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CHRONICLES OF SOUTHPORT

BY

G. WILKINSON



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CHRONICLES  
OF  
S O U T H P O R T

IN 1845,

WITH A VARIETY OF OTHER

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

“THE SOUTHPORT VISITER.”

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BY GEORGE WILKINSON.

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SOUTHPORT:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE VISITER OFFICE.

1846.

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## P R E F A C E .

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IN submitting to the Public the following unworthy volume, there appears on its perusal so much ambiguity that without a few explanatory words the reader may be lost in mist, and regard it as nothing more than a November fog. In order to disperse the clouds, and place the "Chronicles" in a clear light, a word or two about a very anomalous piece of architecture called the "Ionic Pillar" will be necessary. I need merely state (for I can state no more) that it became a thing of this earth in the month of June, A.D. 1845, since which period it has resolutely maintained its position at the corner of Nevill-street; and it is computed by many that nothing subordinate to an earthquake will ever move

it. It is of no earthly use; stands isolated from its kind; is utterly unknown from whence it came; and the same ignorance prevails as to its future destiny. It may appear singular to many that any one should write about a "Pillar." Perhaps so; but it is no less singular than true that Coleridge wrote about a "young ass," and Swift about a "broomstick,"—the conjoint ideas being no doubt taken from the donkey-boys.

However faulty these "Chronicles" may be, they are possessed of one grand redeeming point, which will be obvious—and that is the *truth* of them; for as they no doubt will be translated into the Italian, Ottoman, Persian, and Egyptian tongues, for the individual amusement of the Pope, the Sultan, the Imaum, and the Pacha, I have adhered as strictly as possible to facts, in order that these great men may form a proper estimate of my character.

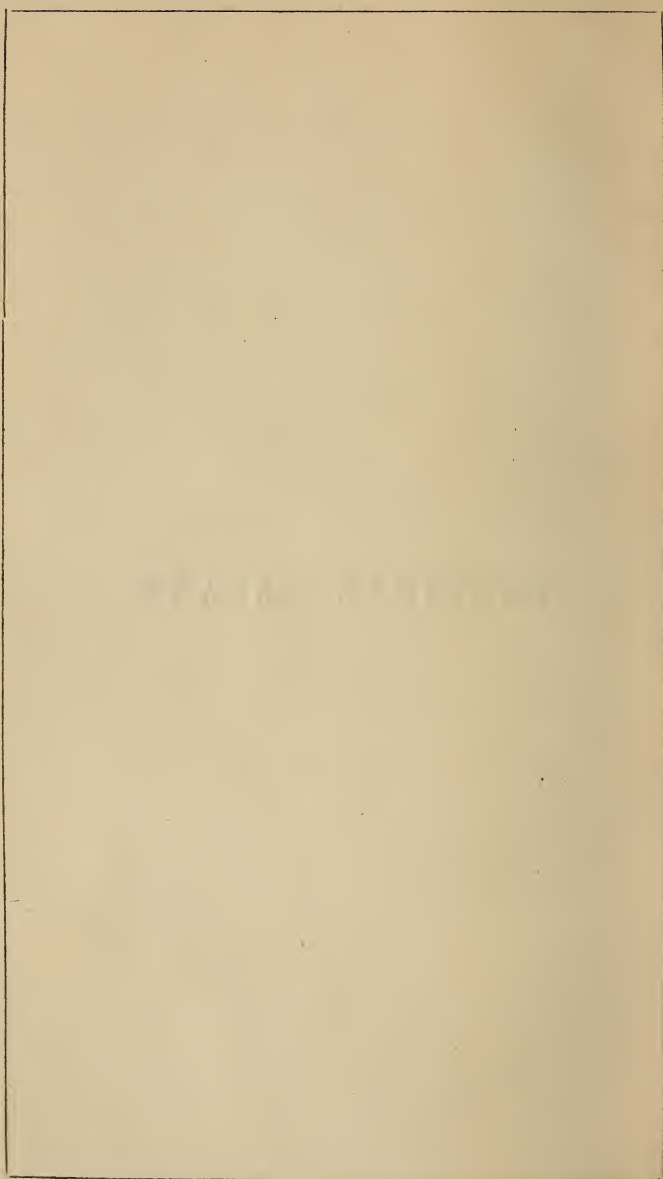
With regard to the article entitled the "Ladies' Club," it is nothing more than a dreamy emanation, generated by the influence of cigars and opium; the former to divert the mind from pain, and the latter to relieve it. For this I offer an apology.

With respect to the rest, there is nothing but what is perfectly intelligible ; or if the reader should chance to stumble over anything he cannot comprehend, I trust he will take the advice of the author and light his pipe with the unworthy leaf, consoling himself with the assurance that he need fear no future molestation, for the quill that once inscribed these "Chronicles" has long ago been turned into a toothpick.

THE AUTHOR.



POETICAL ESSAYS.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

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### FRIENDSHIP.

---

THERE is a link in Friendship's heavenly chain,  
Commingling genial souls, that nought can sever ;  
'Tis so unmix'd with self's pervading reign,  
That when once blended, it exists for ever!  
Passion may weaken, nought but death can part,  
That real friendship that ties heart to heart!



### L I N E S .

---

FROM Fanny's lips I stole a kiss—  
A blush pass'd o'er her cheek ;  
Her dark eye lour'd upon the bliss,  
Although she did not speak.

“ Oh, frown not thus, dear girl,” I said ;  
“ I only did to thee  
What I would wish, if in thy stead,  
Thou would'st have done to me.”

A WINTRY NIGHT IN 1845.

---

THE deep'ning clouds are gath'ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,  
The pelting rain and furious sleet  
Have raked the cold deserted street ;  
The bleak winds howl, the billows roar  
Afar on the resounding shore,  
And darkness, mantling o'er the light,  
Bespeaks a wild tempestuous night.

Draw down the blind, the curtains close,  
Stir up the fire from dull repose—  
The kindling flame with shadows bright  
Shall glad us with its genial light :  
The tea is hissing in the urn—  
Draw round the chair, the table turn ;  
And thus shut in, our thoughts shall be  
On outward ills by land and sea.

And fancy pictures to the eye  
The wild expanse of sea and sky,  
And ships all laden with the price  
Of millions of rich merchandise ;  
Of treasures brought from far Peru,  
Of arts and manufactures too.  
An hundred such methinks I see  
Gulp'd up by the rapacious sea.

And I can summon up to view  
The avaricious merchant too,  
Now starting as the bellowing blast,  
Increas'd in fury, rushes past,



From some high headland gazing far  
For but one solitary star  
To whisper hope, and soothly say—  
The tempest soon will pass away.

Well, what is gold? 'Tis but the curse  
That makes us rich, and makes us worse ;  
Let all be lost, if it but save  
One guilty mortal from the wave !  
Wealth dies with time—the soul must be  
Prolonged through all eternity !  
And better lose the dross of earth  
Than pearls of heaven of so much worth.

Another blast!—the infuriate gale  
Still louder bellows forth its wail ;  
Some monster ship methinks I see  
With emigrants cast off at sea—  
Poor exiles from their native soil,  
Embark'd for distant wealth to toil ;  
All crowded there to curse or bless  
Death's sealing of their wretchedness.

Like some mad giant of the deep,  
She and her victims onward sweep ;  
Masts, spars, and bulwarks, sails, and helm,  
All gone!—till maddening seas o'erwhelm  
The crackling hull!—one shriek—the last!—  
Rends sky and ocean, and 'tis past!  
A thousand victims, knelt in prayer,  
With hands uplifted, perish there.

And on the bare and trackless heath  
The frozen traveller sleeps in death ;  
And children, worn by foul disease,  
Lie huddled 'neath the leafless trees !  
In vain their father's rags are spread  
To screen their limbs—the spark hath fled !  
Whilst he, unpitied, raves for death,  
And, cursing nature, yields his breath.

God save the wayward mariner,  
 And help the houseless wanderer ;  
 The widow with her orphans bless,  
 And shelter all the shelterless !  
 Give bread to eat, and fire to cheer  
 Their hearthless homes, their groanings hear,  
 And mitigate, as seemeth right,  
 The horrors of this dreadful night.



T H E   A L B A T R O S S .

OH ! wild is the flight of the albatross, sailing  
 His range 'mid the skies, over mountain and wave,  
 Like a spirit immortal, his might never failing,  
 On wings of creation his God only gave.  
     Through the storm in its wildness,  
     The blackness of night,  
     Or the ev'ning of mildness,  
     Unchang'd is his flight ;  
 And he rendeth or rides on the clouds through the air,  
 Like the lord of that untrodden wilderness there.

Where the red sun is blazing his eye never quails,  
 Nor covers to the lightning the earth that hath riv'n ;  
 And he mingleth the cry of his wrath as he sails  
     With the thunders that roll 'neath the arches of heav'n ;  
     And the hope of the wayward  
     For ever hath fled  
     When he wails o'er the ocean  
     His knell for the dead ;  
 For the wave will not rest or the wind soften down  
 While there's fire in his eye or there's fear in his frown.

Is there aught upon earth like the albatross ?

With a soul as free and as fetterless—

A spirit as wild and unstain'd by the dross

Of the world and its kindred wretchedness ?

An eye never sleeping,

Or dimm'd by a tear—

A heart never weeping—

A soul without fear,

That would range from its earth bed, the deep vault which lies

'Neath the glory eternal, whose light never dies.

Long life to his wide-spreading pinions be given !

No bound ever cross him 'mid ocean and sky !

Like a spirit of freedom descending from heav'n,

The soul that is noble responds to his cry.

Will the blight of creation

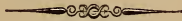
E'er fall on his plume ?

Will the wild breeze waft o'er him

The breath of the tomb ?

Will he die ? Who shall not ? Be the ocean his bed !

Where the albatross sleepeth in peace with the dead.



### THE SONG OF THE DONKEY.

MY name is Albert. I'm the prince

Of Ass-anine descent ;

I bear the cross, because my sires

To Palestine were sent ;

And though their courage some may doubt,

I say to each beholder,

If he'll but lift the saddle up,

He'll see it on my shoulder.

Alas! but from the ranks of war  
 How basely I've descended!  
 With Boltoners and Wiganers,  
 My woes are never ended;  
 For, what with kicks, and sticks, and pricks,  
 It's no use to resist 'em:  
 They make us work as if we went  
 Upon the factory system.

I've hung my head and slouch'd my ears,  
 And tried to look less knightly;  
 But all declare they never saw  
 A donkey look so sprightly!  
 And there's a man of eighteen stone  
 Determined so to work us,  
 He picks me out, because he swears  
 He's seen me at a circus.

I've rais'd my voice along the shore,  
 In hopes to meet with pity;  
 But even ladies only smile,  
 And say they think I'm witty!  
 So sleek I am, they say also  
 I'm very like Beau Brummell;  
 But I pities him if on his back  
 He ever had a pommel.

I've pitch'd some over head and ears,  
 Then kick'd them a salute;  
 But they only mount again, and say,  
 "There's mettle in the brute!"  
 Once in the Nile I laid me down,  
 To cool a Bolton brain,  
 When the vulgar wretch declar'd he'd wait  
 Till I got up again.

What shall I do? My back is stript  
 Of all its soft enamel:  
 I'm blind with sand! Why don't they try  
 To introduce a camel?

He's fitter for the work than I,  
 And well knows what he's arter ;  
 He says he'd come, but only fears  
 A-running to low-water.

They tie sweet flowers about my head,  
 My features to adorn ;  
 But if I get the rose before,  
 Behind I get the thorn.  
 And when a lady ass I meet,  
 Her kind regards revealing,  
 I may not even raise my voice  
 To indicate my feeling.

I'll wrench my girth and saddle off,  
 And they may take who need 'em ;  
 I'll tear the crupper from my tail,  
 And wag it well in freedom.  
 Huzza for thistles ! Farewell, all !  
 No longer will I stand ill,  
 But sing he-ho from morn to night—  
 An exile to the sand-hills !



A N N I E B E L L .

I SAW her in her illness—'twas her last !—  
 And death, with noiseless footstep, hover'd nigh ;  
 Her young heart's greenness early felt the blast  
 Of those who love but once, yet, loving, die.  
 'Twas sunset—and his crimson glory stream'd  
 Like light from where her kindred spirits dwell ;  
 And trees, with low, soft murmur, therein gleam'd,  
 As, sighing sorrowful, they seem'd to tell,  
 Alas ! the hapless doom of poor, poor Annie Bell !

They tell you how, from childhood's early dawn,  
 The peaceful hamlet watch'd the op'ning flow'r  
 As, in her childish gambols on the lawn,  
 Her tiny form in play beguiled the hour ;  
 How harmless swains her ruby lips would kiss,  
 And bless the sunny light that richly fell  
 On her sweet curls and face, like lingering bliss  
 From some glad paradise, where once might dwell  
 The unborn soul to earth of sweet, sweet Annie Bell !

And years roll'd on, and nature's lavish hand  
 Still painted richer grace and beauty there ;  
 And her clear voice, so beautiful and bland,  
 Told happiest thoughts within, so pure and fair ;  
 Whilst merry, laughing eyes, more soft and blue  
 Than the warm summer firmament, could tell  
 How much of love her joyous spirit knew,  
 And how to nature's charms her soul would swell  
 To mingle love with praise, and glad poor Annie Bell !

Time flew apace. She lov'd ; and, oh ! such love  
 As angels only feel for God in heaven  
 Her young heart treasur'd ! 'Twas the spring which mov'd  
 All life's best feelings to the lov'd one given ;  
 Or if from that pure font one stream might flow  
 Less bright and crystal, 'twas she could not quell  
 That worship for the idolised below  
 Which should be all her God's. Alas ! too well  
 For mind and peace of soul lov'd poor, poor Annie Bell !

And when they speak of her, with tearful eyes  
 They tell you how at sunny eve they met—  
 When nature's face looked beautiful with dyes  
 Of mellowest glory ; when, the grief and fret  
 Of earth forgotten, near the streamlet's edge,  
 'Neath soft laburnams, they of love would tell,  
 And heart to heart each burning passion pledge ;  
 Whilst incens'd flow'rets only breathed the spell  
 Of that deep rapture known to happy Annie Bell !

And now why lies she in the garb of death?  
Why gush th' unbidden tears from those sweet eyes  
Once sorrowless? Why fades the perfum'd breath,  
And sobs of anguish from her bosom rise?  
Why turns she from her gaze that lock of hair  
Once rapturously kiss'd? Oh, why repel  
The chaste white garment she had thought to wear  
When merry church bells there would chronicle  
The happy change in life that blest poor Annie Bell?

A villain gain'd her heart, and prov'd untrue—  
Crush'd with a serpent's coil that angel flow'r  
More sweet than incense breath'd from heav'nly dew,  
With all earth's excellence. Enough! The hour  
Fast closes round her; all around is still,  
And nature seems to pause! One tear that fell,  
Like the last drop grief ever more could spill,  
Bedew'd her channel'd face; and where may dwell  
Enraptur'd saints in light, there dwells poor Annie Bell!

They point you out the grave (now verdant o'er  
With moss and wild flowers) in the small churchyard,  
Where they who knew her sadly stay to pour  
The last sad tribute of unfeign'd regard;  
There stands the humble urn; o'er those remains  
No blazing characters her virtues tell;  
But in that simple hamlet's bosom reigns  
The monument where evermore will dwell,  
Inscrib'd in holy tears, thy fate, poor Annie Bell!



## M E R C Y . — A D R E A M .

THE last fading ray of the sunlight had flown,  
And the mantle of night o'er the ocean was thrown—  
The wail of the wretched, the revel of glee,  
Like the silent departed, slept peacefully ;  
For the spirit o'erloaded with sorrow and care,  
In the softness of slumber, had ceas'd to despair ;  
Whilst the visions of thought o'er my intellect stream'd,  
The power of reason decay'd—and I dream'd.  
And methought that I stood where no foot ever trod,  
On a shore where no being e'er look'd on but God ;  
No angel of solace drew nigh me to bless  
My heart in that howling wilderness ;  
But a form uncloth'd in the flesh of man,  
With ghastly countenance, pale and wan,  
Afar in the desert, with hollow breath,  
Call'd me away to his shrine : it was death.  
I follow'd the vision with fearful eyes,  
Like a victim ordain'd as a sacrifice—  
Through the dark retreats of his cave we past :  
He paused, and upon me the death-look cast ;  
And a small bright star shone in the gloom  
Its feeble light on a new-made tomb.  
It was a terrible sight to view  
My home in the earth to the life anew,  
While the yellow arm was raised on high,  
Like the headsman's blade to the culprit's eye ;  
And the icy fingers slowly fell  
To free the soul from its earthly shell !  
Now I looked on the gaping tomb with dread,  
For a reckless life of sin I had led.  
Methought I could feel death's cold hand divide  
The frail thread of existence—Mercy ! I died !



And the hour?—the eleventh! What love reigns in heaven!  
That wild cry was answer'd—all sin was forgiven!  
And the angels of light wing'd the soul to its rest,  
Repentent!—elect!—through eternity blest!

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LINES IN ILLNESS.

---

WHEN moonlight trembles on the deep,  
And winds have sigh'd themselves to sleep;  
When all is solemn stillness save  
Th' eternal plashing of the wave,  
And voiceless spirits seem to stir  
The soul to holiness and pray'r—  
To lull the fret and grief that we  
Endure from life's perplexity:  
Oh! then, at such an hour, we feel  
The cank'ring wound of woe to heal;  
The tear to dry upon the cheek  
When all creation seems to speak  
Of righteousness. We hear the word,  
The mild response of nature's God;  
We bless it, and we praise the Bless'd.  
"The heavy laden have their rest."  
Away, the world! For life why thirst?  
The bubble pleasure long hath burst,  
And wan disease, with sickly breath,  
But heralds the approach of death.  
I fain would part with all in peace  
As tranquil as an hour like this,  
With holy peacefulness of soul  
To harmonise with praise the whole,  
And faith to know, whilst yet I live,  
What God hath given he still will give;  
Though undeserved, such gifts will be  
Prolonged through all eternity.

## THE TWO TRADERS.

ADOWN the west the ev'ning shade  
 Had lastly bid farewell to day,  
 And sweetly o'er each silent glade  
 The moon had shed her silver ray ;  
     The night was sweet—  
     No leaf e'en deign'd  
     A breeze to greet  
     Where silence reign'd :  
 'Twas like an eve when saints might rise  
 To wander forth from paradise.

Yet quickly bounding o'er that shore  
 The sound of human steps is near :  
 A burden in his arms he bore,  
 And wild his looks with inward fear ;  
     The ghastly glare  
     The shrouded cheek—  
     Of deep despair  
     They seem'd to speak ;  
 And wildly o'er that barren waste  
 A tall and frenzied figure pac'd.

He bore a babe—as sweet a child  
 As ever press'd its mother's knee ;  
 Its angel smile and forehead mild  
 Were emblems of its purity.  
     He did embrace  
     Its tender weight,  
     And kiss'd its face  
     In mad delight :  
 It seem'd the only thing to bless  
 His bosom in its wretchedness.

He sate him down upon the road,  
 Among the Appenines, where lay  
 No trace of human man's abode :  
 All desolate, he wip'd away  
     The burning tear,  
     And onward went,  
 Whilst on his ear  
     Did sweetly melt,  
 Like solace from some heavenly clime,  
 The distant toll of convent chime.

And 'neath the portal of the pile,  
 A victim of despair, he stood,  
 And echo'd at the gate. The smile  
 Of morning fann'd his feverish blood.  
     The holy strain  
     Of matin praise  
     The cloister'd voices  
     Sweet did raise :  
 So sweet it was, it seem'd to be  
 The hymn of truth and purity.

But whence the sound—the shrilly sound—  
 That falls upon the startled ear ?  
 The voices falter, and around  
 The pious abbot gaz'd with fear :  
     A stranger tall,  
     With flowing hair,  
     Did madly fall  
     Before him there—  
 A wretch that sought, and humbly knelt  
 To pray for mercy on his guilt.

“ Oh, holy father !” cried the man,  
 “ A tale of guilt I must unfold,  
 To ease the torture of this ban  
 That kills my rest ; but this I hold—  
     This precious babe,  
     My only care—

Its mother's cheek,  
 Its mother's hair—  
 The blossom of her form divine :—  
 I love it ! still it is not mine.

“ Oh ! if the saints on high can heal  
 The heart corroded o'er and riv'n,  
 Oh, father ! tell me how to feel  
 The pray'r that sues for crimes forgiv'n ;  
 For I would gain  
 A long release,  
 And in the grave  
 My troubles cease ;  
 For vengeance never will forbear  
 To fall upon a murderer.

“ There was a time when not a sigh  
 Did ever show my want of peace ;  
 There was a time when one sweet eye  
 Could bid my every trouble cease ;  
 But that is gone,  
 And all is gone  
 Away ; and I  
 Am left alone  
 To tell what all my crimes have been,  
 But deeds of sorrow, shame, and sin.

“ I had a brother ; and I lov'd  
 A maiden of all others true,  
 In whom, alas ! it hapless prov'd  
 My brother's love was centred too.  
 The nuptial peal—  
 The marriage glee—  
 Rang through the hall,  
 But not for me !  
 The vision of my hope had flown—  
 She and my brother both were one !

“ But, oh ! the flow'r her cheek had fled—  
 Upon her lip no smile was there ;

The sparkle of her eye was dead ;  
 The bosom's truth was painted fair.  
     Her father bade her  
     Take the oath ;  
     Her conscience and  
     Her heart did loathe.

Alas ! a cruel father he,  
 To blast his child's felicity !

“ But yet I can remember still  
 She loved me—yet she dare not speak,  
 But left concealment, like the worm,  
 To feed and canker on her cheek ;  
     And soon the cold  
     Command of death  
     For ever quench'd  
     Her fev'rish breath,  
 And set her spotless spirit free  
 To everlasting purity.

“ Yet, though her eye untimely clos'd  
 For ever in eternal night,  
 How short my brother's grief ! The wealth  
 Of thousands glitter'd in his sight.  
     But I did hear  
     The passing bell—  
     The sadness of  
     Its solemn knell :  
 It rent my heart—I know not how !  
 Methinks I hear it vibrate now !”

He wip'd away the burning drops  
 That bath'd his temples and his brow :  
 It seem'd to sooth his inward pain  
 To tell it to another now :—  
     “ My brother robb'd,”  
     He cried, “ by stealth,  
 My fortunes, to  
     Increase his wealth ;

By artifice 'twas torn from me.  
He was a cruel enemy !

“ We both were traders on the main ;  
And oft would fortune throw us wide  
To distant shores away, and still  
The deadly hate would not subside.  
We never spoke  
As brothers do,  
But hated as  
We nearer drew,  
And panted for each other's blood.  
Still years passed onward in this feud.

“ Far o'er the wide Atlantic sea,  
To western shores, my brother sail'd ;  
But Cephalonia, Zante, Corfu,  
And other southern isles, I hail'd ;  
And fortune seem'd  
At length to be  
The star of my  
Prosperity !  
Whilst on the wave, by tempests toss'd,  
My brother's wealth and ships were lost.

“ The hand that seem'd to lend him aid,  
And kindly guide him, was withdrawn ;  
And he in madness saw at length  
The sorrows of misfortune dawn :  
My toils rewarded  
He did see—  
It fann'd the flame  
Of enmity !  
Ambitious hopes his breast assail'd ;  
And thus from west to south he sail'd.

“ Three sleepless nights have hurried by—  
Three sleepless nights of misery !  
I would not, father, feel again  
That time for peace eternally ;

For all that was  
 By heaven will'd  
 In deeds of darkness  
 Was fulfilled :  
 My brother's rage in death was o'er,  
 And mine in coldness was no more !

“ 'Twas on a night—a dreadful night !—  
 Within my cabin close I lay ;  
 My gallant comrades o'er me kept  
 The midnight vigil ; and the ray  
 Of heavenly light  
 Did sweetly rest  
 Upon the ocean's  
 Azure breast ;  
 Alas ! but o'er its soft control  
 The shades of darkness quickly stole.

“ My dreams were broken, and methought  
 I heard the crash of thunders fall,  
 The dash of billows, and the voice  
 Of mighty winds ; and then o'er all  
 The lightning's glare  
 Did wildly stream—  
 I heard the sea-bird's  
 Hollow scream :  
 There was but near me and afar  
 The strife of elemental war.

“ I strode the deck with hurried pace,  
 And there was not a hopeful ray  
 Shed o'er the sombre gloom. But where—  
 My gallant comrades—where are they ?  
 I call'd—but none  
 My voice could hear—  
 No friendly voice  
 Responded near ;  
 The waves their winding-sheet had spread :  
 I call'd, but on the silent dead.

" I look upon the ocean wave  
 As on my everlasting bed ;  
 The swell of waters struck mine ears—  
 My vessel sank, and o'er my head  
 The billows clos'd,  
 And loudly rung  
 Within mine ears ;  
 But still I clung  
 Unto a wreck : though hope was past,  
 The floating remnant still I grasped.

" My eyes were held aloft to heav'n—  
 My bosom heav'd its latest pray'r ;  
 I cried for mercy, and methought  
 My pray'r was not unheeded there ;  
 For kindly heaven,  
 Though all was strife,  
 Had bless'd the waning  
 Flame of life !  
 I felt its sands were nearly run,  
 And cried, ' Oh, God, thy will be done !'

" And louder still the tempest beat,  
 And louder dash'd the stormy wave.  
 I gaz'd, but I could only see  
 The lightning pointing out my grave :  
 It rent the sky,  
 And by its light  
 Another object  
 Met my sight—  
 A hapless vessel that, like me,  
 Was left at th' mercy of the sea.

" Oh ! had I ne'er that vessel seen,  
 But clos'd my eyes to ope no more,  
 The consciousness of guilty deeds  
 And sorrow had alike been o'er.  
 Again I look'd  
 To heav'n, and knelt,



And pity for  
 The victims felt.  
 Oh, father had I known—but hark!—  
 That vessel—'twas my brother's bark!

“The gushing tide, the mighty winds,  
 Her ev'ry trembling rafter shook ;  
 She sank to rise no more, for on  
 The adamantine rock she struck!  
 And only one  
 Was left to tell  
 The tale of woe  
 That on him fell—  
 Of storm and agony extreme—  
 The death-shriek and the dying scream.

“I look'd again—the morning light  
 At last descended on the shore :  
 Oh, God ! the sight that greeted me,  
 Forbid I ever should see more !  
 My brother's form—  
 I knew it well—  
 I heard him laugh  
 With fiendish yell !  
 And pointed scornfully at me,  
 The dying victim of the sea.

“The last sad thought to all on earth—  
 To which I breath'd my farewell sigh—  
 The meditation of the grave—  
 The hope of happiness on high,  
 That sooth'd when others  
 Were denied :  
 Those sacred joys  
 Within me died ;  
 No more they sweetly proffer'd rest—  
 Revenge rekindled in my breast !

“I struggled with the billows hard—  
 I breasted them!—and then again

My brother laugh'd at me. Oh, God!  
 It was no time for mockery!  
 The flame of vengeance  
 Nerved my hand—  
 I fought the storm—  
 I gain'd the land!  
 I had a dagger in my belt,  
 And quick the murd'rous blow was dealt!

“ And there he lay!—the purple stream  
 His silent bosom trickled o'er;  
 His eye was clos'd, his breast was bath'd  
 Within the coldness of its gore:  
 And then in kinder  
 Words I spake—  
 Oh, father! but  
 He would not wake—  
 He would not wake, for sound he slept.  
 I gaz'd upon the corse, and wept!

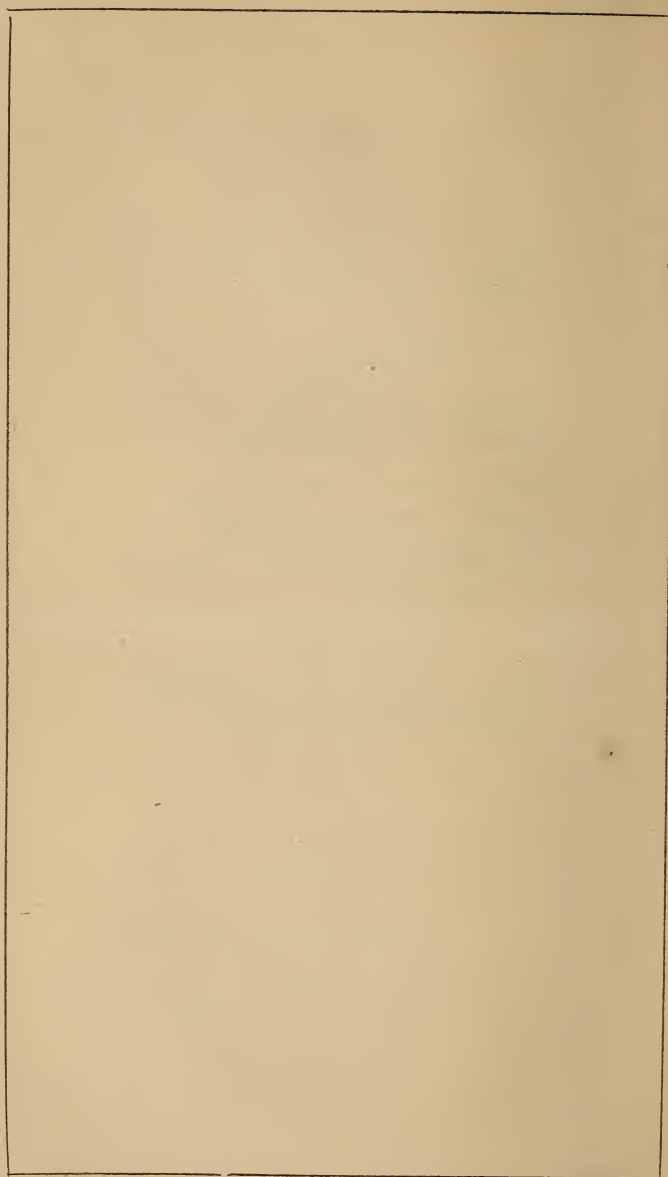
“ A sleeping infant near him lay;  
 It was his child—his only child!  
 I kiss'd its tender brow; but when  
 Th' unconscious little cherub smil'd,  
 The tear of anguish  
 Dimmed my eye—  
 It was its mother's  
 Smile on high.  
 I could not look—my heart it brake:  
 I sav'd it for its mother's sake!

“ Among these dreary Appenines  
 In vain I've sought a safe retreat;  
 I've wander'd long and far, but still  
 The heart no friendly peace can greet.  
 The guilty sin  
 Comes o'er me now;  
 The burning drops  
 Bedew my brow;

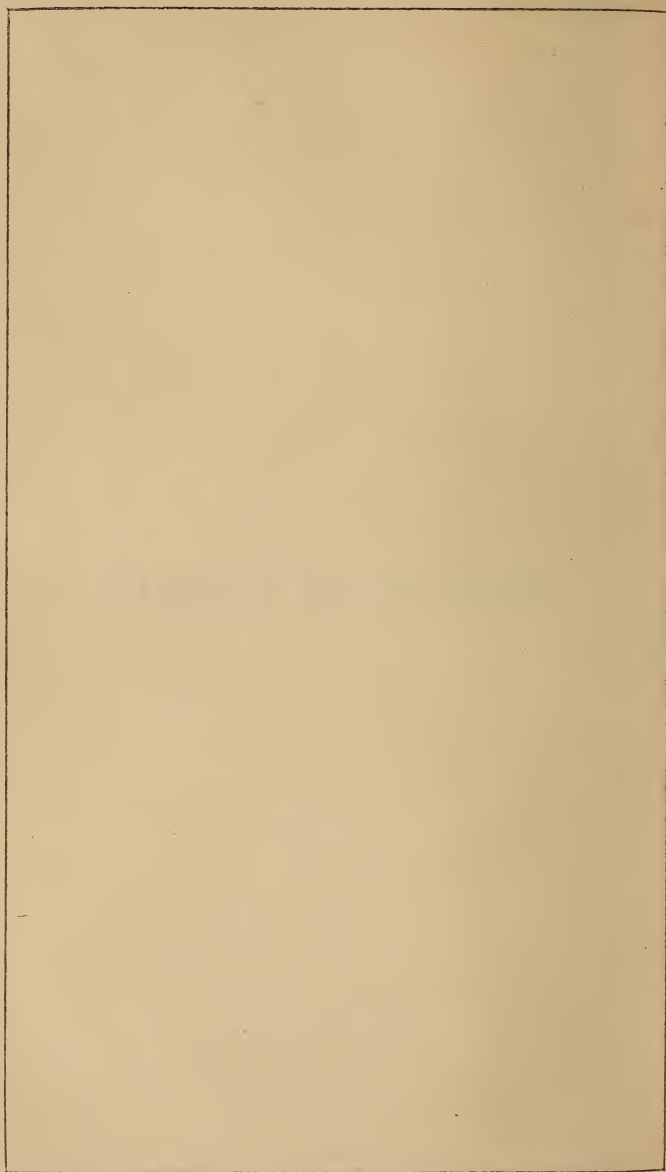
And heav'n will never cleanse the sin.  
Of what I am, and what I've been !

“ There is a feeling lingers here—  
An earthly feeling—and a call  
Upon the heart. Wilt thou but save  
This baby, and I abjure all ?  
And may it ne'er  
Lisp the name  
Of him who sleeps  
In guilt and shame :  
Oh, father, may it never know  
Its uncle's guilt, its father's woe !”

The old man saw his dying look,  
And sadly heard the parting breath ;  
The man of sorrow ceas'd to weep  
For ever in eternal death !  
The abbot low  
Knelt by his side—  
“ May heav'n forgive !”  
He faintly cried ;  
“ But where the earthless soul hath flown,  
I dread to think ; but he is gone !”



MEMORIALS OF MEDICALS.



## MEMORIALS OF MEDICALS.

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MR. DANIEL DARIUS DAMPER.

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IN a small market town, in the county of B———, there resided once a medical gentleman named Blood, who, from comparative nothingness, had risen to a very enviable share of respectable practice. It is true that he had climbed this pinnacle upon the backs of the paupers, and by sundry similar stepping-stones; which system of progression having attained for him a philanthropic character, at length drew down the favours of the opulent. Thus heavily burdened with the public kindness, no wonder that he began to groan beneath the yoke, and very wisely concluded an assistant would be requisite. With this assistant, rather than the great man himself, our story has to deal; and, without further preface, I propose to introduce to the patience of the reader Mr. Daniel Darius Damper. It is the misfortune of many men engaged in medical pursuits, either by improvidence or unavoidable events, to be compelled to relinquish those studies, even when the goal of consummation is in view. It was thus with Mr. Daniel Darius Damper; which mishap reduced him to this subordinate grade in his profession. It is, therefore, no matter of astonishment that, with an education incom-

plete, he should be but feebly cognisant of some parts of that peculiar knowledge essential to the education of a medical man. But this mattered not to Mr. Damper. He relied, as he expressed it, more upon nature's powers and the providence of God than on pills, potions, and plasters. Perhaps he was right. But to our tale.

It so happened that after being installed about a week in his new occupation, the head of the establishment was called away, and in the hands of Mr. Damper were reposed the lives and health of the community. This, in the abstract, appears serious; but in the philosophy of Mr. Damper nothing was more frivolous, for his treatment of disease was founded not on judgment, but on rules, the which he exercised with as much precision as a schoolboy would the English grammar. He despised exceptions, and could reconcile his conscience to the greatest *lapsus* by this golden rule—

“ I bleeds, I purges, and I sweats 'em ;  
And if they die, why then—I lets 'em !”

And it was so. It cannot be denied that when looking over his list of patients his dignity appeared in the ascendant, for one glance assured him, from the importance of the cases, that great confidence had been reposed in him; but even before he had seen them his mode of treatment was determined, and he chuckled at his own wit, whilst enumerating each disease. Having cajoled himself with sundry little pleasantries (certainly better enjoyed by himself than his patients), he started off with an elastic step to visit them. As a similar fate fell uniformly upon all, it will be unnecessary to describe them: perhaps had there been fewer cases, less mortality might have been the consequence. But no matter.

Night already began to draw near before Mr. Damper completed; but, with the exception of one case, all were visited. He looked hard at the paper, and, by strong orthographical power, descried the word “*Monomania* ;” but what it meant was a mania to him entirely. Somewhat puzzled, he knew not how to act. He had prescribed for all the rest with a celerity that delighted him; as it was, he blew his nose, and hesitated; but as serious consideration was not a constituent part of his nature, he determined at a hazard to call, and



make the best of it. The residence of the gentleman afflicted with this unhappy disorder was the most wealthy and magnificent for many miles around. The proprietor, formerly a man of considerable talent, had reaped a rich harvest by railway speculations—attended, however, by a corresponding loss of intellect, the unfortunate gentleman not being able to stand corn. It was upon the one subject of railway transactions his brain became inverted; which unlucky summons could never afterwards be rectified. It had been occasioned by the success, rather than the failure, of his projects; and in such cases the insanity is usually more aggravated than by extreme misfortune. His flights upon the subject were, therefore, more ærial than dejected, and though sometimes dangerous to others (as will be shown), were attended with happier consequences to himself.

Mr. Damper, with an uncertain knowledge of what he was going to do, at length drew up at the hall-door, and, with the ring of a nobleman, or something doubly consequential, announced his waiting for admittance. A silvered lacquey answered the appeal, and, with the door swinging in his hand, demanded his name. Mr. Damper, presenting his card, with a little preliminary explanation, was forthwith ushered into the apartment of the invalid. On entering, he could not withstand being forcibly struck by the singular appearance of the room. Everything exhibited the most confused disorder. The large round table, evidently designed for the centre of the room, was pushed into a corner, with one leg off—resembling in appearance an idle target which had laid down to rest itself; the sofa, instead of using four legs, was stuck up on end on two, like a dog begging; some of the chairs were erect and others prostrate, as though a ravaging pestilence had come upon them; and every article of furniture bore an equal deviation from the perpendicular. The only exception to this irregularity was the man himself, who was dressed with the most scrupulous neatness; and Mr. Damper congratulated himself on beholding this one piece of rationality. The usual compliments having passed between them, Mr. Damper accepted one of the fallen chairs presented to him, and proceeded with the business forthwith.

“I have the honour,” said he, somewhat timidly, “to officiate for Mr. Blood during his brief absence. I sincerely hope, sir, I may have the pleasure of reporting favourably of your case on his return.”

“Sir?” said the invalid.

Now, Mr. Damper had made a long speech, and did not relish the idea of repeating it; he, therefore, concluded an abridgement was necessary, and merely said, “I hope you are better, sir.”

“I never was ill yet,” replied the invalid, “that I know of.”

Mr. Damper’s eyes evinced a slight shade of astonishment; but he was silent, and rapidly reflected on the possibility of his having made a mistake; but, quick as thought, he returned to the charge.

“If I mistake not, I believe myself in the presence of Mr. Trainer, of Tranbury Hall.”

“The same, sir,” said the gentleman, coldly.

“I have instructions from my employer to call on you,” rejoined Mr. Damper, “and to be diligent in my attendance. I hope my poor services may be useful.”

“I perceive, sir,” said the invalid, as though a sudden gleam of comprehension had come over him. “And when did Mr. Blood leave home?”

“This morning, by the railway,” responded Mr. Damper.

This was quite enough! Matters were now at a crisis. Mr. Damper had touched upon the one cord which set in motion all the springs of his insanity. That one word, “railway!” did its business; and the apparently sane man became as diametrically mad.

There was a slight pause.

“You will take wine?” inquired the invalid, placing the chairs upside down, and supporting their bottoms on the edge of the inclined table, whilst the decanter and glasses slid down the hill, and were only prevented from falling to the ground by the broad rim which encircled the edge.

“With pleasure, sir,” said Mr. Damper, rather confusedly, at the same time placing himself on his somewhat equivocal seat. “I prefer sherry.”

The glasses were filled.

“Pop!” said the gentleman.

“Sir?” said Mr. Damper.

“Pop!” repeated the other.

“Yes; or ginger beer,” answered Mr. Damper.

“Bang!” vociferated the gentleman, sending his glass of wine, with furious velocity, through a square of glass, and emitting his breath by fits and starts, like sudden gusts of steam from an engine.

“Capital!” shouted Mr. Damper, thinking it a joke. “Never saw a better aim in all my life!”

“Phiz-z-z!” roared out the other, and up went the decanter to the very ceiling, descending immediately on the floor, and shivering into a thousand pieces; the stopper, however, having disentangled itself, came down with rather unceremonious violence on the nose of Mr. Damper, causing that very respectable feature to shed blood. At the same time, the gentleman set up every hideous noise a railway engine is capable of making. Mr. Damper thought this rather too much—certainly more than was necessary to constitute a joke; and at the same time he wondered with all his might what the deuce the word “monomania” meant.

“Time!” shouted out his patient again, springing upon two chairs, and seizing the bell-rope, which he pulled with all his might. “We’re off!”

Mr. Damper inwardly made prayer that it might be so.

At the sound of the bell a footman appeared at the door, and Mr. Damper was astonished to see that no symptom of amazement was visible on his face. Strange! thought he; but I’ll wait. But his patient resolutions were instantly disconcerted at the voice of the madman.

“Send in the mastiff!” shouted he, in a thunder-and-lightning kind of tone. “I’ll blast the interests of all mankind! Send in the mastiff! Close the window-shuts without, and bring in three dozen flambeaus!—blazing!—burning!—hot! We must have signals,” said he, more mildly, to Mr. Damper. “You will pardon my *negligé*, for an engine of five thousand horse power; but I’ll return immediately under the very highest pressure!”

Mr. Damper groaned aloud, and vainly tried to assure the

patient that he was convinced of his superior force without any further proof, for he now perceived that he was stark, staring mad, and doubted his capabilities of encountering both him and the mastiff, whenever that superfluous visiter should come ; but his eloquence had no effect. The madman had not yet reached the height of his fit, but forthwith proceeded to open a door, which, Mr. Damper perceived, led into an ante-room—a vestuary, having two steps below the level of the room. On a sudden the place became dark—the shutters were closed, and the lights had not yet made their appearance ; but, much to his relief, the servant appeared in a few minutes with an innumerable number of ignited candles, which he placed in different parts of the room, and at varied distances, yet all forming, as nearly as possible, two rows of lights upon the floor, at either side. Mr. Damper felt grateful for this attention, and could not forbear expressing his gratitude to the man in livery, but insinuated, at the same time, that a less quantity might have served the purpose.

“Less would not do,” answered the servant, peevishly. “The journey absolutely requires them.”

“What journey ?” asked Mr. Damper.

“I don’t know,” replied the servant.

Mr. Damper naturally thought it rather paradoxical, and felt a little ruffled at being trifled with by a menial ; but he smothered his emotion, and politely said he had a favour to beg.

“Name it !” said the other.

“That you will not bring in the mastiff,” replied Mr. Damper, anxiously.

“He must come.”

“For why ?”

“He’s the stoker,” said the servant.

“The what ?” inquired Mr. Damper ; but the man, perceiving the door of the ante-room getting ajar, abruptly quitted the apartment.

“They’re all mad alike !” groaned Mr. Damper ; “stark, staring mad, and God help me !” He had not long, however, to tremble in suspense ; all the vast resources of his mind were speedily summoned into requisition, for, at one and the

same moment, the mastiff was shoved into the room and the maniac entered from his tiring-place. With a desperate, and, to do him justice, a manly effort, Mr. Damper prepared himself for action, as all chance of reconciliation he considered futile. Even in the midst of horror, he could not suppress a smile at the grotesque appearance of his patient. Upon his head, rising about three quarters of a yard in the air, he wore a metallic funnel, from which was contrived to emanate a cloud of smoke; his body was encased in card-board, made to shine most brilliantly by means of black-lead, but too cylindrical to have the appearance of armour; around his waist was a broad black belt, on which was inscribed, in huge phosphoric letters, "BLAZER;"—and on either side of his knees was fixed a revolving wheel, which rattled round with such a crackling velocity as to give the idea of his leg and thigh bones snapping off by inches. Mr. Damper tucked himself up closely by the wall, while the madman busily yoked himself to a square table upon castors, and, having wildly completed the arrangement, sung out in a stentorian voice for the dog—"Stoker!" The animal immediately leaped upon the table.

"Hecla! Etna! Vesuvius! and furies!" roared the madman; and away he went, like some mighty engine broken loose, round the room, while the dog and he mingled their howlings together. It was only by dint of excessive agility that Mr. Damper could save himself from being smashed to pieces; slight contusions and abrasions he contentedly put up with, and all he tried to guard against was concussion or compression of the brain. There were yet lights in the room; but, alas! even these were destined to be but of short duration: by ones, twos, and threes, they were knocked over and extinguished, and, as the shutters were closed, Mr. Damper found himself in total darkness. To know which way to turn, was impossible; from one hiding-corner he was chased on to another, receiving continued jams and bruises from the flying table—not to mention similar misfortunes brought on by himself with running his head and other members against sharp projections and angles in the dark. He tried the door, wondering very much he had never thought

of that before ; but that too, was closed against him, being so constructed as to lock itself when shut. He, therefore, trusted to his ears, in order to regulate his movements by the help of sound, hoping desperately that the maniac would at last become exhausted. On a sudden, a tremendous smash, as of glass, and a clashing of fire-irons, with a horrible fall close by his side, roused him to a sudden leap from his lurking-place.

“There goes a poker !” roared the madman.

“Mercy !” ejaculated Mr. Damper.

“There goes a carving-knife !” continued the other, in a louder and fiercer voice.

“God help me !” cried Mr. Damper, as he felt a sharp cut below his ear from which the blood was trickling.

“There goes a blunderbuss !” yelled the other, whilst a thundering explosion shook the very house to its foundation, and in a second after Mr. Damper felt the enormous weapon whiz past, which, however, he this time luckily escaped.

Onward swept the table with increased velocity, and wilder yelled the dog and madman, until poor Darius, sinking back against the wall, quietly waited for the last sad smash. But the blunderbuss had not been without its use—verifying the old proverb that “good comes out of evil”—for by its light he recognised the door of the room in which his adversary had retired to dress himself. His first impression was to make for it, and hide himself ; but a second thought convinced him that he should only be pent up in closer danger : he, therefore, with wonderful aptness of mind, groped his way towards it, and threw the door wide open, and again, as adroitly as he could, put himself on the defensive. Again the maniac bellowed like a bursting engine, and again the dog (or stoker) howled like a legion of wild Indians, when, after two or three successive whirls about the room, bang went madman, dog, and table, heads and heels together, down the steps into the ante-room.

“Thank God !” cried Mr. Damper, in an ecstasy ; and, quick as lightning, he closed the door upon them, and securely locked it.

“The devil has grabbed me at the terminus !” shouted the madman.

“Then the devil may loose you,” echoed Mr. Damper, “for I’ll be d—d if I do!” And, pocketing the key, he made for the drawing-room door, and with two or three stupendous kicks shivered the panel to pieces, and escaped. He waited not for any explanation, but, rushing past all the servants and domestics, never stopped his pace till he arrived at home, and threw himself into a chair. “Small-pox, measles, or influenza may be all very well,” said he; “but no more *monomania* for me!”



#### MR. PLUTO PLUMTREE.

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It is a very amusing kind of gratification, when doomed to confinement by disease or other causes, to review the scenes and incidents of the past, especially if there be many green spots in the wilderness of life which have illumined its pilgrimage. On these we dwell, and are reconciled by the reflection that, if we suffer, we have once enjoyed, and the future is gilded with brighter hopes of ease and happiness. Among the various scenes of bygone days, I shall not hesitate to relate the following, and can vouch for the truth of it (*ahem!*) from one whom I esteem it my greatest happiness to be able to call my friend. In doing this, I trust the reader is prepared to pardon my rude ideas of delicacy whilst I unfold the secrets of the charnel-house, which I hope may edify, without spreading the pestilence around.

There is, perhaps, no class of persons whose professional avocations are so much fraught with peculiar interest as those of the student in medicine; the scenes he witnesses, and the studies which engage him, rendering it for ever diversified.

Amongst such characters there is always a mutual good feeling, so long as pedantry, or the assumption of superior knowledge, is avoided, but when once practised a general feeling of dislike is manifest. An individual of the name of Mr. Pluto Plumtree unfortunately became a victim of this description in the hospital of ——; and may the lesson taught him be a warning-light to others. It is true that originally he had never entertained such exalted notions of himself; but having received so many assurances of his extensive capabilities either from hollow friends or over-zealous patrons, no wonder that he at last became infected with the mania, and resolved not only to excel in the ordinary principles of his profession, but, by one mighty master-stroke, to discover in the human frame the very essence of life itself. From a previous state of apathy, this resolution became the one absorbing theme of his attention, and the achievement of it the very idol of his soul. He aped the manners and writings of the ancients; spoke of himself and Aristotle, Paracelsus and the immortal Harvey in the same breath; read Frankenstein, and, knowing it to be a fiction, advocated the possibility of its being realised. His manner became grave; his eyes were continually bent upon the ground, as though disgusted with the sight of ordinary objects; and his hair, which formerly obscured his eyes like long, dank water-flags, was brushed behind his ears—no doubt in imitation of the Grecian academicians. Thus rapidly and singularly metamorphosed, he speedily became a wonder in the school, and drew forth jeers and exclamations by no means complimentary; but these he disregarded with a sneer, and rather gloried in the martyrdom of his position, which stimulated him to increased exertion in the prosecution of his search. He returned homewards that day from the dissecting-room with sensations scarcely to be considered mortal: so confident was he of a successful issue, that his imagination became peopled with a thousand vague absurdities—angels wreathing laurels on his brow, nature paying homage at his feet, and women, men, and children chaunting praises for his bestowal of perpetual life upon the human race. Night came; but his intensity of rapture continued unabated; the hour of sleep was far



advanced; still he paced, with folded arms, the narrow limits of his apartment; and morning might have found him burning with enthusiasm, had not his fellow-lodger bounced into the room and talked of using force of a physical description if he did not moderate the violence of his soliloquies and suffer him to sleep. Mr. Plumtree paused—reflected for a moment—thought the matter reasonable, and apologised. He went to bed, but not to sleep; and the sun rose upon him, unrefreshed and feverish with his night's excitement, As a criminal is sometimes known to array himself in his best attire on the morning of his execution, so Mr. Plumtree adorned himself from the choicest of his wardrobe—not presuming to enter on his solemn labour in a slovenly or unbecoming manner; and having crammed a green baize bag to the very throat with divers knives and surgical instruments, he commenced his journey to the scene of operation.

It was a sharp, cold December morning, and numerous students were gathered round the fire of the dissecting-room, talking over the frolic of the previous night—broken lamps, dismembered knockers, “hair-breadth ‘scapes,” &c.—whilst the more industrious were silently dissecting their respective parts, and occasionally joining in the conversation. All, however, entered freely into discussion when the conduct of Mr. Plumtree was introduced, and many were the laughable surmises and speculations made upon it. Roars of laughter on the subject were echoed through the room, enough to wake the very dead before them, when Mr. Plumtree, armed with his huge green bag, and several ponderous volumes tucked beneath his arm, entered the apartment. His whole appearance was solemn in the extreme, and a frozen *hauteur* icicled his countenance on all around. Slowly, but with a firm step, without any salutation to his colleagues, he approached a table, whereon lay stretched the body of a subject brought in fresh the previous day, and, calmly seating himself beside it, waited with a show of patience the retirement of the last student; but this appeared a task much longer and more formidable than he anticipated, for such was the amusement caused by the singularity of his conduct, that no one seemed inclined to move, but pertinaciously waited in order to witness his proceedings.

"That's a splendid subject we got in yesterday," said a wag with a cigar in his mouth.

"Beautiful!" rejoined another in moustaches; "and I mean to have a cut at it."

"I intend to take the head and neck," said a hang-dog-looking fellow in a pilot coat.

"And I the arm and hand, in order to appreciate the beauty of the ring finger," said a fop.

"And I the leg!"

"And I the trunk!"

"And I——" But Mr. Plumtree here interposed, stating that it was useless to apportion the different parts, as he had purchased the whole of the subject himself. This announcement created a general dislike against him, which was sufficiently manifest; but Mr. Plumtree still maintained the gravity of his position. At length, irritated beyond endurance, one more curious than the rest demanded what he was going to do.

Mr. Plumtree, unloosing the strings of his green bag, and arranging on the table a profusion of scalpels, saws, chisels, knives, &c., and opening one of his huge volumes, replied, with a momentous emphasis, that he was going to search for the essence of life.

"More likely the essence of tobacco," said the wag with the cigar in his mouth.

"Or the essence of bears' grease," said the gentleman with moustaches.

"Or the essence of tar," said the sailor-looking man.

"Perhaps of bergamot or lemon," added the fop; "a pleasant fragrance in a dissecting-room—very!"

Gibes and taunts of this description were lavishly bestowed upon him, until night drew on apace; but the silence of Mr. Plumtree eliciting but little repartee, they one by one quitted the apartment. When the last student left the room, and darkness lay around, Mr. Plumtree trimmed his lamp, and addressed himself to study.

There is, perhaps, no other place in which we feel so much the nothingness of life as in the dissecting-room. In daylight this effect is lost, or much diminished, by the hilarity of

company; but when the solemnity of night and solitude is there, it is indeed impressive. It was a bitter, cold, and stormy night; the rain, in heavy torrents, beat furiously on the skylight over him, and the piercing wind, as it shook the windows in their frames, insinuated its cold breath into the room. Around, on several oaken tables, lay the sad vestiges of mortality, in their various stages of decomposition—some mutilated, others undisturbed; their leaden features glared unmeaningly in death, and the heavy limbs dangling like logs by the sides of the table. There—alone in such a place—let the pride of the purse-proud idiot nauseate, the conceited shudder, and the monarch learn his lesson. There is no school like this for humbling nature: no rich sarcophagus emblazoning the virtues of the dead—no costly gravestone; but all in the loathsome garb of nakedness—in the noisome hues of putrefaction—in the mass of black corruption! What is man? The flickering lamp shed but a very feeble light—making all around more hideous; the floor was strewn with sawdust, for the absorption of damp and moisture incident to such places; and shoals of stealthy rats crawled from their lurking-place for plunder. Though Mr. Plumtree was undoubtedly a man of undisputed courage, he had never before been left alone in a dissecting-room at night, nor had the circumstance ever previously occurred to him; as it was, unconsciously almost he looked around, and shuddered. “Pshaw!” said he; and, encasing his head in a woollen cap, and turning up his sleeves, he proceeded to arrange the corpse in a suitable position for his purpose. Fastening the arms and hands around the neck by means of an old piece of cord, and elevating the abdomen by placing a block behind the loins, he sat down by the side of the subject, and buried his feet in a heap of sawdust underneath the table to keep them warm. Thus the necessary preliminaries finished, he selected one of his sharpest knives, and was about making his first incision, when a gigantic rat leaped upon the table, crossed the face of the dead man, and extinguished his light. All was instant darkness. Mr. Plumtree changed countenance (most likely!) for a moment: groping upon the floor to regain his light, his hands came in contact with the clammy

foot of the corpse ; he slightly shuddered, but, laughing instantly at the folly of his own weakness, continued the search ; it was soon accomplished, and, igniting a Lucifer, he re-lit his lamp, rallied his courage, and again prepared for study. For a moment he looked unconsciously upon the face of the corpse : one eye was opened, although he could have sworn that but a moment before they were both closed. "Strange!" muttered he to himself ; "but—pshaw!" And he endeavoured to forget the circumstance ; yet many strange traditions and superstitions crowded on him. He rose from his stool, and walked towards the door to procure a little brandy which he had secreted for himself in a small closet in the lobby ; but it was locked outside, and, under any circumstances, he could not possibly leave the room. Stranger still ! thought he ; but—pshaw ! And, with a vigorous and manly effort, he determined to persevere in his research. Armed with this laudable determination, he again sat down. After examining the blade of his scalpel, he commenced his first incision by dividing the integuments from the neck downwards, and, reflecting back the fascia underneath them, the beautiful layers of abdominal muscles, with their glistening tendons, were exposed to view. One by one their fibres were dissevered, and in like manner thrown back, when the numerous viscera and sublime works of the Creator lay like heavenly machinery before him.

"Beautiful!" ejaculated Mr. Plumtree. "From this clay shall come the resurrection of the secret which shall render it immortal!"

However bright might have burnt this spark of enthusiasm in Mr. Plumtree, it was evident that the lamp by no means shared the sentiment, for, with a few equivocal flickers, it began to wane very low, yet gradually. This was a bad omen, and he felt it to be so ; but, drawing it closer to him, he pursued his labours. From the numerous organs before him, he selected the stomach for the first field of his research, and clasping it in his left hand, and drawing the scalpel over it with the other, the interior, with its rosy tints, lay spread before him.

"Beautiful!" again cried Mr. Plumtree ; and the lamp at

the same time flickered and burnt lower. He raised his eyes to look at it, and at the same moment thought his knife felt to grate harshly against some anomalous substance in the stomach.

“ Ah !” thought he, “ I have it now !” And, bending his head low, by the aid of his uncertain light he discovered, to his unutterable astonishment, *a letter*, directed to himself, and emitting a ghastly light and sulphurous odour. A sudden sensation of faintness and cold came over him, and he trembled from head to foot. Again his eyes were fixed on it, and shining letters showed the post-mark — “ Pandemonium.” With a last faint effort, he ventured to unloose the seal, and whilst consciousness still lingered in his brain he read the following :—

MY DEAR SIR—Permit me to tender you my most grateful acknowledgments for having opened my body, for I have not seen daylight for three weeks before; and I now enjoy the sensation of being cool and comfortable. You cannot imagine the delight I felt as your delicate blade divided my flesh, insomuch that I could not forbear opening one eye to look at you. I am told that you are searching for the essence of life: just look behind my liver, and you will find a pint bottle of it. I prefer it myself to the India Pale Ale. Please to make me decent by four o’clock, as a demon is coming to sup with me.—Yours, &c., in life, death, and eternity,

THE CORPSE.

P.S.—Be careful how you put me together again, as I am rather ticklish, and do not wish to disturb the gravity of my position by laughing.

The letter fell from his hands—the lamp again flickered, and went out; and he fell backwards against the table. In doing so, the cotton cord which bound the arm round the head of the corpse gave way, and it fell heavily upon his shoulder, round his neck, so as to embrace him. Sense and consciousness forsook him, and he became inanimate—utterly unable either to think, speak, or move. How long he would have continued in this condition is uncertain, had not daylight come; and when the several students returned to their usual occupations, he was discovered in the same position he had lain all night.

The mystery is easily solved. The fact was, that, hearing of his foolish intentions, the wag with the cigar in his mouth, and three or four other congenial spirits, wrote the letter,

rubbed it well with phosphorus, and forced it with a probang down the œsophagus into the stomach ; whilst the eye was opened by the legs of the rat which ran across the face of the dead man.

Mr. Plumtree was removed, and, by proper applications and restoratives, was shortly convalescent. But it had its lesson. He became an altered and a better man ; he was cured of infidelity ; having learned that there is a barrier betwixt the wisdom of God and man which no stretch of ingenuity can sever.

THE LADIES' CLUB ;

OR,

FROLICS OF THE FAIRIES.

## THE SONG OF THE PILLAR.

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Oh, list to the lay of a desolate pillar—  
I will not offend either humble or proud;  
For, alas! I'm a foundling and cannot tell whether  
I sprung from the earth or fell down from a cloud.

I am here, by the corner, in fashion Ionic;  
I'm fluted, and rooted, and crowned, it is true;  
And yet I can't tell, though I look so Platonic,  
What on earth or in air I'm expected to do.

I look with a sigh on those pillars so jolly  
That rise in good-fellowship opposite me;  
They support the "Assembly," and laugh at the folly  
Of planting me here in the place of a tree.

I bear with the jests and the jeers of the people;  
Some deem me a classic, and others more stolid;  
Some think I'm a mile-stone, and others a steeple,  
And tap me to try if I'm empty or solid.

I grow pale with rage when a twenty-stone fellow  
Leans himself by my side, and I can't slip the sod;  
And I try to reel backwards, as if I were mellow,  
And yet the policeman won't take me to "quod."

I'm a wonder to look at, but just feel as wise  
As a tombstone without an inscription, 'tis true;  
And I blush'd as a donkey-boy gaz'd in surprise  
When I could not e'en tell him which way the wind blew.

I want a commission! Oh, ladies! dear ladies!  
In vain I've appeal'd to the feelings of man;  
But the heart of a lady of tenderness made is:—  
Oh, think of my case, and relieve, if you can!

Will you carve me a Venus—the type of your beauty?  
Your own representative faithful I'll be!  
I've the spirit of Mars, and no need of the duty  
Of singing the virtues of coffee and tea.

For our congou so neat is, our sugar so sweet is;  
Our rushlights e'en fit for a Catholic altar;  
Our moulds are young suns, and our treacle a treat is;  
And pickles and starch from the best never alter.

Then, ladies, look over your pretty Pantheon—  
Some goddess devise, or in silence I rot;  
And I only can hope that the Catholic people  
Will blow me to shreds by a gunpowder plot.

Like a true Grecian hero, no longer I'll dread,  
But with all my tormentors and enemies battle;  
I'll put myself up at three farthings a-head,  
And be borne off triumphantly, won at a raffle.

But enough for the present—I've done with my railings;  
There's a black-looking fellow, I very much dread,  
Has quietly propp'd himself up by the palings,  
And noted down every word that I've said.



THE LADIES' CLUB ;  
OR,  
FROLICS OF THE FAIRIES.

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NIGHT FIRST.

Can such things be?—ANON.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—HAMLET.

IT was a sweet and lovely night. Sad and disconsolate, we were perambulating the deserted village, seeking in solitude some remuneration for the cares of the day. Along the shore the stillness of the desert was not greater: the boats lay drowsily slumbering, as it were, in the soft moonlight, and the water afar off broke not the silence even by a ripple. Beautiful was the aspect, yet the charms of nature sank beneath the charms of sleep; and, with an almost unconscious yawn, we began to retrace our footsteps to our domiciles. Though all was so still—not even a single footstep rattling on the pavement—we became half sensible of a gentler movement, as of ethereal beings, or the winging of those viewless spirits which are sometimes thought to touch upon our earth for purposes known only to themselves. Were we in a dream?—or had the fumes of the last cigar so bewildered

us that our eyes seemed not to look on objects as they were? We could have sworn that but an hour ago the Billiard-rooms were in the east, the Ionic Pillar in the west, the trees of Upper Willow Cottage in the north, and the mansion of Mr. Docker in the south; but now (strange metamorphosis!) the four angles seemed to have lost their sharpness, and all commingled in a circle, forming a beautiful admixture of trees and flowers, palisades and pillars, delightfully interspersed with rich exotics from the neighbouring conservatories. There was a genial warmth in the air, so sweet and balmy that our spirits rose as we inhaled it; soft music, too, came floating on the atmosphere, as of angels sighing, which we ventured to presume might be the echo of some far-off wave; but when sweet strains of many voices chaunting the following lines ravished our poor ears, we concluded that it could not come from donkeys, and gave ourselves up for lost:—

Ye spirits of air, ye spirits of night,  
 Speed to the Pillar by soft moonlight!  
 From the drawing-room drawl and the day set free,  
 We're out—and, by Juno, we'll all have a spree!  
 We'll tickle the noses of all we meet  
 With beams of the moon as they walk the street;  
 And when the carouser going home shall sneeze,  
 We'll dance to the music and sing to the breeze.  
 Then, away with the day and its pitiful fuss!  
 A night on the lark and the Pillar for us!

Were we in Southport?—were we mad?—were questions which simultaneously rose in our minds. We looked anxiously at the moon, but it was not at full. We half feared, and, like Macbeth, “our eyes became the fools of all the other senses.” We would have proceeded further for some proof of our identity, but our feet seemed fastened to the spot, and, thus enchanted, we beheld a scene the revelation of which can only emanate from ourselves. From unseen habitations the fluttering of wings became more audible, and presently, like doves, there alighted in the centre of the circle twelve lovely visions, beautiful indeed to look upon. We could not for a moment suppose them of our earth, so soft and silken were their pinions, and so elastic all their limbs; we, therefore, concluded it some heavenly *pic-nic* feast, there being such a

quantity of legs and wings. As far as the eye could reach, unnumbered smaller visions thronged about, like the agents of the twelve superior ones, and seemed to execute their wishes. Our ideas reverted for a time to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," particularly when a being of robust appearance stood before us, resembling in every particular the human race, except the head, which was a donkey's—a feature happily not peculiar to our kind; yet about this head there seemed a degree of wisdom and of shrewdness unenjoyed, perhaps, by many men, for the ears rose and fell in indication of its thoughts; and in that rise and fall the spirits seemed to share more anxiously than merchants even in the rise and fall of cotton, wheat, or guano. What it was we knew not, but we think a satyr modernised—for of old they had heads armed with horns, and goats' feet and legs, crooked hands, rough, hairy bodies, and tails not much shorter than horses; but here it seemed reversed—the head alone differed from the human; but as the fairies or nymphs were wont to consult those animals upon momentous subjects in ancient times, we thought that one upon an improved construction had been made for these. Though the spirits partook so little of our earth, we could not divest ourselves of the idea that we had seen them somewhere in a more corporeal shape; we thought them, too, inhabitants of our village; but such was the profusion of glory round them that it was impossible to arrive at any certainty. We, therefore, hastened with all due speed to the box of Mr. Cæsar Lawson, to procure his inimitable telescope; but, although the tombstones in the burial-yard of Lytham may be distinctly read through it from the Promenade, it was useless on the present occasion. Being now a little more familiarised to the scene, our next inquiry was directed to the cause for such a meeting—for certainly it was not foretold in Murphy's Almanack; and we stood, like the Jews of old, half doubting, half believing. But what was our astonishment when, with a clattering noise, the demidonkey shook its ears, and afterwards erected them with a dignity that would have graced an alderman. It had evidently been pondering some weighty business, and the erection of its ears seemed to indicate that it had come to a

decision, for the sweet eyes of the fairy ladies were one and all directed towards it ; and thus it spake :—

“Spirits of earth and air ! you have wrongs to bear which call for immediate redress.” [Here the donkey sneezed (it never brayed), on which one of the ladies nipped its nose to prevent the repetition, causing the animal to speak with a more nasal intonation ; and the indentation thus made remains to this day.] “Long and patiently you have borne the persecutions of the sex ! Your husbands leave you for out-door enjoyments ! Do they not ?”

“They do !—they do !” shouted the married part of the community, and some, we thought, shed tears.

“Your lovers grow frigid and independent ! Do they not ?”

“Complete snow-balls and icicles !” cried the virgin portion ; and their revengeful eyes flashed like wildfire.

“You want a representative—a champion !” continued the speaker, in a clear, calm, and determined tone of voice.

“We do !—we do !” shouted all together.

“And who shall that mighty champion be ?” cried the demi-donkey.

“The Pillar !” echoed all unanimously, and shouts of triumph rent the very air. Shoals of flowers were instantly showered upon it, and garlands of roses (white and red) wove round its circumference ; whilst the ladies, like beautiful gazelles, danced round it. We have seen this Pillar in many different phases. In the cold, wintry days, it has slightly oscillated to and fro, as if to lull itself into oblivion of its injuries ; in finer days we have fancied it heart-broken in its loneliness ; but now its stony aspect was changed—the fountains of its heart were opened, and it wept for joy. It would have made a speech, but utterance failed it ; and it stood an emblem of silent gratitude. Happy Pillar ! far too good for any earthly use, the gods have claimed thee. Would we were like thee !—for “man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live ;” but thou, the child of the elements, wilt endure for ever. In future thou wilt represent the ladies of our village ; and many happy meetings may they have, and find all their ends accomplished ! But we are wandering from our business.

Alas, that such a dark cloud should cross that gay assemblage! Suddenly the Pillar gave a start, as if about to leap from its foundation; a shriek at the same time escaped from the ladies, and they gathered round to protect it.

"What's the matter?" roared the demi-donkey, with a sneeze (it never brayed).

"There's that black-looking fellow at the palings!" cried the Pillar.

The fairies fled—the scene dissolved—the donkey galloped off towards Coronation Walk; and we stood alone in our loneliness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Confound the cigars!—how strong they were! We had actually fallen asleep on our way home.

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#### NIGHT SECOND.

DEEPLY interested in our visions of the preceding night, we determined, at all risks to our constitution, to smoke the same quantity of cigars, and quietly await the visitation of the fairies. With this determination, we experienced the soporific influence of the weed, and, tucking our heads up in a comfortable corner to avoid the aggressions of draughts and policemen, we again beheld the circle of enchantment. It was lovely as ever; and what heightened the charm was, that we could distinctly trace the features we have so often admired in sober daylight; the same laughing eyes and pleasing countenances, which by skilful physicians are considered more salubrious than physic and sea-bathing; and it is doubtless from this circumstance that the fame of Southport is so far extended. But pardon the digression.

At the rearing up of the demi-donkey's ears (whom we thought had grown more portly since we last saw him), the multitude of spirits gathered round the Pillar, easily reclining themselves on beds of roses and sweet flowers; canopying themselves, at the same time, with zephyr scarfs of beautiful

wave-like blue. We then heard their sweet voices again; and we believe the following to be the burthen of the music:

Spirits! again the day hath flown,  
 And the drones of earth to their beds have gone;  
 But here in the playful moonbeams clear  
 She winks—and her satellites round appear.  
 Drink deep of the nectar distill'd from the dew  
 That reposes on flow'rets of exquisite hue,  
 And smoke from the incense the sylph only breathes  
 From the buds that are op'ning with petals and leaves.  
 Thus, drinking and smoking, let night pass away,  
 And we'll revel in mirth till the dawn of the day!

We felt rather inclined to the belief that this had a smattering of dissipation about it, for we thought of porter, pipes, &c. ; but the vulgar simile vanished in an instant. We then heard the demi-donkey sneeze (it never brayed), and immediately a thousand little cherubs winged their way around the spirits, bearing goblets like to chalices, which, we presume, contained, the Olympic drink alluded to; they also handed round the stems of roses, and each fairy inserting one between her ruby lips, the Pillar was instantly lost in smoke, and the sparks became so vivid that the stoutest fire-engine would have shrunk back in amazement.

A beautiful spirit, elevated somewhat higher than the rest on a greater profusion of flowers, and who, from the wisdom of her countenance, we thought must have descended from Minerva, arose to address the bacchanalians. She wished to bring before her heavenly chums the propriety of placing a presiding goddess on the everlasting Pillar, and waited a reply in order to determine what goddess it should be.

"Venus! Venus!" warbled the enthusiastic choir, and the little cherubs chimed in with the response.

A being fairer than imagination can depict immediately descended with a noiseless hop upon the Pillar, and our fears of tea chests, Chinese mandarins, and steaming tea kettles vanished; whilst the chariot of glory which bore her to the earth vanished into clouds, and was lost. Oh, how beautiful was this part of our dream! We forgot that we had aches and pains, and could we have been seen, no doubt we should have seemed convulsed in our puny efforts to fly, as if our

poor clay inherited the snowy wings of the fairies. The cups again went round, fresh clouds of smoke enveloped the Pillar, and we thought we never saw it look more dignified and noble—for it had now a commission!

The fairy president resumed the business of the evening. She would be brief, and to the point. They had met there to combine business with pleasure. The clubs of gentlemen were the ruin of their families; it was their eternal cry whenever they were wanted that "they were going to the club;" their ladies were neglected and injured; but the club of the ladies should be their revenge. (Hear, hear.) They (the gentlemen) were always out, expecting that they (the ladies) should be always in; but no—they would be out as well, and meet them with their own weapons. (Cheering. The demi-donkey sneezed (it never brayed). She thanked her stars that no Caudle propensities could be ascribed to her. For hours together she had been left to bite her nails and stamp her little foot in watchfulness (cries of "Shame"); but this she knew—she would bite her nails no more, but hold them in requisition. (Great applause.) She had not done this until driven to desperation; in proof of which she would just particularise the conduct of her lord. True, she had purloined from his pockets whatever cash or valuables she had met with; but what of that? ("Ay, what?") He had actually seized her workbox in a fit of inebriety, ran off with it, and—[here the speaker raised her eyes pathetically to the Pillar]—what had he done with it?

"Hidden it!" said little fairy Bluebell.

"Destroyed it!" cried pretty little Zephyr.

"Sold it!" answered Dewdrop.

"Made it a tobacco-box!" replied Gazelle.

"No!" exclaimed the infuriated president. She could have borne with all these; but, to the everlasting disgrace of his family, he had *raffled* it at the degrading rate of goblets circular, or, in earthly language, "glasses round!" (Groans and hisses, in which the donkey tried to join, but merely sneezed (it never brayed). It was not the value of the box she grieved for, but the articles which it contained. There were therein deposited a magic pair of tweezers, which had

long kept at bay a pair of threatening moustaches (hear); a beautiful stiletto which she generally secreted when taking exercise on donkeys (hear, hear); a new and peculiar kind of needle, manufactured from the Needles at the Isle of Wight (hear); a bobbin, made from the wooden leg of the Marquis of Anglesea (hear); and a lock of hair, which had the property of raising her husband's jealousy as occasion required (hear, hear); a piece of snowy white wax, deposited by white bees—the insects having belonged to a bleacher; knots of tape, manufactured by herself when tying her dress strings in a hurry; and billet-doux incalculable. All these and more he had liquidated in the carousals of his club, and she knew not into whose hands they might have fallen—perhaps Peter the Bellman's. (Loud and reiterated shrieks of indignation. Clouds of smoke curled up in the air, and at the same time fresh goblets of nectar were called for.) She therefore proposed that neither the rules of propriety or sobriety should keep them (the ladies) at home. (Immense applause.) Their club was established, and they would meet each night, and emulate their husband's dissipation. (Loud cheering.) “*Nunquam Dormio*” was their motto. (Hear.) Let the houses look to themselves, and the children too. What if the measles did carry off three or four? Children were ever plentiful. (Cries of “Any quantity!”) She need not speak of the increase of population; their vile fathers would never miss them; and why should they? (Hear, hear.) She felt convinced that no good would ever be accomplished until the two clubs clashed together, when one or other, or both, must fall. (Loud and tremendous cheering.) Peace must arise from strife (hear, hear); and, with every powerful feeling of her heart, she pledged, in bumping goblets, the speedy realisation of riots, rows, and dissipation. (Thundering shouts of joy, at which even the Pillar trembled; three successive sneezes escaped the donkey (it never brayed); and the fairies quaffed the nectar in a kind of maddening joy—a sentiment of an entirely new description.)

Another *beauteous* spirit, with eyes more soft than the gazelle—whose very darkness shone in radiant light, yet playful and expressive—a being of our village whom we often



view in our solitary rambles, yet view but to admire—rose to lament that if the lords of matrimony were remiss in their attentions, the aspirants to marriage were more so still. (Powerful anxiety amongst the junior part of the assemblage.) She would not attempt to deny that so many locks of hair had been presented to her that her lover wore a wig in consequence. (Cries of “What of that?”) True, the caps of his knees were worn away with kneeling; but what had he to do with caps? (“What, indeed?”) She only wished to hold him in the strings. (Cheers.) She would not disguise the fact that he had sworn to die for her; but he had never tried it—which was a glaring proof of his inconstancy. She would confess that the kiss was not sufficiently fervent, nor the embrace sufficiently impressive. (“Nothing like it!”) She liked things to be done properly. (Hear, hear.) Like the bee, he sipped too much from flower to flower, when all the honey should be sipped from her, and wormwood from the others. (Cries of “Gall—actual gall!”) When last they parted for the night, the tears he shed were only fifty; she would not *scruple* to say a *dram* was more his quantity. She therefore proposed a change in woman’s heart—the death of its fidelity, and the birth of its inconstancy. (Loud cheers.) She was proud to declare that there were queen bees as well as male bees; and they too would taste of the delights which variety appeared to yield their lovers (loud and deafening cheers); and she solicited that every single lady should report the progress of this experiment at the next convention of the club. (Again the donkey sneezed (it never brayed), again the cherubs chimed melodiously, and the Pillar smiled in triumph, whilst the virgin speaker fell upon her bed of roses, exhausted with enthusiasm.)

The third and last orator was very like Diana, her symmetrical figure being accoutred in a riding-habit; one, too, whom it is our pride and boast to call a resident amongst us. She rose to be informed when the first actual scene of dissipation would commence, and the opening volley of rebellion be fired upon their adversaries.

The excited president at once determined that the next meeting of the club should signalise their initiation into

crime, and the Pillar, in the meantime, as their champion, represent their injuries to the world.

“Hip! hip! hurrah!” from all the fairies, the cherubim, and demi-donkey simultaneously; and the highly-gifted lady sad down amid loud and continued cheering.

The ears of the modern satyr once more rattled, when every lady sprang up in an ecstasy of frolic and humour, and, joining hands, they sung and danced round the Ionic Pillar to the following chorus:—

In the flowers of the garden we were born;  
To the butterfly breed we all are sworn;  
Rake away!  
And our noble parents, as we've heard say,  
Were wild Don Juans of capers gay.

CHORUS.

What tricks so jolly we all will play—  
What tricks so jolly we all will play!  
Rake away!

“The Battle of the Clubs” was then drunk with three enthusiastic cheers. “Death or victory!”—“Rows and riots!” followed, together with the pledge “To Venus!” and the universal reel wound up the meeting.

A sudden silence fell upon the fairies, and we marvelled much at such a change, when one of them pointed to the heavens, and pointed to a faint streak of daylight gleaming in the east. The fluttering of wings became general; the beautiful spirit spread her pinions, and flew from the top of the Pillar, all the rest following on clouds of brightness to their viewless homes; whilst the donkey galloped off towards Coronation Walk. Our senses were wrapt in this heavenly spectacle, when a voice of a more substantial character grated on our ears.

“Get up!” cried a policeman.

Confound these fellows!—how hard they hit!

“Ay!” said my friend. “They judge of the texture of our heads by their own.”

## NIGHT THIRD.

So intense was our anxiety to watch the transactions of the club, after what we witnessed last week, that, fearing the sedative influence of cigars might not be sufficient, we thereto added a powerful narcotic ; the combined action of which lulled our senses into forgetfulness, and the earth, with its stale and wearied objects, faded into shadows ; sleep—sweet, warm, and gentle—weighed upon our eyelids, and we dreamt. It was a glorious dream too—the most interesting we ever enjoyed. We rejoiced to see the fairies had been resolute, for in the flowery circle we beheld them in dashing, lively vestments, of almost every hue, as if they had slid down a rainbow to the earth, and taken up its colours. We had at first some little trouble to discern them clearly, for they were smoking like celestial chimneys (if there are such), with this distinction, that the smoke was white as lilies and smelled as sweet, and curled up in graceful volumes in beautiful relief to the happy, warm, and soft blue sky above them. There was also such a vast degree of elasticity about them that the ground they trod appeared to us composed of Indian rubber, and such a wicked wink and slyness in every eye, accompanied by a careless, off-hand kind of whistle, that, though we are naturally dull, we could easily perceive mischief was in the moon and revelry in perspective. It appeared to us that all the trees in the village had crowded closer together round the circle to view the spectacle, leaving but very small spaces between them ; yet in these spaces and behind the trees we beheld the anxious countenances of many men, indicative of rage and disappointment. We thought they might be modern fauns attendant on the demi-donkey, for they were crowned with branches of the pine, and when any drunken persons passed they stupefied them with their looks alone ; but our dream convinced us that they were only the features of the exasperated lords in secret watch upon the ladies. The demi-donkey reared up its ears and clattered them as

usual, and the carousal instantly commenced. With the health of the eternal goddess on the Pillar the first round of goblets was quaffed, and the following chorus immediately followed :—

Hurrah for the club—the Ladies' Club!  
 Away with peace and quiet!  
 Whilst nectar fills the Olympic bowl,  
 Revel, drink, and riot.  
 Till heart and brain with rapture thrill,  
 Deeper, deeper, deeper still!

Hurrah for a toast! The grand divorce  
 From husband, family,  
 Severs the bond. Away, remorse!  
 Drink deep to jollity.  
 Till heart and brain with rapture thrill,  
 Deeper, deeper, deeper still!

We love no child; we hate the hearth  
 Forsaken, cold, and drear.  
 Drink deep the pledge—connubial wrath,  
 The mad and bitter tear.  
 Till heart and brain with rapture thrill,  
 Deeper, deeper, deeper still!

Well, we could not have believed it if we had not heard it; but it was so: and even in that ecstatic dream, where all was bright and beautiful, we thought our eyes felt moist, and in all this hilarity we traced many bitter feelings, for the last ray of love seemed to linger on their lords. Still quicker passed the bowl and wilder grew the revel, and every fairy boasted of her exploits in reckless levity.

The lady president arose in dashing colours, and, waving her goblet to the goddess on the Pillar, proposed that fairy Bluebell should regale them with a song.

Bluebell then arose, and suffered the following to defile her lips :—

S O N G .

May the bed of the husband refuse him its rest,  
 And his child never sleep in the hours of the night;  
 May his nightcap bring dreams of the poor and distress'd,  
 And his pillow be Caudled from darkness to light;  
 May a bailiff sit down in his soft easy chair,  
 And his servant appear in the form of a dun;

May the kiss that was once sweet bring only despair,  
And the bets at his club by another be won ;  
May his child never finish its cutting of teeth,  
And in cobwebs and dirt may he sit like a spider ;  
May the buttons fall off from his wristbands beneath,  
And the rents of his garment grow wider and wider ;  
May all the French polish come off from the chairs,  
And the furniture rot till he goes to the Bench.  
So drink to the bankrupt, his losses and cares,  
And death to the lady who dares to retrench.

Loud shouts of applause followed this effusion, and so violent were the thumps made upon the board that every goblet was smashed to pieces ; but this was of no consequence ; fresh ones, of twice the value, were called for, and the revel again grew wilder and wilder.

Gazelle next arose, somewhat the worse for nectar, and, with two or three preliminary hiccups, avowed her intention of giving a toast. (Hear, hear.) Might the lovers of ladies freeze in their own coolness (hiccup), and the husbands of wives melt in their own passions. (Two hiccups, and loud shouts of applause from all the fairies, with a sneeze from the demi-donkey (it never brayed). With her last life-drop she would *stand* up for the club. (Here Gazelle fell down in most unfairy-like condition on her seat of roses, calling loudly for more nectar, which was handed to her by the cherubim, as also a pail of ginger and cowslip wine for the demi-donkey.)

Order was called for, but disputed. "Rows and riots" was drunk in flowing bumpers, with three times three, and the pledge was verified in most confused disorder, until Zephyr rose, with a most serious face, and apologised for the liberty she was about to take ; but if it would not be derogatory to the dignity of the semi-animal, would the demi-donkey favour them with a song ?

Loud and long-continued shouts and thumps of applause supported the startling proposition, and though the modern satyr seldom did anything but sneeze, on this particular occasion it was seen to erect its ears and relieve itself in the following verses ; and, oh ! in the chronicles of Southport may they evermore be written :—

## SONG OF THE DEMI-DONKEY.

I'm a jolly old donkey, as all of you see—  
 The father of Albert and such like as he ;  
 My schooling was good, and I lived at my ease ;  
 I forgot how to bray, and did nothing but sneeze.  
 Tchsha ! (sneeze.)

I was scarcely a donkey, and yet not a mule,  
 And, as I became wise, was too good for a fool ;  
 To trace my descent ev'ry one I could baffle ;  
 And so all agreed I was won at a raffle.  
 Tchsha !

As wiser, and wiser, and wiser I grew,  
 I'd no use of four legs, so I stood upon two ;  
 And when in my head human reason began,  
 They changed from a jackass to those of a man.  
 Tchsha !

But my head yet remains for the fairies to watch it ;  
 It itches just now—oh ! I wish they would scratch it.  
 Dear ladies, believe me, my story is true—  
 I'm a thousand years old, and was made but for you.  
 Tchsha !

My friends were all fickle, but I am more true ;  
 When I've serv'd you, I've but one commission to do ;  
 In short, I'm His Highness—a mischief distiller,  
 And have just come to earth to fly back with the Pillar.  
 Tchsha !

The shrillness of the applause which followed this song would have drowned a combination of a thousand railway whistles ; the fairies not only quaffed their nectar, but threw their goblets up in the air, but fortunately they were caught by the cherubs who winged above them, who, again replenishing the same, returned them to the reeling bacchanalians. The demi-donkey sneezed violently, and the fairies thronged around it to support its sides, which exhibited strong symptoms of rupturing ; it then settled and sat down upon a wine cask.

Snowdrop next leaped upon the table, and offered a wager that she had done the noblest deed of any since their last convention. Her lord (poor dolt !) had the actual effrontery

to take her *monkey-coat*, declaring he would keep her from the club; but she was proud to say that she turned upon the *ape* and vindicated the honour of the association. She seized a document from his desk which in two days more would have made him lord of an estate, and burnt it to his very face. (Thunders of applause.) She need not remind them that where there was a *will* there was a way; and he was now a ruined man. (Symptoms of pity shown by the fairies.) The poor father (it was a capital joke!—very capital, indeed!) had gone mad and distracted. (Ah, Snowdrop, we saw a tear in your eye.) But what cared she?—she was neglected. Oh, how she once loved him! (Snowdrop, you were melting.) But now he was nothing to her—nothing! (Serious countenances, accompanied by sighs.) The bright dream of happiness was past, and now she hated him. (Tears.) Oh, what is life! (said Snowdrop, growing sentimental,) when the love of woman, fostered in the affections of the angels, is degraded by the sinfulness and base practices of man! (Although the resemblance of levity was simulated by the fairies, we still beheld some agonising tears trickle down their cheeks.) Oh! for a gleam (continued Snowdrop) of that happy time when in the future all was dreamlike and full of brightness! (Poor Snowdrop.) Oh! could that gem which she had sought from all earth's jewellery forsake her now! (The fairies wept; their injuries seemed to madden them.) Did not all of them whose hearts once thrilled in rapture to the idol praise it even yet? (Showers of tears.) But, alas, the curse! With love still burning in their hearts, their souls had frozen; ay, even in their very breasts the milk of kindness had become dried up. (Poor Snowdrop! She sat down weeping, and though the show of hilarity had been so great, a tear from the goddess of the Pillar blessed the wretched earth beneath her, and the fountains of that deep affection nurtured in the heart of woman gushed forth in bitter, yet relieving streams. In our dream we thought our manliness passed from us, and we wept; for, though we are careless and thoughtless, we have hearts of feeling.)

Zephyr arose, with dewy eyes, and fondly spoke of one whom she had now discarded. She hated sentiment (and so

do we); but we could not banish the remembrance of him she had vilified. (Here she drew from her breast a lock of hair, and kissed it. Sweet little Zephyr!) With all his faults and instability, the heart round which her own was woven could not be unentwined. The imperfections of the man should be compensated by the constancy of the woman. (Showers of happy tears.) She loved him still, and should do so.

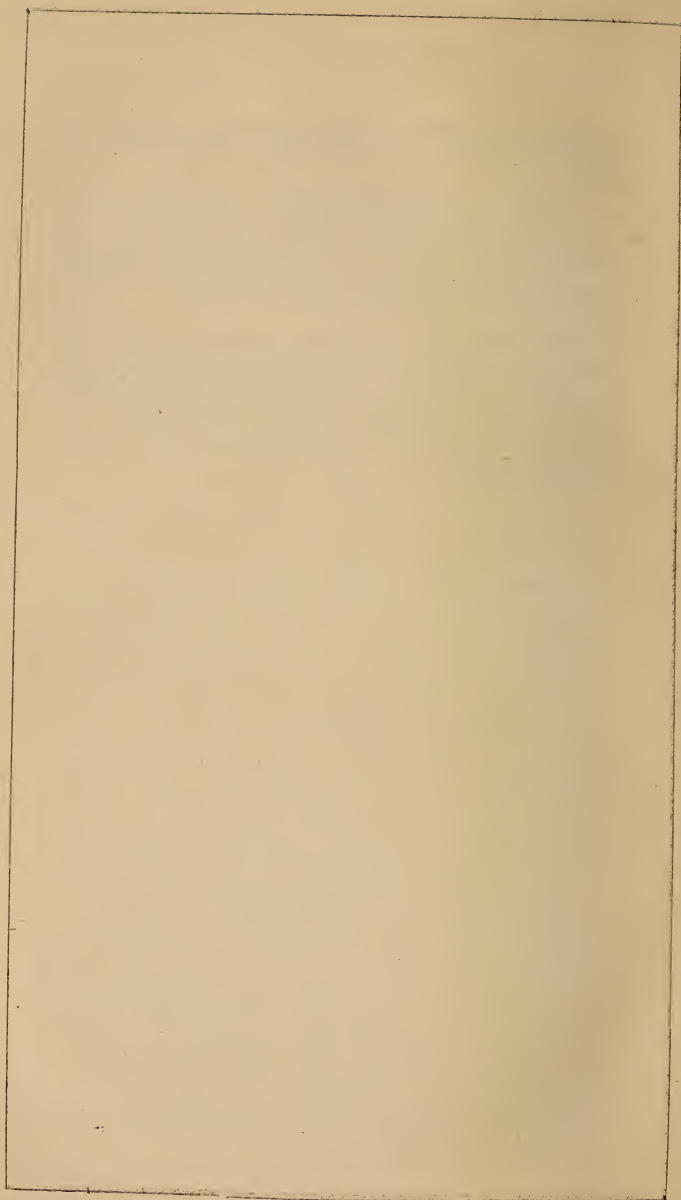
The demi-donkey sneezed (it never brayed), and, with a strenuous effort, tried to call them back again to vice; but no!—poor Zephyr still shed tears; and in the whirl of dissipation, lingering love, and threatening madness, the fairies seemed to us to love their reason. Suddenly a mighty rush of a legion of exasperated spirits from behind the trees boomed upon our ears, and the next moment we beheld in our dream the lords and lovers of the ladies kneeling at their feet. Oh, woman! how the righteous tears which, like the crystal drops from fountains of holiness, had flowed from those neglected orbs, brought back the sense of duty and of love into the hearts of men! We saw them kneeling at their feet, and praying with fervency for the return of that inestimable pearl which they had thrown away; but no!—the goddess of the Pillar descended on the earth, and, spreading her protecting pinions, forbade the approach to those virtues they desecrated and abandoned—deeply injured, tormented, and neglected; those virtues still survived, and it was not without the tears of penitence in man that they could ever be restored. The fairies wept. Forgive the weakness of our sex, but the suppliants wept as well; the knowledge of their mutual value was discovered; and whilst tears hot and burning gushed upon the earth, the goddess dropped her wings and suffered them to meet. Oh, how sweet was the embrace! Thoughts bright and sweet of bygone days came back, and all the cold, harsh, bitter feelings which had taken root in anger sprung up, like a tree of heaven, into rapturous love and gladness. The goddess of the Pillar wept, but, wiping from her eyes the tears of sadness, flew back upon her throne, and seeing locked in happiest embrace both husband and wife, the loved one and the lover, she spread her pinions and winged her



flight into eternal glory, whilst the donkey galloped off towards Coronation Walk (may it stop there); and we awoke.

It was positively past breakfast-time; the wife, linked in the arm of the husband, was gaily smiling past us for the Promenade, and young and happy couples were chattering of wedlock; nurses were walking smiling children to the shore; and all was cheerfulness and bustle.

We slunk away home and washed ourselves, feeling then refreshed, yet sorrowful; for, though we participated in the successful issue of the Ladies' Club, we knew that, like injured spirits, they were reconciled, and we should no more see them; and to them, as well as to the readers of this narrative, we bid farewell.



MUSHROOM COTTAGE.

A VILLAGE TALE.



# MUSHROOM COTTAGE.

## A VILLAGE TALE.

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### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Alas ! how light a cause will move  
Dissension between hearts that love—  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied—  
That stood the storm when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off ;  
Like ships that have gone down at sea  
When heaven was all tranquillity.

\* \* \* \* \*

A word is ringing through my brain ;  
It was not meant to give me pain ;  
It was when first the sound I heard  
A lightly-utter'd, careless word.  
Oh ! would to God I ne'er had heard  
That lightly-utter'd, careless word.—MOORE.

Is there anything more delightful than the contemplation of a pretty village at the close of a summer's day ? The sun was just setting in a flood of glory, casting his crimson shades o'er hill and dale, whilst the slanting beams still lingered on the church and cottages of a beautiful hamlet near the sea. The labour of the day was done, and a sweet serenity, as of contentment, spread its holiness around ; whilst the shadowy

trees, in richest verdure, appeared to whisper hymns of worship as they undulated in the breeze. The harmless gossip of the village had commenced ; the blacksmith's hammer was no more heard upon the anvil ; and the labourer, as he crossed the stile with scythe in hand, appeared anxious to be rid of it, to join the group. Little happy, ruddy-looking children crept to the feet of their mothers, and playfully gambolled on the green lawn, caressing their favourite dog or pet lamb ; and you could not fancy, in your happiest mood, a scene more chaste than what we have attempted to describe. There were, indeed, many pretty dwellings in the village, but the neatest and most tasteful was the one signalled by the name of Mushroom Cottage. It was so called from its resemblance to the plant. Its circular walls or footstalk were cleanly whitewashed, whilst the broad thatched cap or crown extended its sheltering eaves far beyond the site of its foundation. Around it grew the rose, the woodbine, the eglantine, and jessamine, beautifully interwoven with sweetest wallflowers ; and when the sun shone on it it looked like a sheltering asylum, where the weary and heavy-laden might be at rest. Outside the garden, through a little wicket gate, you passed upon a closely-shaven lawn ; and in the smiling hedges which marked the boundaries of the dwellers were heard the merry songs of birds, as, unmolested, they hopped about from branch to branch and from tree to tree. Upon this green, beneath a spreading ash, was fixed a rustic table, on which was placed a large brown jug of earthenware, on the outside of which was graven a picture of Van Amburgh with his lions, or Sir Walter Scott—we cannot positively say which ; but certain it is that in the interior at least four quarts of nut-brown ale were visible ; moreover, we are not mistaken in the quantity, when we assert that four drinking horns were there as well, and not only they, but four individuals, on four oaken chairs, were sitting around with four open mouths to drink it. The individuals who graced the board consisted of the owner of the cottage, the village parson, the doctor, and the lawyer, and the occupation in which they jointly were concerned consisted in emitting volume after volume of kanaster smoke into the air ; the which they

executed with a grace and attitude belonging only to practised individuals. The two couple entered but little into conversation, being more intent on bestowing their applause upon a happy group of lads and girls, who were dancing, with merriest peals of laughter, to a spirit-stirring fiddle, around a decorated pole erected in the centre of the green; and as occasionally one or other made a false step, and measured his length upon the ground, the shouts of laughter quickened in an equal ratio with the blunder of the individual. But of all the girls (and there were many pretty ones) who danced upon the green, no one could be compared with Fanny. She was indeed beautiful; for in the opening loveliness of the woman were still preserved the innocence and freedom of the child. Her face expressed no guile, for her mind knew no deceit: she was nature's purest sample of the righteousness of the Creator. Oh! how they watched her pretty little figure, as, playful as the lamb, she skipped amongst the flowers, soiling her white stockings and little sandalled feet; her eye, dark, soft, and playful, shedding its joyfulness on all; her step more fleet than the gazelle, and her boddiced figure elegant in its simplicity. The warm glow of exercise irradiated her faultless features, and her auburn ringlets, as they fell dishevelled on her face, shaded most appropriately the blush which must have otherwise been irresistible. She had numbered only seventeen years, but many were the hearts and hands which had been offered to her; but Fanny thought not of them, being too happy in her present state to think of changing it. Of all the aspirants who knelt to her, but one was favoured with her smile, and that was Allan Maydew; and never in the chronicles of lovers can be found a heart so madly smitten and so nobly faithful as the one he tendered her. From childhood they had played together—grown up beneath the same roof—reposed in each other's breasts their joys and sorrows—laughed together—wept together, and seemed as if, in the creation of the two, a glorious state of being should be made by their blending into one. It was Allan, too, who, by the mutual wish and consent of father and mother, was destined to be the happy son-in-law; by Fanny he was the favoured lover, for never in her pure young

heart had risen in rebellion one wish contrary to the edicts of her parents. Here, then, in a state of happiness, we will leave them romping and dancing on the green, to hear what the four individuals have to say who are seated round the board.

The owner of the cottage was known in the village by the name of Hasseldon, and was, in the ordinary language of the world, pretty well to do. In years he was about sixty, and was the father of Fanny. Hale, stout, and vigorous, he appeared to belie by fifteen years his actual age, and, though some few gray hairs were visible, not a furrow ploughed his cheek, and it looked as ruddy as the crimson waistcoat which he gaily wore on this occasion. With regard to the other three, the parson was a tall man, the lawyer a middle-sized one, and the doctor short and pugnacious; and they all three were attired in black, as being emblematic of their professions. The parson, I have also to record, was very solemn-looking, and his speech was made to match; the lawyer spoke very quick and with extreme ferocity, and had a peculiar method of making every sentence tell by disarranging and re-arranging his words, and bringing the whole of it to bear with steam-like force upon the hapless wretch that came within his clutches; as for the doctor, he opposed everything, whether right or wrong, had some few propensities to pugilism, and was remarkable for drawing very fine inferences; whilst the parson was fairly prostrated between the contending passions of the two. I have said that they were smoking; and it was after watching the last curl of smoke fade away into the air that farmer Hasseldon drew the pipe from his mouth, and addressed himself to his companions.

"I have been thinking," said he, very mildly, "what will be the wisest plan to adopt with my last new tenant. I should not like to be harsh with the poor fellow—he has six children; but I have not received a farthing of rent for the last eighteen months."

"Neck and crop case!" said the lawyer, very fiercely; "crop and neck! Turn him out—bag and baggage—baggage and bag. Turn him out!—turn him out!—turn him out!"

"Alas!" said the parson, very meekly; "we are taught to temper justice with mercy."



“Not at all!” said the doctor. “False creed!—cart before horse! Temper mercy with justice—that’s it; and throw in a handful of spite into the bargain. What’s a blister to a porcupine? Nothing at all. The one’s as prickly as the other. No justice in that. But make his back into a pin-cushion, and you have him; otherwise it’s a matter of no consequence, as the donkey inferred when he trod on the grasshopper. Augh!”

This diversified and elegant piece of rhetoric was followed by a corresponding thump upon the parson’s back, which so electrified the latter gentleman that although he was about to reply to his friend the doctor, he failed in the attempt, and substituted a violent fit of coughing.

“You’ve taken him rather by surprise,” said Hasseldon, repressing a laugh.

“Rough and ready—ready and rough!” cried the lawyer. “Sault and battery—battery, ’sault! At him again!—at him again!—at him again!”

“I entreat,” replied the parson, unable to refrain from laughing, and with tears in his eyes, “that I may be at rest.”

“Not at all!” said the doctor. “No rest for the wicked! Wrong again—Irish bull! What’s sour ale to a publican? Nothing at all!—he can bear it. But give him an Epsom draught, and he feels it, as the thumb-screw inferred from the cries of the culprit. Augh!—haugh!”

“Such immorality is ——” But what the parson was about to say I cannot determine, for the attention of the whole four was suddenly drawn to the merry dancers, who, like a revolving wheel, were spinning round the pole in wildest bursts of gaiety and laughter, when suddenly one of them released his hold, and, by sad incaution, threw a succession of summersets upon the green. It was Allen Maydew. Loud shouts of ridicule were the inevitable consequence. Poor Allan!—he rose up, disconcerted with his fall; but Fanny’s bright and playful smile was sufficient recompense for the misfortune.

“Ha! ha! ha!” shouted the lawyer, rising on his feet. “I feel so light now that I could dance. Get up!” said he to the parson, “and think yourself a harlequin!”

“The Terpsichorean art, alas! is not my——”

“Fudge!” chimed in the doctor, seizing him by the neck behind, and fairly lifting him forward on his legs. “You’re as frisky as a young colt!”

And the poor parson was actually dragged into the circle, and the whole four beat time to the superannuated fiddle (which seemed wild with jollity) and to the accompanying tread of the lads and lasses. There went Fanny, all eyes watching her; round, and round, and round went they; the bright moon rising over their heads, and her sweet, blue light, silvering as with a carpet the earth beneath them. The parson had for some time experienced certain unwelcome symptoms of dizziness, yet, afraid to fall, still chimed in with the following chorus:—

When the moon is high  
The ground is dry,  
But summer flowers will wither soon;  
Then hail the chance  
Of a merry dance  
By the light of the smiling harvest moon.  
Fal lal lal la!

The world goes round,  
But joy’s not found  
Through the palace gate or the gay saloon;  
But here she brings  
Her choicest things,  
With the light of the smiling harvest moon.  
Fal lal lal la!

“Fal la la la!” sang the giddy parson, with a last said effort, and the next moment measured his length upon the ground, with the lawyer, the doctor, the farmer, and heaps of lovely girls upon him. Then came the scramble: lads looking for their lasses, lasses looking for their lads—which were more speedily found than (to use an old saying) a needle in a bottle of straw. It was about this time, when just recovering from the welcome effects of the shock, that the tinkling of a bell was heard in the valley that lay by the side of the cottage, and through which wound the highway road; and as the attentive party paused to listen the heavy rumbling of a waggon was heard approaching.

“It’s the carrier!” said one.

“Or a puppet-show!” said another. “It’s the fair next week.”

But the former proved to be right—it was the carrier, who, alighting from his vehicle, clambered up the hill-side with something in his hand.

“It’s a new ribbon for me!” said Annie Hawthorn.

“Guess again!” said the carrier.

“It’s a letter!” cried Fanny.

“Right!” said the bearer.

“Who for?” cried a dozen anxious voices.

“For Annie Hawthorn,” answered the carrier.

“What news?”—“What news?”—“What news?” cried all at once, clustering round, whilst Annie, with a flurried face and anxious countenance, broke the seal, and ran rapidly over the contents.

“Good news—good news!” cried Annie, leaping with delight, and clapping her hands. “The war is over, and poor Ned, my brother, who left us to roam the wide world, has been so brave, that he’s now an officer on board the ship *Britannia*, and will be here next week. Oh! I long to see him. He will scarcely know us, we’ve all grown so much.”

“Oh! he’ll not forget me,” said Allan. “We were old playfellows together. I wish he were here to-night.”

“And I!”—“And I!” responded a dozen voices at once.

“But come!” said the old farmer; “the hour is late. One parting glass inside, doctor, and good night.”

And accordingly the four brothers entered the cottage; whilst the younger and more wicked part of the community exchanged parting glances (it might be kisses), and hastened to their respective dwellings, anticipating glorious fun on the arrival of their expected guest.

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## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THERE is no association of feelings more peculiar and interesting than that which is created by the return of scenes of boyhood after the lapse of many years. To every object,

however humble—a tree, a cot, a stile—belongs a sacredness which we shudder to see violated; for memory speaks of many green and happy spots, when, perhaps, the rest of life is but a desert.

It was under feelings of this description that a young man, attired in the naval uniform, stood contemplating at a distance the place of his childhood, and pondered much upon the many changes which had taken place since the time he left it. In age he might have numbered twenty years, or scarcely that, for the buoyant carelessness of early youth still lit up his expressive features, brown and darkened by the work of tropic climates. His face was well formed and regular—his complexion dark; and the prepossession with which he filled the mind of the beholder might be attributed, in a great measure, to the frank and open countenance which, to look on, you might imagine had never felt a cloud of care sweep over it. His figure, too, was well formed, bearing a degree of manliness and hardihood which no doubt the frequent exposure to danger and vicissitude had tended to increase. This was Edward Hawthorn, the writer of the epistle we spoke of in the last chapter, who, after a five years' absence from his native home, a mere boy then, now crowned with laurels, and bearing a commission in her Majesty's service, returned a man once more into the bosom of his family. After surveying for a few minutes the beautiful picture of nature spread before him, to him so hallowed and endeared, he bounded with elastic step, accompanied with a merry whistle of some heroic tune he'd fought to, down the mountain side, across the stream, and, entering the valley, the beautiful cottage we have previously described, with its rich green lawn and orchards, lay smiling above him; and his heart beat quicker and quicker in proportion as he approached it. It was evening, and lovely weather; the warm sun was just fading behind the hills, still leaving his genial heat in the atmosphere; the girls were dancing as before; the farmer, parson, lawyer, and doctor were seated beneath the same ash tree, and engaged in the same harmless occupation of drinking and smoking; and a welcome more exhilarating could not have been desired by the heroic youth who stood so near to hail it.

"I wonder," said the farmer, "what day of the week we may expect young Ned. I'm quite impatient till he comes. I always respected that lad as if he were my own son."

"Thunder-and-lightning fellow!" said the lawyer; "the boy to fight! A gem of the nation!—the nation's gem! Blaze away!—blaze away!—blaze away!"

"Alas!" said the parson; "better it were that peace should dwell among all nations."

"Not at all—peace won't do with nations," replied the doctor. "Blunder again! Peace begets idleness—idleness, ruin. What's a shaft to a rocket? Nothing at all. But give it a light, and it's up, as the pelican said —— But, whew!—what new-fangled stripling is this ascending the hill side with his gold lace cap and glittering buttons? Why, by Æsculapius, it's Ned himself!"

And so it proved; for in another moment he stood before them, and was speedily locked in the arms of his sister Annie Hawthorn, who scarcely credited her eyes as she looked at him. The farmer, doctor, lawyer, and parson leaped from their seats to welcome him, and crowds of joyful girls and lads swarmed about to greet him. This was indeed a happy sight—the sunny calm succeeding to the storm of darkness.

"Why, how you're changed!" said Annie, relaxing her embrace. "You're quite a man now! I should scarcely have known you!"

"And so good-looking, too!" said Fanny. (Poor Fanny!—she was the thing of impulse and of truth: she spoke innocently.) "Why, Allan, he's grown more than you, and you were so much taller when he left us."

"And browner too," said Allan. "But he's outstripped me in that respect as well."

"I have indeed," answered Edward. "Toil and climate has done its work upon me; but *now* I am happy, once more in the bosom of friends and relations."

"Oh, but do tell us all your adventures," said a dozen pretty girls; "what you've been doing, and how you have fought."

"And conquered too!" said Fanny, as she leaned on Allan's arm.

“Not to-night—not to-night,” replied Edward. “To-morrow, when we are more settled. I have indeed much to tell you, but ——”

“He’s wearied with travelling,” said the parson.

“Not he!—fresh as a lark!” answered the doctor. “Wrong again!”

“Oh yes! I feel so happy I could take part in a dance,” cried Edward, executing a sea-step on the green.

“Touch-and-go case!” said the lawyer. “Strike up the fiddle!—the fiddle strike up! Lead away!—lead away!—lead away!”

And Edward, singling out one of the prettiest girls in the group, led off the dance, with the parson, the doctor, and the lawyer at his heels. Blithely rung the notes of the fiddle, and happily beat the hearts of the company, as in graceful attitude they footed it across to each other, and sallied off with a spirit-stirring gallop down the middle—returning to the top again, and waltzing round, displaying their agility to the succeeding partner. Allan seemed delighted with the pastime, and Fanny danced with a grace and beauty seldom seen before; whilst Edward was abundantly favoured with the smiles of his fair partner, and the happy gaze and admiration of the rest. The doctor, the lawyer, and the parson ran foul of each other so often—and not without some damage—that the parson, who was the weaker vessel, frequently went to the wall, and slipped in again in any way he found the most expedient. Now, Edward, although not naturally vain or conceited, could not, with all his fortitude, withstand being flattered by the many sweet and sometimes stolen glances cast upon him; yet such was the modesty of his nature, that the question naturally arose in his mind, whether or not it might be the glittering buttons on his well-fitting uniform, and not virtually himself that attracted the attention. Whether it was or not, such sober calculations were soon lost in the whirl and festivity of the dance. It is a natural consequence agreed on by philosophers that any thing or person falling from the top will sooner or later reach the bottom; and so it was with Edward and his partner, who were now resting, the last couple, at the bottom of the green, and for the first time he had now

an opportunity of coolly looking round him. He watched the beautiful figures, with many twinkling feet, tread gaily through the mazes of the dance, at times obscuring each other; yet when, in some vacant space, the form of Fanny flitted by, it was as welcome to his eye—ay, more so—than the first bright star that glistens in heaven after storm and darkness to the mariner. At every glance of her it was like a shock of rapturous electricity thrilling through his soul, and the feeling with which he regarded Allan Maydew was purely one of envy. The frank and open sailor in his heart imagined, as he watched her lover lead her through the dance, that though he had returned to home again as to a peaceful haven, he had run upon a rock which would make shipwreck of his happiness for ever. And Fanny was indeed one that few could banish from remembrance; but yet she knew not this. Her beauty and her mind were alike unsophisticated, and when we speak of her loving Allan Maydew we must remember, as we before said, that she had been taught to do so; but, alas! she had not yet got the lesson off by heart. The love of Allan would have trebled that of hers—ay, more than that; but still in her guileless bosom dwelt the obedient feeling, that if any being upon earth claimed more of her affection than another, that man was Allan Maydew. For the first time in the evening, a shade of sadness mingled with the happiness of Edward Hawthorn. The vivacity with which he started slightly slackened, and, with all his resolution and resource, he could not rally it. How gladly would he have given all his laurels to adorn the brow of Allan Maydew, could he have but exchanged them for the happy fortune of the farmer. He felt a coldness at the heart which had long been a stranger to him.

“Now, Ned, make ready!—make ready now, Ned!” shouted the fantastic lawyer, with his arm round the waist of his fair partner. “Right, left!—left, right! By Jove, we’re coming!—we’re coming, by Jove! Look about!—look about!—look about!”

“Yea, verily, we approach,” said the parson, following after.

“Detestable hypocrisy!” cried the doctor. “We don’t

approach!—milk-and-water speech!—we drive along! Get out of the way, Jeremiah! Augh!—baugh! Now, Ned, my hero, strike to the tune!”

And Ned, thus admonished, looked around and rallied up his cheerfulness. But what called back again the rapture to his soul?—from what electric source shot out that fire which again lit up his eye and cheek? It was from Fanny; for as he raised his head from moody contemplation at the sonorous voices of the doctor, lawyer, and parson, he beheld her eyes fixed on him with a sweetness—yea, a tenderness—shall we say a fondness—that never, through the vista of departed years, Allan Maydew had experienced. Great God! how one little moment, in which is cradled that fixed affection of the soul—that love which saints make glory of in heaven, when known (no matter how) to heart and heart—can change, as if by a magician’s wand, all scenes and prospects we had dreamt of in the future. He suffered not his eye to stray one glance from hers (for in that glance was written all that he desired on earth), until the blush of modesty—that chaste reproof which angels glory at—pressed softly down her eyelids; and ’twas gone. Merrily went the dance, and higher and higher rose the spirits of Ned, until all were charmed with his hilarity. The character of the dance brought him nearer and nearer to the side of Fanny, and when, in conformity with the figure, he took her from the side of Allan to escort her down the middle, there was a something in the guileless pressure of the hand which I will leave the reader to imagine. It was a case: it’s very laughable too. Poor Fanny!—she was in love, and positively did not know it. It was a feeling as novel to her heart as the sight of this bright world to one whose eyes had never seen it—happy, joyful, and enrapturing. Her eye beamed more brightly and her step grew more elastic, and, what was more, these pleasurable sensations were multiplied by the increased attention of Edward Hawthorn. The dance came to a close (for nature will occasionally give hints of weariness at the best of times), and each cavalier, with his partner on his arm, retired to recreate upon the sylvan seats, o’er-canopied by graceful trees and bordered round with sweetest flowers. Allan Maydew,



with the eagerness and quickness of an eagle, held his arm to Fanny; and as she looked towards Edward as he escorted his partner to a seat, had Allan been the most obtuse observer upon earth (which he was not), he must have been alive to the conviction that he had known the time when his arm had been more earnestly accepted. And still within her sinless breast she felt a joy when Edward, having seen his partner seated, as politeness indicated, shaped his course to the doctor, the lawyer, and the parson, who were laughing most immoderately together.

"I'll tell you what, my boy," said old Hasseldon, as he approached them; "those golden buttons of yours dazzle all the girls; may the harvest be a bad one, if they can keep their eyes off them."

"Ned's a Nelson!" said the lawyer; "a Nelson is Ned! Metal outside and mettle within! A gun's own son—the son of a gun! Jig away!—jig away!—jig away!"

"Yea, verily, he danceth well," said the parson.

"Who disputed it?" demanded the doctor, turning sharply round. "Do you wish to quarrel? You don't know what happiness is without you're eternally fighting and scratching."

The parson at this moment happened to be looking more placid than the most innocent lamb, and the pugnacity of the doctor's countenance forming such a powerful contrast, the laugh became irresistible.

"By the gods of war," said Edward, looking upwards, to conceal his laughter, "I have never beheld, even at sea, the moon shine so brightly as it does to-night. A more cloudless sky was never seen in Italy."

"Then hurrah for the dance once more, and the last to-night!" said Hasseldon. "See, Ned, the girls are getting impatient—all fidgetting to feel their feet again; so now for the fiddle. Why, where's Allan got to? He's always the first with the girls."

The result of this speech was that Edward immediately cast his eyes to the spot where Fanny was sitting, with a cluster of merry girls laughing round her, and, taking advantage of the absence of Allan, he insinuated himself into the midst of them, and solicited the favour of her hand. With the frank-

ness of an angel, and with as much sincerity, she accepted it, and the fiddle grew wild again and the dance more exhilarating than ever.

"How happy I am," said Fanny, "to see you home again, after so many dangers."

"I would have braved a hundred battles," said Edward, with enthusiasm, "to have made you but for once my partner in the dance."

Poor Fanny! Allan had never said anything so grand as this. She felt a blush suffuse her cheek, and tried to conquer it; but virtue was not to be cheated of her noblest feature, and she blushed deeply.

"How happy all your friends will be," continued she, very gaily, and laughing with all the openness of a happy heart, "that you've done with the sea, and have now come to dwell amongst them!"

Her partner looked into her joyous face, and the joy reflected from it upon his own almost restrained him from replying that two months was the utmost extent of his visit.

"Indeed!" said Fanny. "I thought the war was over."

"True," replied Edward; "but the service of the queen is never idle."

It must have been delightful indeed for Edward Hawthorn (who, to tell the truth, was over head and ears, &c.) to have seen the shade of sorrow which for a while eclipsed her radiant features.

"But wherever is Allan?" said she, turning round to look.

Edward cast his eyes carelessly about, and, though others saw him not, discovered in the shade of clustering trees a little distant, half-concealed by the trunk of an aged oak, the form of Allan Maydew, with his eye unerringly fixed on him. There was evil in that glance. Love, true in its character, admits no trifling. Yet there, in that sequestered place, with the iron entering his soul—with all the gall of jealousy defiling the bright blood of life—with a brain peopled as with forms of hell—he had rather have fallen dead beneath the torment than have betrayed to Fanny one pang of his emotion. Here, again, is the nobility of nature.

Still onward went the dance and wilder grew the revel, and

Allan, with a careless, happy-looking countenance, mixed up again with all. Night stole softly and gradually on, until time, with its usual lack of ceremony, admonished them to part. Edward entered the dwelling of Hasseldon in company with the three professional gentlemen, and Allan Maydew conducted Fanny and offered her a chair beside him. The joke went round; the doctor grew more facetious, the parson more solemn, and the lawyer more ferocious; whilst Edward related his adventures by sea and land with such an off-hand, matter-of-course delivery, that he charmed the hearts of the girls. The countenance of Fanny lit up with interest as she listened to the eloquent recital of their guest, and when he had just concluded the last story she exclaimed—

“And, after all, how fortunate you are to have returned to us again at the very time the ‘Treat of the Lord of the Manor’ will be celebrated!”

But what was meant by the “Treat of the Lord of the Manor,” we will narrate in our next chapter.

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### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

IN our last chapter we proposed to submit to the reader an explanation of what we meant by the “Treat of the Lord of the Manor.” It was an annual species of festivity given by the above gentleman in commemoration of the day when he recovered his sense of hearing, having previously been deaf for ten years. Now this was certainly a singular event to celebrate, but the gentleman, as gentlemen in his capacity frequently are, was extremely eccentric, if not a shade beyond it. Having once had the misfortune to experience the disadvantages of total deafness, a rational individual would have supposed he would have studied to preserve that necessary sense when once regained; but this was not the case; for, being deprived of it so long, the loudest and most detonating sounds were quite inadequate to his desires; he seemed

anxious to compensate by the most terrific noises the loss of all the milder ones he had sustained for ten years previous. He would travel miles to see a review, and had been known to watch a tottering building for ten days together, eagerly anticipating the crash. Cannons were planted almost as thick as trees about his mansion, and kept pretty well in exercise; the consequence of which was that any family which could possibly avoid it declined to live within three miles of him. In music he was equally as great a thunderer, and amused himself by offering large premiums to the man who could inflate and crimson his face the most with blowing. But the great climax of his glory was a thunder-storm; and he anxiously watched the heavens on the day of his uproarious festival. On this day it was his custom to invite the peasantry of all villages within a circle of three miles to the enjoyment of various rural sports of a thundering, loud, and detonating character, and the gentry and more opulent to the luxuries of his own table. It was his custom to illuminate his very extensive grounds and gardens in the most variegated manner possible, and, in fact, to make it an annual memorial of his love of grandeur. Though very eccentric, as we have said, he was a man of unbounded liberality—was fond of fun—had a good heart—hated pride and conceit (as much as we do), and was in all respects—a gentleman. Having thus, in some measure, prefaced our chapter with his character, we will now resume the thread of our discourse.

The sun rose bright and promising on this memorable day, which was indeed anxiously anticipated by the villagers for miles round. The highway roads appeared literally thronged with people, and manifestations of the greatest jollity and lightness of heart were everywhere to be seen. The poor theatrical in rusty black, with his puny wardrobe on his shoulder, was toiling onwards; the puppet-show, with tempting pictures, slowly jogged along, surrounded by happy groups of children, who watched it with a kind of solemn curiosity. The usual embellishments of a fair, exemplified in the shape of nuts, cakes, oranges, and ginger-beer, were locomoted on decorated carts; merry laughs and shouts rang jollily amongst the green lanes and hedges, and nature appeared so bright

and happy humoured, you might have imagined her to be laughing more than all the people put together. Now, there never had been known a year to pass over in the annals of the "Treat of the Lord of the Manor" without that respectable and venerated individual sending down his own carriage to the house of Hasseldon, for the purpose of conveying him, with the doctor, the lawyer, and the parson, to his mansion—those gentlemen being his most esteemed and very particular friends. For Fanny he entertained the most marked affection; and greater kindness to her could not have been shown, save from the breast of her own father. No excuse could ever emancipate her from the visit on this day; and it is no matter of astonishment that when so brave and illustrious a visiter as Edward Hawthorn was in the village the invitation should be particularly extended to him, and the connecting part of the community. Thus, with spirits excited to the utmost, and fingers and resolutions bent on mischief, the whole party, in gay attire, clustered round the gate of the cottage, anxiously awaiting the approach of the carriage to convey them. And a pleasing sight it was. There was Fanny all in white, gay, fluttering, and ærial as a fairy—her eye beaming with sensibility, and her cheek radiant with happiness; there was Annie Hawthorn, all in pink, light as a zephyr, and wicked as ——; there was Allan Maydew, gaily attired, with flowers in his coat, and fragrant as a hot-house; there was Ned, in naval uniform, gold lace cap, and glittering buttons; there was the parson, the doctor, and the lawyer, all in black, except the vest, which was white on this occasion; there was Hasseldon, like a locomotive rainbow. The church bells were gaily ringing, one, two, three, and four; the birds whistled, as in concert; music of all descriptions thronged the highway roads; pedestrians and miscellaneous vehicles were in progression; and it seemed that if in life at least one day should bring no care—that day had come to bless them.

"So you're to be married in six months, Fanny," said the doctor, giving her a kiss (this is always permitted to medical men). "What a lovely bride you'll make! Allan, you're a happy fellow—I congratulate you."

Allan looked with a face of delight into that of Fanny, and saw—what?—a deep blush. And Edward drew a long breath, vulgarly called a sigh.

“Happy, indeed,” said Allan. “Let fate look black as night, at least one favouring beacon will befriend me.”

“And if from God,” said Edward, almost to himself, “those glorious spirits who guard us when in danger may look down on earth, may their blessed watch be on you!”

He raised his head towards Fanny, and, as she leaned on Allan’s arm, a paleness came upon her cheek, and she trembled violently.

“Well done, Ned,” said the lawyer. “Brave and noble—noble and brave! An oaken heart—a heart of oak! Go on like that—like that go on! If I’d a girl I’d give her to you—to you I’d give her if I had a girl! I would by Jove—by Jove I would! Laugh away!—laugh away!—laugh away!”

This was certainly very elegant, and appeared to amuse the company; and, in the midst of the hilarity, the kind-hearted pastor breathed a prayer for their happiness. Whilst all were thus merrily laughing at the gate, the notes of a guitar were heard distinctly in sweet yet mournful strains upon the sloping green which led to the gate of the cottage, accompanied by a manly voice of peculiar sweetness, and in another moment the minstrel stood before them. He wore the tattered garb of a mendicant, and his feet were covered with dirt and dust by long travelling. Large drops of perspiration were on his brow, occasioned by fatigue, and, perhaps, by the enervation which accompanies the pangs of hunger. His complexion was black as night; his features swarthy and sallow; his long black uncombed hair hung down upon his shoulders; and, though humble to look at, there was a haughtiness in the large, dark, rolling eye, which seemed very much at variance with his dilapidated condition. It was easy to perceive at a single glance that he was a gipsy. He fixed his gaze one moment upon Allan, languidly passed his fingers over the chords of the guitar, and as he took the coin offered him a sneer curled his lip, and he spurned it haughtily from him to the ground.

“Your charity may one day serve you,” said he. “I do not play for hire.”

"You read the stars?" said Edward. "Can you tell a fortune?"

"No!" answered he, contemptuously. "I read no stars; I read no book; but I can read the heart, and from the heart infer the fiat of the future."

"Tell me," said Fanny, "oh, tell me if my fortune will be happy?"

The gipsy fixed his eyes upon her guileless, lovely countenance, and the ironical expression of his features softened into mild, sweet, and mournful contemplation. He took her hand, and regarding it for but a moment—"You are to marry," said he, "and shortly. Are you happy?"

"Ye—ye—yes," faltered Fanny, as a tremor agitated her whole frame, and the colour fled her cheek.

"You're right for once, my friend," said Hasseldon. "She will be married; ay, and in six months too! Is it not so, Allan?"

"True—happily true!" replied Allan, in a rapture.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the mendicant. "No fabrication ever coined in hell for the delusion of mankind was yet more false."

"False!" cried Allan, as the blood rushed to his face, and his hand instinctively became clenched.

"Not your heart," replied the gipsy, coolly, "but your notions of the future. Listen. Misfortune will this day come upon you—yet slightly. You will toil as men for wealth *will* toil; lands wide and fertile may confess you 'lord;' but your name will rot in nothingness for ever."

A shudder involuntarily crept through the flesh of Allan.

"And mine?" said Fanny, laughing as in unbelief.

"Your fate is great," replied the gipsy. "Honour, kindness of heart, and nobility of nature are concentrated in your husband."

"And where," cried Edward, eagerly smothering his emotion, "is that harvest of glory to be gathered?"

"On the wild sea," replied the gipsy. "On the waste of waters—with man to man—'midst blood and death—the grasp for life—with death-shrieks ringing round in mad defiance—in the bitter shrieks of slaughtered heroes—there rocks the cradle of his glory!"

“God send his messenger of peace in that tremendous hour!” cried Edward; and as he looked towards Fanny he beheld a face as blanched and bloodless as his own.

A dark frown for a moment wrinkled Allan’s brow, but was as rapidly succeeded by a laugh.

“But tell me ——,” cried he.

“No more,” replied the gipsy, hastily. “Enough, young man,” continued he, turning to Edward; when the two sweetest and brightest drops are added to the cup of life’s foul bitterness, then shall you see me as a witness to your bliss, and the cold, harsh, withering curse this world has cast on me will melt beneath the fervour of your blessing.” So saying, and throwing his fingers wildly over the strings of his guitar, he turned the corner of the lane, and was soon lost amidst the foliage of a near plantation.

“Strange!” said old Hasseldon, rather musingly,

“Oh, nonsense!” cried Allan.

“Fudge!” said the lawyer.

“Sheep in wolf’s clothing!” exclaimed the parson.

“Baugh!” said the doctor.

“Oh! here comes the carriage,” cried Fanny, as she caught a glimpse of the gay array between the trees, and in another instant it stood before them. Then came the bustle. “Who’s for the carriage?—who the horse?” when, to settle the matter, the ladies were safely deposited inside, and the harder sex mounted on horseback. Away went the cavalcade, dashing carelessly, joyfully along, all nature smiling; the trees laughing with autumnal richness; cottagers standing at their doors to cheer them; the flowers breathing perfumes in the air; and birds, whose voices seemed almost modulated for the praise of nature, lending their delicious music. At length, with the rapidity of a courier, the three miles’ distance from the lord’s estate was traversed, and the beautiful hall, almost entombed by trees, rose like a fortress to the view. The wide domain was encircled by a low stone wall, not higher than the breast of a moderate-sized individual, not so much for the defence of the place as to serve as a foundation for the planting of cannon of no mean calibre. Amongst the trees, likewise, were fixed innumerable quantities of bells, with the



ropes hanging down at variance with the branches, which the gentleman kept continually pulling for his particular amusement, intermingling it occasionally with the roar of cannon, which were loaded afresh every morning, and a fresh box of Lucifer matches insinuated into his waistcoat pocket every evening. We shall become better acquainted with this gentleman by just following a few of his actions. On the arrival of the carriage at the gate, he seized, with furious grasp, every bell-rope in his reach, and rung as if the mansion were on fire; then drawing from his vest a match, he fired a cannon large enough to shake the Rock of Gibraltar; the next moment, running to the gate, he raised his stick with awful resolution, smashed to pieces the carriage window, pushed his head inside, and coolly inquired how they were—made the coachman clatter the carriage steps down three times before the company alighted—set up three cheers on his own account, and then conducted them within, occasionally touching off a cannon on the road by way of diversion. Everything was fitted up for the most clamorous amusements—shooting at a target, fencing with swords, fireworks, timbrels and triangles without end, and horns continually blowing. A play was to be got up in the evening, and the name of it was “Bombastes Furioso.” With hearts full of the anticipation of pleasure they skipped along the park—old Hasseldon in company with the lord; the doctor and the lawyer, with the parson in the middle, kept a respectful distance from every piece of artillery they came near; gay, fluttering girls rambled about on every side; and Allan, with the eagerness of a hawk, kept Fanny on his arm as if by right of property (valuable property too); whilst Edward walked carelessly and loungingly on the other side. Yet Allan’s glance continually reverted to him, and if but for a moment Fanny turned her head when he addressed her, his eye was never off him. We blame not this. It was affection—ay, as true and deep as was ever rooted in a human heart—even to piety; for that praise which should otherwise be heaven’s was lavished upon Fanny as his only idol. It was love in natural beauty, untainted by the trickery and deception of the world: he adored her almost to madness, and could not

nor wished not to conceal it. There is nobility in this passion, because it seems so unpolluted, and emulates that love which is not ours, but the angels'. Poor Allan!

Still onward went the party, admiring and admired; the lord incessantly tinkling his bells, firing his cannons, and startling everybody. A beautiful conservatory rose in view, and its fragrance perfumed the air with sweetest incense.

"Oh, Allan, how I should like a flower!" said Fanny.

"The sweetest one of all!" said Allan, and he bounded from her like a roe to pluck one.

"What an envious commission!" said Edward, as he drew near Fanny. "Could the love I bear my queen be conquered, how willingly I'd give my hard-earned honour for his!"

Fanny slightly smiled, but laughingly replied, "Oh! my service is not so arduous as the queen's, and I grant commissions far more liberally. Will *you* get me a flower as well?"

"A thousand!" cried Edward, with enthusiasm.

But an accident which threatened to be serious stepped in to the salvation of the flowers. Allan, triumphantly bearing a beautiful bouquet in his hand, was just returning to deliver it, and, anxious to be quick as thought, bounded over a small box tree on the right at the same moment that the lord of the manor took it into his head to ignite a match and fire off a cannon. Though the cartridge but slightly struck him on the shoulder, the shock was great enough to prostrate him upon the earth, and the blood gushed from his ears and nostrils. In a second all were gathered round him; the doctor made an instant examination, yet nothing serious was discovered, but it was sufficient to debar him from the enjoyment of the day. The doctor enjoined rest, and he was conveyed into the hall.

"Here is the flower," said he, holding out his hand. "Dear, dear Fanny, the gipsy spoke rightly. You have lost your protector for the day."

"And found another!" said Edward, cheerfully offering his arm to her, which was accepted.

But the last glance of Allan, as they bore him into the hall, though suffering from intensity of pain, was poisoned with the bitterness of hell.

## CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE festivity of the "Treat of the Lord of the Manor" was at its zenith. The sports of the day went off, as we can imagine the Battle of Waterloo would do, in thunder, fire, and triumph. We can moreover imagine that when the evening set in and the strenuous exertions of the lord began to slacken, according to the principle laid down by nature, that the quieter enjoyment would be much more valued, and the worth of the entertainment more cordially appreciated. The last curl of the smoke of artillery faded away into air at the same time that the last rays of the sun faded away behind the hills, and the uproarious voice of the lord of the manor became more gentle at the same time that the gentle shades of evening mantled earth and sea. And then in mellowest light the bright moon rose in silvery gladness, as though anxious that not one moment of enjoyment should be lost; and stars, whose twinkling eyes appeared like heavenly patronage, studded the unclouded sky, and beamed their feebler light upon the scene; and gay, beautiful, and happy was that scene to look upon, like one of those delicious traits in life, one of those green spots of happiness which in the after-times of care and sorrow we remember with a sad yet pleasing contemplation. From every tree, however small, hung lamps of every colour and richly variegated, and, as darkness gradually increased, their motley flames shone forth in deeper grandeur; statues and monuments of classic sculpture graced the terminus of every walk, and adorned with innumerable devices both of ancient and modern character. From this circumstance it will be seen that the gentleman's respect for ancient talent was equal to his mania for modern fun. The illuminated trees and intermingling branches lay so closely planted that throughout the wide extent of land many natural and unintentional labyrinths were formed, affording thus the pleasing entertainment of frequently being lost in sylvan beauty, and in the search for your recovery constantly been charmed

by fresh disclosures of the elegance of nature. Moreover, in these decorated parts the graceful fall of a cascade, the ripple of some trickling stream, the plashing of an embryo fountain, or a perfumed bed of flowers, continually opened in the mind new themes for contemplation, and roused into reaction every joy that otherwise might wane into satiety. But now rich strains of music from the illuminated hall proclaimed the opening of the dance; and there, in gayest costume, with partners happily appropriated to each other, and the lord of the manor expending all his breath on a double-sized trombone, the festivity increased, and only found its zenith as the clock struck twelve. The doctor, the lawyer, and the parson outvied each other with their weapons of ferocity, pugnacity, and solemnity. Old Hasseldon looked with a face of delight and admiration on the fairy form of Fanny, and Fanny never seemed to feel the lassitude of exercise so long as the support was given by the arm of Edward Hawthorn. But where was Allan Maydew? In a lone apartment of the hall, stretched upon a couch, and with a mind more angry than the injuries he received, he groaned beneath the doctor's orders of observing perfect rest. He heard the merry laugh—the eloquence of music—his mind was peopled with a thousand images of gaiety, and as he watched the ornamental fireworks now brightening the air with myriad sparks, and thought upon the many beauteous eyes which gazed towards heaven upon them; all these combined increased the severity of his wound, and, worse than all, kept rankling in his heart; for with this festive scene the thought of Fanny—her form so captivating, her beauty so irresistable—was associated, and all those angel smiles, which, in the opening enjoyment of the morning he anticipated, were changed to bitter disappointment. There, alone, in that dreary room, impatient of recovery, he raised himself from the couch and crawled across the apartment to the window. Beyond, in beautiful expanse, lay stretched the kingly park; and, meandering through countless trees, the placid lake lay calmly in the moonlight, reflecting from its depths the images of the stars and the disc of the unclouded moon. Along its margin waved the soft laburnams, and their golden beauty appeared

as a canopy more fitted for beings of a better world than ours. Poor Allan! a coldness came across his heart, and weary and well nigh broken-hearted he sought again the quietude of his couch. A gentle tap against the door awoke him from the peacefulness of a welcome slumber which at last came over him, and the next moment a form as of that of a ministering angel entered the apartment. It was Fanny. Oh, how his eye brightened, and the energy of manhood flew back to his heart! He forgot the weakness that was on him and quick as thought, with a forgetful effort, he rose to meet her.

"I have escaped," said Fanny, "from the dance to inquire, Allan, how you are? And ——"

"Oh, better—better now!" cried Allan, interrupting her, "My strength returns to me; but promise me your hand, and I could almost lead a dance."

"How many would rejoice to see you," answered Fanny, tenderly; "but you are rambling. I am sorry I disturbed you."

"Oh, no!—oh, no!" cried Allan, bitterly. "If thoughts like these are only madness, oh! how lost to reason have been all the years which have chronicled the events of life. There never was, dear Fanny, one paltry circumstance, however light and trivial, with which I have not connected some happy thought of you; and even pain grows mild when you are standing near me."

Poor Fanny! She remembered the years that were gone—how they had lived together; how they had wept together, and how, in sunnier moments, they had laughed together; how they had thought upon the past, and looked with brightness to a happy future; and the tears came into her eyes. She could not for a moment recollect one word or deed of Allan's that was not fraught with kindness to her; the affectionate gifts he had presented her; the noble actions he had dared for her; and as she beheld him there—alone, in pain and agony, and yet with eyes suffused by tears of fondest love, the weakness of the woman came upon her, and she wept bitterly. But yet these holy tears came not from the impenetrable depths of love, but from the more shallow fountains of gratitude. Her eye, her heart, her soul—all, all were

given, never to be moved unto another—ay, given, even to herself unknown if they might be accepted. But is there not within the silent angel which reads from heart to heart the reciprocity of feeling? With all the intensity of woman's love—with all the constancy of unchangeable affection—with every prayer directed towards heaven, not for herself only, but for him—with passion never to be quenched—with life enraptured by the thought, she worshipped Edward Hawthorn. A dizziness—a strange sensation almost as of madness filled her brain; it was the moral dictate of the mind in contention with the rebellious dictate of the heart; and she leaned beside the couch of Allan for support.

“You have at least worn the flower I have procured you,” continued Allan, as his eyes rested on her bosom. “There is some consolation in that. How happy to me is the thought that love, unlike the flowers, can never die!”

Fanny trembled violently, and her lip quivered with emotion. She would have spoken, but utterance failed her. She dare not break the spell which seemed upon him, for it disarmed him of all pain; yet oh! how deep the torture in her own pure breast, to grant that golden but delusive dream to linger with him.

The doctor entered the room at this extremely painful and embarrassing moment. He took Allan's hand, but with the excitement he had undergone the fever had materially increased. The doctor looked cross.

“All wrong together!” said he. “Must keep still—going mad—very—March hare! What's a draught to a madman? Nothing. Must lose blood—full stream; and then we have him, as the handcuffs said to the prisoner.”

With a deep and fervent pressure of the hand, and a long, last lingering look, Allan watched Fanny pass from the apartment, and the doctor stayed some time alone with him. On arriving at the bottom of the staircase, a feeling almost of sickness, occasioned by the agony of mind she had undergone, came suddenly upon her, and she leaned for support against the balustrade. The breeze of evening came softly stealing through the trees, refreshed and cooled by the waters of the lake; the sounds of revelry and mirth still issued from the

hall; and, once again revived, Fanny was about returning to the dance, when Edward Hawthorn stood before her.

"You look pale," said he, approaching her; "and here alone!"

"I have been to see Allan," replied Fanny, "and was about returning, but the heat of that crowded room is too great."

"For the same reason I have just left it," said Edward, laughing. "I've been far more cool in many an action."

They were standing on the margin of the lake, and a small skiff, purposely constructed for the accommodation of two or three persons, lay floating on the water.

"Let us ride along the lake," said Edward; and, assisting Fanny into the boat, he took the oars, and gently began to ply in the water.

It was glorious too! On either side the overhanging branches were almost intersected, and their coloured lamps, like fairy fruit, appeared to cluster with each other, whilst between the trees were seen to flit occasionally the happy forms of two enamoured ones, or any other given quantity.

"To pass a night like this," said Edward, "in such a place—in such society—deeply embitters the remembrance that I soon must leave it."

"To go—where?" said Fanny.

"I know not," answered Edward, carelessly. "Perhaps to death—perhaps to parch upon some desert; or, like Robinson Crusoe, to build myself a hut on some benighted island. But one thing, Fanny, I do know—I go to duty, and, if fate and opportunity befriend me, I hope to glory."

Fanny sighed (women generally do at such announcements). "Oh, why not be content with the laurels you have won," said she, "and remain in peacefulness with us?"

Edward watched for a moment her countenance distressed by deep solicitude; then, laying down the oars, and seating himself beside her, he took her hand.

"Could all these lands," said he, "enriched as they appear by all earth's choicest beauties, be mine to-night, and were vassels to kneel before me, I would spurn their contemptible obscurity for one bright prize which shines before me, like a god in the firmament of honour!"

“And that prize?” said Fanny, eagerly. Poor Fanny!—she thought it was coming.

“Fame!” cried Edward, with enthusiasm. (Now, fame may be all very well; but that was not exactly what Fanny wanted.) “I would be,” continued he, “where danger threatens—where I might emulate the deeds of those great men who have gone before me—where I might lose the dross of this besotted world, and live but for nobility—to stand on some proud eminence on which is fixed a nation’s gaze, and there, exalted into honour, to hear the glorious cry, that when the enemies of England came down to her destruction, that man stood firmly at the bulwarks!”

Fanny felt the truth of this assertion; for what is life if death bring not—a glorious epitaph?

“And for this,” said she, “you barter all that childhood has endeared to you?”

“Not all!” cried Edward, growing warm. “You remember, Fanny, now some thirteen years ago, when you were but a very little girl, how the hand of poverty was upon me. My father, wayward as his son, (it may be better), forsook, like me, this quiet pastoral life for the chance of fortune in the ranks of war. You remember well how he adorned the profession he had chosen—how from war to war he led them on to victory, till, maddened with desperation at the chances of defeat, when overpowered by numbers, he fell into their cruel hands. Oh, God! oh, God! The very blood within me curdles at the memory of his ignominious death. He was lashed—lashed to the yard-arm; his naked breast bared open—it may be spit upon—a breast beneath which beat a heart no cruelty could conquer! Oh, God! I think that I can see him now, in fancy—there, alone!—the bloody sweat of torture pouring from him!—the gory tide of hellish cruelty branding his white flesh!—the recreant eyes of Frenchmen looking on! Oh! curse them! Fanny, hear me. When every night I kneel before my God—when on my knees, all seems so still that I think my prayer is borne to heaven and heard. When every nerve is strung to desperate resolution, I ask for but one little word of deep reality to carve upon my father’s grave.”

“And that word?” cried Fanny, tremblingly.



“Revenge!” shouted Edward, almost wildly. “For that alone I live; for that I left this peaceful home; since then I have been hunted like a beast at bay; but now rank—fortune has smiled upon me, and, like the lion panting for revenge, I’ll turn the chase; and let them beware—despair!” The tears stood in his eyes whilst speaking, and, with that true nobility of soul which marks the hero, when the excitement of passion had passed away his head fell languidly on Fanny’s shoulder.

“But may not the report be false?” said Fanny, with that heavenly solace which belongs only to woman. “The darkest side is always over-pictured.”

“Heaven grant it!” answered Edward. “It is but too true. But let us think of something happier; this night at least is destined to enjoyment; and I must shortly leave these happy scenes for ever.”

“For ever?” said Fanny.

“Ay, for ever!” returned Edward. “I could have wished to conceal within my own breast that which I might have confessed in writing when far away. There are feelings, Fanny, which we dare not utter, and which, under certain circumstances, are better dead and buried in forgetfulness.”

“Oh, what?” cried Fanny.

Edward paused a moment, and looked into her face. “I will be frank with you,” said he. “Time hurries on; all idle words are fruitless. From the first moment I beheld you, with a passion never to be changed, I loved you. Hope sprung within me; but on that hope I now look as I would look down upon a corpse: that hope is dead. You are affianced to another.”

“Never!” cried Fanny, in the voice of angel truth. “But pledge to me a heart whose love is like to mine, and, oh! through joy or sorrow, poverty or sickness, through tears or sunshine—ay, even through the very gate of death—that love shall blossom, even in eternity!”

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What followed, kind reader, is no business of yours; perhaps you may have been in a similar predicament yourself; if not, you have a treat to come. The fact is, that almost

every author imagines he is able to describe the very peculiar sensations which are felt at a moment like this. Now, this is an error which we shall avoid—and we claim to ourselves the originality of doing so; likewise, if others would follow our example, the generality of writings would stand far higher than they do. However, “the course of true love never did run smooth,” as will be shown in our next chapter.

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#### CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

TIME passed on. The period awarded to Edward Hawthorn as a holiday was drawing to a close, and his active mind had already begun to shape his course towards honour in the future. The season, too, had begun to change its character, and every object to assume a more autumnal aspect. There is a something in autumn which, like distant bells, is sadly sweet; for when their tinkling music falls upon the ear it brings with it the truth, that beneath them lies that dark and silent dwelling we have soon to exchange for our bright and animated world; and so, as autumn falls upon us, we feel that the fairest and most happy things are fading, and the tomb of winter opening to engulf them. The trees were losing their leafy richness, and on the light green tint the sear and yellow mildew came like a disease; flowers began to fade, and, as Fanny sat in moody contemplation at the oriel window, the wrecks of summer strewn upon the ground were borne in whirling eddies across the lawn by the cold and rougher winds; days had become materially shorter, and the sportive revelry of the summer evenings consequently less, and when the skies became more veiled by heavy rolling clouds defacing the bright moon, and the night wind drove them on like awful spectres, the kindling flame of a cheerful fire in the parlour of the cottage was more agreeable by far to the doctor, the lawyer, and the parson, and all the other inmates of that

happy circle. It was on such an evening that the individuals mentioned were convened together, and were talking and laughing as if they never had—nor ever expected to have—anything to make them sorrowful. Allan had perfectly recovered from his illness, and as strength and health again returned to him, the anticipation of the reality of his delusive dream increased in its intensity day by day—and, indeed, that day was fast approaching which, agreeable to every expectation, was to chronicle the beginning of his happiness. He thought of nothing else—could speak of nothing but of Fanny. In the daytime he was never from her side, and in the hours of night her form was constantly before him in his dreams. Alas! alas! how small the bestowal of comprehension implanted in the mind when passion overpowers the ability of looking to the future. Though doubt and jealousy were mixed up with the picture of his happiness—though the presence of Edward Hawthorn mingled gall with every draught of pleasure that he quaffed, he could not bring himself to the unbelief that the many years of their mutual affection could wither in a day. How trivial, however, is frequently the cause from which the most fatal and serious events arise, and give to the current of life that decisive change which otherwise might have flowed on the same for ever. We have remarked that they were seated round the fire, the gentler ones laughing and talking, and the more rude and turbulent drinking and smoking.

“Ned,” said old Hasseldon, blowing a terrific cloud of smoke from his mouth, “how I should like to see the medal which was presented to you by your commander after the last terrible action.”

“And I!” said Annie Hawthorn.

“And I!” “And I!” responded the rest.

“Ned’s so modest,” said Hasseldon, “he keeps all his merit in his waistcoat pocket.”

“Yea, of a truth,” said the parson, “his good works should shine before men.”

“Then I’ll act on your advice,” said Edward, carelessly drawing from his pocket a very handsome medal preserved in a crimson miniature case, and which bore the inscription of

his bravery in war ; and he accordingly handed it to Hasseldon.

The girls clustered round his shoulders to look at it.

"How beautiful!" said Annie Hawthorn. "It glitters like a diamond."

"It does honour to your heart, Ned," said Hasseldon, regarding it with a smile of admiration.

"And credit to his head," said Fanny, somewhat wickedly.

"Ned's a Bacon as well as a Nelson," said the lawyer ; "as well as a Nelson Ned is a Bacon ! He's got a head as well as a heart—a heart he's got as well as a head ! He'll come to be great—to be great he will come ! Let him fight!—let him fight!—let him fight!"

"Yea, in the service of his country, let him fight," said the parson ; "even as the Israelite smote the Philistine."

"Who wants to stop him?" said the doctor, taking the medal in hand. "Let him go loose—he'll conquer or die. Knock 'em down—knock 'em down, as the auctioneer said to his hammer. Look at this, Allan," said he, handing it over for inspection ; "when you win a prize like this for agricultural talent, what two noble fellows we shall boast of in the family!"

Allan, with a gay and careless air, took the bauble in his hand, but, more curious than the rest, raised between his fingers, indeed as much by accident as anything else, the snowy piece of wool in which the medal was embedded. Great God! how that little trespass of the finger, like the devastating blast of winter on a smiling harvest, laid waste in darkness every bright dream of happiness which had been to Allan his only heaven. Beneath the wool, in a smooth and glossy circle, was twined a lock of beautiful auburn hair, and in the centre of that ring, upon a rich enamelled card, was written "FANNY." Had the very earth beneath his feet that moment divided into two parts to crush him in its vast abyss, his emotion could not have been greater. The case fell from his hands as though struck by heaven itself with inaction, and his eyes, with all the coldness of a stony image fastened upon those of Fanny. In a second Edward saw the result of his forgetfulness, and, quick as lightning, snatched

up the case and secreted it. Reaction—deep, maddening, and revengeful—speedily drove off the paralysis of soul with which, for a moment, Allan was enthralled, and he rushed like a madman from the room. Fanny had nearly dropped with the emotion which agitated her whole frame, as would some fragile bark beneath a strong tempestuous wind, and, with a powerful effort, she flew to the window to conceal what otherwise must soon have become evident. As for Edward, the same proud look and signification of resolution lit up his countenance, for he now felt that in Allan's eyes he must for ever stand as a successful and determined rival, and he felt no wish to hide it. With the firmness and courage of a man, he resolved to throw all obstacles, however formidable, overboard at once, and openly declare his love; for what has man to fear beneath the law of honour? Though nothing could be more painful and embarrassing than the three peculiar situations into which they were cast in less than three minutes of time, it was known only to themselves.

But let us follow Allan. With a brain in which the natural sensibility of man was lost, and a burning heat as of madness coursing every vein, he flew, like one distracted, over hill and dale, in vain attempting, in the cold night air, to quench the fever which parched his very soul. Like one who in this world has not a single object to pursue, nor cares for one, he traversed every path of deepest solitude, until nature, weary and exhausted by excitement, gave way, and he flung himself upon the earth. Rage, sorrow, a broken heart, and then revenge, like torturing fiends, beset him, till, overcome by the contending passions, he yielded to a law more heavenly, and wept bitterly. Poor Allan! He had loved as no man ever had; he had idolised but one thing upon earth; he had cast away all thought but that of *her*; and with all the intensity of his unhappy soul he prayed for death. His eye rolled round in search of something to afford relief, but every object—a tree or walk, the distant village—only embittered the distraction, for there was no place that Fanny's foot had not trodden in company with him, and made it like a heaven. At times the tears afresh came starting to his eyes, and again his hand became clenched in deadliest vengeance. The breeze

of night swept coldly across his brow, now bathed in perspiration, and with a calm, determined resignation, and the iron entering his soul, he swore an oath more terrible than that of Cain. He rose upon his feet with all the eagerness of vengeance, resolved to hear from Fanny's lips the words of his refusal, and then for the work of death. Drawing his vest closely round him, like the wolf in darkness, he began to track the road that Edward Hawthorn usually traversed, determined on that dreadful night to watch him as his prey; and thus he retraced his footsteps to the cottage. All was just as he had left it—the friendly talk and jocularities going round; but neither Fanny Hasseldon or Edward Hawthorn were of the party. Scarcely regarding anything but their absence, he again quitted it, and stole beneath the gloom of the trees which overhung the highroad. At about a mile distant from the cottage there stood the ruin of an old building which at one time was supposed to have been an abbey or some abode of sanctity, for within its ivied walls were still preserved some relics of the shrines of the departed. It was pointed out in that part of the country as a curiosity, and frequently visited by travellers who chanced to pass that way. Its mouldering stones were daily crumbling into pieces, and its ancient grandeur was faded by the hand of time; yet still the vestiges of graves remaining, and the inscriptions of the dead not entirely effaced, threw round it, as it were, a sacredness which they who lived near it were afraid to violate. It stood upon the edge of a precipice, beneath which lay the rough and angular stones which at different times had fallen from it; and though to look below the depth might not appear above twenty yards, yet to fall must have been immediate death. It was in this place that, unable to remain in the cottage, Fanny and Edward Hawthorn had repaired to screen themselves from observation and talk of their intentions for the future. It was a cold night, and clouds, in dark and heavy masses, now and again obscured the moon, and threw around the place a terror which at times made Fanny look around and shudder. Edward threw his cloak about her, and, taking her right hand in his—

“Let us kneel and swear together,” said he, “beside this

hallowed tomb, that our love shall never change ; that before the face of enemies or friends—before poverty or greatness—your father and the memory of mine—ay, even to the very face of Allan Maydew, we will not deny our affection for each other, and I will carve for you a name that nobles shall not blush to hear.”

Fanny passed her arm round his neck, and knelt there with him.

“This, indeed,” said Edward, joyfully, “throughout all time will be remembered in our after-life as one of the brightest moments of existence !”

“It was foretold you !” cried a deep and manly voice, and the mournful tones of a guitar accompanied the words.

A stifled scream escaped from Fanny, and she clung to Edward for support. It was the gipsy !

“I have heard that voice before,” said Fanny. “Oh ! is there not evil in its tone ?”

Edward looked around, and in the paneless vacancy of the ruined window the figure of the gipsy stood but for a moment, and instantly disappeared in the darkness.

“Strange !” said Edward. “Fanny, since first I saw that man I have never been able to banish him from my memory.”

“Oh, let us leave this place !” said Fanny. “There is a fatality about it which makes me tremble.”

Edward took her arm, and gently led her towards the crumbling portal of the ruin, and both were about to leave the place, when the form of a man suddenly darkened the archway. The moon that instant peered through the gloom of a black cloud, and burst full upon his face. It was Allan Maydew. He was pale as death, and his bloodless lips were quivering in silent curses with the intensity of passion. Fanny screamed wildly, and, with the timidity of woman, clung to Edward. Not a second elapsed ere Allan’s hands were fastened like a vice round Edward’s throat, and his fingers, like the talons of the hawk, actually rankled in the flesh.

“Dog !” cried he, whilst his eye rolled wildly in deadliest hatred. “You have blasted every hope I had in life ; you have taken from me that which God and childhood promised me ; from my very heart you have robbed the life-blood

which sustained me ; and, by the sacredness of heaven, I'll never quit you till I gloat upon the sight of yours !”

Fanny fell beside the relic of a gravestone almost senseless.

“ Release your hold !” cried Edward, almost choked by the gripe of Allan.

“ Never !” cried Allan.

“ Madman ! Take your hand from my throat, I say !”

“ Never, till death unclasp the gripe !” shouted Allan.

“ I would not willingly hurt you, Allan,” cried Edward ; but, mind, I am a desperate man !”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha !” laughed Allan, almost like a demon.

“ Then the work of your own folly be upon you !” cried Edward ; and, giving free exercise to the strength of his arm, he dealt a blow so furious on Allan's breast that he fell, like a child, insensible. The next moment he raised Fanny from the ground, more dead than living.

She gazed wildly upon Allan as he lay stretched on the bare earth, close by the very edge of the precipice, and, sudden as some onward current which after long obstruction has cast the barrier free, burst into a flood of tears.

“ What have you done ?” said she to Edward, in an agony, yet clinging firmly to him. “ Oh, God ! how little did I look for this ! Poor Allan ! he is dead !”

“ Not dead !” cried Allan, languidly, as sense returned to him, and he rose upon his feet. “ Not dead ; but hating life. One moment hear me, Fanny. Revenge has passed away, and I am calm. You cannot, surely, banish from your heart our love of former years ; yet, let them pass. You cannot count as worthless those tears which now fall from me ; you cannot trifle with the promised blessing of your father on our union. Look on me here ; more like a beast infuriate than human—and all for you—for you alone ! Can this be false ? Have I deserved this scorn ? Now hear me—and by the hope I have of heaven I swear to do it ! Behold me ! I stand upon the brink of this tremendous gulf (here he approached the edge of the precipice) ; but speak the word that you discard me, and by the God who at the last will judge me rightly, I hurl myself a shattered corpse upon the stones beneath !”

A shriek, terrible, wild, and thrilling, from Fanny, rung through hill and valley.



“The word!” cried Allan, as he waved his arms round in the air, and with one foot planted for the leap.

“Now, Fanny!” shouted Edward, as he released his hold of her. “The test has come! The one or other even unto death!”

“Allan!” cried Fanny, as, at the first impulse, with the righteousness of the angel, she rushed forward to save him from destruction.

“Fanny!” said he, with tenderness, as, overcome with the extreme excitement of the last few minutes, she fainted in his arms, and became alike insensible of what she had done or what was passing around her.

A bitter smile just slightly curled the lip of Edward Hawthorn, and, turning on his heel, he left the spot. His proud soul was stung. The same night he departed from the village.

Oh, reader! let us just quote here again the latter part of those beautiful lines—

“A word is ringing through my brain;  
It was not meant to give me pain;  
It was when first the sound I heard  
A lightly-utter’d, careless word.  
Oh! would to God I ne’er had heard  
That lightly-utter’d, careless word!”

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CHAPTER THE SIXTH.—CONCLUSION.

WHILST the cordial interchange of feeling and the jest and joke went round amongst the happy inmates of Mushroom Cottage; whilst the lawyer passed his joke upon the parson, and the doctor as usual came forward to the attack; whilst Hasseldon was laughing at the mockery of the argument, how little did he think of the unhappy circumstances transpiring without. And pitiful it seems, that when so many years of uninterrupted happiness had gilded every moment of his life; when, from the company of Fanny—his dear and only child—he had laid aside all worldly matters, and thought of but one

thing—her brightest welfare—that in the wane of life the furrow should be ploughed upon his cheek and coursed with tears of bitterness from him. In the midst of their hilarity, and during the very conversation which then happened to be passing pertaining to the approaching union of his daughter with Allan Maydew, the door of the apartment was opened, and Allan, pale and haggard with the dreadful scenes in which he had borne so terrible a part, entered the apartment. His dress was disordered by the struggle he had borne with Edward Hawthorn, and one or two marks of violence were on his face; his whole demeanour was unsettled in the extreme, and he tried in vain to assume a composure which nature would not tolerate. Taking a chair, he seated himself as far as politeness would admit from the company round the table, and, burying his face in his hand, appeared lost to everything around him. A deep sigh, which seemed to devastate all happier feelings, frequently escaped him, and, though unseen by others, many tears trickled through his fingers, which his swollen eyes were unable to contain.

“Allan, you appear unwell to-night,” said Hasseldon. “Where is Fanny?”

Allan’s heart almost swelled to bursting—it was indeed full and utterance well nigh failed him.

“She is not well either,” answered he, almost choked by the emotion.

“Not well!” said Hasseldon, surprised.

Allan roused himself from the despondency which almost weighed him to the earth—

“She left me for the retirement of her own chamber,” said he. “She has complained of illness all day.”

Hasseldon immediately quitted the apartment to go to his daughter.

“And where is Ned?” said the lawyer.

Allan trembled. “He left me at the ruin not an hour ago,” said he.

“Bid him good night for me,” replied the doctor, rousing to depart; which very appropriate example was followed by the rest of the company, and Allan, tortured by the presence of all, was left to the relief of solitude. He rose from his

seat, and paced the room in all the agony which dissimulation brings. He knew not how to act, or what to do. He had borne Fanny to the cottage in his arms insensible, and when awakened from that awful trance, she had sought with eagerness, as if pursued by some horrible phantom, the loneliness of her apartment, where, unobserved, she might weep for that relief which tears can only bring. At the moment that Hasseldon entered the room she was sobbing with her face upon the bed, as if every fibre of her heart would break, and those playful eyes, which but a little earlier were bright and full of dearest language, lit up with joy, and beaming full with hope, were reddened by the deepest anguish; whilst her face, which made you love her to regard it, was pale, and bloodless as a statue. Her father took her hand in tenderest affection, and inquired the cause; but tears, hot and burning, flowed but more profusely, and, as he raised her from the bed, she fell upon his breast, and wept in freedom.

“You appear unhappy, Fanny,” said he. “Are you unwell?—or what has caused these tears?—they are the first I’ve seen for many a year.”

She could not speak, and only answered by deeper floods of grief, which kindness always brings when spoken to the troubled heart.

“Oh! leave me but a moment,” cried Fanny, in a voice of anguish, “and I will tell you all.”

Hasseldon, gently relaxing his embrace, affectionately bid her good night, and left her to the repose of sleep, which he vainly thought would soon chase from her some sorrowful reflections the circumstance of her approaching marriage might engender. Descending the staircase, he again entered the parlour, and taking leave of Allan, they both retired for the night. It was in vain that Allan flung himself upon the bed, and tried to sleep. The circumstances of that fearful night raged like a rebellion through his brain, and almost drove him mad. He had heard the oath, so wrapt in holiness, which was breathed from Fanny’s lips to Edward Hawthorn, and his heart failed him; yet he could not banish the remembrance how she had rushed to save him—how when even the test was put by Edward Hawthorn she had called upon his

own name, and fallen in his arms ; and then hope sprung once more within him. Pale, restless, and care-worn, he watched the night clouds pass away, and eagerly anticipated the advance of morning. The sun broke out in all the clearness of an autumn sky ; nature was awaking ; the birds were singing, and all looked life and animation. Composing himself as much as possible, he left his chamber, and entering the parlour, discovered Hasseldon with the doctor, the lawyer, and the parson, seated at the breakfast table, and in a few minutes afterwards Fanny—deathly pale, yet calm and cheerful-looking—entered the apartment. Whilst all were thus seated, apparently undisturbed, and reconciled together, Hasseldon congratulating himself on Fanny's convalescence, the door was opened and a note delivered into his hands, which he read aloud. It was thus briefly worded :—

“Duty having called me away, I have left the village. I could not bear the thought of parting ; and you will pardon the abruptness when you consider that it has saved me much unhappiness and pain.—EDWARD HAWTHORN.”

“Noble fellow !” said the lawyer, which eulogy was cordially responded to by all the others.

But, alas ! for Fanny—the very principle of life seemed passing from her ; a sickening kind of enervation almost made her fall, but, with the strongest effort her little remaining strength was capable of commanding, she happily escaped to her own room, and locked the door. And then there came that joyless blank—that sepulchre of the heart, which, when all it ever treasured is no more, beats not from the impulse of the soul, but only from the mechanism given to it by nature—that law of life continuing when the soul with fervency is praying for its death. There was not within her breast one little corner where she might find relief, for in that love, which was the first as surely as it would be the last, all life's best feelings were centred ; and as the flower bereft of its prolific principles will wither, so Fanny's health was fading like to it. She sat beside the window weeping, regardless of the natural scenery that in happier moments she had praised ; the flowers around her felt no longer the fostering tenderness of her hand, and seemed almost to droop ; yet when some

object which revived the memory of many joys attracted her she could but turn away and weep more bitterly. One little word, though righteously spoken, still rung within her brain like the death-bell of her happiness—one little word that was not meant for misery, but for good. It was in vain she tried to bring again into order the thoughts which, like the fragments of some shattered wreck at sea, had torn her mind to pieces; all was dream-like, as though in time she yet might awake to some happier reality. Could oaths so sacred and so deep be cancelled all at once?—or if another heart were like to hers, could it forget how much it once had loved?

Days—weeks passed on, but yet Edward came not, nor had one line to them disclosed his place of destination; and when Fanny sat, almost regardless of everything around her, in the cottage—whilst all was merriment amongst the rest, her thoughts were far away, and her eye exploring the long line of road, in vain imagining that every individual might be the bearer of some happy news. Meanwhile the day appointed for her marriage was close at hand, and the most active preparations were going on; yet although it would have been far easier to attract the magnet from the pole than to alter her determination to resist it, the gentle, timid spirit of her nature had not the moral courage to disclose it. On the eve of that eventful day, she was seated by the side of Allan, almost in distraction; she heard him speak with eloquence and warmth of his approaching happiness; she saw the happy smile her father cast upon her face; she listened to the congratulations of her friends; she saw before her the chaste white dress she was to wear, the flowers which were to enwreath her hair, the busy needle plying for the completion of her bridal costume, the actual ring which was to take her from her home and, indeed, from happiness; the tears once more started to her eyes; she left the side of Allan, and taking from her breast one little well-known token of another, she kissed it rapturously. Stealing away from the rest of the company, she again sought her chamber, and, with a mind perfectly collected, but a heart entirely broken, she wrote the following lines to Edward, addressing them with all uncertainty to where she thought his character in life would lead him, and

which he afterwards received. Her hand trembled, and the tears in her eyes almost obscured the characters as she wrote :

“ I will not address you by any name which might recal the memory of the past, for I would spare you the agony it gives me. Yet you have taken with you that which you could only have in marriage—all the affection my Creator ever gave me. By your side I felt myself the woman, but now that you are gone I am again the child. They tell me that I am to be married on the morrow ; but, oh ! may heaven grant that, though I have no protector now, I may have strength enough and righteousness of soul to avoid the wicked act. You are gone, I hope, into that path of honour you so beautifully spoke of ; and if one bended knee may but assist you, think only upon me in one unchanging posture of humility.—F. H.”

When Edward read this simple, guileless letter, he fell upon his knees and prayed.

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The night passed away, and the beautiful morning fixed for Fanny’s wedding rose bright and beautiful. The sun shone warmly and brightly ; the village bells were chiming their merry peal ; friends were there to greet her ; and all the excitement incident to such a memorable day was passing round her. But Fanny gazed upon them not as scenes or circumstances of reality, but as we look upon a panorama or dissolving view ; as things which have been, and not which are to happen. There was not one small tint upon her pallid cheek, which in her days of happy love was never absent ; there was not an expression of the eye which could tell of happiness, or even stimulate it ; but, like the glazed, unmoving features of the dead, she seemed the passive victim of a sacrifice more than one whose union with another should chronicle a life of bliss.

Still merrily rang the bells, and gaily the wedding equipage assembled at the cottage gate. Allan, excited to the utmost by the prospect of his happiness, gaily took the arm of Fanny, which clasped in his more like the action of an automaton than any living thing. He led her to the altar ; she stood there like the statues carved about her ; all friends were gathered round ; and there—amidst that crowd, in a voice distinct as utterance could be, she refused the oath. The climax had come : she could confess before her God what she could never have done to man. The struggle had been great,

and her father rushed forward to save her from falling. All was instant confusion and astonishment.

"Oh, God! oh, God!" cried Allan, as in agony he struck his forehead. "She loves not me!"

The doctor, prompt as thought, saw Fanny conveyed as quick as possible back again to the cottage, and never left her side. Her reason almost appeared shattered by the thousand contending feelings that distracted her; whilst the poor aged father knelt beside her, almost broken-hearted. Allan could not for a moment bear to look upon the scene; he had done with passion, and nothing but a heart lone, drear, and desolate was left him. But his mind and resolution had now become fixed. He determined to quit his native scenes for ever; and calling Hasseldon from the room, he related frankly every circumstance connected with the visit of Edward Hawthorn. But where was he? Away—afar off—it was unknown to any where the author of this misery might be.

Two days passed by, but the indisposition with which Fanny was so seriously taken continued still unchanged. Her intellect at times appeared confused, and her mind was frequently engaged with things which had never been familiar. She would talk of circumstances which for years had been forgotten, and even at times mistake one person for another. All life and vivacity had left her, and her once beautiful figure seemed to shrink within itself. So feeble had she become that, when walking but a dozen yards, the doctor had to support her. It was on the evening of the third day after the distressing circumstance mentioned that he had ordered her to be taken a little distance from the cottage to inhale the air, which was unusually mild and warm. Everything around was still. The day was just closing; the village appeared mantled in serenity; and it seemed a night when the soul, o'er-wearied by the body, might wing its transit peacefully to heaven. Fanny appeared more weak and feeble than she had ever done, and the fit of abstraction longer and more deep. All friends were round her, and, as they watched the tears coursing down her pretty face, now pale as marble, their own eyes filled, and they knelt beside her. The doctor watched her, while his kind heart was almost bursting; yet he forbade her

own father even to speak to her. He approached her gradually, for her form was tottering. Her countenance grew sickly, and a clammy perspiration bathed her face—in another moment she would have fallen.

“Great God!” cried Hasseldon, rushing forward. “Poor, poor, poor child!—she is dying!”

The doctor turned his head, and burst into tears.

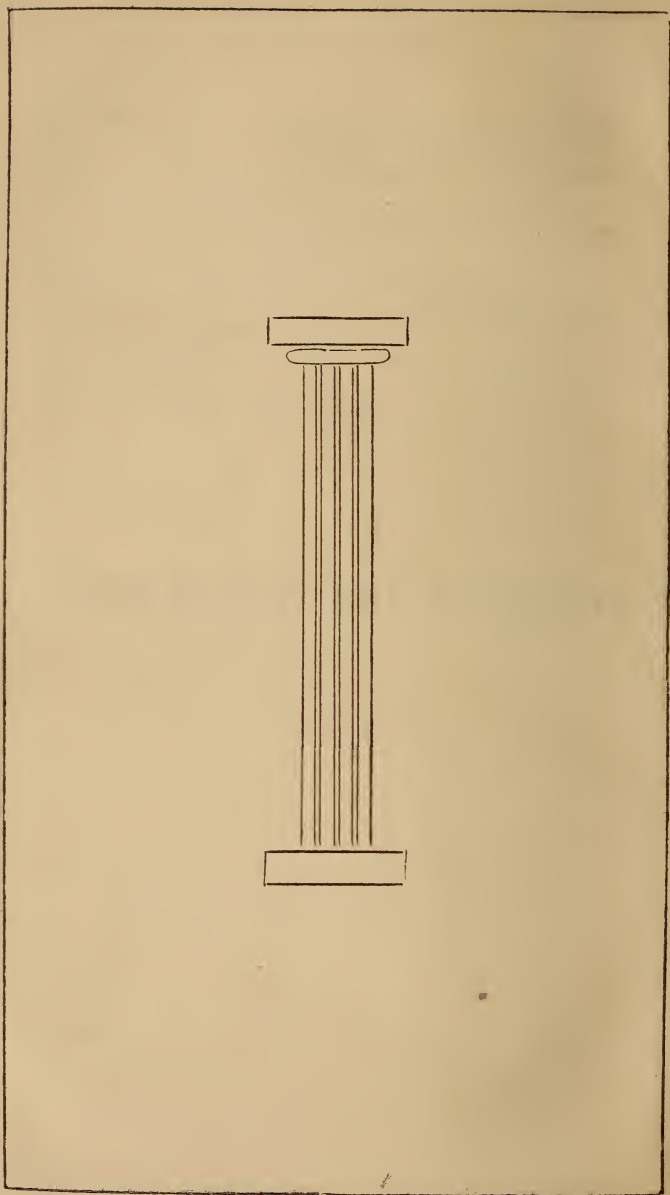
“Fanny!” cried her father, in the wildest agony; “dear, dear Fanny! speak but one little word!”

He felt his hand just slightly clasped, but not a breath escaped her lips!

Poor, poor Fanny! She was dead!



EPITOME OF THE VILLAGE NEWS.



## EPITOME OF THE VILLAGE NEWS.

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### FIRST WEEK.

DURING the week, the boat coaches have been heavily oppressed by visiters, but especially invalids; conveying to us the silent but comfortable intelligence that the neighbouring hospitals have been well swept out. There is a season for everything—and this is ours.

We are sorry to announce that Peter the Bellman has been suffering under a violent inflammation of the chest, caused by the fiery redness of his waistcoat. The pain has been so great that he has *cried* loudly and *tolled* his tale piteously. We sincerely hope that he will not be *lost* to us, but be *found* convalescent, and *handsomely rewarded* for his sufferings.

There is a lady just arrived in our village, *viâ* St. Helen's, with a nose so sharp that when her husband kisses her at night, he merely scrapes his chin across it, and he is shaved for the following morning.

The Ionic Pillar, at the corner of Nevill-street, has been suffering under severe indisposition during the last few days, caused by the immensity of stock in the establishment of the proprietor. Mr. ——— was called in, and he administered an emetic, when, having discharged a morbid quantity of tea chests, sugar-loaves, mould candles, and pickles, it again became convalescent, and still waits for a commission. Have pity, ladies!

A very interesting and beautiful young lady, being courageous enough, on Wednesday last, to bathe alone, unfortunately got out of her depth. We are happy, however, to state that she was rescued; but being very thickly incrustated with shrimps, she was immediately conveyed to the hot-bath, where she speedily recovered; likewise, the shrimps having become boiled, the young water nymph collected them into a reticule, took them home, made a hearty tea, and had a sufficient quantity left for breakfast the day following.

Sitting on a tombstone, the other night, at twelve o'clock, for the sake of solemnity and solitude, we were sorry to hear the long finger of the clock complaining to the short one, as they met at midnight, that it was not very well. "Oh, never mind, old fellow!" replied the little fat indicator; "*you will soon come round again.*" And so they parted.

A gentleman recently arrived at Southport has had the misfortune to become bald-headed. His lady, we understand, is most disconsolate, for such is the obstinacy of her lord, that he has actually refused the use of bears' grease and macassar oil, and despised a *wig* because he chances to be a Tory. Our advice is that he should quietly await the coming of the next regatta, and try the salubrious effects of treacle-dipping: it gives strength and stiffness to the hair; and, in proof of this assertion, we can produce a donkey-boy who, till lately, never had a hair upon him.

The vane at the mast-head in front of the Scarisbrick Arms has become so inebriated by the fume of the brandy and tobacco exhaled by the numerous occupants, that it is constantly annoying the four quarters by changing the wind fifty times a-day. We can only compare it to a cruel enemy, for it gives no *quarter*.

We have not lately seen or heard anything of the comet. It was thought to be visible the other night, when the moon was at full; but it proved to be only Captain W—— flying a kite with a phosphoric tail to it.

DREADFUL DENOUNCEMENT OF THE PUBLIC BATHS.— Walking, the other evening, on the Promenade, we were

unavoidably compelled to hear the following lamentable tale. A lady, of rather dejected countenance, declared to her companion that the Baths had been the death of her—a lover had slipped through her fingers in consequence of them. She and the idolised one were walking together on the very spot on which they then stood—sweet converse was at the zenith—her lover glowed with the fervency of affection—the moment was peculiarly interesting—he was positively on the eve of proposition, when those filthy washing-tubs—the baths—appeared, and, instead of those sweet words, “Will you,” &c., he actually paused a moment, and said he’d take a bath. She waited with a palpitating heart for his return—two ribs were nearly fractured in consequence—she thought another rib would have gone—now was the time, or never!—he quivered with emotion—poor fellow, she must pity him!—he was, perhaps, modest—very!—when—horror upon horrors!—upon her casting an angel smile upon him, he was only shivering in an ague, and talked of porter, warm—very warm—actually *fettled*!—yes, he absolutely used that vulgar epithet; and she had never seen him since—the chance was lost; and she heartily wished the proprietor of the Baths might be consumed in his own smoke. So much for bathing.

A gentleman walking up Sea-bank-road pointed out to his friend (whom we presume to be an Irishman) an individual with a cork leg. “Poor fellow!” exclaimed the Hibernian; “and has he a cork foot likewise?”

We rejoice to state that the railway fever which of late has caused such ravaging dissensions has passed away, and things are now assuming a more healthy aspect.

*Saturday, June 28, 1845.*

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#### SECOND WEEK.

EXTRAORDINARY BIRTH.—A poor woman, in Nevill-street, has had the remarkable honour of bequeathing to the world three healthy new-born infants—two twins, and a dis-

similar one. The dissimilar one is a remarkably fine fellow, and refuses the breast; but the other two are *milksops*. As the occurrence took place when the tide was *slap up*, and the rain coming down like a universal shower bath, the Spirit of the Flood descended on them, and they were there and then denominated Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

The Ionic Pillar, at the corner of Nevill-street, has actually been caught winking at a donkey-girl! What on earth will it do next?

COURT CIRCULAR.—Her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert held a levee at Little London, on Wednesday last, which was attended by a number of distinguished equestrians on Arabian steeds. The Spanish Ambassador was expected from La Mancha; but, one of his children having got the measles, he was not able to leave home. Her Majesty and her Royal Consort, after having expressed their sentiments to Count Bolton and Prince Rimmer, dismissed them, with a glass of beer, to their respective territories. Duke Jump had an interview with Viscount Hodge, on Thursday last, for the purpose of considering the propriety of raising the revenue arising from sea-bathing. The illustrious Duke and Viscount not being able to agree in fixing the rate of duty, blows were had recourse to, when the antagonists were speedily found bathing in their own blood; thus monopolising the Red Sea to themselves. Lord Ball took his usual *airing* by the fire in the Public Baths on Friday last, being considerably *damped* by the non-success of the season.

LUCKY ESCAPE.—In the heavy gale on Tuesday evening last, when all respectable eyes were closed in sleep, three unfortunate vessels were blown ashore with such violence that the bowsprit of one had nearly carried away Mr. Newton's lamp, in Nevill-street. A numerous party of rescuers were seen coming down London-street to their assistance, when the ships, perceiving who they were, immediately slipped back into the sea, and sailed away towards Liverpool.

PETER PICKLED.—The village crier being compelled to have recourse to sea-bathing to invigorate him after his recent

illness, has become so impregnated with the saline particles, that he is no longer Peter the Bellman, but *Salt-Petre*.

Our correspondent from St. Petersburg has not yet arrived with the Russian intelligence; nor do we expect him.

The old lady who sells vegetables in the market in front of the Assembly-room, has just dropped into a fortune, but is so enamoured of a commercial life, that when asked what she intends to do with it, she only answers, "Buy more vegetables." How *green* she must be.

We really think there must be some peculiar fascination in the spirits of the Scarisbrick Arms; for no sooner has the vane in front of the house become sober, than we perceived, the other night, a gentleman whirled out with such velocity that we can only assimilate him to a top, for in another moment he could not stand upon his *pegs*. However well this gentleman may dance the Polka, he evidently excels in the *reel*. Perhaps he thinks us severe; but as tops are so well *cut out* for *whipcord*, we really cannot withhold the *lash*. Should this meet his eye, the hint will perhaps come home to him; and we sincerely hope, whenever it does, that it may find him there.

We were somewhat surprised, the other night, at the arrival of a man of colour upon crutches by one of the bridge coaches. We must confess, with all due deference to the sombre gentleman, that we were forcibly reminded of the principal character in "Asmodeus."

We perceive in the village a remarkably small individual, not much taller than his hat. We at first thought he might probably be one of the little cherubs attendant on the fairies,\* entangled in the world's net; but this, we understand, is not the case, for he came by the Swallow omnibus, and was then six feet high. Although this capacious vehicle *swallowed* him, it could not *digest* him entirely, and, feeling oppressed by the load, threw him up at last; so that what we now see is all that remains of him—an animated bit of indigestion.

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\* The Ladies' Club.

It is our pride and caution always to avoid the introduction of any stale and second-hand matter ; but we really could not help remembering Cruikshank on seeing a dog on the Promenade with its tail curled so very much that it actually lifted it off its hind legs. Though this is not fresh from the mint, it is a coin that will long remain current.

The writer of this intelligence begs to state that, having just upset his inkstand on the tablecloth, he is not able to write any more. The landlady has caught him in the very act, and she looks *blacker* than the ink, which has the decided effect of making him look *blue*. It's too bad, Miss W—— ! Believe me, whenever you get married, you'll look pleasanter than that. Ah, you needn't laugh ! only just wait till I come *round* again, and we'll *square* matters immediately.—*Sapomollis* !

Saturday, July 5, 1845.

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### THIRD WEEK.

DID we not confidently know, both by public and private information, that the toll-collector on the Promenade is a man of the soundest integrity and good principle, we should feel inclined to question his morality, for we never go upon the Promenade but we see him in the *Roundhouse*.

We understand from our agricultural friends in the vicinity, that a considerable quantity of *hay* yet remains to be got in ; but we do not care a *straw* for that—why should we ? for all flesh is *grass*, and we don't like confinement.

The crops, it is thought, will be very abundant this season in Southport ; at least so says Mr. Sawyer, the hair-cutter—his shears having cut down the *ears* of 150 schoolboys.

PAY FOR PEEPING.—On Wednesday last, towards evening, a boy, attired in the donkey costume, had the fatal impiety to dismount from his steed and clamber up the sides of the Ionic Pillar, and look down the aperture at the top, to



ascertain what was in it. The superincumbent weight pressing upon the magical springs below, forced up a pickled cucumber with such immense velocity that, entering the right eye of the boy, it pierced the brain, again appearing through the base of the skull, and knocked down the donkey below, to the great astonishment of the animal. The boy, of course, is of no consequence; but we regret to state that the cucumber is not to be found. We rejoice, however, to hear that an *inquest* will be held over the first *conquest* of the Pillar.

We cannot help smiling at the complaints of our numerous visitors against the wet weather. What else do they expect, we wonder, when they come to a *watering-place*.

Mr. Salthouse, of the Victoria, is at present in possession of some of the most generous wines in the country. It is so extremely old that it is actually compelled to go down your throat upon *crutches*. Though we do not for a moment question the antiquity of this luxury, yet even we in our poverty can boast of older wine than that. The reader may, perhaps, be curious to know what kind it is. *Elder*, to be sure.

STRANGE DELUSION.—A gentleman, somewhat the worse for a repetition of glasses, became so *unsteady* in his *gait*, that he was *straightways* taken through the *door* of the police prison. During his night's confinement, strange to say, "he dreamt that he dwelt in marble halls."

The Ionic Pillar, at the corner of Nevill-street, is so enraged at some recent insults offered it, that if you place a thermometer five yards distant the quicksilver rises with such force and rapidity, that the instrument is smashed to pieces in an instant.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF INSANITY.—A gentleman of a peculiar cast, walking on the shore the other day, suddenly fancied himself a bathing-machine, and seizing a fat old lady with a parasol, who happened to be standing near, bore her on his back into the ocean and ducked her most unmercifully. Long and loud were the shrieks of his victim; but he would not stir an inch until the horse was yoked to him, beneath the arms, when he was dragged on shore. The gentleman looked

as placid as ever; but, alas, the lady!—she blushed so violently, that her dress, which was only of a pink colour, changed into a deep red. We hope by this time, like Lundyfoot's snuff, she is *high-dried*.

SHELLWORK.—So exquisitely beautiful and ingenious is the shellwork at the Repository, that four crustaceous dwellers of the sea left their homes last week to look at them. The visitors consisted of an oyster, a muscle, a cockle, and a periwinkle. The fair proprietress must, no doubt, have been much astonished to see them enter her premises and inquire for apartments. The oyster declared that he would willingly leave his *native* home to dwell in such a paradise; the muscle said he was *brawny* enough without salt water, and that it would warm the *cockles* of his heart to live there; the cockle swore by his *beard* that he was so overjoyed he could not stand, and tumbled over, offering his useless *pins* to the feeble periwinkle; but the latter gentleman politely declined them, saying he had no wish to be *stuck* upon such things. Miss ——, however, with her customary kindness and urbanity, assured them that the apartments were bespoken; when the rueful company quitted the establishment to retrace their footsteps to the sea. They marched off in excellent order—the oyster walking first, the muscle next, the cockle afterwards, and the periwinkle last. On arriving at the corner of Nevill-street, they paused to look at the Ionic Pillar, and were regarding it with all the admiration it so justly merits, when a cat leaped over the pailings of Upper Willow Cottage, and swallowed them in an instant.

We at present know a gentleman, sixty-five years of age, so exceedingly gay and dissipated that we are shocked to see him. He asserts, however, that "*youth* will have its course." When will he die?

Amongst the numerous communications which throug our letter-box, with the reader's kind permission, we will subjoin the following, which, for majesty of thought and beauty of composition, we never saw surpassed. In mercy to the author we conceal his name:—

## " LINES BY A MAN IN LOVE.

" I saw a girl on the Promenade,  
And thought I should like to speak to her,  
But blush'd so much I'm sure no ox  
Could ever have look'd clumsier.

" I thought if I but knew her name  
A letter I might say I'd got ;  
And perhaps my figure might have induced her,  
If she was single, to change her lot.

" If she's gone back no longer I'll stay,  
But hunt her till I meet with her.  
My heart is broke ! I'll either die,  
Or be off to the Peninsula !"

We wish to goodness he would either do one or the other, and not bother us any more. We've heard from him three times.

## MEDICAL ADVICE.

We have this week received numerous communications from various parts requesting our advice in several diseases. We therefore proceed to answer them :—

SHRIEKER.—You say that you are affected with the gout, and that the pain in the great toe is enough to distract you. Cut it off.

EXPECTER.—Your grandfather, we understand, is extremely feeble, and on the verge of the grave. Push him in.

MATER.—You inform us you have tried everything, but cannot cure your child of the hooping-cough. Take it to see the Ojibbeway Indians, when the cough-whoop will change into a war-whoop ; let it then 'list for a drummer, and have done with it.

MOURNER.—You are dreadfully low in spirits. Go up in a balloon ; it may propably raise them.

SLASHER.—You say you are troubled with hypochondriaism, and contemplate cutting your throat. Do it effectually.

RUBY.—You complain that your child has got the scarlet fever. What on earth more do you want ? It's as pretty a colour as the child could wish for.

MOTTLE.—The eruption you speak of we do not understand. You had better apply to Mount Vesuvius or Ætna, who are skilled in such diseases.

SHIVER.—We are sorry you have got cold. Keep yourself warm in future.

WARBLER.—You complain bitterly of a singing in your head. Wrap your feet in a ballad; it may probably draw the singing downwards.

LIMPER.—The bunions you speak of are no doubt troublesome. Swallow the "Pilgrim's Progress."

TO MOTHERS IN GENERAL.—When your children are very cross, we beseech you not to torment the poor little sufferers by Godfrey's Cordial or Infants' Preservative; you had better pickle them at once. The safest and most effectual plan we know of is to place it upon a very uneasy seat with many projections and angles on it; the child will cry lustily for two minutes; you then remove it and place it on a beautiful downy pillow, when the sudden transition from pain to ease will quieten it immediately. This is a simple remedy, and deserves a trial. We recommend it because we know it to be effectual. The child is good in mere gratitude for the relief; if not, it is unworthy of you, and the sooner you throw it in the water-tub the better.

We shall proceed to answer the other interrogatories next week.

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TO THE METROPOLITAN EDITORS.

GENTLEMEN—In answer to yours of the 17th instant, we regret to announce that the Overland Mail has not yet reached us, but we are expecting it every day, either by way of Euxton or St. Helen's, as everything appears to us to come that road. Upon the arrival of the despatches, after duly perusing the contents, we shall forward them to you, in order to satisfy the anxiety of your numerous readers.

We remain, gentlemen, yours, very superior,  
THE SOUTHPORT VISITER.

*Saturday, July 19, 1845.*

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FOURTH WEEK.

A DISTURBANCE of a rather serious character took place near

Blundell's Buildings amongst the band which paraded our village on Tuesday last. The big drum, either through over-excitement or accident, thought proper to make a stroke with his baton at the head of the trombone, declaring that as one was as empty as the other, it was immaterial which he struck; whilst the trombone, not liking to look behind, and wishing to retaliate on some one, pushed the tube of his instrument into the ear of the French horn who walked before him, averring that as he had no ear for music, he might do equally as well without it. The French horn swore, and said he'd be *blowed* (which, by the by, was more than his instrument could be) if he'd stand it; he declared he never knew a more *brazen* thing in his life, and appealed to the bassoon, who tried to be *instrumental* in restoring peace, but failing in the attempt, the clarionet *squeaked* out for a policeman. The discord was at its height—in vain Mr. Brown's very eloquent parrot called out, "Keep off the wall!" and "Get off with you"—the war raged hotter and hotter, when a policeman, furious as a tiger, was seen running to the scene of action. The shrewd band, however, remembering that "music hath charms to soothe the *savage* breast," struck up "See! the conquering hero comes," when the man became as docile as a lamb, and marched by the side of them, no doubt imagining himself Sir Charles Shaw or the Duke of Wellington.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.—The manager of the "Theatre, Southport," has, we understand, entered into an engagement with Mr. Macready and Miss Helen Faucit for a *limited* number of nights, yet he is not quite certain when they will arrive; but most likely, as soon as they come. Mr. Macready will make his first appearance in the character of *Hamlet*, and the most dramatical pig in the village is to take the part of the ghost, for the very obvious reason that it "can a *tail* unfold."

So powerful and strong is the *gunpowder* tea in the establishment of Mr. K——, that in the event of any serious war taking place it will be at once adopted by the British navy.

THE IONIC PILLAR.—With respect to this beautiful piece of architecture, we regret to state, in answer to numerous

inquiries, that we cannot satisfactorily trace its origin. We have read of many pillars : there was the Pillar of Salt in Sodom ; the Pillar of Fire in the Wilderness ; the Trajan Pillar at Rome ; Nelson's Pillar in London ; and all we can say is, that there is the Ionic Pillar at the corner of Nevill-street. We believe also that many marble pillars are to be seen in Greece, particularly near to Corinth, but they lie horizontally, like the *debris* of mouldered palaces ; and as the tourist sits to rest on them, and muses on their faded grandeur, in like manner, long after our poor clay is consigned to its primeval dust, some foreign wanderer will sit on the Ionic Pillar, as it lies near Mr. Welsby's office, and exclaim, "On this great monument once stood the form of Major-General Jump or Lord Lieutenant Rigby !"—little dreaming that tea-kettles and pagodas were once in contemplation.

A most respectable gentleman (who, we are sorry to say, is very mad indeed) walking up Sea-bank-road, the other day, had the misfortune to be bitten by a dog. Now, which will have the hydrophobia, should it supervene ? We should be glad to have this query answered.

So delightful and sweet are the veal pies in the establishment of Mrs. F——, that two calves entered the premises, the other day, to look at them. The senior calf was astonished to find the *flesh* of his ancestors so honourably interred, and the junior one confessed that he was no *cow-ard*, and would willingly die to be consigned to the family vault ; whilst the elder concluded the subject by saying that he would not *mince* the matter, but there and then enter into the pie, and not look *crusty* on the subject. Mrs. F——, however, with her usual sweetness of expression and willingness to please, assured them that it was a *tender* point, and they had better think more on the subject ; they accordingly assented, leaving their cards, and informing her that at any time they were ripe and ready for the sacrifice.

THE LIFE BOAT.—The capabilities of this magnificent boat were tested on Wednesday morning last. She lay majestically on the water, cocking her *two noses* up as if they

wanted *blowing*. She reminded us forcibly of a human being. Her heart was the captain, which is made of *oak*; her *nerves* were the ropes, which were well *braced up*; her *lungs* were in the seats, and were well *inflated*; her *windpipe* was the mast; and her *stomach* was the locker, which was well filled with *provisions*, and no doubt pretty well *digested*; her keel was the *spine*, with the *ribs* attached to it, not one of which was *fractured*. Her *complexion*, we thought, was rather *sickly*; but as she had been laid up a long time by *disease*, we are not so much astonished. We understand, however, she bears an excellent *colour* at the mast-head. A numerous party of individuals filled her with water, and tried to sink her, but it would not *go down* with her; she nearly capsized them all, and the saucy hussy, impudently putting her *anchor* to her nose, insinuated, "Don't you wish," &c., and rode away in triumph to her home. We beg to compliment Lieutenant Kellock on the very able and seaman-like manner in which he has completed her; and if ever grim death should meet him on the ocean wave, may the boat he has so fondly dwelt upon appear to save him.

So remarkably fine has been the *growing weather* of late, that Mr. ——— on rising the other morning discovered that all his beautiful little *watches* had sprung up into *young clocks*.

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MEDICAL ADVICE.

To the correspondents who remained unanswered last week, we tender the following remarks:—

**DOLOR.**—You inform us you can find no remedy for the *tic doloieux*. You had better go and stay at the Clifton Arms, in Lytham; you will have no *tick* whatever there.

**PIMPLE.**—The *stye* upon your eye-lid is beneath our notice. We advise you to apply to a pig, who is more accustomed to such things.

**RASH.**—We are sorry to hear your eldest child has got the *chicken-pox*. It is certainly a *fowl* disease. You had better consult a *hen* upon the subject, and we will *lay* you a couple of *eggs* the child recovers.

AVIS.—We understand your child has got the *thrush*. So much the better: “a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”

POMPOUS.—You tell us that a great deal of *proud flesh* is growing on the wound you lately received. You had better *humble* yourself as much as possible.

CRIPPLE.—You are afflicted with a stiffness in the knee. Take it to a *free-and-easy* club.

STULTUS.—You tell us you are labouring under the *brain fever*. We very much doubt it.

PUPPY.—You wish to make us believe you are short-sighted. It's all my *eye*. You want to wear an eye-glass.

GRUFF.—We recommend you to mend your orthography a little more. We don't know what you mean by saying you have a *horseness*. If so, you had better swallow a *jackass*.

REELER.—You need not complain so much about the *swimming* in your head; you will always be able to keep it *above water*.

BUOY.—You request to know what are the best means to be adopted in cases of drowning. The best plan is to get the person out of the water as speedily as possible.

Should any more questions be put to us, we shall be most happy to answer them next week, as we are extremely anxious to mitigate the sufferings of our fellow-creatures.

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The writer of this intelligence begs to state, that, having to leave Southport by the Liverpool mail in time to see a friend hung in London, he is not able to write any more.

*Saturday, July 26, 1845.*

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#### FIFTH WEEK.

ON Saturday last, just about dinner hour, a very startling announcement occasioned the public to rest upon their knives and forks, and fly with loaded mouths up the steps of the



lodge on the Promenade "for the low charge of one penny." It was to witness the "wonder of the world"—not the Great Wizard of the North, but the Great Britain steam-ship, which was about to perform (we trust not for the last time) in this country. The exhibition, we understand, did not take so well as was expected, the stage being situated rather too distant from the audience; the manager, however, very kindly consented to give *glasses round*; but even this failed to bring up the spirit of the piece. The whole of the performance was for the benefit of the proprietor, who, being a clever actor, would no doubt meet with the reward he merits.

LITERARY REVIEW.—*Ablution; or, the Bather's Manual*. By Demosthenes Jump. London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans.—In our notice of this work, it is not our object to criticise what is really meritorious, for certainly there are many passages of excellent conception for which we give him all due praise; but we regret that we should be compelled to differ *in toto* with the system which he advocates in bathing. We will just quote a few sentences at random. In vol. X., page 1962, he thus writes:—"The machine door being thrown open, you at once seize the lady, and souse her over head." Now, we confess, this is not according to our ideas of bathing. To *seize* a lady implies a *roughness* that even the sea itself could not equal; but to *souse* her overhead is barbarous. Jump ought to know this. The mode to be adopted is, to assist the lady from the machine as though she were stepping from her carriage, and having taken her hand or hands with a gentle yet determined pressure, you suffer the lady to fall back as in the act of swooning. Her heart then beats with the liveliest pleasure, which will be perceptible through the blue flannel gown. We contend, sir, that you have no right whatever to interfere with the lady's head; it is her pleasure (not yours) whether she suffers her beautiful hair to be defiled by salt water or not; the chances are that she will; and it is then that visions of sweetest water nymphs or naiads will float before her, and she will lay upon the water like an ocean child. It is thus you should proceed. Jump then goes on to say that "*When she has done bathing,*

*she is to be put into the machine, and rubbed well, and to drive on.*" Now, this is truly horrible! The only idea we can associate with it is that of a horse in the stable under the hostler's hands. Jump is very much at fault here—very. To rub a lady! He might as well talk of *scrubbing* one! The mode of adoption is, to first assist her in ascending the steps of the machine—not to *put* her in, as you would an old coat into a drawer, or something of that kind—but having seen her safely enclosed, the female attendant receives her with open arms, gently wiping away the briny drops, which seem sorrowful to leave her, and then encasing her in a delicious warm blanket, which has been so preserved around a metallic vessel of boiling water; the warmth of the surface instantly returns; the lady comfortably finishes her toilet, as in her own tiring-room, and then insinuates, by a gentle knock, that she is prepared to be drawn from the watery element. This is the correct mode of proceeding. In the last place Jump says—“*Let her then take two hours of brisk exercise.*” Detestable! Had he been speaking of a donkey, he could not have articulated coarser language. A lady to take brisk exercise!—revolting! No, sir! On alighting from the machine, the lover, with smiling features and extended arms, is there to meet her; they pace the shore in sweet converse; the heart beats with rapture; the beautiful warm glow of an equal circulation irradiates the countenance; and, however serious may have been the disease, a permanent recovery is the result. We consider these extracts sufficient proof of our assertions.

EDUCATION.—The midsummer vacation being now over, and the fairies having done with the Ionic Pillar, we beg most respectfully to announce that our “Academy for the Education of Young Ladies” is now open. It is held at the corner of Nevill-street, generally after midnight, as silence is considered more conducive to study. Having already been favoured with the care of several delightful young pupils, we will at once call our class together, and commence our evening's lesson with the “History of England”:—My dearest young pupils, in laying before your eyes the deeds and actions of your forefathers—(Silence, ladies!)—it is my intention,

first, to throw the Saxons and Danes overboard entirely, as being unnecessary to the thread of my discourse—(No, Miss Ringlet; I do not mean sewing thread, but the connection of events)—and I shall, therefore, first speak of William the Conqueror. (Miss Giggle, do lift your frock more over your shoulders, and sit straight.) Now, between you and I and the Pillar, William was not exactly what he should be. What I have to instil into your young minds is, that he was a foreign invader from Normandy, who, having killed Harold at the battle of Hastings, was crowned king of England. (No, Miss Prim; Harold was not a donkey; you are thinking of Albert. Do pay a little more attention.) He speedily reduced all his subjects to submission, and, fancying himself secure, went back to enjoy himself on the Continent. (Miss Hairpin, what space of time do you generally occupy in blowing your nose? You're a disturbance to the whole class.) But, my sweetest of pupils, the peace of poor William was but of short duration. (No—not *something like the holidays*, Miss Slink.) He had three sons—Robert, William, and Henry; and Robert was called Curthose, from the shortness of his legs. (No, Miss Quiz; it is impossible for me to explain why his legs were short, any more than I can explain why yours are long.) But certain it is, that his sons rebelled against him, and filled his last days with bitterness. (When I say “bitterness,” Miss Ringlet, I do not make reference to chamomile tea, as you seem to think, but to trouble and anxiety.) Now, Robert's legs being very short, he was continually annoyed by his brothers, who took a delight in teasing him, in the same manner as you tease Miss Bristle for having a moustache on her upper lip—(No, Miss Bristle, I do not mean to infer that you want shaving. Don't give yourself so many *airs*)—and one day, whilst playing together, they took it into their heads to throw water upon Robert as he passed through the court on leaving their apartment. (Dear!—Miss Ringlet, what a girl you are! How can I tell whether it was Eau de Cologne or Lavender Water! You're the most wicked girl in the class! do sit still.) Now, this put Bob into a terrible rage; he drew his sword, and, chasing them up stairs, swore he would be revenged. Even his father (the king) could not

reconcile him ; he seemed bent upon mischief. (Bless me, Miss Curling, how ridiculous you are ! When I say " mischief," of course I do not mean pinning a dishcloth to his father's coat, or pulling his chair away when he sat down.) No ; he actually withdrew that very night to Rouen with several confederates, hoping to surprise the castle, but was defeated by the governor. (I saw you winking, Miss Flash ; you forfeit five tickets.) But to proceed. This fiery fellow Robert raised a complete rebellion in France against his father ; and what made the matter worse, was, that his own mother backed him on to do so. (Mamma is certainly more proper in domestic life, Miss Lovely ; but in warfare we generally use more powerful language.) William (the king) therefore thought it best to govern, which he did, and soon quelled the rebellion, but was exceedingly wrath on hearing, when poorly one day, that Philip, the king of France, had said that he only lay in bed in consequence of being so very stout. (No, Miss Dunce—F does not stand for Philip, but P.) He (the king) therefore sent a note to Philip, intimating that he should soon be up, and that the next time he went to church he would raise such a number of tapers as would set the kingdom of France in a flame. (Fire-engines ! What nonsense, Miss Waterhouse ; you ought to be aware there were none then ; and do keep your fingers out of your ears.) He was as good as his word. He recovered, and took the town of Mante, burning all the houses and villages without opposition. But, my dear young ladies, " in the midst of life we are in death ;" —(No, Miss Whitlow ; the dead man did not say so to the worms. Wherever did you pick up such vulgarity ?)—for his horse, placing his fore feet on some hot ashes, plunged so violently that poor Billy was completely *pommelled*, and made himself scarce in consequence. He died September the 9th, 1087. Now, what on earth occasion is there for you to set up a round of applause ? The circumstance of a man's death should make you weep. (No, Miss Brine ; not crocodile's tears.) And who, I should like to know, has pinned my coat-tail to the chair ? It's that girl Ringlet. She's the most impudent hussy in the whole class ; but I'll be even with her some time. Well, now, my dear young companions, as day-

light is almost breaking, you had better go home. (What!—you don't want to go?) Indeed you'd better, as I shall have to walk you all down to the shore in the morning, rank and file! Good night! good night! We shall meet again next week.

Ionic Academy, corner of Nevill-street. Terms per week, without board—Threepence.

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THEATRE ROYAL, SOUTHPORT.

The public is respectfully informed that on Monday next her Majesty's servants will perform an entirely new melodrama, (in twelve acts,) of overwhelming interest, entitled

THE BOMBAY BANDIT'S BLACK WIFE;

OR,

*The Angel's Whisper,*

written by the late Courvoisier, the murderer of Lord William Russell, the night before his execution. Principal characters by the principal performers.

Count Karvengneif. . Mr. Augustus Leopold Montague.

Peitchforeq. . . . Mr. Lindsay Courtney Camperdown.

At the fall of the curtain, Mr. Nightingale will sing "The Hailstone Chorus," assisted by the whole strength of the company.

Song—"Don't I love my mother!" . Miss Dove.

The Highland Fling by Mr. MacDougal, who will throw a child with superhuman force amongst the audience without injuring it.

The whole to conclude with the favourite farce of

THE BLUE-EYED MULATTO;

*Or, the Squinting Spirit of the Deep Blue Waters.*

The proceeds are for the benefit of the Rural Sports, which will take place whenever they begin.

Prices of admission—Optional; but no credit given.

*Saturday, August 2, 1845.*

## SIXTH WEEK.

THE PROMENADE.—We are almost ashamed that so many weeks have passed over without once saying a word respecting this splendid marine lounge. Its beauties are infinite. The visiter to these shores will be gratified the most by first inquiring for the Ionic Pillar, which in itself is sufficient to compensate for the expense of a three weeks' residence in Southport. On arriving at the Pillar, the visiter will be struck at once with the architectural beauties it presents, and at the same time Nevill-street, with all its glittering palaces, mosques, domes, and minarets, bursts upon him like eternal Rome. There Albert House erects its proud head towards heaven, and Hampson's Terrace, like some vast fortress, bidding defiance to a world of armies, lies bathed at sunset in the slanting beams, as would some haughty chieftains in a flood of glory. Arabian steeds, in costliest trappings and richly caparisoned, prancing and pirouetting with their riders, ravish the bewildered eye; whilst collateral streets of marble mansions (and one the dwelling of the Cæsars), almost erase from memory your intended visit to the Promenade. On arriving, half-encharmed, at the end of Nevill-street, a stupendous obelisk, of the Doric order, reveres the memory of the Trajan Pillar, or the monument in London—so vast in altitude that the higher you look upwards for the apex, the less likely you will be to see it. It is here, however, that Nevill-street branches into two roads—the left conducting you past the Salthouserian Catacombs, where *spirits* are said to meet; which having passed, you walk beneath the Bridge of Sighs, and the unbounded ocean, with countless ships and anchored navies, for the defence of Meols, burst upon you, depriving you of what little recollection you possessed of your mortality. We advise the tourist, however, here to pause, and cast one lingering look at Nevill-street, and, whilst he contemplates its majesty in rapture, the mournful recollection still breathes forth the truth that—

The cloud-capt towers—the gorgeous palaces—  
 The solemn temples—the great globe itself—  
 Yea, all who it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
 Leave not a wreck behind!—SHAKSPERE.

After fully meditating on a fact so sorrowful, he will then pass on, and take the dexter path, and after traversing a small ascent, the summit finds him on the Promenade. Oh, how glorious! There stands the box of Cæsar! the mighty colosseum!

While stands the box of Cæsar, Southport stands!—BYRON.

How vast its huge octagonal dimensions! How awful the gigantic ball which crowns it! St. Paul's comes back to us; We half inquire if love or money will admit us. We enter; and the antiquarian spirit swells within us.

Treasures immense—beyond earth's richest gems!—JUMP.

There stands the trumpet kings might tremble at!—the mighty mouthpiece rescued from the field of Blenheim!—the ancient tinder-box Darius lit his pipe with!—the emancipating cheques which free the day!—the everlasting pennyworth!—the flaunting flag, furled up,

Which braved a thousand years  
 The battle and the breeze.—SONG.

There, from the fretted ceiling, hangs a hat—glazed, bright, and beautiful; the hat which once adorned Pope Gregory VI. Around its walls antique inscriptions of the richest eloquence bespeak the wonders of departed genius; and whilst the gazer rests upon the desk wherein repose the archives of the ancients, the eye perceives, through countless panes of orbicular stained glass, the interminable range of ground for mortal pastime. On leaving the Cæsarian Colosseum, the Public Baths, with their stupendous sun-dial standing forth in beautiful relief, engage every sparkle of the eye; “the fountains of ablution!”—those waters, so immaculate!—Virginian streams!—

Angels might wash their snowy wings more pure!—BALL.

Rich colonnades, and countless pilasters—cupolas—Hesperian walks, on which rise up those thrones of grandeur for the weary; the great Ark itself might have cast anchor here.

Where is Mount Ararat now? What got the Ark? We have no record! Perchance it hath grown modern, and is here: the rays of ancient glory still lingering on the Promenade!

Whatever became of the wreck of the Ark?

She was run on the shore, or went down in the dark.—RIGBY.

But the life-boat got out; she was damaged so ill

That Lloyd could not sell her, and here she is still!—BOLTON.

And thus is traced the genealogy of the Baths. But to our task. On turning to the left, the palace of Victoria rears its head; its alabaster walls look pure and lovely in the sunlight; there, in Olympic casks, the nectar of the gods reposes, and Manchesteric, Boltonic, and Wiganic heroes go to quaff it. A little further to the left, kind reader, and a range of sombre and lugubrious-looking mansions take your notice: your heart half fails you, so terrific is their frown. These are the work of Pluto; their portals standing forth in flames of fire; the dungeons of Hades—dark, gloomy, melancholy. The dog Cerberus sits near them with three heads, and his body is covered in a terrible manner with snakes instead of hairs. This is the porter, begotten of Echidna by the giant Typhon, and who is described by Virgil and Horace. Avoid these places, dearest reader, and pass onward to the house of Claremont.

There Charlton lifts his haughty head to heaven.—ALBERT.

Here lie the luxuries of life—the paradise of revelry—the generous port—the charitable sherry. It is here Prince Rimmer took his quarters, and, fixing high his standard on the battlements, defied the King of Lytham.

Hail, glorious Rimmer of Meolic birth!—MILTON.

One mighty edifice remains, and we have done—the Lodge: the crown-piece of the southern terminus. There, steps of tessellated workmanship, like an Egyptian Pyramid, conduct you to the summit; beneath you, in the setting sun, lie stretched the wearied warriors by their chargers, reposing in glory after the many *engagements* of the day; whilst girls of most angelic loveliness hang over them. The Mount, upon your left, delights you with its rich *Masonic* beauty; and to the right the concave slope (on which you may not trespass), embellished by a vista of connecting chains and pillars, shows



forth in stern defiance the frontiers of the Promenade. And now, kind reader, as Alexander wept when he had no more worlds to conquer, prepare your tears for the announcement, that when your eyes have gazed upon these scenes of grandeur, you have no more scenes of grandeur in this wide world to behold.

**AWFUL AND TERRIFIC INSURRECTION OF BELLS.**—The greatest excitement now prevails amongst the different bells and belfries, on account of the last bulletin issued respecting the health of Peter's bell, which is not so encouraging; for, owing to the very paralyzing *stroke* which it has lately received, *inflammation* of a very *angry* character has supervened; the consequence of which is, that adhesions have formed between the *clapper* and the sides of the bell; and it is now *tongue-tied*. An operation is thus rendered necessary; and, however formidable it may be, we understand many *sharp blades* will undertake to do it. Although the bell is seriously indisposed, it has sworn to be revenged, and will arise on Wednesday next, well *muffled* up, and call on its friend the Old Church bell, and there take tea, when *merry peals* of laughter will echo through the belfry and delight the village *belles*, who, no doubt, will be listening with attentive ears. The music will be irresistible. The bells of the Catholic Chapel were politely invited, but declined the invitation, stating that as they had no *apartments* to which they could invite them back again, they had better stay at home, but expressed their determination of *chiming* in with the music of the evening. The New Church bell can scarcely *hold its tongue*, declaring that no *gag* shall be put upon it. It swears it is a *bell of metal* (which we believe), and that in the event of any insult being offered to its friend St. Peter's bell, it will *strike* the offender to the ground, and applaud it to the *echo*. Now, there's some spirit in this bell, which we hope the rest will emulate; and we believe a general rising is to take place on Wednesday evening next, when the signal will be given by the Old Church bell; Peter will then rush forward; the Catholic and New Church bells will join him; all the bells of the different hotels will press onward to the charge; the

boots', the hostler's, chambermaid's, waiter's, &c., &c.—the bells of all the lodging-houses will ring their 'larums in the field ; and every knocker in the place will pour forth its thunder of artillery at the enemy. A detachment of the 15th Infantry, armed with timbrels and triangles, is expected to oppose them ; but this, with dreadful slaughter, will be swept away. Kettles, frying-pans, saucepans, and gridirons, are visible upon the heights of Churchtown, Lytham, Blackpool, Fleetwood, and far beyond them ; hammers are heard, with furious clangour, resounding on the anvils to be prepared for action ; clocks (American and French) are striking six-and-thirty hours a-day in paroxysms of revenge ; trombones, bassoons, French horns, and Jews' harps are practising the sound of bells ; ladies' fingers, like wildest lightning, are rattling over the keys of their pianos for the charge ; water-spouts are trickling their contents into the tub to imitate a tinkling ; the Ojibbeway Indians are expected with their yells ; and such a brazen rising will be seen as never more, we hope, will devastate the village. We trust that the slaughter may not be so great as is anticipated ; but so grievous are the injuries of the bells, we fear but little quarter will be given. On that evening we advise our friends to keep within doors, or, at all events, at a respectable distance ; and to warn them of all danger we announce that it is to take place at half-past seven o'clock precisely, when the armies will be drawn up in front of the Rotunda, and what will follow we shudder to —— . But let us draw the curtain.

EDUCATION.—The moon is up ; the stars shine bright and beautiful ; the inhabitants are fast asleep ; the donkey-boy hath sought his rest ; the Pillar smiles upon us ; and now, my sweetest and most promising young ladies, we will call our class together. Believe me, I have thought much about you since we last met ; I have treasured the remembrance of you all with a father's love ; and now I will endeavour, with your fair permission, to instil once more into your juvenile minds those principles of morality which I so strictly advocate. (Miss Ringlet, you never saw me winking at a donkey-girl ; it was the Pillar. I abominate such rudeness. You are

really too bad.) You will remember, then, that we last week buried William the Conqueror. (*You never saw the funeral, Miss Crape!* Well, I drew no inference that you did. My meaning is that our discourse of him is finished.) We will now speak of his son and successor, William Rufus, who was so called from the colour of his hair. (No, Miss Ruby—I do not mean to make any allusion whatever to yours, though I must confess that, considering the long time you have been in Southport, it should be *sandy* now.) Concerning William, I shall say but little. He was a poor, weak monarch, and did not behave well to his brother Robert. (Yes—he with the short legs, Miss Ringlet. I am glad you pay a little more attention.) The principal feature in the reign of Rufus was the projection of the first crusade by Peter—(No, not Peter the Bellman, Miss Tinkle)—Peter the Hermit, a native of Amiens. (Amiens is not in North Meols, Miss Atlas, but in France.) He made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and beheld with indignation how the Christians were treated by the Infidels. (Miss Pallor, do hold your head up. What? *You don't feel quite well?* No wonder; that's the third pound of gelatine lozenges you've eaten this week.) Thousands flocked to his standard—(No; by "flock" I do not mean sheep, Miss Ringlet. How satirical you grow! I mean warriors of all descriptions)—and sold their estates to join the enterprise; and William (the king), I can assure you, made a capital thing by it. (Yes, quite equal to railway speculations, Miss Train.) However, a very unhappy circumstance put an end to his life; he was shot by an arrow—(No; not from Cupid, Miss Love (you make me blush!), but from Sir Walter Tyrrel)—whilst hunting in the New Forest, which, glancing from a tree, struck the king in the heart, and he dropped dead instantly. (Why did it serve him right, Miss Flint? He couldn't help his hair being red. If you don't fancy men of his description, others may. Oh! oh! By Jupiter! Confound it! Who, for goodness sake, has stuck a pin into my chair? I'll not sit down again. Oh! if I could but get hold of that girl Ringlet, peeping round the corner of Upper Willow Cottage, wouldn't I give it her!) But come—we must not let daylight find us idle; and we

will now gallop on to Henry the First—(No, not at the rate of sixpence an hour, Miss Hunt)—who was the late king's brother. He was called Beauclerc, from his great attention to learning. (Like you, indeed, Miss Ringlet! Well, I like that!) He married Matilda, who was bred in a convent, and was very fond of novels. (Jack Sheppard! Who ever heard of such absurdity, Miss Blueskin? The work is not five years old yet.) She was the niece of Edgar Atheling; and by this union the Saxon part of the community were reconciled to each other. However, Robert (his brother) grew quarrelsome again—(Yes—the short-legged gentleman, Miss Ringlet)—for which he was imprisoned twenty-eight years in the Castle of Glamorgan. (Don't put your face quite so close to mine, Miss Lovely; it might be dangerous, especially when I tell you that poor Robert was deprived of his sight by a red-hot copper basin being applied to his eyes—(Yes, Miss Green—a green shade would certainly have been better)—to atone for which his brother founded the Abbey of Reading. (No, Miss Quiz; it was not the property of Miss S—f—d.) At last, however, he died broken-hearted in consequence of his son being shipwrecked on his passage home from Harfleur, where he went to be recognised by the barons. (*Why didn't they get the life-boat out?* Miss Buoy, you'd better ask Miss Lloyd; and do leave off biting your nails.) A butcher of Rouen was the only person who escaped. (No, Miss Tease; it was not Mr. D—h—t, or B—n—l either, but a Frenchman. Miss Cross, do not sit that way, with your legs tucked up like a tailor. When speaking of kings and queens you ought to feel a little more majesty about you.) Fitz-Stephen, the captain, swam up to the butcher, and inquired if the prince lived. (Dear me! The idea of a man presenting his card, Miss Chesterfield! How could he in such a critical situation?) On hearing, however, that the prince had perished, Fitz-Stephen exclaimed, "Then I will not outlive him!" and sank to the bottom. (I know that you did not expect he sank to the top, Miss Ringlet. How quick you grow!) The poor king never smiled again, but died shortly afterwards at St. Dennis, from eating too freely of lampreys. (*What are lampreys*, did you say, Miss Quiz? A dish he was particularly

fond of; and that's all I know about them. I caught you winking, Miss Eyelid. You forfeit ten tickets. Who's stolen my pocket-handkerchief? Oh! here it is, pinned to my coat. Ringlet again!) The next monarch who ascended the throne was Stephen, and he was a mere jackass; and that's all you need know about him. After him came Henry II., who was a very fine fellow. (I don't know, Miss Bristle, whether he had whiskers or not; neither have I heard that he wore an eye-glass.) In his reign lived the famous Thomas-à-Beckett, whom the king raised from a clerk in the city to be Archbishop of Canterbury. (No, Miss Hairpin; you never heard of Beckett and his Cat; you are thinking of Whittington.) He, however, became very insolent to the king, and had his brains knocked out in consequence whilst kneeling at the altar of St. Benedict; which brains were picked up immediately, and are to this day preserved in the Meolic Museum at Churchtown. (What's that you said, Miss Fib? *You saw them as you passed through by the Euxton coach?* Thank you!) Now, this murder was no doubt committed at the instigation of the king—(Where's your pocket-handkerchief, Miss Snuffle?)—who, fearing that his subjects might blame him for it, commenced an expedition against Ireland, and conquered it—(Whatever do you mean by Paddy Whack, Miss Whitlow? Avoid such vulgarity!)—A.D. 1172. But now we come to a beautiful part of the history. (*Go-ahead then!* Dear Miss Bowsprit, that's shocking—very; but it's just like you!) King Henry was such a nice, genteel young man, and so attentive to the ladies, that, between you and I and the Pillar, the ladies loved him. (I really cannot tell the colour of his hair, Miss Quiz; but some imagine it to have been a blueish pink.) However, I am bound to confess that he was a married man—(What? *You're not particular?* Well, I never saw such an inveterate lot in all my life!); so he cut Queen Eleanor—poor thing!—and paid his addresses to Rosamond Clifford. Oh, such a beauty! (Yes—equal to Dolly Wrexford, Miss Hearty.) She was called Fair Rosamond; and Henry used to conceal her in a labyrinth in Woodstock Park, in order that Eleanor might not hear of her. (*Bravo, Henry!* Silence, Miss Crow! You're not at

the theatre; and, for goodness sake, do leave your ears alone.) However, by a singular circumstance, she discovered the retreat. (Just sit a little farther off, ladies; I'm almost smothered; and, Miss Ringlet, please keep your arm off my shoulder—will you?) She discovered it by a clue of silk which guided her to the very spot where poor Rosamond was sitting—(Your back hair is all down, Miss Lock; put it up—will you?)—and, holding a drawn dagger to her breast, she made her swallow poison. Poor Rosamond! (Wipe that tear off your nose, Miss Brine.) Henry's sons, however, rebelled against him—(Oh, by Hercules! Miss Angel, you've trod on my corn. Them little feet of yours are sharp as razors. Just be careful—will you?); and he died broken-hearted, after doing penance for his sins, in the 58th year of his age and the 35th of his reign: and so "the best friends must part." (No, Miss Whitlow; the rat did not say so to his tail when he left it in the trap. Do avoid such vulgar similes.) And now, for this week, we will close our studies, and go home. What? You want to have a lark first? Well, suppose we just ring Mr. Welsby's bell, and then fly. I'm sure he'd never be *sharp* enough for such quick *solicitors* as you. What? You want to have a dance round the Pillar? Very well. Hush!—what noise was that? Oh, it's only Mr. K—grinding his coffee; so we'll dance to the music, and make a *Handel* of him. One more *turn round*; and now we're off! Good night! good night! Don't forget we meet next Saturday; and remember that we walk on the shore on Monday morning at half-past eleven precisely.

Ionic Academy, corner of Nevill-street. Terms per week, without board—Threepence.

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EASY POETRY.

The night was fine; my supper I had got,  
 Which did me good—and so it ought to do;  
 I seiz'd my hat; I did not care a jot  
 For anything—nor do I care for you;  
 I went outside the gate, and look'd about—  
 I'd nothing else to do that I could see;  
 My mother knew full well that I was out—  
 Or if she didn't, what was that to me?

I lean'd against the palings, I expect—  
 At least I mostly do—and there I smok'd  
 A mild cigar with very good effect ;  
 And once more down the street I think I look'd.  
 I heard a clock strike twelve, or something there—  
 About, I think. I nearly felt half dead ;  
 And as I couldn't find an easy-chair,  
 I went in-doors again ; and so—to bed.

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Low and depressed in spirits, and worn out with *ennui* (rather Frenchy !), we were lounging against the Ionic Pillar, bewailing our numerous losses, and just contemplating, if a policeman passed, whether we should be taken up for rogues or vagabonds, when we cast our eyes upwards, and the following lines unconsciously escaped our lips :—

Oh ! what are we doing ? We are nearly asleep ;  
 We've nothing to laugh at, and yet we can't weep,  
 We have neither a smile, or a tear in the eye,  
 And we're just in that state when 'tis better to die.

On the cold Promenade we like simpletons stand,  
 With our hands in our pockets, and think it so grand ;  
 If a ship passes by, her success we deplore,  
 And pray, for a change, she may come on the shore ;

(Oh ! is it not wicked such feelings to cherish ?)  
 But if she don't, we must most assuredly perish ;  
 For we've nothing to stir up the life in our hearts,  
 For our property lies in unsearchable parts.

For ourselves, we're the scions of Poverty's daughter,  
 And some cannot pay for the rent of their water ;  
 Yet we talk of regattas, and such things as these  
 But, alas ! the subscription is not at its ease.

The fact is, for wealth we are not a good sample,  
 But we'd all do our best if we had our example ;  
 With row-boats and horses,—hurrah for the race !  
 Oh ! for some amusement that's worthy the place !

For ourselves, we're no adepts at boating or shipping,  
 But in treacle 'tis sweet to see donkey-boys dipping ;  
 And who would not pay for the excellent joke  
 To see, not a pig, but a man, in a poke ?

Besides, ev'ry mind on the subject now made is ;  
 We should meet with the smiles of the sweetest of ladies ;  
 One night from "the fairies" we managed to pillage  
 They would all do their best for the sport of the village.

We're sure we should have, as the old saying goes,  
 Both rings on our fingers and bells on our toes,  
 Fal lal de ral lal ! My cigar is just out !  
 Why, J——, what have we been singing about ?

But as neither my friend nor I could tell, we went away home.

*Saturday, August 9, 1845.*

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#### SEVENTH WEEK.

CAMERA OBSCURA.—The wonders of light and shade are powerfully exhibited in this most ingeniously-constructed optical illusion. It not only faithfully depicts the passing scenes of Southport, but likewise those of Lytham, Blackpool, Fleetwood, and Cheltenham—particularly the latter place. We entered it the other day, beneath the favouring auspices of Mr. Lawson, and the first sight we beheld was Jump in the act of sousing a lady overhead, according to the system recommended in his last new work ; but we were delighted to see he had perused our notice of it, for he used a gracefulness in the performance never seen before. The next we beheld was Bolton, with a face whiter than his own vans, flying, like Mazeppa, on a bony bathing-horse to rescue a lady from a machine, that had been inadvertently left all night at low-water. She was rescued ; but death is preferable to serious mutilation ; a more incomplete specimen of humanity we never witnessed. The fishes, envious of her beauty, in the ocean, had actually effected an entrance into the machine, and taken off three quarters of the left leg ; ditto from the right ; three fingers off the right hand (ring as well) ; ditto from the left ; half an elbow ; three quarters of a shoulder ; the whole of the nose, and one of the eyes. Poor woman ! she is still living, for which she is thankful, but at the same time is in-



clined to the belief that sea-bathing does not agree with her. The next was a very pleasing sight, for so magical are the powers of the Camera, that we positively saw the inside of a lady's heart; and she was in love. We are therefore capable of defining what love is. In the middle of the heart, all amongst the auricles and ventricles, lay a little Cupid, not bigger than your thumb nail—(pretty little fellow!);—he had delicate little arrows, fine as hairs, with which he kept tickling the inside of the heart, and we saw that the eyes of the lady sparkled simultaneously. On a sudden, a gentleman of very prepossessing aspect approached her; when the little Cupid sprung upon his feet, and spread his wings! Oh, how the heart bounded into action—we thought that every rib would have been smashed to pieces; the colour rose to her cheeks; she took the arm of the gentleman, and all the time the little god kept fluttering his wings about, maintaining a continued ecstasy of rapture. At last they parted; the words "Good bye!" escaped their lips, and little Cupid dropping his wings, the palpitation grew more moderate; he gently laid himself again amongst the auricles and ventricles, and still kept on his incessant mischief of tickling the sides of the poor heart with his hair-like arrows, and, depend upon it, he will never quit his lodgings till he's sated with the honeymoon, when he will flee away, and then molest some other hapless maiden. This is love, kind reader, and you will not find it better described by any poet in the kingdom. We then cast our eyes towards Blackpool, and beheld a gentleman rise from the breakfast table, with an egg in one hand, and a piece of toast in the other; he stepped into a machine from his own lodgings, and was immediately surrounded by the ocean; after finishing his breakfast up to the neck in water, he threw away the egg shell to the billows, and returned to his apartments, evidently pleased with the diversion. At Cheltenham we beheld a Tunbridge gentleman getting well so fast of the gout that the paving stones were actually afraid of him; and a serious affray took place, near the Victoria Villa, between him and the Highway Board, the latter declaring that they could not keep them in repair in consequence. At Lytham we watched an enormous sturgeon washed on shore, which

was immediately opened by the fishermen, and, strange to say, therein was found the gentleman's stays which were lately lost, and cried by Peter the Bellman. Fleetwood was looking particularly gay, and, to our shame be it spoken, far outstripping us. We cast one farewell look upon our own shores, but as nothing could be seen but dogs and donkeys, gooseberries and gauze handkerchiefs, bathing-gowns and Ormskirk gingerbread, we requested Mr. Lawson to put the prices of admission down to the repeal of the corn laws, declaring our intention of wiping off altogether.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE APPROACHING RURAL SPORTS.—There is scarcely a pig in the village with an ungreased tail; the vilest scum from the vilest sugar is laid aside for the treacle dipping; an unredeemed hat, from a Churchtown pawnbroker, is waiting to be stuck upon a pole; every sack is distending its calibre for the accommodation of the donkey boys; the *rowing* boats are in an uproar; musicians are almost bursting with wind to blow their instruments; one poor fellow cannot hold much longer—he's puffed to the utmost; donkey-girls are taking lessons in the Polka, Mazourka, Valse à Cellarius, Valse á Deuxtems, &c., to be ready for the ball; donkeys are put upon a ginger diet; fireworks are ready to explode; and we only hope that as all things are in such a burning state, the iron may be struck as soon as possible.

The other night a gentleman, in rather a Shaksperian humour, honoured the theatre with his peculiar presence, but the rain coming down heavily, he was very soon wet through. Considering it, however, to be a part of the play, he very good-humouredly sat still until he was washed from his seat, when he left the place, declaring he would never go to see another sea-piece as long as he lived.

EDUCATION.—My dear young friends, we last week spoke of Henry II. : we have now to speak of Richard I., surnamed Cœur de Lion, or the Lion-Hearted, and I can recommend him to you as being a very brave and noble man. (Silence, ladies!) He ascended the throne inflamed with a desire of going upon the Crusade—(I think you made a remark, Miss Ringlet. Now, do be quiet—that's a good girl! Well, lady,

if you like it better)—and entered into partnership with Philip, King of France, for that purpose (I think your side-comb fell upon the ground, Miss Hairpin); but Philip was an invalid, and returned from the Holy Land to France for his health. (Southport was not then known, Miss Shore, or, being so valiant, he would no doubt have stayed at the Bold Arms.) Still Richard went on from victory to victory, and took the renowned city of Ascalon. (*How many miles is it from victory to victory, did you say, Miss Furlong? Whatever number you please.*) He defeated Saladin; but his army being wasted by fatigue and famine, a truce of three years was agreed upon. (No, Miss Prim; there's no vulgarity in the name of Saladin. Sarahdin would not be more correct.) Richard consequently began to think of returning home (Yes—no doubt his mother would be glad to see him, Miss Pet, like yours at the holidays); but, poor fellow! he got thrown into prison in Germany by the cruel Emperor. (I'm aware, Miss Felon, that begging is not allowed by the magistrates; but that was not his crime). Now, this part of the history is very beautiful and pathetic. (*Gammon! That's the most vulgar epithet, Miss Slang, that you could use. You must have picked it up from the donkey-boys. Do let me proceed.*) A poor minstrel chanced to be passing the dungeon in which Richard was confined—(No, not with a box-organ, Miss Grinder)—and happened to play a favourite air which was familiar to him, Richard responded to it from within; and thus the place of his confinement was discovered. (Miss Ringlet, do give over twisting that hair of yours round your finger; I'm sure it's pretty enough without so much attention. You wicked hussy, if you dare to wink at me again I'll—I'll—— But no matter.) Upon the payment of a very large sum of money, the brave Lion-Heart was again restored to liberty, and nothing could exceed the joy of the English on his return; all sorts of revelry and joy were manifested. (Dear me! Miss Green, do extend your views a little further. Treacle dipping indeed! Was it very likely the nobility would souse their heads in it?) Poor Richard, however, was soon after killed by an archer whilst besieging the Castle of Chalus, but (like his noble nature) with his

dying breath he forgave the murderer. (Miss Needle, are you aware there's a hole in your stocking? You'd better just tie your sandal over it.) He was succeeded by his brother John, who was a very bad and wicked man. No, not something like me, Miss Ringlet. I never had a pupil yet that took such daring liberties as you. My dear girl, do behave yourself; indeed you have excellent abilities if you would but use them.) He murdered his nephew Arthur, who was the lawful heir to the crown; and Shakspeare has written a fine tragedy, named "King John," on this circumstance. (I'm sure you never saw it at a peep-show, Miss Fib.) It was he, however, that signed the famous Magna Charta—(I did not say Margate Water, Miss Earwig; you must be deaf)—which granted to the barons and citizens greater privileges than they ever enjoyed before. He died, however, at last—(What did you say, Miss Ringlet? *Of course he did?* Well, I know that!)—and was succeeded by his son Henry III., who was a very weak and feeble monarch. (No, Miss Limp; I do not mean to infer that he walked on crutches—I speak of his intellect.) However, in his reign magnifying glasses and magic lanterns were invented, by Roger Bacon, the Friar—(I don't know, Miss Quiz, whether his mother's name was Gridiron or not); also cider, linen, and tapestry; and the mariner's compass was discovered. (Miss Mole, have you used the tweezers this morning?) He was succeeded by his son Edward I., surnamed Longshanks. (Now, what are you laughing at? The poor fellow could not help his shanks. You know very well that shanks will vary.) He was a brave and wise king, but cruel to the Jews; he subdued Wales and annexed it to England, and carried on a war in Scotland with great success. (Well, when I came out to-night I'm sure I had a snuff-box. That vile Ringlet!) But in this reign lived the famous William Wallace. Now, my dear pupils, I pray you remember this man as the brightest gem in English history. With a heroism almost incredible, he supported the fallen armies of Scotland.) God bless me, Miss Hawful, the idea of him fighting with an eye-glass. No! he fought with the hearts of his countrymen.) And, my dear and lovely companions, whenever we part in life (for young ladies will get mar-

ried!), let me entreat you to make the qualities of this man the standard of your husbands, and I will pledge my reputation that you will be happy throughout your pilgrimage on earth, and smiles far brighter than ours will beam upon you when you die. (Have you any nails left on your fingers, Miss Lloyd?) I would not have you, however, to condemn King Edward, for he was never cruel but from motives of policy. He expired July the 7th, 1307, in the 69th year of his age and the 35th of his reign, after having added more to the solid interests of the kingdom than any of those who went before or succeeded him. And now, my beautiful and very lady-like friends, we must part, for, to tell the truth, I'm not very well to-night. (No; *I've not been up to something*, Miss Ringlet.) I think a change of air would be the best. (Wigan, indeed! Miss Spinner; well, I like that!) Suppose we all have donkeys and ride over to Mushroom Cottage. (You don't know where it is, Miss Lovely; look about and no doubt you'll discover it.) Come, just deliver up my pocket-handkerchief, and we'll be off. What? *You're determined to have a walk round the reservoir?* Well, I never heard such a strange notion in my life. Surely, when you've been round all the *poles*—east, west, north, and south—you'll be ready to go home. Well, let's be off; and then good night! My lovely and affectionate pupils, believe me, not a minute will pass over, sleeping or waking, without thinking of you, and I hope to meet you all next week, in much better health than myself, at the

Ionic Academy, corner of Nevill-street. Terms per week, without board—Threepence.

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ELEGANCE OF CONVERSATION.—We are not eaves-droppers generally—it is against our nature; but we were compelled to hear the following conversation between two nurse-girls the other evening on the Promenade:—

“Is your missus out to-night, Isabel?”

“To be sure—she always is, Matilda.”

“Where does she go to, Isabel?”

“To the Bathing Baths, Matilda.”

"And don't you go with her, Isabel?"

"No; I stop away, Matilda. The air's too *close* for me."

"Then how, in the name of fashion, does she dry herself, Isabel? She's lame in both hands with a pallylitic stroke."

"She never does dry herself, Matilda; she comes home wet."

"Wet! Isabel?"

"Dripping, Matilda!"

"Why, gracious! How is that, Bella?"

"She expires so much, 'Tildy."

"Lor, Bella! Then what do you do with her?"

"She goes into 'sterrix."

"What is 'sterrix?"

"Fits, above a bit, 'Tildy."

"Lor, Bella! And however does she go in 'em?"

"We tell her she looks horrid yellow, and blue about the mouth."

"And what then?"

"She calls for brandy."

"Good gracious! And what then?"

"We give it her, and get her into bed, and let her expire as much as she likes; but she's as dry as a stick in five minutes, and tells us to leave the bottle on the table and mind our own businesses, which we do, and run at once to the embrace of——"

"Well, I never!"

"Oh, but I did! But let's be off!—the children will be cross; it's nine o'clock; I put 'em to bed before I came out, and haven't had time to give them anything since breakfast, and they were only vacciniated yesterday."

And so the confidential couple repaired to the duties of their avocations.

*Saturday, August 16, 1845.*

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## EIGHTH WEEK.

VISIT OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN  
VICTORIA AND HER ILLUSTRIOUS CONSORT  
TO SOUTHPORT.

WE are thrown into the greatest excitement by most important despatches, which only reached us last night, containing the rumour of her Majesty's intention to visit Southport on her return from the Continent. We have not a single moment to lose, as the most strenuous exertions will scarcely be adequate to the short time allowed for preparation.

The principal attraction which has induced her Most Gracious Majesty to land upon our shores is the far-extended fame of the Ionic Pillar—her Majesty being unable to rest by day or sleep by night till her curiosity is sated.

The royal squadron, in returning from Germany, will not deign to notice Liverpool, but merely move past, as in a panorama, and at once sail for our coast.

The following illustrious personages will form the escort of the royal visitors:—Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Buccleugh, Col. Bouverie, the Duke of Argyle, Colonel Anson, the Earl of Lincoln, Lord William Lennox, Earl De la Warr, the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Haddington, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Duchess of Buccleugh, the Maids of Honour, and the Duchess of Kent; and Louis Philippe, King of the French, will perhaps form one of the party.

The royal yacht, containing her Most Gracious Majesty and her illustrious Consort, is expected to arrive a fortnight hence, at half-past four o'clock, p.m. (wind and weather permitting), in convoy with the Black Eagle and Porcupine war-steamers.

Thundering pieces of artillery are in preparation to grace the frontiers of the Promenade; the speaking-trumpet of Mr. Lawson is undergoing thorough repair; banners, emblazoned

with the royal arms and endless devices, will grace the sand-hills; and the proud flag of England will wave in haughty triumph from the Mount. The 5th Dragoon Guards, 11th Hussars, 13th Lancers, 15th Infantry, Churchtown Yeomanry, and Ormskirk Militia, in glittering helmets, will form in columns on the shore, and the united bands will send forth their welcome greetings to her Majesty. On the first sight of the royal squadron, a salute of 40 guns will be fired, and the frigate *Cæsar*, 74 guns, together with the *Laura*, 120, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Rigby, K.C.B., will sail to greet them. We cannot express one-tenth of the deafening cheers which will rend the very heavens on their arrival.

On alighting from the royal barge, her Most Gracious Majesty and her illustrious Consort will proceed on donkeys to the village, which will be magnificently decked out on this occasion; the rest will be drawn in carriages. On arriving at the Promenade, a salute of twenty guns will be fired from the several bathing-machines, which will be most gorgeously adorned with water-nymphs and sea-goddesses. Jump, in a blue flannel uniform, with a wreath of roses round his head, will greet her Majesty on one knee, and Ball and Bolton, similarly attired, on two.

The royal party, it is expected, will alight from their steeds on the banks of the Nile, where, in order to give effect, Prince Rimmer will play the part of an alligator. The magistrates, in their robes of office, with wands of purest white, and three yards long, hung round with pearly ribbons, will then bow before the Queen, and present the keys of Southport upon a cushion of crimson velvet; and should any damp or moisture threaten to violate the feet of her Majesty, Viscount Ball will doff his coat, and spread it on the ground, in imitation of Sir Walter Raleigh. The magistrates walking before, and the royal party following, with the proud array of military pomp and far-resounding strains of music (principally from the Churchtown yeomanry and Ormskirk militia), will move forward along the Egyptian banks, and on arriving at the Original Hotel (where the Pretender once took refuge) three deafening cheers will be given. The Wellington will be



superbly embellished with variegated colours of the costliest silk, inscribed with loyal mottoes—"The Prince and Queen," "The Crown," "The Church," "The State," &c. Ladies of surpassing beauty will grace the windows; white handkerchiefs will be waved, and no coloured ones will be allowed. After having acknowledged these demonstrations of respect, the crowded procession will move on, amid loud and continued cheering. A glass of sherry wine will be handed from the VISITER Office on a beautiful piece of plate constructed like the caduceus of Mercury, in order to enable the Queen and her illustrious Consort to bear against the overwhelming effects which will take place at the sight of the Ionic Pillar. As nearer they approach this splendid piece of architecture, the music will become more loud and eloquent; the countenances of the royal party grow more animated, and the Prince will doff his hat, which very appropriate example will be followed by the rest of the nobility. At the corner of Nevill-street the procession will halt, the gorgeous armies be drawn up into squares, and what remains of them will form a line, in battle-like array, the whole length of the village. The Pillar will have no decoration whatever, her Majesty having expressed a wish to view it in its native loveliness and simplicity, quoting, at the same time, the sentence—"Beauty when unadorn'd's adorned the most." Her Majesty, in company with the Prince, will then alight to gaze upon it from the base, the peculiar virtues of which will be delineated by the magisterial authorities. The excited multitude will here burst into enthusiastic cheering; three volleys of artillery, and six of musketry, will be discharged, the echoes of which will be heard on the confines of the metropolis, where the London reporters will be anxiously listening. The following address will be read to her Majesty on a throne erected by the Pillar:—

"TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY SOVEREIGN VICTORIA,  
BY THE GRACE OF GOD QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND  
IRELAND, DEFENDRESS OF THE FAITH, &c.

"Well, Vic., how are you? We didn't exactly expect you; but as you've come, you're welcome. What do you think of the Pillar? Nothing like it at Buckingham Palace? Your crown would not buy it.

We're very glad to see you; upon my word we are; for, to tell you the truth, we love you. By the by, Albert, how are you? You stick so close to your wife, there's no seeing you. How are the children? Has little Wales got all his teeth yet?—fine lad—very! Take a cigar? How long are you going to stay? We know of excellent lodgings at 4, Blundell's Buildings—ten shillings the parlour, and half-a-guinea the bed-room; extra for cooking. Do you take PUNCH in now at the palace—eh? You've heard the trick he played us—haven't you? Mean—was it not? Dirty in the extreme. We're glad you don't take it; we wonder you ever tolerated such a sink-hole of scurrility and abuse: but we'll send you a VISITER every week. But perhaps you feel hungry—eh? Sea-air sharpens the appetite. Have you made up your mind about the lodgings? Well, then, let the procession move on to the fourth palace of Blundell's. We speak plainly—don't we? But we know your Majesty dislikes ceremony; you're always jiggling about, you know. What do you think of a donkey to the New Inn or Little London?—Hyde Park's nothing to it. Very well; we'll talk of it to-morrow. We just have to say that our hearts are loyal and in the right place, and when occasion calls us, just compare ours with one of the Cockney's, and see where the fidelity lies.

“ God save you and the Prince ! ”

After much bowing and scraping, and other complimentary grimaces, the Queen and Prince will pass along the line of infantry to 4, Blundell's Buildings, where the Earl of Churchtown, for his gentlemanly bearing and address, will stand by the portals of the ponderous gate to meet them. Sir Henry Hodge will then receive them at the door, and show them up the alabaster staircase. Lord John Robinson will do the honours of the table, and Admiral Rigby will make himself particularly entertaining. Here strains of music, with the roar of cannon, will chronicle the entrance of her Majesty, and such demonstrations of loyalty be shown as will give to Southport a golden immortality. In the evening the house will be superbly illuminated; fireworks will startle the very atmosphere; the praises of her Majesty will be sung by the village ladies, clad in white, and wreaths of the rose, the shamrock, and thistle (take care the latter is not too prickly!) will embrace their lovely brows—God bless them! The health of her Majesty will be closely guarded by the medical gentlemen of the village; and while defended by such professional ability, the absence of Sir James Clarke will not be regretted.

The most active preparations are on foot. Mr. Mawdesley's

elegant stock of drapery will be displayed in banners and decorations; Miss Billington's exquisite shellwork will be presented for the inspection of her Majesty; Mrs. Fisher's stock of delicious confectionary will be doubly increased; collections will be made at the churches; Mr. Staley's "pine apples and other foreign fruits" will come in admirably; the hotels will be crowded to the utmost; and such a welcome will be given to Victoria and Albert on their arrival in Southport as never, in the annals of their reign, has yet been witnessed.

VIVANT REGINA ET PRINCEPS!

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EDUCATION.—My dear young pupils, it is with feelings of the deepest sorrow that I meet you all this evening, for I have an announcement to make which weighs very heavily upon me, and causes many tears to drop upon the paper as I write; the pen, as well, keeps dropping tears of ink, to the great annoyance of the blotting-paper—showing, however, the sympathy it feels with me in parting. The truth is that, owing to the heavy pressure of business—the visit of the Queen, &c.—necessity compels me to close the academy. It was my intention to have gone through the history of the kings, and in so doing I am confident the endeavour would have been *crowned* with success, had time and opportunity been granted. But the will of fate be done—not ours. I shall not easily forget, my dear young pupils, the many pleasant moments we have passed together; and, believe me, in parting, I shall feel that many of those happy rays which sometimes shine amidst the storms of life have set in gloom for ever. (Miss Ringlet, what have you got your handkerchief to your eyes for? What do you say? *You'll be a better pupil!* My dear girl, you were never a bad one.) I have often thought when together, and whilst looking on your lovely countenances, that could we all meet twenty years hence by the side of the Ionic Pillar (for it will stand for ever), what changes will have taken place. I can imagine Miss Ringlet a countess, Miss Lovely the wife of a clergyman, Miss Prim the wife of a magistrate, and Miss Lloyd the lady of an officer. For my poor self I feel perfectly convinced

that I shall be hanged or transported long before that period ; and, believe me, when I am toiling on the hulks I shall often heave a sigh to you at the same time that I am heaving some tremendous load upon my back. (Thank you, Miss Lovely, for this little ring ; I will wear it for your sake.) The prizes will be awarded without delay, having previously been exhibited upon the Pillar for the edification of the public ; and not only these, but prizes far more elegant than I can give, you are entitled to. And now, my dear and affectionate pupils, farewell ! Go forth into the world the brilliant characters I have made you ; and in this lone and dreary pilgrimage, where the thorns are many and the flowers few, oh ! may you never feel the canker of disease, the sting of poverty, or the early hand of death. Believe me that the sky of dark adversity will sometimes gather round you ; yet may the rainbow of success and peace propitiously rise over you ; and bright indeed and deep will be your happiness, should it be but the answer to my prayer for your prosperity. And, oh ! suffer me for one moment to be serious. Forget not that there is a God above, who would not that you should always be dwellers on this earth, but angels by his side in heaven. (Miss Ringlet, you would make a very pretty one.) Farewell !

*Saturday, August 23, 1845.*

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N I N T H   W E E K .

LAW INTELLIGENCE.—A very startling rumour has just reached us from some unknown source that a quarrel having arisen amongst our village ladies as to which is the most beautiful, they are positively going to law about it. We will anticipate that each lady has employed most learned and very able counsel to vindicate her rights. What scope for eloquence ! Flowers will grow up in the very throat, and blossom into language ! As thus :—My lord, I am scarcely able to defend my client, for my emotion chokes me. (Ahem !

ahem!) Gaze upon those charms for but one moment, and if sober sensibility remains, you are not a mortal, but a God. Those azure orbs of sapphire glory—the eyes—which angels might have formed to view their beauty in!—those bright celestial mirrors, or patent blue reflectors! (A drink of water.) My lord, I dare scarcely speak of the vermilion lips. We talk of coral—trash! Within those lips which breathe the honied accents of my client repose the virgin blood of all earth's tenderest ornaments. The dove!—the gentle lamb!—the robin-redbreast! This blood, my lord, is first distilled with nectarines of richest flowers, borne up to heaven by fragrant angels, smiled on, breathed on, mingled with the perfumes of the celestial still, purified three times in glory, and returned into the lips of my enchanting client! Oh, my lord! if you be mortal, why not burst your skin and leap about in rapture? (A smelling-bottle instantly!)—Another we might imagine to hold forth thus:—My lord, my learned friend has spoken of blue eyes. Why, my lord, there is not a cat in the village but possesses them; and even gray eyes may be turned to blue by rubbing them with onions. But when we revert to black ones, it is then, my lord, we feel the truth, like the glorious sun behind a cloud. What astronomical refulgence can burst forth to fire them! Like stalactites in the grotto of Antiparos, the thoughts of the supernal mind both glance and glisten in their impenetrable depths; and in uniting with such transcendant glory, you feel your passport to the gods is certain. (Water! Quick!—very! His eloquence overcomes him!) Then view the delicate complexion!—so clear!—so white!—so unlike earth!—so bright!—so crystal! Oh, my lord! might not the infant angels which sometimes hover round our earth till big enough for heaven—oh! might they not, in wintry seasons, skate upon it; and, my lord, no doubt they do. Oh! if you but possess one millionth part of the sensitive susceptibilities of mortality, why not stand upon your head in rapture, imagining at the same time that your legs are in the skies, and as you gaze upon my client, wish that you were back again on earth, to dwell upon her charms for ever.—Some other orator, choking with emotion, would then pour forth:—My lord, black eyes

and blue ones have certainly been drowned in eloquence ; but as my learned friend has said that gray eyes may be turned to blue by rubbing them with onions, so black eyes may at any time be made by a consistent thump upon the face. My lord, black eyes are odious : with black and blue we can only associate the idea of a brutal husband and an ill-used wife. I shall waive, my lord, the paltry advantages of face and feature, and confine myself to figure. Behold my client ! Oh ! my lord, think not of Venus when attired by the Graces ; but look on *bona fide* flesh and blood, enriched by natural beauty. The swan-like neck, the tapering waist, the arm of symmetry, the filbert finger—to say nothing of the thumb ; and then, my lord, the beauteous adaptation of the joints devoid of dislocation, and the fragile bone devoid of fracture. My lord, but look upon the combination of the whole—remember but for a moment the Egyptian Cleopatra, and lose your senses in an ecstasy.—We will then imagine that my lord declines the bursting of his skin, the standing on his head, and the losing of his senses in an ecstasy, sums up all the evidence, and comes to a rational conclusion. He will thus speak :—The beauty of each lady so eloquently defended I have listened to with pleasurable and agreeable consideration ; yet, gentlemen, in this particular dilemma I feel I am no judge, for it is impossible, amidst so many counterbalances, to come to a decision. All are indeed beautiful ; and if from these divine materials one glorious being might be produced, there would stand in Southport an eternal monument of superior beauty to every empire in the world.

NOTICE.—We are frequently very much annoyed at the conduct of several persons in this village, who, we are happy to say, are not residents, walking past the Ionic Pillar without either moving to or bestowing one recognising glance upon it. Now, those who are guilty of such misconduct can only be descended from the heathen, or otherwise their education has been shamefully neglected. It bespeaks a rudeness which is not consistent with the character of either a lady or a gentleman ; and we advise those who would not be held up to public scorn to remember that there is an eye inside the Pillar

which can telegraph to us the names of those who make the necessary obeisance ; and those who dare neglect it—let them tremble. Moreover, it is the privilege of none to come within a circle of five yards round it ; instead of which our blood occasionally boils to see the filthy coat of some adventurer defiling its most natural beauty. If such people cherish no regard for earthly matters, let them recollect that there is a sacredness about the Pillar which if violated will tend to no important good hereafter.

A TREAT.—Mr. Samuel Lover, we rejoice to hear, will honour Southport with his presence, and give his entertainments on Monday evening next. If we give him his *desert*, he will no doubt give us a *treat*.

CURIOSITY SATISFIED.—We could not help, on Wednesday evening last, being struck with curiosity on viewing the steeple of the Old Church. There are three clocks with their faces towards you, and apparently three others below them with their backs to you. We naturally asked ourselves the question that if these clocks beheld each other face to face would they quarrel ? The query was immediately solved by hearing them *strike*.

*Saturday, August 30, 1845.*

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#### TENTH WEEK.

#### THE RURAL SPORTS.

DURING the week, the village has been particularly gay—so much so, indeed, that it is feared the depression which must necessarily succeed to the excitement will be productive of a low or typhus fever, and the village will be ravaged by a pestilence. However, we will hope for the best. The rural sports have certainly been long anticipated ; but whether the anticipation or the reality has afforded the most amusement,

we leave to the discretion of our readers. Waiving all party opinions, let us just view, as in a panorama, the events which have passed away. As regards ourselves, we stand unbiassed, alike fearless of the opinions of those who condemn or applaud. The first evening of the week certainly opened with a "treat" which, we were glad to see, was cordially appreciated, for a more gay and respectable audience it has never been our lot to witness. Mr. Lover is a man of undeniable ability—not only excelling as an author, but rich in the personification of those characters his imagination has conceived. One mournful feeling only damped our enjoyment of the evening, and that was the remembrance of poor Power, whose closing scene was (as is too well known) in the depths of the wide Atlantic. Between Power and Mr. Lover there is a close resemblance; and it is impossible to watch the one without thinking of the other. But what was all this talent—those eloquent addresses—those soul-enlivening songs compared with the celestial tones of the piano? It was too much—it was indeed! At the first touch the sense of our mortality seemed to pass from us, and it became a matter of doubt of which world we were the inhabitants. We thought that the instrument might certainly have been better; however, let us temper justice with mercy. The tale of "The Gridiron" was very well told, and made us as *hot* with laughing as if we had been *roasted* on it. The anecdotes illustrative of Irish character were well given, though, we allow in one or two instances more famous for their humorous delivery than their originality. This, however, must at all times occur in order to diversify the monotony of the entertainments. Now, we are bound to confess, as honest men, that, as regards ourselves, we enjoyed that evening more than any other of the week; and to animadvert at any length on the succeeding days would be a work of supererogation.

The revel (if it may so be called), on Wednesday last, was certainly as well conducted, and perhaps as gratifying, as the position and circumstance of the place will suffer; at all events, if the crowded assemblage of spectators during the three days' festivity be any proof of satisfaction, there has certainly been sufficient evidence to pronounce them good.



As regards the sailing or rowing matches, they are scarcely worthy of comment, and it was frequently a matter of no small difficulty to determine which were the competitors, and which were not. Now, from this we should be sorry if an inference were drawn that anything like disrespect is embodied in the remark ; but it must be acknowledged by most that frequently a race was half over without the spectator being aware that it had actually begun. The firing of a gun, or some signal better calculated to attract attention at a moment, would, in our opinion, have contributed materially to the interest which is naturally felt in any contest. We thought the *belles* of the village appeared pleased with the *gingling* matches, or, at all events, were *blind* to the defects, and indeed it would have been a shame to call the competitors over the *coals* when they only had the *sack* ; however, like all other *bells*, they smiled upon the *ring*, and evidently did not wish a *re-peal* of the fun. An adequate degree of mirth appeared to compensate the gallant hero for his toil in swarming for the leg of mutton, although we thought the unsuccessful ones looked rather *sheepish* on the subject. With respect to the hat, it could be no matter of consequence to it whether it was obtained or not, for it would only be taken from one *pole* to be stuck upon another. The prize awarded to the winner of the foot race was ten shillings, owing, we presume, to the natural circumstance of his possessing ten toes ; thus fixing the rate of value on each toe at one shilling. We sincerely hope, however, that he may be well *shod* for his trouble, and *nailed* into the bargain. In speaking of the horse races, we confess that the greatest treat we had anticipated was the match announced between Captain Jackson and Mr. Hurst—the former upon Polly-the-milkmaid, and the latter upon Romeo. This latter character of Shakspeare, however, declined the contest ; and though we rejoiced to see the gallant captain, in blue and white, issuing forth from Coronation *Walk* at a *gallop*, yet we are certain that we were *jockied* out of much amusement, and the *spur* of excitement taken from us at the very moment that we looked for a *stir-up*. The gallant captain, we are sure, will pardon us when we assert that, like good civilians, we respect the dignity of an *upright*

*corporation*. He will, at all events, permit us to congratulate him on his success; and may Polly-the-milkmaid always come within the *pale* of glory, and remain the *cream* of her descent. The pig races we thought rather *swinish*, and somewhat *slippery* subjects; however, it is *easy* to please most people with a little *soft soap*, if we cannot actually *hold on* to their affections.

The ball we considered of rather too *bounceable* a character for our society, and, consequently, we *rebounded* from the impudence of intrusion; not that we have anything to advance in condemnation of it, but, not feeling particularly well up in the Polka and Cellarius, we were somewhat apprehensive of disturbing the harmony and regularity of the evening, and we therefore sought, in the solitude of domestic life, whatever solace rose up in bold relief.

The concert, on Wednesday evening, was well attended, which, we rejoice to say, implies a willingness on the part of the public to encourage what is really deserving of patronage; and we think there was a mutual willingness on the part of the amateurs to render it as entertaining as possible—at least all went very smoothly; and though a *white squall* came rather unexpectedly upon us, it did not detract from the enjoyment of the evening. The National Anthem was sung with so much loyalty and correctness, that it is almost a matter of dispute if her Majesty will ever die, but remain a mortal *pickle* to the end of time. The efforts of Miss Banning, Messrs. Hudson, Aughton, Wright, Banning, and Greenall were very strenuous, and highly deserving of praise; and as for Mr. Johnson, he appeared as *bass* as ever, for he seems capable of descending to the *lowest pitch*, and, what is more remarkable, the more he attempts to improve in this particular capacity, the *lower* he will get. We should, indeed, be guilty of unpoliteness, did we not attempt to say a few words in praise of Mademoiselle Richereaud. Our ears, we believe, are not naturally musical, but we understand from excellent authority that she differs very much from us in this respect. Her voice is powerful, and, when modulated by time and practice, we hope she may attain that pinnacle of fame in the musical world to which her talents certainly entitle her.

A grand display of fireworks, by Mr. Francis Johnson, of Liverpool, on the ground opposite the Union Hotel, concluded the week's festivity. We were half afraid at times they would not *go off* so well as was expected; but we remained silent, not liking to *damp* the ardour which was naturally felt by the committee. We thought at times we heard a *hissing* in the crowd, but it merely proved to be the *rockets* in a very *phiz-zing* and excited state; however, the proverb teaches us that self-praise is no recommendation; but as these admirable pyrotechnic works actually *hissed* themselves, we must reverse the proverb, and believe that self-condemnation is a very good one. To use a vulgar epithet, we shall express our sentiments the best by admitting that there was really a good *flare up*. We could not help being forcibly struck by the reflection that a better night for the ladies could not have happened, for there were positively *sparks* in any quantity, and not only so, but many *matches* were made on the occasion, which caused them to look as proud as *Lucifer*. The atmosphere was very brilliantly and gaily illuminated, for which it was no doubt very grateful. When the fire began to slacken we retraced our footsteps homewards, went to bed, and dreamt that we were rockets flying off to heaven; but on awaking in the morning we discovered we were only on the *stocks*.

The band was a very fair one indeed. The trombone is a very fine fellow, and so is the French horn; but the big drum *beats* them all in *action*, although, as we occasionally observed the sticks, we could perceive him show the *white feather*. They were men of many *stripes*, and if their heads are not deeply *re(a)d*, their legs and bodies will most assuredly compensate for the deficiency.

We wish them success wherever they go,  
"With rings on their fingers and bells on their toes."

The weather, we may observe, has been remarkably fine, it having been bespoken by Mr. Lawson for the occasion. The latter part of yesterday was rather more gloomy and dark than usual; but this was purposely done, in order to give greater effect to the fireworks in the evening. The bets upon the races, we believe, have been enormous, especially with the ladies. Gloves have been lost and won in great profusion;

but this is not to be wondered at, when we consider how fond they are of *pairs* in any shape, and, we need scarcely add, the matrimonial form especially. We should have liked to have had a *finger* in the pie, but were elbowed out whenever we attempted it. Along the shore the greatest bustle and excitement appeared to prevail: all looked gay and, for aught we know, happy. There were the sober as well as the drunken, the loser as well as the winner; but we are bound to confess that the expression of countenance on all was much the same.

And thus has passed away the rural sports of Southport for the year 1845: how long they will be continued for the future, we leave to the discretion of the spectator. For ourselves, we have been pleased more than otherwise; but this must be owing to the fact that little minds are easily amused. Nothing upon earth is perfect; but we cannot withhold from giving all due praise to the committee for their strenuous exertions to please. It is not only creditable to their heads, but honourable to their hearts, for the profit belongs not to themselves, but to the multitude. We beg to tender them the thanks of the public through the medium of our humble journal. They have certainly held firmly together, and we hope they always may. If we, as chroniclers of public events, have delivered any sentiment not consonant with those of others, we can only add that we are bound to speak according to the best of our belief; and think not, reader, that we arrogate any praise to ourselves when we assert that we have never yet felt the power which could prevent us.

*Saturday, September 6, 1845.*

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#### ELEVENTH WEEK.

WE have been haunted during the week by a very singular kind of spectre which, wherever we walked, was constantly behind us. And this is more curious when we reflect that the

wind has been particularly variable, yet, no matter what quarter it blew from, this same ghostly article was at our heels. It was in the shape of a dirty piece of paper, and though many pieces of paper are wafted about by contending breezes, we could always identify the same. At last invited beyond measure we waived our dignity and took it up, when the following items were subservient to cheating a few moments of their monotony. Wherever the gentleman may have come from who has incurred the enormous expense set down to him, we must at least give him credit for his temperance. It was a bill made out we presume by some landlady or other in Southport, and we give it more as a specimen of the beauties of orthography than any other :—

“ Mr Broun owes me

Sally Grearson what is here

Feal	..	..	..	4 pens
Hegs	..	..	..	6 pens
Butther	..	..	..	1 shillin
Flower	..	..	..	2 tuppens
Peese	..	..	..	4 pens
Am	..	..	..	6 pens
4 pun of ros bif	..	..	..	2 & 4 pens
Shugger	..	..	..	7 pens
Gusburies	..	..	..	2 pens
Tatos	..	..	..	2 more pens
Weshin	..	..	..	Nothin
Laid down [we presume cash]	..	..	..	$\frac{1}{2}$ a crun
3 pennuth of tincter of rubub	..	..	..	3 pens
A chimley sweepin u sed u wud pa for	..	..	..	} 2 shillins
if it wuddunt smook	..	..	..	
Sunderries	..	..	..	a groat

Pleas had em up an sa wot it is  
Maid hall rite by Sally Grearson ”

**BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.**—From our Ormskirk correspondent we are given to understand that the most serious results are likely to arise from a breach of promise of

marriage, and a case of furious litigation to disclose the ins and outs of this peculiar courtship. As we have been favoured with all the particulars, and the correspondence carried on between the parties, we will, with our usual urbanity, submit them to the public. The names of the parties we fully give. The defendant's name is Titus Treakle, a dashing young grocer; and the plaintiff, Sophia Mantel, a phizzing young dressmaker. Now it so happened that one day Titus Treakle, as he was leaning on a sugar cask, passed his hand carelessly across his chin, and came to the conclusion that he wanted shaving. Accordingly, wrapping his apron round his waist, in the manner of a general, and depositing a few sweet almonds in his pocket to beguile the time, he bounded across the street to the establishment of a barber, vulgarly called a perfumer. It was during the time of the shaving operation that the parties mutually reciprocated to each other; for as Titus sat upon the chair with a towel round his throat, and his chin and whiskers buried in soap-suds, with his eyes turned heavenward, Miss Sophia Mantel chanced to stop at the window, for the purpose of inspecting a sidecomb to control her lovely ringlets. Titus, struck with admiration, gave such a start that the razor had nearly taken off his chin, and it was thus, whilst bleeding under the butchering hands of the barber, that the heart of Sophia Mantel melted, and "she loved him for the dangers he had passed," and "he loved her that she did pity him." Titus, holding his pocket-handkerchief to his chin, hastily pursued her, resolved that as the blood poured from him he would strike while the iron was hot. He pursued her from street to street, until arriving at the end of a very long one Sophia turned into a dark-looking alley, and it was here that Titus declared the secret of his love—how he had bled for her, and was bleeding; how for months he had watched her and admired her (though he had never before seen her); all these combined, however, had the desired effect of captivating her heart, and after sundry successive meetings and appointments (to the great neglect of his master's business), young Titus fixed the day of the wedding, and actually had bought the ring for the occasion. Now, there is an old saying, and we believe it to be very true, that "there is many

a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and the proverb could not be more substantiated than on this particular occasion. When the gallant young Titus came to the resolution of taking his beloved for better or worse, or perhaps both, he naturally expected that he had bargained for the usual quantity of legs and arms which constitute a human individual. However, it so chanced that about a week previous to the day appointed for their marriage that poor Sophia, with the eagerness of a dove to fly to her mate, was returning from her day's work, and, fearful of breaking the punctuality of her appointment, skipped upon the top of a very high omnibus to increase her speed, when, sad to relate, after travelling about a hundred yards, the wheel of the vehicle came off, and poor Sophia was pitched with desperate force upon the top of a pump. Drop a tear, dear reader!—one leg was so terrifically fractured that amputation was the consequence; three fingers, and the half of an arm, were likewise lopped off from her fair proportions, and, though the heart of Titus Treakle grew soft with pity, he declared she was not the woman he had taken her for, and unfeelingly recommended her to the retirement of an hospital. Now this was too bad! Poor Sophia! it nearly broke her heart; but revenge succeeded with the reaction, and gave rise to the very serious law-suit which will shortly be decided. Now, it is a remarkable fact that people when in love, however incapable they may be, are remarkably fond of giving vent to their feelings in poetry, and, with the reader's permission, we will just open a few of their epistles and disclose their elegance of composition. The following is from Mr. Titus Treakle to Miss Sophia Mantel:—

" My dear Sophia  
 I'm all on fire  
 Like one in hell's proud gap!  
 To-night I'll come  
 With figs a drum  
 And throw them in your lap!  
 Your devoted lover to the end of eternity,  
TITUS."

Now this is very expressive, and carries with it a double meaning, which must at once be obvious. The "proud gap of hell" seems to indicate a conviction on the part of the writer

that at some time or other it will become familiar to him ; for in the succeeding lines where he speaks of the drum of figs, there cannot be a question but that he intends robbing his master to a fearful extent. However, we will just compare one of Sophia's with his :—

“ My everlasting tender Titus  
Do come to-night for to delight us  
And if you'll only say you'll come  
Care not a FIG about the DRUM  
But say you have a certain RAISON  
For to go out on some occasion

Your ever ivy-like clinging

SOPHIA.”

Here it will be evidently seen that although a good deal of grocery is mixed up in these lines, there is also a strong propensity to be witty, showing as well the heavenly-mindedness of woman to rescue man from the paths of vice, for she appears to disregard the figs, and only figuratively to make use of the *raison* to enable him to fly to the embrace. Treacle would no doubt appreciate this kindness, for he thus writes :—

“ All obstacles I will set at defiance  
For on you only do I put reliance  
But if I come and take a glass of wine  
Will you through thick and thin swear you'll be mine ?”

Now although this is a very posing question, it was precisely what Sophia wished, and our correspondent informs us that Titus did go, and made a rash vow. This all took place, previous to the accident, and in all probability the vow would have been held sacred had not the accident occurred, or even if the fragments of the lady could have been put together. Titus however disliking the idea of only part of a wife, abruptly broke off the engagement, and poor Sophia became a *wreck*. But here lies the fatality—the rock on which poor Treacle will be thrown. Stung by disappointment, he one night sought the consolation of a tavern, and, whilst deep in his cups, his old affection for Sophia got the mastery over him, and in a fit of desperation he wrote the following effusion, and repented in the morning :—

“ Once more I feel myself on fire  
And hear me swear my dear Sophia  
That had you neither arm nor leg



But merely oval like an egg  
 I swear by all that's false and true  
 I think that's really fair—don't you?  
 I'd stick to you like Treakle still  
 And marry you by Jove I will!

I am, celestial Sophia, the man that swears to wed you,  
 Shagbag Hotel, Hawgust 10, 1845. TITUS TREAKLE."

It would be useless to remind the reader that this last letter will be fatal to the cause. He seems in good spirits; but it appears to us, that whether he marries the girl or not, he will have to sustain some heavy *damages*.

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THE GREATEST BORE ON EARTH.—A man of fine feeling or eminence travelling through a village taking up his residence at what he considers perhaps the wealthiest and most honourable dwelling in the place, when, as frequently happens through the loquacity of servants, he discovers that the lady is the daughter of a tailor, and the gentleman the scion of a huckster.

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The following are two letters which we think will show the change of feeling after the awful event of matrimony. We think also they must refer to some commercial man, for there appears a degree of business mixed up with both of them :—

"MY DEAR LOUISA—I am prosecuting with the greatest ardour the journey which fate has allotted me, and I attribute the success of my labours to the energy which the thought of you inspires me. I envy not wealth; yet I would toil as would an African that I might lay a golden fortune at your feet, and suffer not your utmost wish, however extravagant, to die unsatisfied. Oh! when I remember that parting glance you gave me at the door—when I call to mind the honied accents of those beauteous lips, the pressure of that silken hand, I but regret that I unfortunately was not born a king to place you on a throne where nations might adore and envy you. Till I see you again, oh! dearest Louisa—(and every second will appear an eternity), I will think of you, and pray for your health and happiness, till fate unites us in the holiest bonds.

I am, yours unto death,

GUSTAVUS GASPER.

After six months of matrimonial life, the lady who should have been a queen and never have a wish refused, receives the following :—

“DEAR LOUEY—I never felt in such a horrible humour in all my life—I can’t get a single order. Just go to Johnson the landlord, and see if he won’t take less rent—thirty pounds a year is far too much. What a mercy it is we have no family; how the deuce should we keep them. You must pull in a little more, and if you have any dresses you don’t much care about, just pawn them; because every little helps. By the by about the butcher’s bill? just say that I shall be home in a week and will settle with him, although at the same time I’ll be hanged if I do—if I have to wait for my money, he shall wait for his. It’s rather a pity that you are ill in bed, however, if you don’t get any better, just call in the druggist at the bottom of the street, and perhaps he can patch you up. I expect to be at home some time or other, so till then—adieu!

Yours truly,

Pig and Whistle, Sunderland.

GUSTAVUS GASPER.”

Comparisons are odious; and this is one of them.

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It is a singular circumstance that last week, there was scarcely a single fish of any description to be had in either Fleetwood or Blackpool. This, however, is easily accounted for, as all of them would swim to Southport to view the races and rural sports.

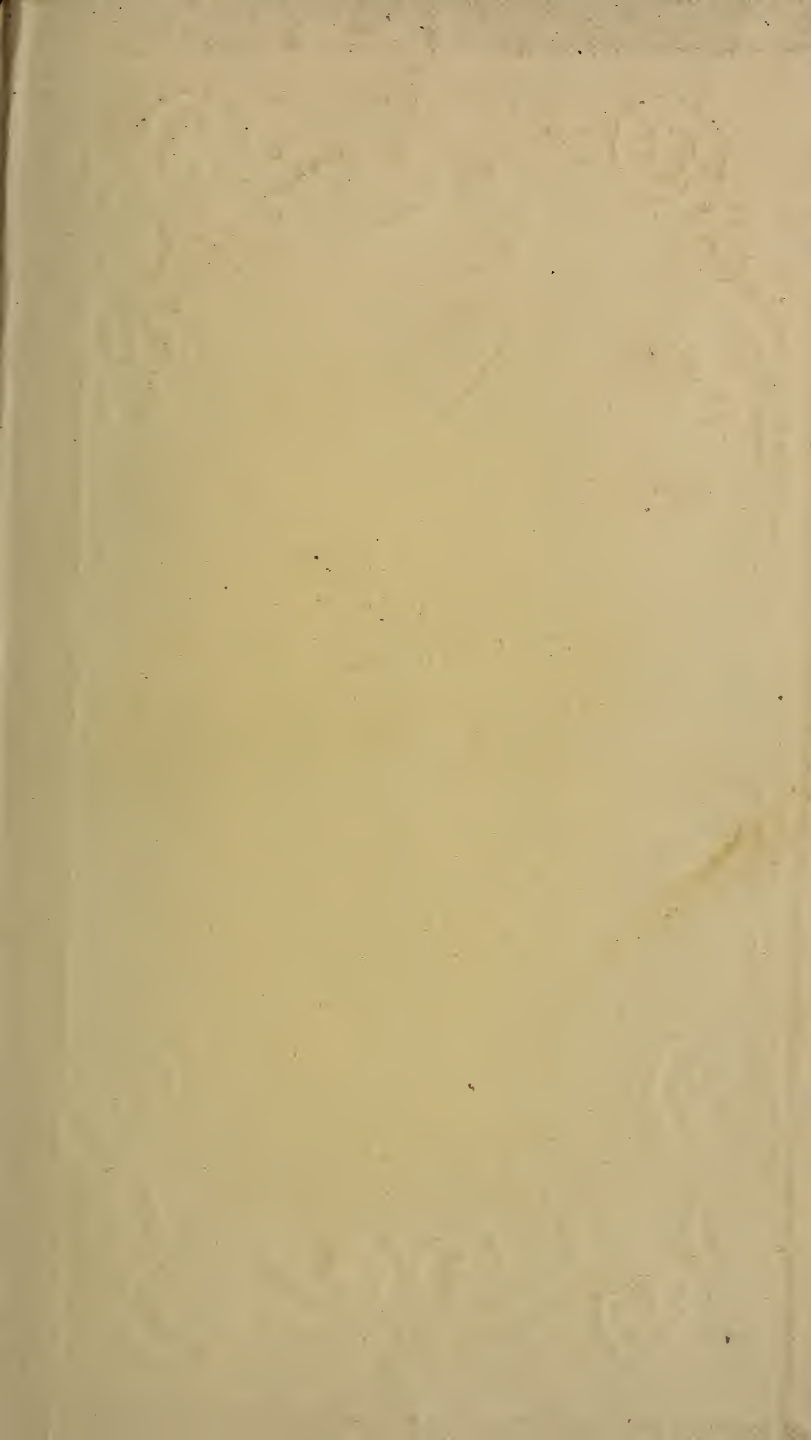
We cannot help feeling delighted at the joyful expression of countenance which all the donkeys in the village are assuming. This no doubt arises from a consciousness that the season is nearly over.

*Saturday, September 13, 1845.*

THE END.







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