, of the dissolute men,
 That haunt this mansion, making me their
 mirth.

SANDFORD.

Does my young master know of these affronts ?

MARGARET.

I cannot tell. Perhaps he has not been told.
 Perhaps he might have seen them if he would.
 I have known him more quick-sighted. Let that
 pass.

All things seem chang'd, I think. I had a friend,
 (I can't but weep to think him alter'd too,)
 These things are best forgotten ; but I knew
 A man, a young man, young, and full of honor,
 That would have pick'd a quarrel for a straw,
 And fought it out to the extremity,
 E'en with the dearest friend he had alive,
 On but a bare surmise, a possibility,

That Margaret had suffer'd an affront.
Some are too tame, that were too splenetic once.

SANDFORD.

'Twere best he should be *told* of these affronts.

MARGARET.

I am the daughter of his father's friend,
Sir Walter's orphan-ward.

I am not his servant maid, that I should wait
The opportunity of a gracious hearing,
Enquire the times and seasons when to put
My peevish prayer up at young Woodvil's feet,
And sue to him for slow redress, who was
Himself a suitor late to Margaret.

I am somewhat proud: and Woodvil taught me
pride.

I was his favorite once, his playfellow in infancy,
And joyful mistress of his youth.

None once so pleasant in his eyes as Margaret.

His conscience, his religion, Margaret was,
His dear heart's confessor, a heart within that
heart,

And all dear things summ'd up in her alone.
As Margaret smil'd or frown'd John liv'd or died:
His dress, speech, gesture, studies, friendships,
all

Being fashion'd to her liking.

His flatteries taught me first this self-esteem,
 His flatteries and caresses, while he loved.
 The world esteem'd her happy, who had won
 His heart, who won all hearts ;
 And ladies envied me the love of Woodvil.

SANDFORD.

He doth affect the courtier's life too much,
 Whose art is to forget,
 And that has wrought this seeming change in
 him,
 That was by nature noble.
 'Tis these court-plagues, that swarm about our
 house,
 Have done the mischief, making his fancy giddy
 With images of state, preferment, place,
 Tainting his generous spirits with ambition.

MARGARET.

I know not how it is ;
 A cold protector is John grown to me.
 The mistress, and presumptive wife, of Wood-
 vil
 Can never stoop so low to supplicate
 A man, her equal, to redress those wrongs,
 Which he was bound first to prevent ;
 But which his own neglects have sanction'd
 rather,

Both sanction'd and provok'd: a mark'd neglect,
 lect,

And strangeness fast'ning bitter on his love,
 His love which long has been upon the wane.

For me, I am determin'd what to do :

To leave this house this night, and lukewarm

John,

And trust for food to the earth and Providence.

SANDFORD.

O lady, have a care

Of these indefinite and spleen-bred resolves.

You know not half the dangers that attend

Upon a life of wand'ring, which your thoughts

now,

Feeling the swellings of a lofty anger,

To your abused fancy, as 'tis likely,

Portray without its terrors, painting *lies*

And representments of fallacious liberty—

You know not what it is to leave the roof that
 shelters you.

MARGARET.

I have thought on every possible event,

The dangers and discouragements you speak of,

Even till my woman's heart hath ceas'd to fear
 them,

And cowardice grows enamour'd of rare accidents.

Nor am I so unfurnish'd, as you think,
Of practicable schemes.

SANDFORD.

Now God forbid; think twice of this, dear lady.

MARGARET.

I pray you spare me, Mr. Sandford,
And once for all believe, nothing can shake my purpose.

SANDFORD.

But what course have you thought on?

MARGARET.

To seek Sir Walter in the forest of Sherwood.
I have letters from young Simon,
Acquainting me with all the circumstances
Of their concealment, place, and manner of life,
And the merry hours they spend in the green haunts
Of Sherwood, nigh which place they have ta'en
a house
In the town of Nottingham, and pass for
foreigners,

Wearing the dress of Frenchmen.—
All which I have perus'd with so attent
And child-like longings, that to my doting ears
Two sounds now seem like one,
One meaning in two words, Sherwood and
Liberty.

And, gentle Mr. Sandford,
'Tis you that must provide now
The means of my departure, which for safety
Must be in boy's apparel.

SANDFORD.

Since you will have it so
(My careful age trembles at all may happen)
I will engage to furnish you.
I have the keys of the wardrobe, and can fit
you

With garments to your size.

I know a suit

Of lively Lincoln Green, that shall much grace
you

In the wear, being glossy fresh, and worn but
seldom.

Young Stephen Woodvil wore them, while he
lived.

I have the keys of all this house and passages,
And ere day-break will rise and let you forth.

What things soe'er you have need of I can furnish you ;
And will provide a horse and trusty guide,
To bear you on your way to Nottingham.

MARGARET.

That once this day and night were fairly past !
For then I'll bid this house and love farewell ;
Farewell, sweet Devon ; farewell, lukewarm
John ;
For with the morning's light will Margaret be
gone.

Thanks, courteous Mr. Sandford.—

(Exeunt divers ways.)

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE—*An Apartment in Woodvil Hall.*

JOHN WOODVIL—*alone.*

(*Reading Parts of a Letter.*)

“ WHEN Love grows cold, and indifference has usurped upon old Esteem, it is no marvel if the world begin to account *that* dependence, which hitherto has been esteemed honorable shelter. The course I have taken (in leaving this house, not easily wrought thereunto,) seemed to me best for the once-for-all releasing of yourself (who in times past have deserved well of me) from the now daily, and not-to-be-endured, tribute of forced love, and ill-dissembled reluctance of affection.

“ MARGARET.”

Gone! gone! my girl? so hasty, Margaret!
And never a kiss at parting? shallow loves,

And likings of a ten days' growth, use courtesies,
 And shew red eyes at parting. Who bids
 "farewell"

In the same tone he cries "God speed you,
 Sir?"

Or tells of joyful victories at sea,
 Where he hath ventures? does not rather
 muffle

His organs to emit a leaden sound,
 To suit the melancholy dull "farewell,"
 Which they in Heaven not use?—

So peevish, Margaret?

But 'tis the common error of your sex,
 When our idolatry slackens, or grows less,
 (As who of woman born can keep his faculty
 Of Admiration, being a decaying faculty,
 For ever strain'd to the pitch? or can at plea-
 sure

Make it renewable, as some appetites are,
 As, namely, Hunger, Thirst?—) this being the
 case,

They tax us with neglect, and love grown cold,
 Coin plainings of the perfidy of men,
 Which into maxims pass, and apothegms
 To be retailed in ballads.—

I know them all.

They are jealous, when our larger hearts receive
 More guests than one. (Love in a woman's
 heart

Being all in one.) For me, I am sure I have
 room here

For more disturbers of my sleep than one.
 Love shall have part, but Love shall not have all.
 Ambition, Pleasure, Vanity, all by turns,
 Shall lie in my bed, and keep me fresh and
 waking;

Yet Love not be excluded.—Foolish wench,
 I could have lov'd her twenty years to come,
 And still have kept my liking. But since 'tis so,
 Why, fare thee well, old play-fellow! I'll try
 To squeeze a tear for old acquaintance sake.
 I shall not grudge so much.—

To him enters Lovel.

LOVEL.

Bless us, Woodvil! what is the matter? I
 protest, man, I thought you had been weeping.

WOODVIL.

Nothing is the matter, only the wench has
 forced some water into my eyes, which will
 quickly disband.

LOVEL.

I cannot conceive you.

WOODVIL.

Margaret is flown.

LOVEL.

Upon what pretence ?

WOODVIL.

Neglect on my part : which it seems she has had the wit to discover, maugre all my pains to conceal it.

LOVEL.

Then, you confess the charge ?

WOODVIL.

To say the truth, my love for her has of late stopt short on this side idolatry.

LOVEL.

As all good Christians' should, I think.

WOODVIL.

I am sure, I could have loved her still within the limits of warrantable love.

LOVEL.

A kind of brotherly affection, I take it.

WOODVIL.

We should have made excellent man and wife in time.

LOVEL.

A good old couple, when the snows fell, to

crowd about a sea-coal fire, and talk over old matters.

WOODVIL.

While each should feel, what neither cared to acknowledge, that stories oft repeated may, at last, come to lose some of their grace by the repetition.

LOVEL.

Which both of you may yet live long enough to discover. For, take my word for it, Margaret is a bird that will come back to you without a lure.

WOODVIL.

Never, never, Lovel. Spite of my levity, with tears I confess it, she was a lady of most confirmed honour, of an unmatched spirit, and determinate in all virtuous resolutions; not hasty to anticipate an affront, nor slow to feel, where just provocation was given.

LOVEL.

What made you neglect her, then?

WOODVIL.

Mere levity and youthfulness of blood, a malady incident to young men, physicians call it caprice. Nothing else. He, that slighted her, knew her value: and 'tis odds, but, for

thy sake, Margaret, John will yet go to his grave a bachelor.

(A noise heard, as of one drunk and singing.)

LOVEL.

Here comes one, that will quickly dissipate these humours.

(Enter one drunk.)

DRUNKEN MAN.

Good-morrow to you, gentlemen. Mr. Lovel, I am your humble servant. Honest Jack Woodvil, I will get drunk with you to-morrow.

WOODVIL.

And why to-morrow, honest Mr. Freeman ?

DRUNKEN MAN.

I scent a traitor in that question. A beastly question. Is it not his Majesty's birth-day ? the day, of all days in the year, on which King Charles the second was graciously pleased to be born. *(Sings)* " Great pity 'tis such days as those should come but once a year."

LOVEL.

Drunk in a morning ! foh ! how he stinks !

DRUNKEN MAN.

And why not drunk in a morning ? can't tell, bully ?

WOODVIL.

Because, being the sweet and tender infancy of the day, methinks, it should ill endure such early blightings.

DRUNKEN MAN.

I grant you, 'tis in some sort the youth and tender nonage of the day. Youth is bashful, and I give it a cup to encourage it. (*Sings*) "Ale that will make Grimalkin prâte."—At noon I drink for thirst, at night for fellowship, but, above all, I love to usher in the bashful morning under the auspices of a freshening stoop of liquor. (*Sings*) "Ale in a Saxon runkin then makes valour burgeon in tall men."—But, I crave pardon. I fear I keep that gentleman from serious thoughts. There be those that wait for me in the cellar.

WOODVIL.

Who are they?

DRUNKEN MAN.

Gentlemen, my good friends, Cleveland, Delaval, and Truby. I know by this time they are all clamorous for me. (*Exit, singing.*)

WOODVIL.

This keeping of open house acquaints a man with strange companions.

(*Enter, at another door, Three calling for Harry Freeman.*)

Harry Freeman, Harry Freeman.

He is not here. Let us go look for him.

Where is Freeman?

Where is Harry?

(*Exeunt the Three, calling for Freeman.*)

WOODVIL.

Did you ever see such gentry? (*laughing*)
 These are they that fatten on ale and tobacco
 in a morning, drink burnt brandy at noon to
 promote digestion, and piously conclude with
 quart bumpers after supper, to prove their
 loyalty.

LOVEL.

Come, shall we adjourn to the Tennis Court?

WOODVIL.

No, you shall go with me into the gallery,
 where I will shew you the *Vandyke* I have
 purchased. "The late King taking leave of his
 children."

LOVEL.

I will but adjust my dress, and attend you.

(*Exit Lovel.*)

JOHN WOODVIL, *alone.*

Now Universal England getteth drunk

For joy that Charles, her monarch, is restored :
And she, that sometime wore a saintly mask,
The stale-grown vizor from her face doth pluck,
And weareth now a suit of morris bells,
With which she jingling goes through all her
towns and villages.

The baffled factions in their houses sculk :
The common-wealthsman, and state machinist,
The cropt fanatic, and fifth-monarchy-man,
Who heareth of these visionaries now ?
They and their dreams have ended. Fools do
sing,
Where good men yield God thanks ; but politic
spirits,
Who live by observation, note these changes
Of the popular mind, and thereby serve their
ends.

Then why not I ? What's Charles to me, or
Oliver,
But as my own advancement hangs on one of
them ?
I to myself am chief.—I know,
Some shallow mouths cry out, that I am smit
With the gauds and shew of state, the point of
place,
And trick of precedence, the ducks, and nods,

Which weak minds pay to rank. 'Tis not to sit
In place of worship at the royal masques,
Their pastimes, plays, and Whitehall banquet-
ings,
For none of these,
Nor yet to be seen whispering with some great
one,
Do I affect the favours of the court.
I would be great, for greatness hath great
power,
And that's the fruit I reach at.—
Great spirits ask great play-room. Who could
sit,
With these prophetic swellings in my breast,
That prick and goad me on, and never cease,
To the fortunes something tells me I was born to?
Who, with such monitors within to stir him,
Would sit him down, with lazy arms across,
A unit, a thing without a name in the state,
A something to be govern'd, not to govern,
A fishing, hawking, hunting, country gentleman?
(Exit.)

SCENE—*Sherwood Forest.*

SIR WALTER WOODVIL. SIMON WOODVIL.

(Disguised as Frenchmen.)

SIR WALTER.

How fares my boy, Simon, my youngest born,
My hope, my pride, young Woodvil, speak to
me ?

Some grief untold weighs heavy at thy heart :
I know it by thy alter'd cheer of late.
Thinkest, thy brother plays thy father false ?
It is a mad and thriftless prodigal,
Grown proud upon the favours of the court ;
Court manners, and court fashions, he affects,
And in the heat and uncheck'd blood of youth,
Harbours a company of riotous men,
All hot, and young, court-seekers, like himself,
Most skilful to devour a patrimony ;
And these have eat into my old estates,
And these have drain'd thy father's cellars dry ;
But these so common faults of youth not named,
(Things which themselves outgrow, left to them-
selves,)
I know no quality that stains his honor.

My life upon his faith and noble mind,
Son John could never play thy father false.

SIMON.

I never thought but nobly of my brother,
Touching his honor and fidelity.
Still I could wish him charier of his person,
And of his time more frugal, than to spend
In riotous living, graceless society,
And mirth unpalatable, hours better employ'd
(With those persuasive graces nature lent him)
In fervent pleadings for a father's life.

SIR WALTER.

I would not owe my life to a jealous court,
Whose shallow policy I know it is,
On some reluctant acts of prudent mercy,
(Not voluntary, but extorted by the times,
In the first tremblings of new-fixed power,
And recollection smarting from old wounds,)
On these to build a spurious popularity.
Unknowing what free grace or mercy mean,
They fear to punish, therefore do they pardon.
For this cause have I oft forbid my son,
By letters, overtures, open solicitings,
Or closet-tamperings, by gold or fee,
To beg or bargain with the court for my life.

SIMON.

And John has ta'en you, father, at your word,
True to the letter of his paternal charge.

SIR WALTER.

Well, my good cause, and my good conscience,
boy,

Shall be for sons to me, if John prove false.
Men die but once, and the opportunity
Of a noble death is not an every-day fortune :
It is a gift which noble spirits pray for.

SIMON.

I would not wrong my brother by surmise ;
I know him generous, full of gentle qualities,
Incapable of base compliances,
No prodigal in his nature, but affecting
This shew of bravery for ambitious ends.
He drinks, for 'tis the humour of the court,
And drink may one day wrest the secret from
him,
And pluck you from your hiding place in the
sequel.

SIR WALTER.

Fair death shall be my doom, and foul life his.
Till when, we'll live as free in this green forest
As yonder deer, who roam unfearing treason ;

Who seem the Aborigines of this place,
Or Sherwood theirs by tenure.

SIMON.

'Tis said, that Robert Earl of Huntingdon,
Men call'd him Robin Hood, an outlaw bold,
With a merry crew of hunters here did haunt,
Not sparing the king's venison. May one believe
The antique tale ?

SIR WALTER.

There is much likelihood,
Such bandits did in England erst abound,
When polity was young. I have read of the
pranks
Of that mad archer, and of the tax he levied
On travellers, whatever their degree,
Baron, or knight, whoever pass'd these woods,
Layman, or priest, not sparing the bishop's
mitre
For spiritual regards ; nay, once, 'tis said,
He robb'd the king himself.

SIMON.

A perilous man. (*smiling*)

SIR WALTER.

How quietly we live here,
Unread in the world's business,

And take no note of all its slippery changes.
 'Twere best we make a world among ourselves,
 A little world,
 Without the ills and falsehoods of the greater ;
 We two being all the inhabitants of ours,
 And kings and subjects both in one.

SIMON.

Only the dangerous errors, fond conceits,
 Which make the business of that greater world,
 Must have no place in ours :
 As, namely, riches, honors, birth, place, courtesy,
 Good fame and bad, rumours and popular noises,
 Books, creeds, opinions, prejudices national,
 Humours particular,
 Soul-killing lies, and truths that work small
 good,
 Feuds, factions, enmities, relationships,
 Loves, hatreds, sympathies, antipathies,
 And all the intricate stuff quarrels are made of.

(Margaret enters in boy's apparel.)

SIR WALTER.

What pretty boy have we here ?

MARGARET.

Bon jour, messieurs. Ye have handsome English
 faces,

I should have ta'en you else for other two,
I came to seek in the forest.

SIR WALTER.

Who are they ?

MARGARET.

A gallant brace of Frenchmen, curled monsieurs,
That, men say, haunt these woods, affecting
privacy,
More than the manner of their countrymen.

SIMON.

We have here a wonder.
The face is Margaret's face.

SIR WALTER.

The face is Margaret's, but the dress the same
My Stephen sometime wore.

(To Margaret)

Suppose us them ; whom do men say we are ?
Or know you what you seek ?

MARGARET.

A worthy pair of exiles,
Two whom the politics of state revenge,
In final issue of long civil broils,
Have houseless driven from your native France,
To wander idle in these English woods,
Where now ye live ; most part

Thinking on home, and all the joys of France,
Where grows the purple vine.

SIR WALTER.

These woods, young stranger,
And grassy pastures, which the slim deer loves,
Are they less beauteous than the land of France,
Where grows the purple vine ?

MARGARET.

I cannot tell.

To an indifferent eye both shew alike.

'Tis not the scene,

But all familiar objects in the scene,

Which now ye miss, that constitute a difference.

Ye had a country, exiles, ye have none now ;

Friends had ye, and much wealth, ye now have
nothing ;

Our manners, laws, our customs, all are foreign
to you,

I know ye loathe them, cannot learn them
readily ;

And there is reason, exiles, ye should love

Our English earth less than your land of France,
Where grows the purple vine ; where all de-
lights grow,

Old custom has made pleasant.

SIR WALTER.

You, that are read
So deeply in our story, what are you ?

MARGARET.

A bare adventurer ; in brief a woman,
That put strange garments on, and came thus
far

To seek an ancient friend ;
And having spent her stock of idle words,
And feeling some tears coming,
Hastes now to clasp Sir Walter Woodvil's
knees,

And beg a boon for Margaret, his poor ward.

(kneeling.)

SIR WALTER.

Not at my feet, Margaret, not at my feet.

MARGARET.

Yes, till her suit is answer'd.

SIR WALTER.

Name it.

MARGARET.

A little boon, and yet so great a grace,
She fears to ask it.

SIR WALTER.

Some riddle, Margaret ?

MARGARET.

No riddle, but a plain request.

SIR WALTER.

Name it.

MARGARET.

Free liberty of Sherwood,
And leave to take her lot with you in the forest.

SIR WALTER.

A scant petition, Margaret, but take 'it,
Seal'd with an old man's tears.—
Rise, daughter of Sir Rowland.

(Addresses them both.)

O you most worthy,
You constant followers of a man proscribed,
Following poor misery in the throat of danger;
Fast servitors to craz'd and penniless poverty,
Serving poor poverty without hope of gain;
Kind children of a sire unfortunate;
Green clinging tendrils round a trunk decay'd,
Which needs must bring on you timeless decay;
Fair living forms to a dead carcase join'd;—
What shall I say?
Better the dead were gather'd to the dead,
Than death and life in disproportion meet.—
Go, seek your fortunes, children.—

SIMON.

Why, whither should we go ?

SIR WALTER.

You to the Court, where now your brother
John

Commits a rape on Fortune.

SIMON.

Luck to John !

A light heel'd strumpet, when the sport is done.

SIR WALTER.

You to the sweet society of your equals,
Where the world's fashion smiles on youth and
beauty.

MARGARET.

Where young men's flatteries cozen young maids'
beauty,

There pride oft' gets the vantage hand of duty,
There sweet humility withers.

SIMON.

Mistress Margaret,

How fared my brother John, when you left
Devon ?

MARGARET.

John was well, Sir.

SIMON.

'Tis now nine months almost,

Since I saw home. What new friends has John
made ?

Or keeps he his first love ?—I did suspect
Some foul disloyalty. Now do I know,
John has prov'd false to her, for Margaret
weeps.

It is a scurvy brother.

SIR WALTER.

Fie upon it.

All men are false, I think. The date of love
Is out, expired, its stories all grown stale,
O'erpast, forgotten, like an antique tale
Of Hero and Leander.

SIMON.

I have known some men that are too general-
contemplative for the narrow passion. I am in
some sort a *general* lover.

MARGARET.

In the name of the boy God, who plays at
hood-man-blind with the Muses, and cares not
whom he catches : what is it *you* love ?

SIMON.

Simply, all things that live,
From the crook'd worm to man's imperial form,
And God-resembling likeness. The poor fly,
That makes short holyday in the sun beam,

And dies by some child's hand. The feeble
bird

With little wings, yet greatly venturous
In the upper sky. The fish in th' other element,
That knows no touch of eloquence. What
else ?

Yon tall and elegant stag,
Who paints a dancing shadow of his horns
In the water, where he drinks.

MARGARET.

I myself love all these things, yet so as with
a difference :—for example, some animals better
than others, some men rather than other men ;
the nightingale before the cuckoo, the swift
and graceful palfrey before the slow and asinine
mule. Your humour goes to confound all
qualities.

What sports do you use in the forest ?—

SIMON.

Not many ; some few, as thus :—
To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound
him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round
him.

Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
 Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
 And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
 Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep.

Sometimes outstretcht, in very idleness,
 Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
 To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
 Go eddying round; and small birds, how they
 fare,

When mother Autumn fills their beaks with
 corn,

Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn;
 And how the woods berries and worms provide
 Without their pains, when earth has nought
 beside

To answer their small wants.

To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
 Then stop, and gaze, then turn, they know not
 why,

Like bashful younkers in society.

To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
 And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

MARGARET. (*smiling*)

And, afterwards them paint in simile.

SIR WALTER.

Mistress Margaret will have need of some

refreshment. Please you, we have some poor viands within.

MARGARET.

Indeed I stand in need of them.

SIR WALTER.

Under the shade of a thick-spreading tree,
 Upon the grass, no better carpeting,
 We'll eat our noon-tide meal ; and, dinner done,
 One of us shall repair to Nottingham,
 To seek some safe night-lodging in the town,
 Where you may sleep, while here with us you
 dwell,
 By day, in the forest, expecting better times,
 And gentler habitations, noble Margaret.

SIMON.

Allons, young Frenchman—

MARGARET.

Allons, Sir Englishman. The time has been,
 I've studied love-lays in the English tongue,
 And been enamour'd of rare poesy :
 Which now I must unlearn. Henceforth,
 Sweet mother-tongue, old English speech, adieu ;
 For Margaret has got new name and language
 new.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE — *An Apartment of State in Woodvil Hall.— Cavaliers drinking.*

JOHN WOODVIL, LOVEL, GRAY,
and four more.

JOHN.

More mirth, I beseech you, gentlemen—
Mr. Gray, you are not merry.—

GRAY.

More wine, say I, and mirth shall ensue in course. What! we have not yet above three half-pints a man to answer for. Brevity is the soul of drinking, as of wit. Despatch, I say. More wine. (*fills*)

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

I entreat you, let there be some order, some method, in our drinkings. I love to lose my reason with my eyes open, to commit the deed of drunkenness with forethought and de-

liberation. I love to feel the fumes of the liquor gathering here, like clouds.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

And I am for plunging into madness at once. Damn order, and method, and steps, and degrees, that he speaks of. Let confusion have her legitimate work.

LOVEL.

I marvel why the poets, who, of all men, methinks, should possess the hottest livers, and most empyreal fancies, should affect to see such virtues in cold water.

GRAY.

Virtue in cold water! ha! ha! ha!—

JOHN.

Because your poet-born hath an internal wine, richer than lippara or canaries, yet uncrushed from any grapes of earth, unpresse'd in mortal wine-presses.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

What may be the name of this wine?

JOHN.

It hath as many names as qualities. It is denominated indifferently, wit, conceit, invention, inspiration, but its most royal and comprehensive name is *fancy*.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

And where keeps he this sovereign liquor ?

JOHN.

Its cellars are in the brain, whence your true poet deriveth intoxication at will ; while his animal spirits, catching a pride from the quality and neighbourhood of their noble relative, the brain, refuse to be sustained by wines and fermentations of earth.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

But is your poet-born always tipsy with this liquor ?

JOHN.

He hath his stoopings and reposes ; but his proper element is the sky, and in the suburbs of the empyrean.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

Is your wine-intellectual so exquisite ? henceforth, I, a man of plain conceit, will, in all humility, content my mind with canaries.

FOURTH GENTLEMAN.

I am for a song or a catch. When will the catches come on, the sweet wicked catches ?

JOHN.

They cannot be introduced with propriety before midnight. Every man must commit his

twenty bumpers first. We are not yet well roused. Frank Lovel, the glass stands with you.

LOVEL.

Gentlemen, the Duke. (*fills*)

ALL.

The Duke. (*they drink*)

GRAY.

Can any tell, why his Grace, being a Papist—

JOHN.

Pshaw! we will have no questions of state now. Is not this his Majesty's birth-day?

GRAY.

What follows?

JOHN.

That every man should sing, and be joyful, and ask no questions.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Damn politics, they spoil drinking.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

For certain, 'tis a blessed monarchy.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

The cursed fanatic days we have seen! The times have been when swearing was out of fashion.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

And drinking.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

And wenching.

GRAY.

The cursed yeas and forsooths, which we have heard uttered, when a man could not rap out an innocent oath, but strait the air was thought to be infected.

LOVEL.

'Twas a pleasant trick of the saint, which that trim puritan *Swear-not-at-all Smooth-speech* used, when his spouse chid him with an oath for committing with his servant maid, to cause his house to be fumigated with burnt brandy, and ends of scripture, to disperse the devil's breath, as he termed it.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

GRAY.

But 'twas pleasanter, when the other saint *Resist-the-devil-and-he-will-flee-from-thee Pure-man* was overtaken in the act, to plead an *illusio visûs*, and maintain his sanctity upon a supposed power in the adversary to counterfeit the shapes of things.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

JOHN.

Another round, and then let every man devise what trick he can in his fancy, for the better manifesting our loyalty this day.

GRAY.

Shall we hang a puritan?

JOHN.

No, that has been done already in Coleman-Street.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Or fire a conventicle?

JOHN.

That is stale too.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

Or burn the assembly's catechism?

FOURTH GENTLEMAN.

Or drink the king's health, every man standing upon his head naked?

JOHN. (*to Lovel.*)

We have here some pleasant madness.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

Who shall pledge me in a pint bumper, while we drink to the king upon our knees?

LOVEL.

Why on our knees, Cavalier?

JOHN. (*smiling.*)

For more devotion, to be sure. (*to a servant.*)
Sirrah, fetch the gilt goblets.

(*The goblets are brought. They drink the king's health, kneeling. A shout of general approbation following the first appearance of the goblets.*)

JOHN.

We have here the unchecked virtues of the grape. How the vapours curl upwards! It were a life of gods to dwell in such an element: to see, and hear, and talk brave things. Now fie upon these casual potations. That a man's most exalted reason should depend upon the ignoble fermenting of a fruit, which sparrows pluck at as well as we!

GRAY. (*aside to Lovel.*)

Observe how he is ravished.

LOVEL.

Vanity and gay thoughts of wine do meet in him and engender madness.

(*While the rest are engaged in a wild kind of talk, John advances to the front of the stage and soliloquizes.*)

JOHN.

My spirits turn to fire, they mount so fast.

My joys are turbulent, my hopes shew like
fruition.

These high and gusty relishes of life, sure,
Have no allayings of mortality in them.

I am too hot now and o'er capable,
For the tedious processes, and creeping wisdom,
Of human acts, and enterprizes of a man.
I want some seasonings of adversity,
Some strokes of the old mortifier Calamity,
To take these swellings down, divines call vanity.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Mr. Woodvil, Mr. Woodvil.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Where is Woodvil?

GRAY.

Let him alone. I have seen him in these
lunes before. His abstractions must not taint
the good mirth.

JOHN. (*continuing to soliloquize.*)

O for some friend now,
To conceal nothing from, to have no secrets.
How fine and noble a thing is confidence,
How reasonable too, and almost godlike!
Fast cement of fast friends, band of society,
Old natural go-between in the world's business,
Where civil life and order, wanting this cement,

Would presently rush back
 Into the pristine state of singularity,
 And each man stand alone.

(A Servant enters.)

Gentlemen, the fire-works are ready.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

What be they?

LOVEL.

The work of London artists, which our host
 has provided in honour of this day.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

'Sdeath, who would part with his wine for a
 rocket?

LOVEL.

Why truly, gentlemen, as our kind host has
 been at the pains to provide this spectacle, we
 can do no less than be present at it. It will not
 take up much time. Every man may return
 fresh and thirsting to his liquor.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

There is reason in what he says.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Charge on then, bottle in hand. There's
 husbandry in that.

*(They go out, singing. Only Lovel remains,
 who observes Woodvil.)*

JOHN. (*Still talking to himself.*)

This Lovel here's of a tough honesty,
Would put the rack to the proof. He is not of
that sort,

Which haunt my house, snorting the liquors,
And when their wisdoms are afloat with wine,
Spend vows as fast as vapours, which go off
Even with the fumes, their fathers. He is one,
Whose sober morning actions
Shame not his o'ernight's promises ;
Talks little, flatters less, and makes no promises ;
Why this is he, whom the dark-wisdom'd fate
Might trust her counsels of predestination with,
And the world be no loser.

Why should I fear this man ?

(*Seeing Lovel.*)

Where is the company gone ?

LOVEL.

To see the fire-works, where you will be expected to follow. But I perceive you are better engaged.

JOHN.

I have been meditating this half-hour
On all the properties of a brave friendship,
The mysteries that are in it, the noble uses,
Its limits withal, and its nice boundaries.

Exempli gratia, how far a man
 May lawfully forswear himself for his friend ;
 What quantity of lies, some of them brave ones,
 He may lawfully incur in a friend's behalf ;
 What oaths, blood-crimes, hereditary quarrels,
 Night brawls, fierce words, and duels in the
 morning,
 He need not stick at, to maintain his friend's
 honor, or his cause.

LOVEL.

I think many men would die for their friends.

JOHN.

Death! why 'tis nothing. We go to it for sport,
 To gain a name, or purse, or please a sullen
 humour,
 When one has worn his fortune's livery thread-
 bare,
 Or his spleen'd mistress frowns. Husbands will
 venture on it,
 To cure the hot fits and cold shakings of jealousy.
 A friend, sir, must do more.

LOVEL.

Can he do more than die ?

JOHN.

To serve a friend this he may do. Pray mark me.
 Having a law within (great spirits feel one)

He cannot, ought not to be bound by any
 Positive laws or ord'nances extern,
 But may reject all these: by the law of friend
 ship

He may do so much, be they, indifferently,
 Penn'd statutes, or the land's unwritten usages,
 As public fame, civil compliances,
 Misnamed honor, trust in matter of secrets,
 All vows and promises, the feeble mind's religion,
 (Binding our morning knowledge to approve
 What last night's ignorance spake);
 The ties of blood withal, and prejudice of kin.
 Sir, these weak terrors
 Must never shake me. I know what belongs
 To a worthy friendship. Come, you shall have
 my confidence.

LOVEL.

I hope you think me worthy.

JOHN.

You will smile to hear now—
 Sir Walter never has been out of the island.

LOVEL.

You amaze me.

JOHN.

That same report of his escape to France
 Was a fine tale, forg'd by myself—

Ha! ha!

I knew it would stagger him.

LOVEL.

Pray, give me leave.

Where has he dwelt, how liv'd, how lain conceal'd?

Sure I may ask so much.

JOHN.

From place to place, dwelling in no place long,
My brother Simon still hath borne him company,
('Tis a brave youth, I envy him all his virtues.)
Disguis'd in foreign garb, they pass for Frenchmen,

Two Protestant exiles from the Limosin
Newly arriv'd. Their dwelling's now at Nottingham,
Where no soul knows them.

LOVEL.

Can you assign any reason, why a gentleman
of Sir Walter's known prudence should expose
his person so lightly?

JOHN.

I believe, a certain fondness,
A child-like cleaving to the land that gave him
birth,
Chains him like fate.

LOVEL.

I have known some exiles thus
To linger out the term of the law's indulgence,
To the hazard of being known.

JOHN.

You may suppose sometimes
They use the neighb'ring Sherwood for their sport,
Their exercise and freer recreation.—
I see you smile. Pray now, be careful.

LOVEL.

I am no babbler, sir; you need not fear me.

JOHN.

But some men have been known to talk in their
sleep,
And tell fine tales that way.

LOVEL.

I have heard so much. But, to say truth, I
mostly sleep alone.

JOHN.

Or drink, sir? do you never drink too freely?
Some men will drink, and tell you all their secrets.

LOVEL.

Why do you question me, who know my habits?

JOHN.

I think you are no sot,
No tavern-troubler, worshipper of the grape;

But all men drink sometimes,
And veriest saints at festivals relax,
The marriage of a friend, or a wife's birth-day.

LOVEL.

How much, sir, may a man with safety drink ?
(*smiling*)

JOHN.

Sir, three half pints a day is reasonable ;
I care not if you never exceed that quantity.

LOVEL.

I shall observe it ;
On holidays two quarts.

JOHN.

Or stay ; you keep no wench ?

LOVEL.

Ha!

JOHN.

No painted mistress for your private hours ?
You keep no whore, sir ?

LOVEL.

What does he mean ?

JOHN.

Who for a close embrace, a toy of sin,
And amorous praising of your worship's breath,
In rosy junction of four melting lips,
Can kiss out secrets from you ?

LOVEL.

How strange this passionate behaviour shews in
you!

Sure you think me some weak one.

JOHN.

Pray pardon me some fears.

You have now the pledge of a dear father's life.

I am a son—would fain be thought a loving one;

You may allow me some fears: do not despise
me,

If, in a posture foreign to my spirit,

And by our well-knit friendship I conjure you,

Touch not Sir Walter's life. *(kneels)*

You see these tears. My father's an old man.

Pray let him live.

LOVEL.

I must be bold to tell you, these new freedoms
Shew most unhandsome in you.

JOHN. *(rising)*

Ha! do you say so?

Sure, you are not grown proud upon my secret!

Ah! now I see it plain. He would be babbling.

No doubt a garrulous and hard-fac'd traitor—

But I'll not give you leave. *(draws)*

LOVEL.

What does this madman mean?

JOHN.

Come, sir ; here is no subterfuge.
You must kill me, or I kill you.

LOVEL. (*drawing*)

Then self-defence plead my excuse.
Have at you, sir.

(they fight.)

JOHN.

Stay, sir.

I hope you have made your will.

If not, 'tis no great matter.

A broken cavalier has seldom much

He can bequeath : an old worn peruke,

A snuff-box with a picture of Prince Rupert,

A rusty sword he'll swear was used at Naseby,

Though it ne'er came within ten miles of the
place ;

And, if he's very rich,

A cheap edition of the *Icon Basilike*,

Is mostly all the wealth he dies possess of.

You say few prayers, I fancy ; —

So to it again.

(they fight again. Lovel is disarmed.)

LOVEL.

You had best now take my life. I guess you
mean it.

JOHN. (*musings.*)

No:—Men will say I fear'd him, if I kill'd him.
Live still, and be a traitor in thy wish,

But never act thy thought, being a coward.

That vengeance, which thy soul shall nightly
thirst for,

And this disgrace I've done you cry aloud for,
Still have the will without the power to execute.

So now I leave you,

Feeling a sweet security. No doubt

My secret shall remain a virgin for you!—

(*goes out, smiling in scorn.*)

LOVEL. (*rising.*)

For once you are mistaken in your man.

The deed you wot of shall forthwith be done.

A bird let loose, a secret out of hand,

Returns not back. Why, then 'tis baby policy

To menace him who hath it in his keeping.

I will go look for Gray;

Then, northward ho! such tricks as we shall
play

Have not been seen, I think, in merry Sherwood,
Since the days of Robin Hood, that archer good.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE—*An Apartment in Woodvil Hall.*

JOHN WOODVIL. (*alone.*)

A weight of wine lies heavy on my head,
The unconcocted follies of last night.
Now all those jovial fancies, and bright hopes,
Children of wine, go off like dreams.
This sick vertigo here
Preacheth of temperance, no sermon better.
These black thoughts, and dull melancholy,
That stick like burrs to the brain, will they
 ne'er leave me?
Some men are full of choler, when they are
 drunk;
Some brawl of matter foreign to themselves;
And some, the most resolved fools of all,
Have told their dearest secrets in their cups.

SCENE—*The Forest.*

SIR WALTER. SIMON. LOVEL. GRAY.

LOVEL.

Sir, we are sorry we cannot return your *French* salutation.

GRAY.

Nor otherwise consider this garb you trust to than as a poor disguise.

LOVEL.

Nor use much ceremony with a traitor.

GRAY.

Therefore, without much induction of superfluous words, I attach you, Sir Walter Woodvil, of High Treason, in the King's name.

LOVEL.

And of taking part in the great Rebellion against our late lawful Sovereign, Charles the First.

SIMON.

John has betrayed us, father.

LOVEL.

Come, Sir, you had best surrender fairly. We know you, Sir.

SIMON.

Hang ye, villains, ye are two better known

than trusted. I have seen those faces before. Are ye not two beggarly retainers, trencher-parasites, to John? I think ye rank above his footmen. A sort of bed and board worms—locusts that infest our house; a leprosy that long has hung upon its walls and princely apartments, reaching to fill all the corners of my brother's once noble heart.

GRAY.

We are his friends.

SIMON.

Fie, Sir, do not weep. How these rogues will triumph! Shall I whip off their heads, father? (*draws.*)

LOVEL.

Come, Sir, though this shew handsome in you, being his son, yet the law must have its course.

SIMON.

And if I tell you the law shall not have its course, cannot ye be content? Courage, father; shall such things as these apprehend a man? Which of ye will venture upon me?—Will you, Mr. Constable self-elect? or you, Sir, with a pimple on your nose, got at Oxford by hard drinking, your only badge of loyalty?

GRAY.

'Tis a brave youth—I cannot strike at him.

SIMON.

Father, why do you cover your face with your hands? Why do you fetch your breath so hard? See, villains, his heart is burst! O villains, he cannot speak. One of you run for some water: quickly, ye knaves; will ye have your throats cut?

(They both slink off.)

How is it with you, Sir Walter? Look up, Sir, the villains are gone. He hears me not, and this deep disgrace of treachery in his son hath touched him even to the death. O most distuned, and distempered world, where sons talk their aged fathers into their graves! Garrulous and diseased world, and still empty, rotten and hollow *talking* world, where good men decay, states turn round in an endless mutability, and still for the worse, nothing is at a stay, nothing abides but vanity, chaotic vanity.—Brother, adieu!

There lies the parent stock which gave us life,
Which I will see consign'd with tears to earth.

Leave thou the solemn funeral rites to me,
Grief and a true remorse abide with thee.

(Bears in the body.)

SCENE—*Another Part of the Forest.*

MARGARET. *(alone.)*

It was an error merely, and no crime,
An unsuspecting openness in youth,
That from his lips the fatal secret drew,
Which should have slept like one of nature's
 mysteries,

Unveil'd by any man.

Well, he his dead!

And what should Margaret do in the forest?

O ill-starr'd John!

O Woodvil, man enfeoffed to despair!

Take thy farewell of peace.

O never look again to see good days,

Or close thy lids in comfortable nights,

Or ever think a happy thought again,

If what I have heard be true.—

Forsaken of the world must Woodvil live,

If he did tell these men.

No tongue must speak to him, no tongue of
 man

Salute him, when he wakes up in a morning ;
 Or bid “ good night ” to John. Who seeks to
 live

In amity with thee, must for thy sake
 Abide the world’s reproach. What then ?
 Shall Margaret join the clamours of the world
 Against her friend ? O undiscerning world,
 That cannot from misfortune separate guilt,
 No, not in thought ! O never, never, John.
 Prepar’d to share the fortunes of her friend
For better or for worse thy Margaret comes,
 To pour into thy wounds a healing love,
 And wake the memory of an ancient friendship.
 And pardon me, thou spirit of Sir Walter,
 Who, in compassion to the wretched living,
 Have but few tears to waste upon the dead.

SCENE.—*Woodvil Hall.*

SANDFORD. MARGARET,

(*As from a Journey.*)

SANDFORD.

The violence of the sudden mischance hath

so wrought in him, who by nature is allied to nothing *less* than a self-debasing humour of dejection, that I have never seen any thing more changed and spirit-broken. He hath, with a peremptory resolution, dismissed the partners of his riots and late hours, denied his house and person to their most earnest solicitings, and will be seen by none. He keeps ever alone, and his grief (which is solitary) does not so much seem to possess and govern in him, as it is by him, with a wilfulness of most manifest affection, entertained and cherished.

MARGARET.

How bears he up against the common rumour ?

SANDFORD.

With a strange indifference, which whosoever dives not into the niceness of his sorrow might mistake for obdurate and insensate. Yet are the wings of his pride for ever clipt ; and yet a virtuous predominance of filial grief is so ever uppermost, that you may discover his thoughts less troubled with conjecturing what living opinions will say, and judge of his deeds, than absorbed and buried with the dead, whom his indiscretion made so.

MARGARET.

I knew a greatness ever to be resident in him, to which the admiring eyes of men should look up even in the declining and bankrupt state of his pride. Fain would I see him, fain talk with him; but that a sense of respect, which is violated, when without deliberation we press into the society of the unhappy, checks and holds me back. How, think you, he would bear my presence?

SANDFORD.

As of an assured friend, whom in the forgetfulness of his fortunes he past by. See him you must; but not to night. The newness of the sight shall move the bitterest compunction and the truest remorse; but afterwards, trust me, dear lady, the happiest effects of a returning peace, and a gracious comfort, to him, to you, and all of us.

MARGARET.

I think he would not deny me. He hath ere this received farewell letters from his brother, who hath taken a resolution to estrange himself, for a time, from country, friends, and kindred, and to seek occupation for his sad

thoughts in travelling in foreign places, where sights remote and extern to himself may draw from him kindly and not painful ruminations.

SANDFORD.

I was present at the receipt of the letter. The contents seemed to affect him, for a moment, with a more lively passion of grief than he has at any time outwardly shewn. He wept with many tears (which I had not before noted in him) and appeared to be touched with a sense as of some unkindness; but the cause of their sad separation and divorce quickly recurring, he presently returned to his former inwardness of suffering.

MARGARET.

The reproach of his brother's presence at this hour should have been a weight more than could be sustained by his already oppressed and sinking spirit.—Meditating upon these intricate and wide-spread sorrows, hath brought a heaviness upon me, as of sleep. How goes the night?

SANDFORD.

An hour past sun-set. You shall first refresh your limbs (tired with travel) with meats and

some cordial wine, and then betake your no less wearied mind to repose.

MARGARET.

A good rest to us all.

SANDFORD.

Thanks, lady.

ACT THE FIFTH.

JOHN WOODVIL. (*dressing.*)

JOHN.

How beautiful, (*handling his mourning.*)
And comely do these mourning garments shew!
Sure Grief hath set his sacred impress here,
To claim the world's respect! they note so
feelingly
By outward types the serious man within.—
Alas! what part or portion can I claim
In all the decencies of virtuous sorrow,
Which other mourners use? as namely,
This black attire, abstraction from society,
Good thoughts, and frequent sighs, and seldom
smiles,
A cleaving sadness native to the brow,
All sweet condolences of like-grieved friends,
(That steal away the sense of loss almost)
Men's pity, and good offices
Which enemies themselves do for us then,

Putting their hostile disposition off,
As we put off our high thoughts and proud looks.

(Pauses, and observes the pictures.)

These pictures must be taken down :

The portraitures of our most antient family
For nigh three hundred years! How have I
listen'd,

To hear Sir Walter, with an old man's pride,
Holding me in his arms, a prating boy,
And pointing to the pictures where they hung,
Repeat by course their worthy histories,
(As Hugh de Widville, Walter, first of the name,
And Anne the handsome, Stephen, and famous
John :

Telling me, I must be his famous John.)

But that was in old times.

Now, no more

Must I grow proud upon our house's pride.

I rather, I, by most unheard of crimes,
Have backward tainted all their noble blood,
Rased out the memory of an ancient family,
And quite revers'd the honors of our house.

Who now shall sit and tell us anecdotes ?

The secret history of his own times,

And fashions of the world when he was young :

How England slept out three and twenty years,

While Carr and Villiers rul'd the baby king :
 The costly fancies of the pedant's reign,
 Balls, feastings, huntings, shows in allegory,
 And Beauties of the court of James the First.

Margaret enters.

JOHN.

Comes Margaret here to witness my disgrace ?
 O, lady, I have suffer'd loss,
 And diminution of my honor's brightness.
 You bring some images of old times, Margaret,
 That should be now forgotten.

MARGARET.

Old times should never be forgotten, John.
 I came to talk about them with my friend.

JOHN.

I did refuse you, Margaret, in my pride.

MARGARET.

If John rejected Margaret in his pride,
 (As who does not, being splenetic, refuse
 Sometimes old play-fellows,) the spleen being
 gone,

The offence no longer lives.

O Woodvil, those were happy days,
 When we two first began to love. When first,
 Under pretence of visiting my father,
 (Being then a stripling nigh upon my age)

You came a wooing to his daughter, John.
 Do you remember,
 With what a coy reserve and seldom speech,
 (Young maidens must be chary of their speech,)
 I kept the honors of my maiden pride ?
 I was your favourite then.

JOHN.

O Margaret, Margaret !
 These your submissions to my low estate,
 And cleavings to the fates of sunken Woodvil,
 Write bitter things 'gainst my unworthiness.
 Thou perfect pattern of thy slander'd sex,
 Whom miseries of mine could never alienate,
 Nor change of fortune shake ; whom injuries,
 And slights (the worst of injuries) which moved
 Thy nature to return scorn with like scorn,
 Then when you left in virtuous pride this house,
 Could not so separate, but now in this
 My day of shame, when all the world forsake me,
 You only visit me, love, and forgive me.

MARGARET.

Dost yet remember the green arbour, John,
 In the south gardens of my father's house,
 Where we have seen the summer sun go down,
 Exchanging true love's vows without restraint ?
 And that old wood, you call'd your wilderness,

And vow'd in sport to build a chapel in it,
There dwell

“ Like hermit poor

“ In pensive place obscure,

And tell your Ave Marias by the curls
(Dropping like golden beads) of Margaret's hair;
And make confession seven times a day
Of every thought that stray'd from love and
Margaret;

And I your saint the penance should appoint—
Believe me, sir, I will not now be laid
Aside, like an old fashion.

JOHN.

O lady, poor and abject are my thoughts,
My pride is cured, my hopes are under clouds,
I have no part in any good man's love,
In all earth's pleasures portion have I none,
I fade and wither in my own esteem,
This earth holds not alive so poor a thing as I
am.

I was not always thus. (*weeps.*)

MARGARET.

Thou noble nature,
Which lion-like didst awe the inferior creatures,
Now trampled on by beasts of basest quality,

My dear heart's lord, life's pride, soul-honor'd
John!

Upon her knees (regard her poor request)
Your favourite, once-beloved Margaret, kneels.

JOHN.

What would'st thou, lady, ever-honor'd Mar-
garet?

MARGARET.

That John would think more nobly of himself,
More worthily of high heaven;
And not for one misfortune, child of chance,
No crime, but unforeseen, and sent to punish
The less offence with image of the greater,
Thereby to work the soul's humility,
(Which end hath happily not been frustrate
quite,)

O not for one offence mistrust heaven's mercy,
Nor quit thy hope of happy days to come—
John yet has many happy days to live;
To live and make atonement.

JOHN.

Excellent lady,
Whose suit hath drawn this softness from my
eyes,
Not the world's scorn, nor falling off of friends
Could ever do. Will you go with me, Margaret?

MARGARET. (*rising.*)

Go whither, John?

JOHN.

Go in with me,

And pray for the peace of our unquiet minds?

MARGARET.

That I will, John.—

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE—*An inner Apartment.*

John is discovered kneeling.—Margaret standing over him.

JOHN. (*rises.*)

I cannot bear

To see you waste that youth and excellent
beauty,

(*'Tis now the golden time of the day with you,*)

In tending such a broken wretch as I am.

MARGARET.

John will break Margaret's heart, if he speak so.

O sir, sir, sir, you are too melancholy,

And I must call it caprice. I am somewhat bold

Perhaps in this, But you are now my patient,
 (You know you gave me leave to call you so,)
 And I must chide these pestilent humours from
 you.

JOHN.

They are gone.—
 Mark, love, how chearfully I speak !
 I can smile too, and I almost begin
 To understand what kind of creature Hope is.

MARGARET.

Now this is better, this mirth becomes you, John.

JOHN.

Yet tell me, if I over-act my mirth.
 (Being but a novice, I may fall into that error,)
 That were a sad indecency, you know.

MARGARET.

Nay, never fear.
 I will be mistress of your humours,
 And you shall frown or smile by the book.
 And herein I shall be most peremptory,
 Cry, “ this shews well, but that inclines to
 “ levity,
 “ This frown has too much of the Woodvil in it,
 “ But that fine sunshine has redeem'd it quite.”

JOHN.

How sweetly Margaret robs me of myself!

MARGARET.

To give you in your stead a better self!
 Such as you were, when these eyes first beheld
 You mounted on your sprightly steed, White
 Margery,
 Sir Rowland my father's gift,
 And all my maidens gave my heart for lost.
 I was a young thing then, being newly come
 Home from my convent education, where
 Seven years I had wasted in the bosom of France:
 Returning home true protestant, you call'd me
 Your little heretic nun. How timid-bashful
 Did John salute his love, being newly seen.
 Sir Rowland term'd it a rare modesty,
 And prais'd it in a youth.

JOHN.

Now Margaret weeps herself.

(A noise of bells heard.)

MARGARET.

Hark the bells, John.

JOHN.

Those are the church bells of St. Mary Ottery.

MARGARET.

I know it.

JOHN.

Saint Mary Ottery, my native village

In the sweet shire of Devon.
Those are the bells.

MARGARET.

Wilt go to church, John?

JOHN.

I have been there already.

MARGARET.

How can'st say thou hast been there already?
The bells are only now ringing for morning service,
and hast thou been at church already?

JOHN.

I left my bed betimes, I could not sleep,
And when I rose, I look'd (as my custom is)
From my chamber window, where I can see the
sun rise;
And the first object I discern'd
Was the glistering spire of St. Mary Ottery.

MARGARET.

Well, John.

JOHN.

Then I remember'd 'twas the sabbath-day.
Immediately a wish arose in my mind,
To go to church and pray with Christian people.
And then I check'd myself, and said to myself,
"Thou hast been a heathen, John, these two
" years past,

“ (Not having been at church in all that time,)
 “ And is it fit, that now for the first time
 “ Thou should’st offend the eyes of Christian
 “ people
 “ With a murderer’s presence in the house of
 “ prayer?
 “ Thou would’st but discompose their pious
 “ thoughts,
 “ And do thyself no good : for how could’st
 “ thou pray,
 “ With unwash’d hands, and lips unus’d to the
 “ offices ?”

And then I at my own presumption smiled ;
 And then I wept that I should smile at all,
 Having such cause of grief ! I wept outright ;
 Tears like a river flooded all my face,
 And I began to pray, and found I could pray ;
 And still I yearn’d to say my prayers in the
 church.

“ Doubtless (said I) one might find comfort in it.”
 So stealing down the stairs, like one that fear’d
 detection,
 Or was about to act unlawful business
 At that dead time of dawn,
 I flew to the church, and found the doors wide
 open,

(Whether by negligence I knew not,
Or some peculiar grace to me vouchsaf'd,
For all things felt like mystery).

MARGARET.

Yes.

JOHN.

So entering in, not without fear,
I past into the family pew,
And covering up my eyes for shame,
And deep perception of unworthiness,
Upon the little hassock knelt me down,
Where I so oft had kneel'd,
A docile infant by Sir Walter's side ;
And, thinking so, I wept a second flood
More poignant than the first ;
But afterwards was greatly comforted.
It seem'd, the guilt of blood was passing from me
Even in the act and agony of tears,
And all my sins forgiven.

THE WITCH.
A DRAMATIC SKETCH,
OF THE
Seventeenth Century.

THE WITCH.

CHARACTERS.

*Old Servant in the Family of Sir Francis
Fairford. Stranger.*

SERVANT.

ONE summer night Sir Francis, as it chanced,
Was pacing to and fro in the avenue
That westward fronts our house,
Among those aged oaks, said to have been
planted
Three hundred years ago
By a neighb'ring prior of the Fairford name.
Being o'er-task'd in thought, he heeded not
The importunate suit of one who stood by the
gate,

And begged an alms.

Some say he shoved her rudely from the gate
 With angry chiding ; but I can never think
 (Our master's nature hath a sweetness in it)
 That he could use a woman, an old woman,
 With such discourtesy : but he refused her—
 And better had he met a lion in his path
 Than that old woman that night ;
 For she was one who practised the black arts,
 And served the devil, being since burnt for
 witchcraft.

She looked at him as one that meant to blast
 him,

And with a frightful noise,
 ('Twas partly like a woman's voice,
 And partly like the hissing of a snake,)
 She nothing said but this :—
 (Sir Francis told the words)

*A mischief, mischief, mischief,
 And a nine-times-killing curse,
 By day and by night, to the caitif wight,
 Who shakes the poor like snakes from his door,
 And shuts up the womb of his purse.*

And still she cried

A mischief,

And a nine-fold-withering curse :

*For that shall come to thee that will undo thee,
Both all that thou fearest and worse.*

So saying, she departed,
Leaving Sir Francis like a man, beneath
Whose feet a scaffolding was suddenly falling ;
So he described it.

STRANGER.

A terrible curse ! What followed ?

SERVANT.

Nothing immediate, but some two months after
Young Philip Fairford suddenly fell sick,
And none could tell what ailed him ; for he lay,
And pined, and pined, till all his hair fell off,
And he, that was full-fleshed, became as thin
As a two-months' babe that has been starved in
the nursing.

And sure I think
He bore his death-wound like a little child ;
With such rare sweetness of dumb melancholy
He strove to clothe his agony in smiles,
Which he would force up in his poor pale cheeks,
Like ill-timed guests that had no proper dwelling
there ;

And, when they asked him his complaint, he
laid

His hand upon his heart to shew the place,
Where Susan came to him a-nights, he said,
And prick'd him with a pin.—

And thereupon Sir Francis called to mind
The beggar-witch that stood by the gateway
And begged an alms.

STRANGER.

But did the witch confess ?

SERVANT.

All this and more at her death.

STRANGER.

I do not love to credit tales of magic.

Heaven's music, which is Order, seems unstrung,
And this brave world

(The mystery of God) unbeautified,

Disorder'd, marr'd, where such strange things
are acted.

CURIOUS FRAGMENTS.

CURIOUS FRAGMENTS,

Extracted from a common-place book, which belonged to Robert Burton, the famous Author of The Anatomy of Melancholy.

EXTRACT I.

I DEMOCRITUS Junior have put my finishing pen to a tractate *De Melancholia*, this day December 5, 1620. First, I blesse the Trinity, which hath given me health to prosecute my worthlesse studies thus far, and make supplication, with a *Laus Deo*, if in any case these my poor labours may be found instrumental to weede out black melancholy, carking cares, harte-grief, from the mind of man. *Sed hoc magis volo quam expecto.*

I turn now to my book, *i nunc liber, goe forth, my brave Anatomy, child of my brain-sweat*, and yee, *candidi lectores*, lo! here I give him up to you, even do with him what you please, my masters. Some, I suppose will applaud, com-

mend, cry him up (these are my friends) hee is a *flos rarus*, forsooth, a none-such, a Phœnix, (concerning whom see *Plinius* and *Mandeville*, though *Fienus de monstribus* doubteth at large of such a bird, whom *Montaltus* confuting argueth to have been a man *malæ scrupulositatis*, of a weak and cowardlie faith: *Christopherus a Vega* is with him in this.) Others again will blame, hiss, reprehende in many things, cry down altogether, my collections, for crude, inept, putid, *post cœnam scripta*, *Coryate could write better upon a full meal*, verbose, inerudite, and not sufficiently abounding in authorities, *dogmata*, sentences of learned writers which have been before me, when as that first named sort clean otherwise judge of my labours to bee nothing else but a *messe of opinions*, a vortex attracting indiscriminate, gold, pearls, hay, straw, wood, excrement, an exchange, tavern, marte, for foreigners to congregate, Danes, Swedes, Hollanders, Lombards, so many strange faces, dresses, salutations, languages, all which *Wolffius* behelde with great content upon the Venetian Rialto, as he describes diffusedly in his book the world's Epitome, which *Sannazar* so bepraiseth, *e contra* our Polydore can see no-

thing in it; they call me singular, a pedant, fantastic, words of reproach in this age, which is all too neoteric and light for my humour.

One cometh to me sighing, complaining. He expected universal remedies in my Anatomy; so many cures as there are distemperatures among men. I have not put his affection in my cases. Hear you his case. My fine Sir is a lover, an *inamorato*, a Pyramus, a Romeo; he walks seven years disconsolate, moping, because he cannot enjoy his miss, *insanus amor* is his melancholy, the man is mad; *delirat*, he dotes; all this while his Glycera is rude, spiteful, not to be entreated, churlish, spits at him, yet exceeding fair, gentle eyes, (which is a beauty,) hair lustrous and *smiling*, the trope is none of mine, *Æneas Sylvius* hath *crines ridentes*—in conclusion she is wedded to his rival, a boore, a *Corydon*, a rustic, *omnino ignarus*, he can scarce construe *Corderius*, yet haughty, fantastic, *opiniatre*. The lover travels, goes into foreign parts, peregrinates, *amoris ergo*, sees manners, customs, not English, converses with pilgrims, lying travellers, monks, hermits, those cattle, pedlars, travelling gentry, *Egyptians*, natural wonders, unicorns (though *Aldobrandus*

will have them to be figments) satyrs, semi-viri, apes, monkeys, baboons, curiosities artificial, *pyramides*, Virgilius his tombe, relicks, bones, which are nothing but ivory as *Melancthon* judges, though *Cornutus* leaneth to think them bones of dogs, cats, (why not men?) which sub-till priests vouch to have been saints, martyrs, *heu Pietas!* By that time he has ended his course, *fugit hora*, seven other years are expired, gone by, time is he should return, he taketh ship for Britaine, much desired of his friends, *favebant venti*, *Neptune is curteis*, after some weekes at sea he landeth, rides post to town, greets his family, kinsmen, *compotores*, *those jokers his friends that were wont to tipple with him at alehouses*; these wonder now to see the change, *quantum mutatus*, *the man is quite another thing*, he is disenthralled, manumitted, he wonders what so bewitched him, he can now both see, hear, smell, handle, converse with his mistress, single by reason of the death of his rival, a widow having children, grown willing, prompt, amorous, shewing no such great dislike to second nuptials, he might have her for asking, no such thing, his mind is changed, he loathes his former meat, had liever

eat ratsbane, aconite, his humour is to die a bachelour; marke the conclusion. In this humour of celibate seven other years are consumed in idleness, sloth, world's pleasures, which fatigue, satiate, induce wearinesse, vapours, *tædium vitæ*: When upon a day, behold a wonder, *redit Amor*, the man is as sick as ever, he is commenced lover upon the old stock, walks with his hand thrust in his bosom for negligence, moping he leans his head, face yellow, beard flowing and incomposite, eyes sunken, *anhelus*, *breath wheezy and asthmatical*, by reason of *over-much sighing*: society he abhors, solitude is but a hell, what shall he doe? all this while his mistresse is forward, coming, *amantissima*, *ready to jump at once into his mouth*, her he hateth, feels disgust when she is but mentioned, thinks her ugly, old, a painted Jesabeel, Alecto, Megara, and Tisiphone all at once, a Corinthian Lais, a strumpet, only not handsome; that which he affecteth so much, that which drives him mad, distracted, phrenetic, beside himself, is no beauty which lives, nothing *in rerum naturá*, (so he might entertain a hope of a cure) but something *which is not*, can never be, a certain *fantastic opinion* or *notional image* of

his mistresse, *that which she was*, and that which hee thought her to be, in former times, how beautiful! torments him, frets him, follows him, makes him that he wishes to die.

This Caprichio, *Sir Humourous*, hee cometh to me to be cured. I counsel marriage with his mistresse, according to Hippocrates his method, together with milk diet, herbs, aloes, and wild parsley, good in such cases, though Avicenna preferreth some sorts of wild fowl, teals, widgeons, becca ficos, which men in Sussex eat. He flies out in a passion, ho ! ho ; and falls to calling me names, dizzard, ass, lunatic, moper, Bedlamite, Pseudo-Democritus. I smile in his face, bidding him be patient, tranquil, to no purpose, he still rages, I think this man must fetch his remedies from Utopia, Fairy Land, Islands in the Moone, &c.

EXTRACT II.

***** Much disputacyons of fierce wits amongst themselves, in logomachies, subtile controversies, many dry blows given on either

side, contentions of learned men, or such as would be so thought, as *Bodinus de Periodis* saith of such an one, *arrident amici ridet mundus*, in English, this man his cronies they cocker him up, they flatter him, he would fayne appear somebody, meanwile the world thinks him no better than a dizzard, a ninny, a sophist.**

*** Philosophy running mad, madness philosophizing, much idle-learned enquiries, what truth is? and no issue, fruit, of all these noises, only huge books are written, and who is the wiser?***** Men sitting in the Doctor's chair, we marvel how they got there, being *homines intellectus pulverulenti*, as *Trincauellius* notes; they care not so they may raise a dust to smother the eyes of their oppugners; *homines parvulissimi* as *Lemnius*, whom *Alcuin* herein taxeth of a crude Latinism; dwarfs, minims, the least little men, these spend their time, and it is odds but they lose their time and wits too into the bargain, chacing of nimble and retiring Truth: Her they prosecute, her still they worship, *libant*, they make libations, spilling the wine, as those old Romans in their sacrificials, *Cerealia*, *May-games*: Truth is the game all these hunt after, to the extreme perturbacyon

and drying up of the moistures, *humidum radicale exsiccant*, as *Galen*, in his counsels to one of these wear-wits, brain-moppers, sponges, saith. **** and for all this *nunquam metam attingunt*, and how should they? they bowle awry, shooting beside the marke; whereas it should appear, that *Truth absolute* on this planet of ours is scarcely to be found, but in her stede *Queene Opinion* predominates, governs, whose shifting and ever mutable *Lampas*, me seemeth, is man's destinie to follow, she præcurseth, she guideth him, before his uncapable eyes she frisketh her tender lights, which enterayne the child-man, untill what time his sight be strong to endure the vision of *Very Truth*, which is in the heavens, the vision beatifical, as *Anianus* expounds in his argument against certain mad wits which helde God to be corporeous; these were dizzards, fools, *gothamites*. **** but and if *Very Truth* be extant indeede on earth, as some hold she it is which actuates men's deeds, purposes, ye may in vaine look for her in the learned universities, halls, colleges. Truth is no Doctoresse, she takes no degrees at Paris or Oxford, amongst great clerks, disputants, subtile Aristotles, men *nodosi ingenii*, able

to take *Lully* by the chin, but oftentimes to such an one as myself, an *Idiota* or common person, *no great things*, melancholizing in woods where waters are, quiet places by rivers, fountains, whereas the silly man expecting no such matter, thinketh only how best to delectate and refresh his mynde continually with *Natura* her pleasaunt scenes, woods, water-falls, or *Art* her statelie gardens, parks, terraces, *Belvideres*, on a sudden the goddesse herself *Truth* has appeared, with a shyning lyghte, and a sparklyng countenance, so as yee may not be able lightly to resist her. * * * * *

EXTRACT III.

This morning, May 2, 1662, having first broken my fast upon eggs and cooling salades, mellows, water-cresses, those herbes, according to *Villanovus* his prescription, who disallows the use of meat in a morning as gross, fat, hebetant, *feral*, altogether fitter for wild beasts than men, *e contra* commendeth this herb-diete for gentle,

humane, active, conducing to contemplation in most men, I betook myselfe to the nearest fields. (Being in London I commonly dwell in the *sub-urbes*, as airiest, quietest, *loci musis proprio*res, free from noises of caroches, waggons, mechnick, and base workes, workshoppes, also sights, pageants, spectacles of outlandish birds, fishes, crocodiles, *Indians*, mermaids, adde quarrels, fightings, wranglings of the common sort, *plebs*, the rabble, duelloes with fists, *proper to this island*, at which the stiletto'd and secrete *Italian* laughs). Withdrawing myselfe from these buzzing and illiterate vanities, with a *bezo las manos* to the city, I begin to inhale, draw in, snuff up, as horses *dilatatis naribus* snort the fresh aires, with exceeding great delight, when suddenly there crosses me a procession sad, heavy, dolourous, tristfull, melancholick, able to change mirth into dolour, and overcast a clearer atmosphere than possibly the neighbourhoods of so great a citty can afford. An old man, a poore man, deceased, is borne on men's shoulders to a poore buriall, without solemnities of hearse, mourners, plumes, *mutæ personæ*, those *personate actors that will weep if yee shew them a piece of silver*; none of those customed civili-

ties of children, kinsfolk, *dependants*, following the coffin; he died a poore man, his friends *assessores opum, those cronies of his that stuck by him so long as he had a penny*, now leave him, forsake him, shun him, desert him; they think it much to follow his putrid and stinking carcase to the grave; his children, if he had any, for commonly the case stands thus, this poore man his son dies before him, he survives, poore, indigent, base, dejected, miserable, &c. or if he have any which survive him, *sua negotia agunt*, they mind their own business, forsooth, cannot, will not, find time, leisure, *inclination, extremum munus perficere*, to follow to the pit their old indulgent father, which loved them, stroked them, caressed them, cockering them up, *quantum potuit*, as farre as his means extended, while they were babes, chits, *minims*, hee may rot in his grave, lie stinking in the sun *for them*, have no buriall at all, they care not. *O nefas!* Chiefly I noted the coffin to have been *without a pall*, nothing but a few planks, of cheapest wood that could be had, *naked*, having none of the ordinary *symptomata* of a funerall, those *locularii* which bare the body having on diversely coloured coats, *and none*

black: (one of these reported the deceased to have been an almsman seven yeares, a pauper, harboured and fed in the workhouse of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, to whose proper burying-ground he was now going for interment). All which when I behelde, hardly I refrained from weeping, and incontinently I fell to musing: “ If this man had been rich, a *Cræsus*, a *Crasus*, or as rich as *Whittington*, what pompe, charge, lavish cost, expenditure, of rich buriall, *ceremoniall-obsequies*, *obsequious ceremonies*, had been thought too good for such an one; what store of panegyricks, eulogies, funeral orations, &c. some beggarly poetaster, worthy to be beaten for his ill rimes, crying him up, hee was rich, generous, bountiful, polite, learned, a *Mæcenas*, while as in very deede he was nothing lesse: what weeping, sighing, sorrowing, holling, complaining, kinsmen, friends, relatives, fortieth cousins, poor relatives, lamenting for the deceased; hypocriticall heirs, sobbing, striking their breasts, (they care not if he had died a year ago); so many clients, dependants, flatterers, *parasites*, *cunning Gnathoes*, tramping on foot after the hearse, all their care is, who shall stand fairest with the successour; he mean

time (like enough) spurns them from him, spits at them, treads them under his foot, will have nought to do with any such cattle. I think him in the right: *Hæc sunt majora gravitate Heracliti. These follies are enough to give crying Heraclitus a fit of the spleene.*

ROSAMUND GRAY.

A TALE.

ROSAMUND GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

IT was noontide. The sun was very hot. An old gentlewoman sat spinning in a little arbour at the door of her cottage. She was blind; and her granddaughter was reading the Bible to her. The old lady had just left her work, to attend to the story of Ruth.

“ Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her.” It was a passage she could not let pass without a *comment*. The moral she drew from it was not very *new*, to be sure. The girl had heard it a hundred times before—and a hundred times more she could have heard it, without suspecting it to be tedious. Rosamund loved her grandmother.

The old lady loved Rosamund too; and she had reason for so doing. Rosamund was to her at once a child and a servant. She had only *her* left in the world. They two lived together.

They had once known better days. The story of Rosamund's parents, their failure, their folly, and distresses, may be told another time. Our tale hath grief enough in it.

It was now about a year and a half since old Margaret Gray had sold off all her effects, to pay the debts of Rosamund's father—just after the mother had died of a broken heart; for her husband had fled his country to hide his shame in a foreign land. At that period the old lady retired to a small cottage, in the village of Widford, in Hertfordshire.

Rosamund, in her thirteenth year, was left destitute, without fortune or friends: she went with her grandmother. In all this time she had served her faithfully and lovingly.

Old Margaret Gray, when she first came into these parts, had eyes, and could see. The neighbours said, they had been dimmed by weeping: be that as it may, she was latterly grown quite blind. "God is very good to us, child; I can *feel* you yet." This she would

sometimes say; and we need not wonder to hear, that Rosamund clave unto her grandmother.

Margaret retained a spirit unbroken by calamity. There was a principle *within*, which it seemed as if no outward circumstances could reach. It was a *religious* principle, and she had taught it to Rosamund; for the girl had mostly resided with her grandmother from her earliest years. Indeed she had taught her all that she knew herself; and the old lady's knowledge did not extend a vast way.

Margaret had drawn her maxims from observation; and a pretty long experience in life had contributed to make her, at times, a little *positive*: but Rosamund never argued with her grandmother.

Their library consisted chiefly in a large family Bible, with notes and expositions by various learned expositors from Bishop Jewell downwards.

This might never be suffered to lie about like other books—but was kept constantly wrapt up in a handsome case of green velvet, with gold tassels—the only relick of departed grandeur they had brought with them to the cottage—

every thing else of value had been sold off for the purpose above mentioned.

This Bible Rosamund, when a child, had never dared to open without permission; and even yet, from habit, continued the custom. Margaret had parted with none of her *authority*; indeed it was never exerted with much harshness; and happy was Rosamund, though a girl grown, when she could obtain leave to read her Bible. It was a treasure too valuable for an indiscriminate use; and Margaret still pointed out to her granddaughter *where to read*.

Besides this, they had the "Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," with cuts—"Pilgrim's Progress," the first part—a Cookery Book, with a few dry sprigs of rosemary and lavender stuck here and there between the leaves, (I suppose, to point to some of the old lady's most favorite receipts,) and there was "Wither's Emblems," an old book, and quaint. The old fashioned pictures in this last book were among the first excitors of the infant Rosamund's curiosity. Her contemplation had fed upon them in rather older years.

Rosamund had not read many books besides these; or if any, they had been only occasional

companions : these were to Rosamund as old friends, that she had long known. I know not whether the peculiar cast of her mind might not be traced, in part, to a tincture she had received, early in life, from Walton, and Wither, from John Bunyan, and her Bible.

Rosamund's mind was pensive and reflective, rather than what passes usually for *clever* or *acute*. From a child she was remarkably shy and thoughtful—this was taken for stupidity and want of feeling ; and the child has been sometimes whipt for being a *stubborn thing*, when her little heart was almost bursting with affection.

Even now her grandmother would often reprove her, when she found her too grave or melancholy ; give her sprightly lectures about good humour and rational mirth ; and not unfrequently fall a crying herself, to the great discredit of her lecture. Those tears endeared her the more to Rosamund.

Margaret would say, “ Child, I love you to cry, when I think you are only remembering your poor dear father and mother—I would have you think about them sometimes—it would be strange if you did not—but I fear, Rosamund ;

I fear, girl, you sometimes think too deeply about your own situation and poor prospects in life. When you do so, you do wrong—remember the naughty rich man in the parable. He never had any good thoughts about God, and his religion: and that might have been your case.”

Rosamund, at these times, could not reply to her; she was not in the habit of *arguing* with her grandmother; so she was quite silent on these occasions—or else the girl knew well enough herself, that she had only been sad to think of the desolate condition of her best friend, to see her, in her old age, so infirm and blind. But she had never been used to make excuses, when the old lady said she was doing wrong.

The neighbours were all very kind to them. The veriest rustics never passed them without a bow, or a pulling off of the hat—some shew of courtesy, awkward indeed, but affectionate—with a “good morrow, madam,” or “young madam,” as it might happen.

Rude and savage natures, who seem born with a propensity to express contempt for any thing that looks like prosperity, yet felt respect for its declining lustre.

The farmers, and better sort of people, (as they are called,) all promised to provide for Rosamund, when her grandmother should die. Margaret trusted in God, and believed them.

She used to say, "I have lived many years in the world, and have never known people, *good people*, to be left without some friend; a relation, a benefactor, a *something*. God knows our wants—that it is not good for man or woman to be alone; and he always sends us a help-mate, a leaning-place, a *somewhat*." Upon this sure ground of experience, did Margaret build her trust in Providence.

CHAPTER II.

ROSAMUND had just made an end of her story, (as I was about to relate,) and was listening to the application of the moral, (which said application she was old enough to have made herself, but her grandmother still continued to treat her, in many respects, as a child, and Rosamund was in no haste to lay claim to the title of womanhood,) when a young gentleman made his appearance, and interrupted them.

It was young Allan Clare, who had brought a present of peaches, and some roses, for Rosamund.

He laid his little basket down on a seat of the arbour; and in a respectful tone of voice, as though he were addressing a parent, enquired of Margaret "how she did."

The old lady seemed pleased with his attentions—answered his enquiries by saying, that "her cough was less troublesome a-nights, but she had not yet got rid of it, and probably she never might; but she did not like to

teaze young people with an account of her infirmities."

A few kind words passed on either side, when young Clare, glancing a tender look at the girl, who had all this time been silent, took leave of them with saying "I shall bring *Elinor* to see you in the evening.

When he was gone, the old lady began to prattle.

"That is a sweet disposed youth, and I *do* love him dearly, I must say it — there is such a modesty in all he says or does — he should not come here so often, to be sure, but I don't know how to help it; there is so much goodness in him, I can't find in my heart to forbid him. But, Rosamund, girl, I must tell you beforehand; when you grow older, Mr. Clare must be no companion for *you*—while you were both so young, it was all very well—but the time is coming, when folks will think harm of it, if a rich young gentleman, like Mr. Clare, comes so often to our poor cottage.—Dost hear, girl? why don't you answer? come, I did not mean to say any thing to hurt you—speak to me, Rosamund—nay, I must not have you be sullen—I don't love people that are sullen."

And in this manner was this poor soul running on, unheard and unheeded, when it occurred to her, that possibly the girl might not be *within hearing*.

And true it was, that Rosamund had slunk away at the first mention of Mr. Clare's good qualities: and when she returned, which was not till a few minutes after Margaret had made an end of her fine harangue, it is certain her cheeks *did* look very *rosy*. That might have been from the heat of the day or from exercise, for she had been walking in the garden.

Margaret, we know, was blind; and, in this case, it was lucky for Rosamund that she was so, or she might have made some not unlikely surmises.

I must not have my reader infer from this, that I at all think it likely, a young maid of fourteen would fall in love without asking her grandmother's leave—the thing itself is not to be conceived.

To obviate all suspicions, I am disposed to communicate a little anecdote of Rosamund.

A month or two back her grandmother had been giving her the strictest prohibitions, in her walks, not to go near a certain spot, which was

dangerous from the circumstance of a huge overgrown oak tree spreading its prodigious arms across a deep chalk-pit, which they partly concealed.

To this fatal place Rosamund came one day—female curiosity, we know, is older than the flood—let us not think hardly of the girl, if she partook of the sexual failing.

Rosamund ventured further and further—climbed along one of the branches—approached the forbidden chasm—her foot slipped—she was not killed—but it was by a mercy she escaped—other branches intercepted her fall—and with a palpitating heart she made her way back to the cottage.

It happened that evening, that her grandmother was in one of her best humours, caressed Rosamund, talked of old times, and what a blessing it was they two found a shelter in their little cottage, and in conclusion told Rosamund, “she was a good girl, and God would one day reward her for her kindness to her old blind grandmother.”

This was more than Rosamund could bear. Her morning's disobedience came fresh into her mind, she felt she did not deserve all this from

Margaret, and at last burst into a fit of crying, and made confession of her fault. The old gentlewoman kissed and forgave her.

Rosamund never went near that naughty chasm again.

Margaret would never have heard of this, if Rosamund had not told of it herself. But this young maid had a delicate moral sense, which would not suffer her to take advantage of her grandmother, to deceive her, or conceal any thing from her, though Margaret was old, and blind, and easy to be imposed upon.

Another virtuous *trait* I recollect of Rosamund, and, now I am in the vein will tell it.

Some, I know, will think these things trifles—and they are so—but if these *minutiæ* make my reader better acquainted with Rosamund, I am content to abide the imputation.

These promises of character, hints, and early indications of a *sweet nature*, are to me more dear, and choice in the selection, than any of those pretty wild flowers, which this young maid, this virtuous Rosamund, has ever gathered in a fine May morning, to make a posy to place in the bosom of her old blind friend.

Rosamund had a very just notion of drawing,

and would often employ her talent in making sketches of the surrounding scenery.

On a landscape, a larger piece than she had ever yet attempted, she had now been working for three or four months. She had taken great pains with it, given much time to it, and it was nearly finished. For *whose* particular inspection it was designed, I will not venture to conjecture. We know it could not have been for her grandmother's.

One day she went out on a short errand, and left her landscape on the table. When she returned she found it *gone*.

Rosamund from the first suspected some mischief, but held her tongue. At length she made the fatal discovery. Margaret, in her absence, had laid violent hands on it; not knowing what it was, but taking it for some waste paper, had torn it in half, and with one half of this elaborate composition had twisted herself up—a thread-paper!

Rosamund spread out her hands at sight of the disaster, gave her grandmother a roguish smile, but said not a word. She knew the poor soul would only fret, if she told her of it,—and when once Margaret was set a fretting for

other people's misfortunes, the fit held her pretty long.

So Rosamund that very afternoon began another piece of the same size and subject; and Margaret, to her dying day, never dreamed of the mischief she had unconsciously done.

CHAPTER III.

ROSAMUND GRAY was the most beautiful young creature that eyes ever beheld. Her face had the sweetest expression in it—a gentleness—a modesty—a timidity—a certain charm—a grace without a name.

There was a sort of melancholy mingled in her smile. It was not the thoughtless levity of a girl—it was not the restrained simper of premature womanhood—it was something which the poet Young might have remembered, when he composed that perfect line,

“ Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair.”

She was a mild-eyed maid, and every body loved her. Young Allan Clare, when but a boy, sighed for her.

Her yellow hair fell in bright and curling clusters, like

“ Those hanging locks
Of young Apollo.”

Her voice was trembling and musical. A graceful diffidence pleaded for her whenever she

spake—and, if she said but little, that little found its way to the heart.

Young, and artless, and innocent, meaning no harm, and thinking none; affectionate as a smiling infant—playful, yet inobtrusive, as a weaned lamb—every body loved her. Young Allan Clare, when but a boy, sighed for her.

The moon is shining in so brightly at my window, where I write, that I feel it a crime not to suspend my employment awhile to gaze at her.

See how she glideth, in maiden honor, through the clouds, who divide on either side to do her homage.

Beautiful vision!—as I contemplate thee, an internal harmony is communicated to my mind, a moral brightness, a tacit analogy of mental purity; a calm like *that* we ascribe in fancy to the favored inhabitants of thy fairy regions, “argent fields.”

I marvel not, O moon, that heathen people, in the “olden times,” did worship thy deity—Cynthia, Diana, Hecate. Christian Europe invokes thee not by these names now—her idola-

try is of a blacker stain : Belial is her God—she worships Mammon.

False things are told concerning thee, fair planet—for I will ne'er believe, that thou canst take a perverse pleasure in distorting the brains of us poor mortals. Lunatics! moonstruck! Calumny invented, and folly took up, these names. I would hope better things from thy mild aspect and benign influences.

Lady of Heaven, thou lendest thy pure lamp to light the way to the virgin mourner, when she goes to seek the tomb where her warrior lover lies.

Friend of the distressed, thou speakest only *peace* to the lonely sufferer, who walks forth in the placid evening, beneath thy gentle light, to chide at fortune, or to complain of changed friends, or unhappy loves.

Do I dream, or doth not even now a heavenly calm descend from thee into my bosom, as I meditate on the chaste loves of Rosamund and her Clare ?

CHAPTER IV.

ALLAN CLARE was just two years elder than Rosamund. He was a boy of fourteen, when he first became acquainted with her—it was soon after she had come to reside with her grandmother at Widford.

He met her by chance one day, carrying a pitcher in her hand, which she had been filling from a neighbouring well—the pitcher was heavy, and she seemed to be bending with its weight.

Allan insisted on carrying it for her—for he thought it a sin, that a delicate young maid, like her, should be so employed, and he stand idle by.

Allan had a propensity to do little kind offices for every body—but at the sight of Rosamund Gray his first fire was kindled—his young mind seemed to have found an object, and his enthusiasm was from that time forth awakened. His visits, from that day, were pretty frequent at the cottage.

He was never happier than when he could get Rosamund to walk out with him. He would make her admire the scenes he admired—fancy the wild flowers he fancied—watch the clouds he was watching—and not unfrequently repeat to her poetry, which he loved, and make her love it.

On their return, the old lady, who considered them yet as but children, would bid Rosamund fetch Mr. Clare a glass of her currant wine, a bowl of new milk, or some cheap dainty, which was more welcome to Allan than the costliest delicacies of a prince's court.

The boy and girl, for they were no more at that age, grew fond of each other—more fond than either of them suspected.

“ They would sit, and sigh,
And look upon each other, and conceive
Not what they ail'd ; yet something they did ail,
And yet were well—and yet they were not well ;
And what was their disease, they could not tell.

And thus,

In this first garden of their simpleness
They spent their childhood.”

A circumstance had lately happened, which in some sort altered the nature of their attachment.

Rosamund was one day reading the tale of "Julia de Roubigné"—a book which young Clare had lent her.

Allan was standing by, looking over her, with one hand thrown round her neck, and a finger of the other pointing to a passage in Julia's third letter.

"Maria! in my hours of visionary indulgence, I have sometimes painted to myself a *husband*—no matter whom—comforting me amidst the distresses, which fortune had laid upon us. I have smiled upon him through my tears; tears, not of anguish, but of tenderness;—our children were playing around us, unconscious of misfortune; we had taught them to be humble, and to be happy; our little shed was reserved to us, and their smiles to cheer it.—I have imagined the luxury of such a scene, and affliction became a part of my dream of happiness."

The girl blushed as she read, and trembled—she had a sort of confused sensation, that Allan was noticing her—yet she durst not lift her eyes from the book, but continued reading, scarce knowing what she read.

Allan guessed the cause of her confusion.

Allan trembled too—his colour came and went—his feeling became impetuous—and, flinging both arms round her neck, he kissed his young favourite.

Rosamund was vexed and pleased, soothed and frightened, all in a moment—a fit of tears came to her relief.

Allan had indulged before in these little freedoms, and Rosamund had thought no harm of them—but from this time the girl grew timid and reserved—distant in her manner, and careful of her behaviour, in Allan's presence—not seeking his society as before, but rather shunning it—delighting more to feed upon his idea in absence.

Allan too, from this day, seemed changed: his manner became, though not less tender, yet more respectful and diffident—his bosom felt a throb it had till now not known, in the society of Rosamund—and, if he was less familiar with her than in former times, that charm of delicacy had superadded a grace to Rosamund, which, while he feared, he loved.

There is a *mysterious character*, heightened indeed by fancy and passion, but not without foundation in reality and observation, which

true lovers have ever imputed to the object of their affections. This character Rosamund had now acquired with Allan—something *angelic, perfect, exceeding nature.*

Young Clare dwelt very near to the cottage. He had lost his parents, who were rather wealthy, early in life; and was left to the care of a sister, some ten years older than himself.

Elinor Clare was an excellent young lady—discreet, intelligent, and affectionate. Allan revered her as a parent, while he loved her as his own familiar friend. He told all the little secrets of his heart to her—but there was *one*, which he had hitherto unaccountably concealed from her—namely, the extent of his regard for Rosamund.

Elinor knew of his visits to the cottage, and was no stranger to the persons of Margaret and her granddaughter. She had several times met them, when she had been walking with her brother—a civility usually passed on either side—but Elinor avoided troubling her brother with any unseasonable questions.

Allan's heart often beat, and he has been going to tell his sister *all*—but something like shame (false or true, I shall not stay to enquire)

had hitherto kept him back—still the secret, unrevealed, hung upon his conscience like a crime—for his temper had a sweet and noble frankness in it, which bespoke him yet a virgin from the world.

There was a fine openness in his countenance—the character of it somewhat resembled Rosamund's—except that more fire and enthusiasm were discernible in Allan's—his eyes were of a darker blue than Rosamund's—his hair was of a chesnut colour—his cheeks ruddy, and tinged with brown. There was a cordial sweetness in Allan's smile, the like to which I never saw in any other face.

Elinor had hitherto connived at her brother's attachment to Rosamund. Elinor, I believe, was something of a physiognomist, and thought she could trace in the countenance and manner of Rosamund qualities, which no brother of her's need be ashamed to love.

The time was now come, when Elinor was desirous of knowing her brother's favorite more intimately—an opportunity offered of breaking the matter to Allan.

The morning of the day, in which he carried his present of fruit and flowers to Rosamund,

his sister had observed him more than usually busy in the garden, culling fruit with a nicety of choice not common to him.

She came up to him, unobserved, and, taking him by the arm, enquired, with a questioning smile—"What are you doing, Allan? and who are those peaches designed for?"

"For Rosamund Gray"—he replied—and his heart seemed relieved of a burthen, which had long oppressed it.

"I have a mind to become acquainted with your handsome friend—will you introduce me, Allan? I think I should like to go and see her this afternoon."

"Do go, do go, Elinor—you don't know what a good creature she is—and old blind Margaret, you will like *her* very much."

His sister promised to accompany him after dinner; and they parted. Allan gathered no more peaches, but hastily cropping a few roses to fling into his basket, went away with it half filled, being impatient to announce to Rosamund the coming of her promised visitor.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Allan returned home, he found an invitation had been left for him, in his absence, to spend that evening with a young friend, who had just quitted a public school in London, and was come to pass one night in his father's house at Widford, previous to his departure the next morning for Edinburgh University.

It was Allan's bosom friend—they had not met for some months—and it was probable, a much longer time must intervene, before they should meet again.

Yet Allan could not help looking a little blank, when he first heard of the invitation. This was to have been an important evening. But Elinor soon relieved her brother, by expressing her readiness to go alone to the cottage.

“ I will not lose the pleasure I promised myself, whatever you may determine upon, Allan—I will go by myself rather than be disappointed.”

“ Will you, will you, Elinor ? ”

Elinor promised to go.—and I believe, Allan,

on a second thought, was not very sorry to be spared the awkwardness of introducing two persons to each other, both so dear to him, but either of whom might happen not much to fancy the other.

At times, indeed, he was confident that Elinor *must* love Rosamund, and Rosamund *must* love Elinor—but there were also times in which he felt misgivings—it was an event he could scarce hope for very joy!

Allan's *real presence* that evening was more at the cottage than at the house, where his *bodily semblance* was visiting—his friend could not help complaining of a certain absence of mind, a *coldness* he called it.

It might have been expected, and in the course of things predicted, that Allan would have asked his friend some questions of what had happened since their last meeting, what his feelings were on leaving school, the probable time when they should meet again, and a hundred natural questions which friendship is most lavish of at such times; but nothing of all this ever occurred to Allan—they did not even settle the method of their future correspondence.

The consequence was, as might have been expected, Allan's friend thought him much altered, and, after his departure, sat down to compose a doleful sonnet about a "faithless friend."—I do not find that he ever finished it—indignation, or a dearth of rhymes, causing him to break off in the middle.

CHAPTER VI.

IN my catalogue of the little library at the cottage, I forgot to mention a book of Common Prayer. My reader's fancy might easily have supplied the omission—old ladies of Margaret's stamp (God bless them) may as well be without their spectacles, or their elbow chair, as their prayer book—I love them for it.

Margaret's was a handsome octavo, printed by Baskerville, the binding red, and fortified with silver at the edges. Out of this book it was their custom every afternoon to read the proper psalms appointed for the day.

The way they managed was this: they took verse by verse—Rosamund *read* her little portion, and Margaret repeated her's, in turn, from memory—for Margaret could say all the Psalter by heart, and a good part of the Bible besides. She would not unfrequently put the girl right when she stumbled or skipped. This Margaret imputed to giddiness—a quality which Rosamund was by no means remarkable for—but old

ladies, like Margaret, are not in all instances alike discriminative.

They had been employed in this manner just before Miss Clare arrived at the cottage. The psalm they had been reading was the hundred and fourth—Margaret was naturally led by it into a discussion of the works of creation.

There had been *thunder* in the course of the day—an occasion of instruction which the old lady never let pass—she began—

“Thunder has a very awful sound—some say, God Almighty is angry whenever it thunders—that it is the voice of God speaking to us—for my part, I am not afraid of it”—

And in this manner the old lady was going on to particularise, as usual, its beneficial effects, in clearing the air, destroying of vermin, &c. when the entrance of Miss Clare put an end to her discourse.

Rosamund received her with respectful tenderness—and, taking her grandmother by the hand, said, with great sweetness, “Miss Clare is come to see you, grandmother.”

“I beg pardon, lady—I cannot *see* you—but you are heartily welcome—is your brother with you, Miss Clare? I don’t hear him.”—

“ He could not come, madam, but he sends his love by me.”

“ You have an excellent brother, Miss Clare—but pray do us the honor to take some refreshment—Rosamund”—

And the old lady was going to give directions for a bottle of her currant wine—when Elinor, smiling, said “ she was come to take a cup of tea with her, and expected to find no ceremony.”

“ After tea, I promise myself a walk with *you*, Rosamund, if your grandmother can spare you.”—Rosamund looked at her grandmother.

“ O, for that matter, I should be sorry to debar the girl from any pleasure—I am sure its lonesome enough for her to be with *me* always—and if Miss Clare will take you out, child, I shall do very well by myself till you return—it will not be the first time, you know, that I have been left here alone—some of the neighbours will be dropping in bye and bye—or, if *not*, I shall take no harm.”

Rosamund had all the simple manners of a child—she kissed her grandmother, and looked happy.

All tea-time the old lady’s discourse was little

more than a panegyric on young Clare's good qualities. Elinor looked at her young friend, and smiled. Rosamund was beginning to look grave—but there was a cordial sunshine in the face of Elinor, before which any clouds of reserve, that had been gathering on Rosamund's soon brake away.

“ Does your grandmother ever go out, Rosamund ?”

Margaret prevented the girl's reply, by saying—“ my dear young lady, I am an old woman, and very infirm—Rosamund takes me a few paces beyond the door sometimes—but I walk very badly—I love best to sit in our little arbour, when the sun shines—I can yet feel it warm and cheerful—and, if I lose the beauties of the season, I shall be very happy if you and Rosamund can take delight in this fine summer-evening.”

“ I shall want to rob you of Rosamund's company now and then, if we like one another. I had hoped to have seen *you*, madam, at our house. I don't know whether we could not make room for you to come and live with us—what say you to it?—Allan would be proud to

tend you, I am sure; and Rosamund and I should be nice company."

Margaret was all unused to such kindnesses, and wept—Margaret had a great spirit—yet she was not above accepting an obligation from a worthy person—there was a delicacy in Miss Clare's manner—she could have no interest, but pure goodness, to induce her to make the offer—at length the old lady spake from a full heart.

"Miss Clare, this little cottage received us in our distress—it gave us shelter when we had *no home*—we have praised God in it—and, while life remains, I think I shall never part from it—Rosamund does everything for me—

"And will do, grandmother, as long as I live;"—and then Rosamund fell a crying.

"You are a good girl, Rosamund, and if you do but find friends when I am dead and gone, I shall want no better accommodation while I live—but, God bless you, lady, a thousand times, for your kind offer."

Elinor was moved to tears, and, affecting a sprightliness, bade Rosamund prepare for her walk. The girl put on her white silk bonnet;

and Elinor thought she never beheld so lovely a creature.

They took leave of Margaret, and walked out together—they rambled over all Rosamund's favourite haunts—through many a sunny field—by secret glade or woodwalk, where the girl had wandered so often with her beloved Clare.

Who now so happy as Rosamund? She had oft-times heard Allan speak with great tenderness of his sister—she was now rambling, arm in arm, with that very sister, the “vaunted sister” of her friend, her beloved Clare.

Not a tree, not a bush, scarce a wild flower in their path, but revived in Rosamund some tender recollection, a conversation perhaps, or some chaste endearment. Life, and a new scene of things, were now opening before her—she was got into a fairy land of uncertain existence.

Rosamund was too happy to talk much—but Elinor was delighted with her when she *did* talk:—the girl's remarks were suggested, most of them, by the passing scene—and they betrayed, all of them, the liveliness of present impulse:—her conversation did not consist in a comparison of vapid feeling, an interchange of

sentiment lip-deep—it had all the freshness of young sensation in it.

Sometimes they talked of Allan.

“Allan is very good,” said Rosamund, “very good *indeed* to my grandmother—he will sit with her, and hear her stories, and read to her, and try to divert her a hundred ways. I wonder sometimes he is not tired. She talks him to death!”

“Then you confess, Rosamund, that the old lady *does* tire *you* sometimes.”

“O no, I did not mean *that*—its very different—I am used to all her ways, and I can humour her, and please her, and I ought to do it, for she is the only friend I ever had in the world.”

The new friends did not conclude their walk till it was late, and Rosamund began to be apprehensive about the old lady, who had been all this time alone.

On their return to the cottage, they found that Margaret had been somewhat impatient—old ladies, *good old ladies*, will be so at times—age is timorous and suspicious of danger, where no danger is.

Besides, it was Margaret's bed-time, for she kept very good hours—indeed, in the distribution of her meals, and sundry other particulars, she resembled the livers in the antique world, more than might well beseem a creature of this.

So the new friends parted for that night—Elinor having made Margaret promise to give Rosamund leave to come and see her the next day.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS CLARE, we may be sure, made her brother very happy, when she told him of the engagement she had made for the morrow, and how delighted she had been with his handsome friend.

Allan, I believe, got little sleep that night. I know not, whether joy be not a more troublesome bed-fellow than grief—hope keeps a body very wakeful, I know.

Elinor Clare was the best good creature—the least selfish human being I ever knew—always at work for other people's good, planning other people's happiness—continually forgetful to consult for her own personal gratifications, except indirectly, in the welfare of another—while her parents lived, the most attentive of daughters—since they died, the kindest of sisters—I never knew but *one* like her.

It happens that I have some of this young lady's *letters* in my possession—I shall present my reader with one of them. It was written a

short time after the death of her mother, and addressed to a cousin, a dear friend of Elinor's, who was then on the point of being married to Mr. Beaumont, of Staffordshire, and had invited Elinor to assist at her nuptials. I will transcribe it with minute fidelity.

Elinor Clare to Maria Leslie.

Widford, July the —, 17—.

HEALTH, Innocence, and Beauty, shall be thy bridemaids, my sweet cousin. I have no heart to undertake the office. Alas! what have I to do in the house of feasting?

Maria! I fear lest my griefs should prove obtrusive. Yet bear with me a little—I have recovered already a share of my former spirits.

I fear more for Allan than myself. The loss of two such parents, with so short an interval, bears very heavy on him. The boy *hangs* about me from morning till night. He is perpetually forcing a smile into his poor pale cheeks—you know the sweetness of his smile, Maria.

To-day, after dinner, when he took his glass

of wine in his hand, he burst into tears, and would not, or could not then, tell me the reason—afterwards he told me—“ he had been used to drink Mamma’s health after dinner, and *that* came in his head and made him cry.” I feel the claims the boy has upon me—I perceive that I am living to *some end*—and the thought supports me.

Already I have attained to a state of complacent feelings—my mother’s lessons were not thrown away upon her Elinor.

In the visions of last night her spirit seemed to stand at my bed-side—a light, as of noon day, shone upon the room—she opened my curtains—she smiled upon me with the same placid smile as in her life-time. I felt no fear. “ Elinor,” she said, “ for my sake take care of young Allan,”—and I awoke with calm feelings.

Maria! shall not the meeting of blessed spirits, think you, be something like this?—I think, I could even now behold my mother without dread—I would ask pardon of her for all my past omissions of duty, for all the little asperities in my temper, which have so often grieved her gentle spirit when living. Maria! I think she would not turn away from me.

Oftentimes a feeling, more vivid than memory, brings her before me—I see her sit in her old elbow chair—her arms folded upon her lap—a tear upon her cheek, that seems to upbraid her unkind daughter for some inattention—I wipe it away and kiss her honored lips.

Maria! when I have been fancying all this, Allan will come in, with his poor eyes red with weeping, and taking me by the hand, destroy the vision in a moment.

I am prating to you, my sweet cousin, but it is the prattle of the heart, which Maria loves. Besides, whom have I to talk to of these things but you—you have been my counsellor in times past, my companion, and sweet familiar friend. Bear with me a little—I mourn the “cherishers of my infancy.”

I sometimes count it a blessing, that my father did not prove the *survivor*. You know something of his story. You know there was a foul tale current—it was the busy malice of that bad man, S——, which helped to spread it abroad—you will recollect the active good nature of our friends W—— and T——; what pains they took to undeceive people—with the better sort their kind labours prevailed; but

there was still a party who shut their ears. You know the issue of it. My father's great spirit bore up against it for some time—my father never was a *bad* man—but that spirit was broken at the last—and the greatly-injured man was forced to leave his old paternal dwelling in Staffordshire—for the neighbours had begun to point at him.—Maria! I have *seen* them *point* at him, and have been ready to drop.

In this part of the country, where the slander had not reached, he sought a retreat—and he found a still more grateful asylum in the daily solitudes of the best of wives.

“ An enemy hath done this,” I have heard him say – and at such times my mother would speak to him so soothingly of forgiveness, and long-suffering, and the bearing of injuries with patience ; would heal all his wounds with so gentle a touch ;—I have seen the old man weep like a child.

The gloom that beset his mind, at times betrayed him into scepticism—he has doubted if there be a Providence ! I have heard him say, “ GOD has built a brave world, but methinks he has left his creatures to bustle in it *how they may.*”

At such times he could not endure to hear my mother talk in a religious strain. He would say, “Woman, have done—you confound, you perplex me, when you talk of these matters, and for one day at least unfit me for the business of life.”

I have seen her look at him—O GOD, Maria! such a *look!* it plainly spake that she was willing to have shared her precious hope with the partner of her earthly cares—but she found a repulse—

Deprived of such a wife, think you, the old man could have long endured his existence? or what consolation would his wretched daughter have had to offer him, but silent and imbecile tears?

My sweet cousin, you will think me tedious—and I am so—but it does me good to talk these matters over. And do not you be alarmed for me—my sorrows are subsiding into a deep and sweet resignation. I shall soon be sufficiently composed, I know it, to participate in my friend’s happiness.

Let me call her, while yet I may, my own Maria Leslie! Methinks, I shall not like you by any other name. Beaumont! Maria Beau-

mont ! it hath a strange sound with it— I shall never be reconciled to this name—but do not you fear—Maria Leslie shall plead with me for Maria Beaumont.

And now, my sweet Friend,

God love you, and your

ELINOR CLARE.

I find in my collection several letters, written soon after the date of the preceding, and addressed all of them to Maria Beaumont.—I am tempted to make some short extracts from these—my tale will suffer interruption by them—but I was willing to preserve whatever memorials I could of Elinor Clare.

From Elinor Clare to Maria Beaumont.

(AN EXTRACT.)

——“ I HAVE been strolling out for half an hour in the fields ; and my mind has been occu-

ped by thoughts, which Maria has a right to participate. I have been bringing my *mother* to my recollection. My heart ached with the remembrance of infirmities, that made her closing years of life so sore a trial to her.

I was concerned to think, that our family differences have been one source of disquiet to her. I am sensible that *this last* we are apt to exaggerate after a person's death—and surely, in the main, there was considerable harmony among the members of our little family—still I was concerned to think, that we ever gave her gentle spirit disquiet.

I thought on years back--on all my parents' friends—the H——s, the F——s, on D——S——, and on many a merry evening, in the fire-side circle, in that comfortable back parlour—it is never used now.—

O ye *Matraveses** of the age, ye know not what ye lose, in despising these petty topics of endeared remembrance, associated circumstances of past times ;—ye know not the throbbings of the heart, tender yet affectionately

* This name will be explained presently.

familiar, which accompany the dear and honored names of *father* or of *mother*.

Maria! I thought on all these things; my heart ached at the review of them—it yet aches, while I write this—but I am never so satisfied with my train of thoughts, as when they run upon these subjects—the tears, they draw from us, meliorate and soften the heart, and keep fresh within us that memory of dear friends dead, which alone can fit us for a re-admission to their society hereafter.”

(*From another Letter.*)

——“ I HAD a bad dream this morning—that Allan was dead—and who, of all persons in the world, do you think, put on mourning for him? Why *Matravis*.—This alone might cure me of superstitious thoughts, if I were inclined to them; for why should *Matravis* *mourn* for us, or our family?—*Still* it was pleasant to awake, and find it but a dream.—Methinks something like an awaking from an ill dream shall the Resurrection from the Dead be.—Materially different from our accustomed scenes,

and ways of life, the *World to come* may possibly not be—still it is represented to us under the notion of a *Rest*, a *Sabbath*, a state of bliss.”

(*From another Letter.*)

——“METHINKS, you and I should have been born under the same roof, sucked the same milk, conned the same horn-book, thumb-ed the same Testament, together:—for we have been more than sisters, Maria!

Something will still be whispering to me, that I shall one day be inmate of the same dwelling with my cousin, partaker with her in all the delights, which spring from mutual good offices, kind words, attentions in sickness and in health, — conversation, sometimes innocently trivial, and at others profitably serious;—books read and commented on, together; meals ate, and walks taken, together,—and conferences, how we may best do good to this poor person or that, and wean our spirits from the world's *cares*, without divesting ourselves of its *charities*. What a picture I have drawn, Maria!

—and none of all these things may ever come to pass.”

(*From another Letter.*)

“——CONTINUE to write to me, my sweet cousin. Many good thoughts, resolutions, and proper views of things, pass through the mind in the course of the day, but are lost for want of committing them to paper. Seize them, Maria, as they pass, these Birds of Paradise, that shew themselves and are gone,—and make a grateful present of the precious fugitives to your friend.

To use a homely illustration, just rising in my fancy,—shall the good housewife take such pains in pickling and preserving her worthless fruits, her walnuts, her apricots, and quinces —and is there not much *spiritual housewifery* in treasuring up our mind's best fruits,—our heart's meditations in its most favored moments?

This said simile is much in the fashion of the old Moralizers, such as I conceive honest Baxter to have been, such as Quarles and Wither were, with their curious, serio-comic, quaint

emblems. But they sometimes reach the heart, when a more elegant simile rests in the fancy.

Not low and mean, like these, but beautifully familiarized to our conceptions, and condescending to human thoughts and notions, are all the discourses of our LORD—conveyed in parable, or similitude, what easy access do they win to the heart, through the medium of the delighted imagination! speaking of heavenly things in fable, or in simile, drawn from earth, from objects *common, accustomed*.

Life's business, with such delicious little interruptions as our correspondence affords, how pleasant it is!—why can we not paint on the dull paper our whole feelings, exquisite as they rise up?"

(*From another Letter.*)

“——I HAD meant to have left off at this place; but, looking back, I am sorry to find too gloomy a cast tincturing my last page—a representation of life false and unthankful. Life is *not* all vanity and disappointment—it hath much of evil in it, no doubt; but to those

who do not misuse it, it affords comfort, *temporary* comfort, much—much that endears us to it, and dignifies it—many true and good feelings, I trust, of which we need not be ashamed—hours of tranquillity and hope.—But the morning was dull and overcast, and my spirits were under a cloud. I feel my error.

Is it no blessing, that we two love one another so dearly—that Allan is left me—that you are settled in life—that worldly affairs go smooth with us both—above all, that our lot hath fallen to us in a Christian country? Maria! these things are not little. I will consider life as a long feast, and not forget to say grace.

(*From another Letter.*)

“—ALLAN has written to me—you know, he is on a visit at his old tutor's in Gloucestershire—he is to return home on Thursday—Allan is a dear boy—he concludes his letter, which is very affectionate throughout, in this manner—

“ Elinor, I charge you to learn the following stanza by heart—

The monarch may forget his crown,
That on his head an hour hath been ;
The bridegroom may forget his bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
The mother may forget her child,
That smiles so sweetly on her knee :
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And all that thou hast done for me.

“ The lines are in Burns—you know, we read him for the first time together at Margate—and I have been used to refer them to you, and to call you, in my mind, *Glencairn*—for you were always very, very good to me. I had a thousand failings, but you would love me in spite of them all. I am going to drink your health.”

I shall detain my reader no longer from the narrative.

CHAPTER VIII.

THEY had but four rooms in the cottage. Margaret slept in the biggest room up stairs, and her granddaughter in a kind of closet adjoining, where she could be within hearing, if her grandmother should call her in the night.

The girl was often disturbed in that manner—two or three times in a night she has been forced to leave her bed, to fetch her grandmother's cordials, or do some little service for her—but she knew that Margaret's ailings were *real* and pressing, and Rosamund never complained—never suspected, that her grandmother's requisitions had any thing unreasonable in them.

The night she parted with Miss Clare, she had helped Margaret to bed, as usual—and, after saying her prayers, as the custom was, kneeling by the old lady's bed-side, kissed her grandmother, and wished her a good night—Margaret blessed her, and charged her to go to

bed directly. It was her customary injunction, and Rosamund had never dreamed of disobeying.

So she retired to her little room. The night was warm and clear—the moon very bright—her window commanded a view of *scenes* she had been tracing in the day-time with Miss Clare.

All the events of the day past, the occurrences of their walk, arose in her mind. She fancied she should like to retrace those scenes—but it was now nine o'clock, a late hour in the village.

Still she fancied it would be very charming—and then her grandmother's injunction came powerfully to her recollection—she sighed, and turned from the window—and walked up and down her little room.

Ever, when she looked at the window, the wish returned. It was not so *very late*. The neighbours were yet about, passing under the window to their homes—she thought, and thought again, till her sensations became vivid, even to painfulness—her bosom was aching to give them vent.

The village clock struck ten!—the neigh-

bours ceased to pass under the window. Rosamund, stealing down stairs, fastened the latch behind her, and left the cottage.

One, that knew her, met her, and observed her with some surprize. Another recollects having wished her a good night. Rosamund never returned to the cottage!

An old man, that lay sick in a small house adjoining to Margaret's, testified the next morning, that he had plainly heard the old creature calling for her granddaughter. All the night long she made her moan, and ceased not to call upon the name of Rosamund. But no Rosamund was there—the voice died away, but not till near day-break.

When the neighbours came to search in the morning, Margaret was missing! She had *straggled* out of bed, and made her way into Rosamund's room—worn out with fatigue and fright, when she found the girl not there, she had laid herself down to die—and, it is thought, she died *praying*—for she was discovered in a kneeling posture, her arms and face extended on the pillow, where Rosamund had slept the night before—a smile was on her face in death.

CHAPTER IX.

FAIN would I draw a veil over the transactions of that night—but I cannot—grief, and burning shame, forbid me to be silent—black deeds are about to be made public, which reflect a stain upon our common nature.

Rosamund, enthusiastic and improvident, wandered unprotected to a distance from her guardian doors—through lonely glens, and wood walks, where she had rambled many a *day* in safety—till she arrived at a shady copse, out of the hearing of any human habitation.

Matravis met her.—“Flown with insolence and wine,” returning home late at night, he passed that way!

Matravis was a very ugly man. Sallow complexioned! and, if hearts can wear that colour, his heart was sallow-complexioned also.

A young man with *gray* deliberation! cold and systematic in all his plans; and all his plans were evil. His very lust was systematic.

He would brood over his bad purposes for such a dreary length of time, that it might have been expected, some solitary check of conscience must have intervened to save him from commission. But that *Light from Heaven* was extinct in his dark bosom.

Nothing that is great, nothing that is amiable, existed for this unhappy man. He feared, he envied, he suspected; but he never loved. The sublime and beautiful in nature, the excellent and becoming in morals, were things placed beyond the capacity of his sensations. He loved not poetry—nor ever took a lonely walk to meditate—never beheld virtue, which he did not try to disbelieve, or female beauty and innocence, which he did not lust to contaminate.

A sneer was perpetually upon his face, and malice *grinning* at his heart. He would say the most ill-natured things, with the least remorse, of any man I ever knew. This gained him the reputation of a wit—other *traits* got him the reputation of a villain.

And this man formerly paid his court to Elinor Clare!—with what success I leave my readers to determine.—It was not in Elinor's

nature to despise any living thing—but in the estimation of this man, to be rejected was to be *despised*—and Matravis *never forgave*.

He had long turned his eyes upon Rosamund Gray. To steal from the bosom of her friends the jewel they prized so much, the little ewe lamb they held so dear, was a scheme of delicate revenge, and Matravis had a two-fold motive for accomplishing this young maid's ruin.

Often had he met her in her favorite solitudes, but found her ever cold and inaccessible. Of late the girl had avoided straying far from her own home, in the fear of meeting him—but she had never told her fears to Allan.

Matravis had, till now, been content to be a villain within the limits of the law—but, on the present occasion, hot fumes of wine, co-operating with his deep desire of revenge, and the insolence of an unhopèd for meeting, overcame his customary prudence, and Matravis rose, at once, to an audacity of glorious mischief.

Late at night he met her, a lonely, unprotected, virgin—no friend at hand—no place near of refuge.

Rosamund Gray, my soul is exceeding sor-

rowful for thee—I loath to tell the hateful circumstances of thy wrongs. Night and silence were the only witnesses of this young maid's disgrace—Matravis fled.

Rosamund, polluted and disgraced, wandered, an abandoned thing, about the fields and meadows till day-break. Not caring to return to the cottage, she sat herself down before the gate of Miss Clare's house—in a stupor of grief.

Elinor was just rising, and had opened the windows of her chamber, when she perceived her desolate young friend.—She ran to embrace her—she brought her into the house—she took her to her bosom—she kissed her—she spake to her; but Rosamund could not speak.

Tidings came from the cottage. Margaret's death was an event, which could not be kept concealed from Rosamund. When the sweet maid heard of it, she languished, and fell sick—she never held up her head after that time.

If Rosamund had been a *sister*, she could not have been kindlier treated, than by her two friends.

Allan had prospects in life—might, in time, have married into any of the first families in Hertfordshire—but Rosamund Gray, humbled

though she was, and put to shame, had yet a charm for *him*—and he would have been content to share his fortunes with her yet, if Rosamund would have lived to be his companion.

But this was not to be—and the girl soon after died. She expired in the arms of Elinor—quiet, gentle, as she lived—thankful, that she died not among strangers—and expressing by signs, rather than words, a gratitude for the most trifling services, the common offices of humanity. She died uncomplaining; and this young maid, this untaught Rosamund, might have given a lesson to the grave philosopher in death.

CHAPTER X.

I WAS but a boy when these events took place. All the village remember the story, and tell of Rosamund Gray, and old blind Margaret.

I parted from Allan Clare on that disastrous night, and set out for Edinburgh the next morning, before the facts were commonly known—I heard not of them—and it was four months before I received a letter from Allan.

“ His heart” he told me “ was gone from him—for his sister had died of a phrensy fever!”—not a word of Rosamund in the letter—I was left to collect her story from sources which may one day be explained.

I soon after quitted Scotland, on the death of my father, and returned to my native village. Allan had left the place, and I could gain no information, whether he were dead or living.

I passed the *cottage*. I did not dare to look that way, or to enquire *who* lived there.—A little dog, that had been Rosamund’s, was yelping in my path. I laughed aloud like one mad,

whose mind had suddenly gone from him—I stared vacantly around me, like one alienated from common perceptions.

But I was young at that time, and the impression became gradually weakened, as I mingled in the business of life. It is now *ten years* since these events took place, and I sometimes think of them as unreal. Allan Clare was a dear friend to me—but there are times, when Allan and his sister, Margaret and her granddaughter, appear like personages of a dream—an idle dream.

CHAPTER XI.

STRANGE things have happened unto me—I seem scarce awake—but I will recollect my thoughts, and try to give an account of what has befallen me in the few last weeks.

Since my father's death our family have resided in London. I am in practice as a surgeon there. My mother died two years after we left Widford.

A month or two ago I had been busying myself in drawing up the above narrative, intending to make it public. The employment had forced my mind to dwell upon *facts*, which had begun to fade from it—the memory of old times became vivid, and more vivid—I felt a strong desire to revisit the scenes of my native village—of the young loves of Rosamund and her Clare.

A kind of dread had hitherto kept me back ; but I was restless now, till I had accomplished my wish. I set out one morning to walk—I reached Widford about eleven in the forenoon

—after a slight breakfast at my inn—where I was mortified to perceive, the old landlord did not know me again—(old Thomas Billet—he has often made angle røds for me when a child) —I rambled over all my accustomed haunts.

Our old house was vacant, and to be sold. I entered, unmolested, into the room that had been my bed-chamber. I kneeled down on the spot where my little bed had stood—I felt like a child—I prayed like one—it seemed as though old times were to return again—I looked round involuntarily, expecting to see some face I knew—but all was naked and mute. The bed was gone. My little pane of painted window, through which I loved to look at the sun, when I awoke in a fine summer's morning, was taken out, and had been replaced by one of common glass.

I visited, by turns, every chamber — they were all desolate and unfurnished, one excepted, in which the owner had left a harpsichord, probably to be sold—I touched the keys—I played some old Scottish tunes, which had delighted me when a child. Past associations revived with the music—blended with a sense of *unreality*, which at last became too powerful—

I rushed out of the room to give vent to my feelings.

I wandered, scarce knowing where, into an old wood, that stands at the back of the house—we called it the *Wilderness*. A well-known *form* was missing, that used to meet me in this place—it was thine, Ben Moxam—the kindest, gentlest, politest, of human beings, yet was he nothing higher than a gardener in the family. Honest creature, thou didst never pass me in my childish rambles, without a soft speech, and a smile. I remember thy good-natured face. But there is one thing, for which I can never forgive thee, Ben Moxam—that thou didst join with an old maiden aunt of mine in a cruel plot, to lop away the hanging branches of the old fir trees.—I remember them sweeping to the ground.

I have often left my childish sports to ramble in this place—its glooms and its solitude had a mysterious charm for my young mind, nurturing within me that love of quietness and lonely thinking, which have accompanied me to maturer years.

In this *Wilderness* I found myself after a ten years' absence. Its stately fir trees were yet

standing, with all their luxuriant company of underwood—the squirrel was there, and the melancholy cooings of the wood-pigeon—all was as I had left it—my heart softened at the sight—it seemed, as though my character had been suffering a *change*, since I forsook these shades.

My parents were both dead—I had no counsellor left, no experience of age to direct me, no sweet voice of reproof. The LORD had taken away my *friends*, and I knew not where he had laid them. I paced round the wilderness, seeking a comforter. I prayed, that I might be restored to that *state of innocence*, in which I had wandered in those shades.

Me thought, my request was heard—for it seemed as though the stains of manhood were passing from me, and I were relapsing into the purity and simplicity of childhood. I was content to have been moulded into a perfect child. I stood still, as in a trance. I dreamed that I was enjoying a personal intercourse with my heavenly Father—and, extravagantly, put off the shoes from my feet—for the place where I stood, I thought, was holy ground.

This state of mind could not last long—and I

returned, with languid feelings to my Inn. I ordered my dinner—green peas and a sweet-bread—it had been a favorite dish with me in my childhood—I was allowed to have it on my birth days. I was impatient to see it come upon table—but, when it came, I could scarce eat a mouthful—my tears choaked me. I called for wine—I drank a pint and a half of red wine—and not till then had I dared to visit the church-yard, where my parents were interred.

The *cottage* lay in my way—Margaret had chosen it for that very reason, to be near the church—for the old lady was regular in her attendance on public worship—I passed on—and in a moment found myself among the tombs.

I had been present at my father's burial, and knew the spot again—my mother's funeral I was prevented by illness from attending—a plain stone was placed over the grave, with their initials carved upon it—for they both occupied one grave.

I prostrated myself before the spot—I kissed the earth that covered them—I contemplated, with gloomy delight, the time when I should mingle my dust with their's—and kneeled, with

my arms incumbent on the grave-stone, in a kind of mental prayer—for I could not speak.

Having performed these duties, I arose with quieter feelings, and felt leisure to attend to indifferent objects.—Still I continued in the church-yard, reading the various inscriptions, and moralizing on them with that kind of levity, which will not unfrequently spring up in the mind, in the midst of deep melancholy.

I read of nothing but careful parents, loving husbands, and dutiful children. I said jestingly, where be all the *bad* people buried? Bad parents, bad husbands, bad children—what cemeteries are appointed for these? do they not sleep in consecrated ground? or is it but a pious fiction, a generous oversight, in the survivors, which thus tricks out men's epitaphs when dead, who, in their life-time, discharged the offices of life, perhaps, but lamely?—Their failings, with their reproaches, now sleep with them in the grave. *Man wars not with the dead.* It is a *trait* of human nature, for which I love it.

I had not observed, till now, a little group assembled at the other end of the church-yard; it was a company of children, who were

gathered round a young man, dressed in black, sitting on a grave-stone.

He seemed to be asking them questions—probably, about their learning—and one little dirty ragged-headed fellow was clambering up his knees to kiss him.—The children had been eating black cherries—for some of the stones were scattered about, and their mouths were smeared with them.

As I drew near them, I thought I discerned in the stranger a mild benignity of countenance, which I had somewhere seen before—I gazed at him more attentively—

It was Allan Clare! sitting on the grave of his sister.

I threw my arms about his neck. I exclaimed “Allan”—he turned his eyes upon me—he knew me—we both wept aloud—it seemed, as though the interval, since we parted, had been as nothing—I cried out “come, and tell me about these things.”

I drew him away from his little friends—he parted with a show of reluctance from the church-yard—Margaret and her granddaughter lay buried there, as well as his sister—I took him to my Inn—secured a room, where we

might be private—ordered fresh wine—scarce knowing what I did, I danced for joy.

Allan was quite overcome, and taking me by the hand he said, “this repays me for all.”

It was a proud day for me—I had found the friend I thought dead—earth seemed to me no longer valuable, than as it contained *him*; and existence a blessing no longer than while I should live to be his comforter.

I began, at leisure, to survey him with more attention. Time and grief had left few traces of that fine *enthusiasm*, which once burned in his countenance—his eyes had lost their original fire, but they retained an uncommon sweetness and, whenever they were turned upon me, their smile pierced to my heart.

“Allan, I fear you have been a sufferer.” He replied not, and I could not press him further. I could not call the dead to life again.

So we drank, and told old stories—and repeated old poetry—and sang old songs—as if nothing had happened.—We sat till very late—I forgot that I had purposed returning to town that evening—to Allan all places were alike—I grew noisy, he grew cheerful—Allan’s old manners, old enthusiasm, were returning upon

him—we laughed, we wept, we mingled our tears, and talked extravagantly

Allan was my chamber-fellow that night—and lay awake, planning schemes of living together under the same roof, entering upon similar pursuits;—and praising GOD, that we had met.

I was obliged to return to town the next morning, and Allan proposed to accompany me.—“ Since the death of his sister,” he told me, “ he had been a wanderer.”

In the course of our walk he unbosomed himself without reserve—told me many particulars of his way of life for the last nine or ten years, which I do not feel myself at liberty to divulge.

Once, on my attempting to cheer him, when I perceived him over thoughtful, he replied to me in these words:—

“ Do not regard me as unhappy, when you catch me in these moods. I am never more happy than at times, when, by the cast of my countenance, men judge me most miserable.

“ My friend, the events, which have left this sadness behind them, are of no recent date. The melancholy, which comes over me with the recollection of them, is not hurtful, but only

tends to soften and tranquillize my mind, to detach me from the restlessness of human pursuits.

“ The stronger I feel this detachment, the more I find myself drawn heavenward to the contemplation of spiritual objects.

“ I love to keep old friendships alive and warm within me, because I expect a renewal of them in the *World of Spirits*.

“ I am a wandering and unconnected thing on the earth. I have made no new friendships, that can compensate me for the loss of the old—and the more I know mankind, the more does it become necessary for me to supply their loss by little images, recollections, and circumstances, of past pleasures.

“ I am sensible that I am surrounded by a multitude of very worthy people, plain-hearted souls, sincere, and kind.—But they have hitherto eluded my pursuit, and will continue to bless the little circle of their families and friends, while I must remain a stranger to them.

“ Kept at a distance by mankind, I have not ceased to love them—and could I find the cruel persecutor, the malignant instrument of GOD'S

judgments on me and mine, I think I would forgive, and try to love him too.

“ I have been a quiet sufferer. From the beginning of my calamities it was given to me, not to see the hand of man in them. I perceived a mighty arm, which none but myself could see, extended over me. I gave my heart to the Purifier, and my will to the Sovereign Will of the Universe. The irresistible wheels of destiny passed on in their everlasting rotation,— and I suffered myself to be carried along with them without complaining.”

CHAPTER XII.

ALLAN told me, that for some years past, feeling himself disengaged from every personal tie, but not alienated from human sympathies, it had been his taste, his *humour* he called it, to spend a great portion of his time in *hospitals* and *lazar houses*.

He had found a *wayward pleasure*, he refused to name it a virtue, in tending a description of people, who had long ceased to expect kindness or friendliness from mankind, but were content to accept the reluctant services, which the often-times unfeeling instruments and servants of these well-meant institutions deal out to the poor sick people under their care.

It is not medicine, it is not broths and coarse meats, served up at a stated hour with all the hard formalities of a prison,—it is not the scanty dole of a bed to die on—which dying man requires from his species.

Looks, attentions, consolations,—in a word, *sympathies*, are what a man most needs in this

awful close of mortal sufferings. A kind look, a smile, a drop of cold water to the parched lip—for these things a man shall bless you in death.

And these better things than cordials did Allan love to administer—to stay by a bed-side the whole day, when something disgusting in a patient's distemper has kept the very nurses at a distance—to sit by, while the poor wretch got a little sleep—and be there to smile upon him when he awoke—to slip a guinea, now and then, into the hands of a nurse or attendant—these things have been to Allan as *privileges*, for which he was content to live, choice marks, and circumstances, of his Maker's goodness to him.

And I do not know whether occupations of this kind be not a spring of purer and nobler delight (certainly instances of a more disinterested virtue) than arises from what are called Friendships of Sentiment.

Between two persons of liberal education, like opinions, and common feelings, oftentimes subsists a Vanity of Sentiment, which disposes each to look upon the other as the only being in the universe worthy of friendship, or capable

of understanding it,—themselves they consider as the solitary receptacles of all that is delicate in feeling, or stable in attachment:—when the odds are, that under every green hill, and in every crowded street, people of equal worth are to be found, who do more good in their generation, and make less noise in the doing of it.

It was in consequence of these benevolent propensities, I have been describing, that Allan oftentimes discovered considerable inclinations in favor of my way of life, which I have before mentioned as being that of a surgeon. He would frequently attend me on my visits to patients; and I began to think, that he had serious intentions of making my profession his study.

He was present with me at a scene—a *death-bed scene*—I shudder when I do but think of it.

CHAPTER XIII.

I WAS sent for the other morning to the assistance of a gentleman, who had been wounded in a duel,—and his wounds by unskilful treatment had been brought to a dangerous crisis.

The uncommonness of the name, which was *Matravis*, suggested to me, that this might possibly be no other than Allan's old enemy. Under this apprehension, I did what I could to dissuade Allan from accompanying me—but he seemed bent upon going, and even pleased himself with the notion, that it might lie within his ability to do the unhappy man some service. So he went with me.

When we came to the house, which was in Soho-Square, we discovered that it was indeed the man—the identical *Matravis*, who had done all that mischief in times past—but not in a condition to excite any other sensation than pity in a heart more hard than Allan's.

Intense pain had brought on a delirium—we perceived this on first entering the room—for

the wretched man was raving to himself—talking idly in mad unconnected sentences,—that yet seemed, at times, to have a reference to *past facts*.

One while he told us his dream. “ He had lost his way on a great heath, to which there seemed no end—it was cold, cold, cold—and dark, very dark—an old woman in leading-strings, *blind*, was groping about for a guide”—and then he frightened me,—for he seemed disposed to be *jocular*, and sang a song about “ an old woman clothed in grey,” and said “ he did not believe in a devil.”

Presently he bid us “ not tell Allan Clare”—Allan was hanging over him at that very moment, sobbing.—I could not resist the impulse, but cried out, “ *this* is Allan Clare—Allan Clare is come to see you, my dear Sir.”—The wretched man did not hear me, I believe, for he turned his head away, and began talking of *charnel houses*, and *dead men*, and “ whether they knew any thing that passed in their coffins.”

Matravis died that night.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

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RECOLLECTIONS
OF
CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

To comfort the desponding parent with the thought that, without diminishing the stock which is imperiously demanded to furnish the more pressing and homely wants of our nature, he has disposed of one or more perhaps out of a numerous offspring, under the shelter of a care scarce less tender than the paternal, where not only their bodily cravings shall be supplied, but that mental *pabulum* is also dispensed, which HE hath declared to be no less necessary to our sustenance, who said, that “not by bread alone man can live;” for this Christ’s Hospital unfolds her bounty. Here neither, on the one hand, are the youth lifted up above their family, which we must suppose liberal though reduced;

nor, on the other hand, are they liable to be depressed below its level by the mean habits and sentiments which a common charity-school generates. It is, in a word, an Institution to keep those who have yet held up their heads in the world from sinking ; to keep alive the spirit of a decent household, when poverty was in danger of crushing it ; to assist those who are the most willing, but not always the most able, to assist themselves ; to separate a child from his family for a season, in order to render him back hereafter, with feelings and habits more congenial to it, than he could even have attained by remaining at home in the bosom of it. It is a preserving and renovating principle, an antidote for the *res angusta domi*, when it presses, as it always does, most heavily upon the most ingenuous natures.

This is Christ's Hospital ; and whether its character would be improved by confining its advantages to the very lowest of the people, let those judge who have witnessed the looks, the gestures, the behaviour, the manner of their play with one another, their deportment towards strangers, the whole aspect and physiognomy of that vast assemblage of boys on the London

foundation, who freshen and make alive again with their sports the else mouldering cloisters of the old Grey Friars—which strangers who have never witnessed, if they pass through Newgate-street, or by Smithfield, would do well to go a little out of their way to see.

For the Christ's Hospital boy feels that he is no charity-boy; he feels it in the antiquity and regality of the foundation to which he belongs; in the usage which he meets with at school, and the treatment he is accustomed to out of its bounds; in the respect, and even kindness, which his well known garb never fails to procure him in the streets of the metropolis; he feels it in his education, in that measure of classical attainments, which every individual at that school, though not destined to a learned profession, has it in his power to procure, attainments which it would be worse than folly to put it in the reach of the labouring classes to acquire: he feels it in the numberless comforts, and even magnificences, which surround him; in his old and awful cloisters, with their traditions; in his spacious school-rooms, and in the well-ordered, airy, and lofty rooms where he sleeps; in his stately dining-hall, hung round with

pictures, by Verrio, Lely, and others, one of them surpassing in size and grandeur almost any other in the kingdom;* above all, in the very extent and magnitude of the body to which he belongs, and the consequent spirit, the intelligence, and public conscience, which is the result of so many various yet wonderfully combining members. Compared with this last-named advantage, what is the stock of information, (I do not here speak of book-learning, but of that knowledge which boy receives from boy,) the mass of collected opinions, the intelligence in common, among the few and narrow members of an ordinary boarding-school?

The Christ's Hospital or Blue-coat boy, has a distinctive character of his own, as far removed from the abject qualities of a common charity-boy as it is from the disgusting forwardness of a lad brought up at some other of the public schools. There is *pride* in it, accumulated from the circumstances which I have described as differencing him from the former; and there

* By Verrio, representing James the Second on his throne, surrounded by his courtiers, (all curious portraits,) receiving the mathematical pupils at their annual presentation, a custom still kept up on New-year's-day at Court.

is a *restraining modesty*, from a sense of obligation and dependence, which must ever keep his deportment from assimilating to that of the latter. His very garb, as it is antique and venerable, feeds his self-respect; as it is a badge of dependence, it restrains the natural petulance of that age from breaking out into overt-acts of insolence. This produces silence and a reserve before strangers, yet not that cowardly shyness which boys mewed up at home will feel; he will speak up when spoken to, but the stranger must begin the conversation with him. Within his bounds he is all fire and play; but in the streets he steals along with all the self-concentration of a young monk. He is never known to mix with other boys, they are a sort of laity to him. All this proceeds, I have no doubt, from the continual consciousness which he carries about him of the difference of his dress from that of the rest of the world; with a modest jealousy over himself, lest, by over-hastily mixing with common and secular playfellows, he should commit the dignity of his cloth. Nor let any one laugh at this; for, considering the propensity of the multitude, and especially of the small multitude, to ridicule any thing unusual

in dress—above all, where such peculiarity may be construed by malice into a mark of disparagement—this reserve will appear to be nothing more than a wise instinct in the Blue-coat boy. That it is neither pride nor rusticity, at least that it has none of the offensive qualities of either, a stranger may soon satisfy himself by putting a question to any of these boys: he may be sure of an answer couched in terms of plain civility, neither loquacious nor embarrassed. Let him put the same question to a parish-boy, or to one of the trencher-caps in the ——— cloisters, and the impudent reply of the one shall not fail to exasperate any more than the certain servility, and mercenary eye to reward, which he will meet with in the other, can fail to depress and sadden him.

The Christ's Hospital boy is a religious character. His school is eminently a religious foundation; it has its peculiar prayers, its services at set times, its graces, hymns, and anthems, following each other in an almost monastic closeness of succession. This religious character in him is not always untinged with superstition. That is not wonderful, when we consider the thousand tales and traditions which

must circulate, with undisturbed credulity, amongst so many boys, that have so few checks to their belief from any intercourse with the world at large; upon whom their equals in age must work so much, their elders so little. With this leaning towards an over-belief in matters of religion, which will soon correct itself when he comes out into society, may be classed a turn for romance above most other boys. This is to be traced in the same manner to their excess of society with each other, and defect of mingling with the world. Hence the peculiar avidity with which such books as the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and others of a still wilder cast, are, or at least were in my time, sought for by the boys. I remember when some half-dozen of them set off from school, without map, card, or compass, on a serious expedition to find out *Philip Quarll's Island*.

The Christ's Hospital boy's sense of right and wrong is peculiarly tender and apprehensive. It is even apt to run out into ceremonial observances, and to impose a yoke upon itself beyond the strict obligations of the moral law. Those who were contemporaries with me at that School thirty years ago, will remember with what more

than Judaic rigour the eating of the fat of certain boiled meats* was interdicted. A boy would have blushed, as at the exposure of some heinous immorality, to have been detected eating that forbidden portion of his allowance of animal food, the whole of which, while he was in health, was little more than sufficient to allay his hunger. The same, or even greater, refinement was shewn in the rejection of certain kinds of sweet-cake. What gave rise to these supererogatory penances, these self-denying ordinances, I could never learn; † they certainly argue no defect of the conscientious principle. A little excess in that article is not undesirable in youth, to make allowance for the inevitable waste which comes in maturer years. But in the less ambiguous line of duty, in those direc-

* Under the denomination of *gags*.

† I am told that the late steward,* who evinced on many occasions a most praise-worthy anxiety to promote the comfort of the boys, had occasion for all his address and perseverance to eradicate the first of these unfortunate prejudices, in which he at length happily succeeded, and thereby restored to one-half of the animal nutrition of the school those honors which painful superstition and blind zeal had so long conspired to withhold from it.

* Mr. Hathaway.

tions of the moral feelings which cannot be mistaken or depreciated, I will relate what took place in the year 1785, when Mr. Perry, the steward, died. I must be pardoned for taking my instances from my own times. Indeed, the vividness of my recollections, while I am upon this subject, almost bring back those times; they are present to me still. But I believe that in the years which have elapsed since the period which I speak of, the character of the Christ's Hospital boy is very little changed. Their situation in point of many comforts is improved; but that which I ventured before to term the *public conscience* of the school, the pervading moral sense, of which every mind partakes, and to which so many individual minds contribute, remains, I believe, pretty much the same as when I left it. I have seen within this twelve-month almost the change which has been produced upon a boy of eight or nine years of age, upon being admitted into that school; how, from a pert young coxcomb, who thought that all knowledge was comprehended within his shallow brains, because a smattering of two or three languages and one or two sciences were stuffed into him by injudicious treatment at

home, by a mixture with the wholesome society of so many schoolfellows, in less time than I have spoken of, he has sunk to his own level, and is contented to be carried on in the quiet orb of modest self-knowledge in which the common mass of that unpresumptuous assemblage of boys seem to move: from being a little unfeeling mortal, he has got to feel and reflect. Nor would it be a difficult matter to shew how, at a school like this, where the boy is neither intirely separated from home, nor yet exclusively under its influence, the best feelings, the filial for instance, are brought to a maturity which they could not have attained under a completely domestic education; how the relation of parent is rendered less tender by unremitted association, and the very awfulness of age is best apprehended by some sojourning amidst the comparative levity of youth; how absence, not drawn out by too great extension into alienation or forgetfulness, puts an edge upon the relish of occasional intercourse, and the boy is made the better *child* by that which keeps the force of that relation from being felt as perpetually pressing on him; how the substituted paternity, into the care of which he is

adopted, while in everything substantial it makes up for the natural, in the necessary omission of individual fondnesses and partialities, directs the mind only the more strongly to appreciate that natural and first tie, in which such weaknesses are the bond of strength, and the appetite which craves after them betrays no perverse palate. But these speculations rather belong to the question of the comparative advantages of a public over a private education in general. I must get back to my favourite school; and to that which took place when our old and good steward died.

And I will say, that when I think of the frequent instances which I have met with in children, of a hard-heartedness, a callousness, and insensibility to the loss of relations, even of those who have begot and nourished them, I cannot but consider it as a proof of something in the peculiar conformation of that school, favourable to the expansion of the best feelings of our nature, that, at the period which I am noticing, out of five hundred boys there was not a dry eye to be found among them, nor a heart that did not beat with genuine emotion. Every impulse to play, until the funeral day was

past, seemed suspended throughout the school ; and the boys, lately so mirthful and sprightly, were seen pacing their cloisters alone, or in sad groupes standing about, few of them without some token, such as their slender means could provide, a black ribband, or something to denote respect and a sense of their loss. The time itself was a time of anarchy, a time in which all authority (out of school-hours) was abandoned. The ordinary restraints were for those days superseded ; and the gates, which at other times kept us in, were left without watchers. Yet, with the exception of one or two graceless boys at most, who took advantage of that suspension of authorities to *skulk out*, as it was called, the whole body of that great school kept rigorously within their bounds, by a voluntary self-imprisonment ; and they who broke bounds, though they escaped punishment from any master, fell into a general disrepute among us, and, for that which at any other time would have been applauded and admired as a mark of spirit, were consigned to infamy and reprobation : so much *natural government* have gratitude and the principles of reverence and love, and so much did a respect to their dead friend prevail with these

Christ's Hospital boys above any fear which his presence among them when living could ever produce. And if the impressions which were made on my mind so long ago are to be trusted, very richly did their steward deserve this tribute. It is a pleasure to me even now to call to mind his portly form, the regal awe which he always contrived to inspire, in spite of a tenderness and even weakness of nature that would have enfeebled the reins of discipline in any other master; a yearning of tenderness towards those under his protection, which could make five hundred boys at once feel towards him each as to their individual father. He had faults, with which we had nothing to do; but, with all his faults, indeed, Mr. Perry was a most extraordinary creature. Contemporary with him, and still living, though he has long since resigned his occupation, will it be impertinent to mention the name of our excellent upper grammar-master, the Rev. James Boyer? He was a disciplinarian, indeed, of a different stamp from him whom I have just described; but, now the terrors of the rod, and of a temper a little too hasty to leave the more nervous of us quite at our ease to do justice to his merits in those

days, are long since over; ungrateful were we if we should refuse our testimony to that unwearied assiduity with which he attended to the particular improvement of each of us. Had we been the offspring of the first gentry in the land, he could not have been instigated by the strongest views of recompense and reward to have made himself a greater slave to the most laborious of all occupations than he did for us sons of charity, from whom, or from our parents, he could expect nothing. He has had his reward in the satisfaction of having discharged his duty, in the pleasurable consciousness of having advanced the respectability of that institution to which, both man and boy, he was attached; in the honours to which so many of his pupils have successfully aspired at both our Universities; and in the staff with which the Governors of the Hospital at the close of his hard labours, with the highest expressions of the obligations the school lay under to him unanimously voted to present him.

I have often considered it among the felicities of the constitution of this school, that the offices of steward and schoolmaster are kept distinct;

the strict business of education alone devolving upon the latter, while the former has the charge of all things out of school, the controul of the provisions, the regulation of meals, of dress, of play, and the ordinary intercourse of the boys. By this division of management, a superior respectability must attach to the teacher while his office is unmixed with any of these lower concerns. A still greater advantage over the construction of common boarding-schools is to be found in the settled salaries of the masters, rendering them totally free of obligation to any individual pupil or his parents. This never fails to have its effect at schools where each boy can reckon up to a hair what profit the master derives from him, where he views him every day in the light of a caterer, a provider for the family, who is to get so much by him in each of his meals. Boys will see and consider these things; and how much must the sacred character of preceptor suffer in their minds by these degrading associations! The very bill which the pupil carries home with him at Christmas, eked out, perhaps, with elaborate though necessary minuteness, instructs him that his teachers

have other ends than the mere love to learning in the lessons which they give him ; and though they put into his hands the fine sayings of Seneca or Epictetus, yet they themselves are none of those disinterested pedagogues to teach philosophy *gratis*. The master, too, is sensible that he is seen in this light ; and how much this must lessen that affectionate regard to the learners which alone can sweeten the bitter labour of instruction, and convert the whole business into unwelcome and uninteresting task-work, many preceptors that I have conversed with on the subject are ready, with a sad heart, to acknowledge. From this inconvenience the settled salaries of the masters of this school in great measure exempt them ; while the happy custom of chusing masters (indeed every officer of the establishment) from those who have received their education there, gives them an interest in advancing the character of the school, and binds them to observe a tenderness and a respect to the children, in which a stranger, feeling that independence which I have spoken of, might well be expected to fail.

In affectionate recollections of the place

where he was bred up, in hearty recognitions of old school-fellows met with again after the lapse of years, or in foreign countries, the Christ's Hospital boy yields to none; I might almost say, he goes beyond most other boys. The very compass and magnitude of the school, its thousand bearings, the space it takes up in the imagination beyond the ordinary schools, impresses a remembrance, accompanied with an elevation of mind, that attends him through life. It is too big, too affecting an object, to pass away quickly from his mind. The Christ's Hospital boy's friends at school are commonly his intimates through life. For me, I do not know whether a constitutional imbecility does not incline me too obstinately to cling to the remembrances of childhood; in an inverted ratio to the usual sentiments of mankind, nothing that I have been engaged in since seems of any value or importance, compared to the colours which imagination gave to everything then. I belong to no *body corporate* such as I then made a part of.—And here, before I close, taking leave of the general reader, and addressing myself solely to my old schoolfellows, that

were contemporaries with me from the year 1782 to 1789, let me have leave to remember some of those circumstances of our school, which they will not be unwilling to have brought back to their minds

And first, let us remember, as first in importance in our childish eyes, the young men (as they almost were) who, under the denomination of *Grecians*, were waiting the expiration of the period when they should be sent, at the charges of the Hospital, to one or other of our Universities, but more frequently to Cambridge. These youths, from their superior acquirements, their superior age and stature, and the fewness of their numbers, (for seldom above two or three at a time were inaugurated into that high order) drew the eyes of all, and especially of the younger boys, into a reverent observance and admiration. How tall they used to seem to us—how stately would they pace along the cloisters!—while the play of the lesser boys was absolutely suspended, or its boisterousness at least allayed, at their presence! Not that they ever beat or struck the boys—that would have been to have demeaned themselves—the

dignity of their persons alone insured them all respect. The task of blows, of corporal chastisement, they left to the common monitors, or heads of wards, who, it must be confessed, in our time had rather too much licence allowed them to oppress and misuse their inferiors; and the interference of the Grecian, who may be considered as the spiritual power, was not unfrequently called for, to mitigate by its mediation the heavy unrelenting arm of this temporal power, or monitor. In fine, the Grecians were the solemn Muftis of the school. Æras were computed from their time;—it used to be said, such or such a thing was done when S—— or T—— was Grecian.

As I ventured to call the Grecians the Muftis of the school, the king's boys,* as their character then was, may well pass for the Janisaries. They were the terror of all the other boys; bred up under that hardy sailor, as well as excellent mathematician, and co-navigator with Captain Cook, William Wales. All his systems were

* The mathematical pupils, bred up to the sea, on the foundation of Charles the Second.

adapted to fit them for the rough element which they were destined to encounter. Frequent and severe punishments, which were expected to be borne with more than Spartan fortitude, came to be considered less as inflictions of disgrace than as trials of obstinate endurance. To make his boys hardy, and to give them early sailor-habits, seemed to be his only aim ; to this everything was subordinate. Moral obliquities, indeed, were sure of receiving their full recompense, for no occasion of laying on the lash was ever let slip ; but the effects expected to be produced from it were something very different from contrition or mortification. There was in William Wales a perpetual fund of humour, a constant glee about him, which, heightened by an inveterate provincialism of North country-dialect, absolutely took away the sting from his severities. His punishments were a game at patience, in which the master was not always worst contented when he found himself at times overcome by his pupil. What success this discipline had, or how the effects of it operated upon the after-lives of these king's boys, I cannot say : but I am sure that, for the time, they

were absolute nuisances to the rest of the school. Hardy, brutal, and often wicked, they were the most graceless lump in the whole mass ; older and bigger than the other boys, (for, by the system of their education they were kept longer at school by two or three years than any of the rest, except the Grecians,) they were a constant terror to the younger part of the school ; and some who may read this, I doubt not, will remember the consternation into which the juvenile fry of us were thrown, when the cry was raised in the cloisters, that *the First Order was coming*—for so they termed the first form or class of those boys. Still these sea-boys answered some good purposes in the school. They were the military class among the boys, foremost in athletic exercises, who extended the fame of the prowess of the school far and near ; and the apprentices in the vicinage, and sometimes the butcher's boys in the neighbouring market, had sad occasion to attest their valour.

The time would fail me if I were to attempt to enumerate all those circumstances, some pleasant, some attended with some pain, which, seen through the mist of distance, come sweet-

ly softened to the memory. But I must crave leave to remember our transcending superiority in those invigorating sports, leap-frog, and basting the bear; our delightful excursions in the summer holidays to the New River, near Newington, where, like otters, we would live the long day in the water, never caring for dressing ourselves when we had once stripped; our savoury meals afterwards, when we came home almost famished with staying out all day without our dinners; our visits at other times to the Tower, where, by antient privilege, we had free access to all the curiosities; our solemn processions through the City at Easter, with the Lord Mayor's largess of buns, wine, and a shilling, with the festive questions and civic pleasantries of the dispensing Aldermen, which were more to us than all the rest of the banquet; our stately supplings in public, where the well-lighted hall, and the confluence of well-dressed company who came to see us, made the whole look more like a concert or assembly, than a scene of a plain bread and cheese collation; the annual orations upon St. Matthew's day, in which the senior scholar, before he had done,

seldom failed to reckon up, among those who had done honour to our school by being educated in it, the names of those accomplished critics and Greek scholars, Joshua Barnes and Jeremiah Markland (I marvel they left out Camden while they were about it). Let me have leave to remember our hymns and anthems, and well-toned organ; the doleful tune of the burial anthem chanted in the solemn cloisters, upon the seldom-occurring funeral of some school-fellow; the festivities at Christmas, when the richest of us would club our stock to have a gaudy day, sitting round the fire, replenished to the height with logs, and the penniless, and he that could contribute nothing, partook in all the mirth, and in some of the substantialities of the feasting; the carol sung by night at that time of the year, which, when a young boy, I have so often lain awake to hear from seven (the hour of going to bed) till ten, when it was sung by the older boys and monitors, and have listened to it, in their rude chanting, till I have been transported in fancy to the fields of Bethlehem, and the song which was sung at that season by angels' voices to the shepherds.

Nor would I willingly forget any of those

things which administered to our vanity. The hem-stitched bands, and town-made shirts, which some of the most fashionable among us wore; the town-girdles, with buckles of silver, or shining stone; the badges of the sea-boys; the cots, or superior shoe-strings of the monitors; the medals of the markers, (those who were appointed to hear the Bible read in the wards on Sunday morning and evening,) which bore on their obverse in silver, as certain parts of our garments carried in meaner metal, the countenance of our Founder, that godly and royal child, King Edward the Sixth, the flower of the Tudor name—the young flower that was untimely cropt as it began to fill our land with its early odours—the boy-patron of boys—the serious and holy child who walked with Cranmer and Ridley—fit associate, in those tender years, for the bishops and future martyrs of our Church, to receive, or, (as occasion sometimes proved,) to give instruction.

“ But, ah ! what means the silent tear ?
Why, e'en mid joy, my bosom heav'd ?
Ye long-lost scenes, enchantments dear !
Lo ! now I linger o'er your grave.

—Fly, then, ye hours of rosy hue,
And bear away the bloom of years !
And quick succeed, ye sickly crew
Of doubts and sorrows, pains and fears!

Still will I ponder Fate's unalter'd plan,
Nor, tracing back the child, forget that I am man."*

* Lines meditated in the cloisters of Christ's Hospital, in the
"Poetics" of Mr. George Dyer.

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