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PLEASANT MEMORIES

OF

PLEASANT LANDS.

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

“ In a strange land,
Kind things, however trivial, reach the heart,
And through the heart the head, clearing away
The narrow notions that grow up at home,
And in their place, grafting Good-Will to All.”

ROGERS'S Italy.

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P R E F A C E .

A TRAVELLER in climes so generally visited, as those which have given subjects to the present volume, will find it difficult to say what has not been said before. By every celebrated stream, or mountain, amid the ivy of every mouldering ruin, at the gate of every castle, palace, and cathedral, he doubtless met other travellers, with their note-books; and what he saw and described, they also may see and describe, perchance with a more glowing pencil.

Yet if he must resign the prospect of finding untrodden paths, he may still fix upon some spots, where it will be profitable both to muse and to record impressions; and if he forfeits the right of discovery, may retain the power of promoting good and pleasurable feelings. With such hopes the following pages have been drawn forth, and modified from the notes

of a Journal regularly kept, during a tour which occupied the greater part of a year.

Their writer has not sought to dwell upon the dark shades of the countries that it was her privilege to visit. It might have been easy to fix the eye upon the blemishes that appertain to each, as it is to discern foibles in the most exalted character. Yet it is but a losing office to quit our own quiet fireside, and throw ourselves upon the stormy billows, for the sake of finding fault. This we might do with less fatigue and peril at home. She might, indeed, have picked up a nettle here and there, but the flowers were sweeter. She might have gathered thorns and brambles to sting others or herself with, but what she has missed, multitudes who go the same road can find, and cull them if they choose. So the lovers of poignancy may be gratified from many sources, should they be compelled to pronounce this volume vapid and void of discrimination.

“When I have called the bad, *bad*,” says Goethe, “how much is gained by that? He, who would work aright, had better busy himself to show forth and to do that which is good.” And methinks he, who leaves his native land to take note of foreign realms,

and is brought again in safety to his own home and people, owes not only a great debt of gratitude to his Preserver, but a new service of charity to those whom He has made. It would seem that an obligation was laid on him not to use the knowledge thus acquired, to embarrass and embroil God's creatures, but to brighten the bands of the nations with a wreath of love.

And now, dear reader, if any such there be, who shall have patiently finished these my pages, thou art for this very kindness, as a brother or sister unto me. And as we have thus communed together of pleasant things, without, perchance, having seen each other's faces in the flesh, may we be so blessed as to meet and commune in that country where no stranger sorroweth, where no wanderer goeth forth from his home with tears, and "where there is no more sea."

L. H. S.

Thursday, Dec. 1, 1842.

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PLEASANT MEMORIES

OF

PLEASANT LANDS.



LAND-BIRD AT SEA.

BIRD of the land! what dost thou here?
Lone wanderer o'er a trackless bound,
With nought but frowning skies above,
And wild, unfathomed seas around.

Amid the shrouds, with panting breast
And drooping head, I see thee stand,
While pleased the hardy sailor climbs
To clasp thee in his roughened hand.

Say, didst thou follow, league on league,
Our pointed mast, thine only guide,
When but a fleeting speck it seemed
On the broad bosom of the tide?

Amid Newfoundland's misty bank
Hadst thou a nest, and nurslings fair?
Or cam'st thou from New-England's vales?
Speak! speak! what tidings dost thou bear?

What news from native land and home,
Light carrier o'er the threatening tide?
Hast thou no folded scroll of love
Pressed closely to thy panting side?

A bird of genius art thou? say!
With impulse high thy spirit stirred,
Some region unexplored to gain,
And soar above the common herd?

Burns in thy breast some kindling spark,
Like that which fired the glowing mind
Of the adventurous Genoese,
An undiscovered world to find?

Whate'er thou art, how sad thy fate,
With wasted strength the goal to spy,
Cling feebly to the flapping sail,
And at a stranger's feet to die.

For thee the widowed mate shall gaze
From leafy chamber curtained fair,
And wailing lays at evening's close
Lament thy loss in deep despair.

Even thus, o'er life's unresting tide,
Chilled by the billow's beating spray,
Some adventitious prize to gain,
Ambition's votaries urge their way;

Some eyrie on the Alpine cliff,
Some proud Mont-Blanc they fain would climb,
Snatch wreaths of laurel steeped in gore,
Or win from Fame a strain sublime.

They lose of home the heartfelt joys,
The charm of seasons as they roll,
And stake amid their blinding course
The priceless birthright of the soul.

Years fleet, and still they struggle on,
Their dim eye rolls with fading fire,
Perchance the long-sought treasure grasp,
And in the victory expire.

At Sea.

Saturday, August 8th, 1840.

THE monotony of a sea-voyage rendered the arrival of a poor, little, trembling land-bird among our shrouds a circumstance of interest. To the children on board it communicated a wild delight, though they grieved to see it so soon fold its wings and die. It reached us, when our ship had been eight days out, in latitude $43^{\circ} 33''$, longitude $45^{\circ} 30''$, being distant from New York 1340 miles, and from the nearest point of Newfoundland 500, so that the little messenger must have had a weary flight, ere it found a resting place.

It reminded us of the birds that came out to meet

our ancestors, nearly two centuries since, when, after a tedious voyage of seventy days, they approached the harbor of Salem. "There came forth to us, into our ship," said Governor Winthrop, "a wild pigeon and another small land-bird, likewise a smell from the shore, like unto the smell of a garden." The young voyagers crumbled their stale bread to lure these aerial visitants, watching with exclamations of joy the irized hues of the pigeon's glossy neck, as it turned its head from side to side, timidly regarding them. When long confined to the sight of sea and wave, any vestige of land is most cheering. How must Columbus and his disheartened people have hailed the floating weeds, which assured them that the world of their vision was indeed one of reality. Such heralds can never be correctly estimated by those who dwell quietly at home; but on the tossing deep we realize the truth of the words of the poet;—

"The floating weeds and birds that meet
The wanderers back at sea,
And tell that fresh and new and sweet
A world is on their lea,
Are like the hints of that high clime,
Toward which we steer o'er waves of time."

A SABBATH AT SEA.

SWIFT o'er the tossing deep,
As woke the Sabbath day,
With favoring breeze and swelling sails
A bark pursued its way ;
When lo ! a gush of music sweet
Came from its lonely breast,
A holy voice of hymns, that lulled
The wrathful wave to rest.

Upon the sheltered deck
Was held a sacred rite,
The worship of old Ocean's King,
The Lord of power and might,
Who with a simple line of sand
Doth curb its monstrous tide,
And lay his finger on its mane,
To quell its fiercest pride.

High words of solemn prayer
Each listening spirit stir,
And by the fair young babe knelt down
The bronzed mariner ;

On couch and mattress ranged around,
The sick forgot their grief,
And drank the healing lore of heaven,
As dew the thirsty leaf.

Poor Erin's ardent sons
Up from the steerage came,
And in their rude response invoked
Jehovah's awful name ;
And little children gathered near,
Blest in their guileless years,
Hands folded close, and lips apart,
And thoughts that moved to tears.

Filled with the scene sublime,
The priestly heart grew bold,
To speak with eloquence of Him,
Who the great deep controlled ;
And loftier was his youthful brow,
And deep his tuneful voice,
That warned the sinner to repent,
And bade the saint rejoice.

A spell was on the heart,
That bowed the proudest head,
Above us the eternal skies,
Beneath our feet the dead ;
The dead who knew no burial rite,
Save storm, or battle cry,

Whose tombs are where the coral grows,
And the sea-monsters lie.

It is a blessed thing
In God's own courts to stand,
And hear the pealing organ swell,
And join the prayerful band ;
Yet who in full dependence feels
That One above can save,
Until his fleeting life he throws
Upon the faithless wave ?

It is a blessed thing
To heed the Sabbath chime,
And on 'neath summer foliage walk
To keep the holy time ;
Yet who hath all devoutly praised
Him, who his breath hath kept,
Until the strong unpitying surge
Raged round him while he slept ?

Earth, the indulgent nurse,
With love her son doth guide,
His safety on her quiet breast
Begets an inborn pride ;
But Ocean, king austere,
Doth mock his trusting gaze,
And try the fabric of the faith,
By which on Heaven he stays.

Again that tuneful sound
 Swells o'er the watery plain ;
How passing sweet are Zion's songs
 Amid the stranger main.
Our vessel taught them to the winds
 Along her venturous way,
And bade the lawless billows hush
 In their tremendous play.

Throughout the broad expanse
 No living thing is seen,
Except the stormy petrel's wing,
 That flecks the blue serene.
Praise ! Praise ! methinks the hoariest surge
 Might learn that lesson well,
Which even the infant zephyr's breath
 To earth's frail flowers doth tell.

What though the tender thought
 Of loved ones far away
Steals lingering to the moistened eye,
 Mid prayer and chanting lay ;
Yet trust in a Redeemer's word,
 And hopes that blossom free,
And hallowed memories cling around
 This Sabbath on the sea.

Sunday, August 9, 1840.

APPROACH TO ENGLAND.

LAND! Land! —The sailor hears no sweeter sound;
And the tired voyager leaps up, to catch
Through lifted glass yon misty line, that marks
On the horizon's edge his destined goal.

Warm-hearted Erin, to the utmost verge
Of old Kinsale, dipping her snowy foot
In the cold surge, came forth, and held a light,
And breathed good wishes on our midnight way.
But then we lost her, and went groping on,
Day after day, fog-wrapt and full of fear,
O'er the vexed Channel, the resounding lead
Probing its depths, and he who ruled our bark
Sleepless, and marked with care for those, who gave
Both life and fortune to his faithful charge.

Would that I loved thee, Ocean!

I had heard

Much of thy praise, in story and in song,
And oft by fancy lured, was half prepared
To worship thee. But 't is a weary life
To be a child of thine. Thou hast a smile

Of witching sweetness, yet thy moods are strange,
And thy caprices terrible.

Of these

I was forewarned, however, and complain
Less of thy frowns, than thine indulgences.
Thine everlasting rocking makes the soul
Peevish and sick, like an o'er-cradled child ;
And thy protracted calmness lulls the mind
To dreamy idleness, stealing away
That industry, in which is half our bliss.
Things from their nature and their proper use
Thou seem'st to turn. The book we fain would read
Leaps from our hand, or cheats the swimming sight.
The needle pricks our fingers, and the pen
Makes zigzag lines. If still we persevere
To write against thy will, with desperate zeal
Grasping the table, as the Jews of old
With one hand wrought upon their wall, and held
Their weapons with the other, down amain
By some unlucky lurch the ink-stand comes,
Deluging things most precious. Last resort
Is conversation, and with quickened zeal
We turn to that, reduced again to say
The hundredth time, what we had said before.
Yet, if perchance some witticism, or tale,
We've hoarded up, and bring exulting forth,
No smile repays our toil, the listener yawns,
For thou dost dim perception, and enwrap

Attention in a trance, and memory drive
To the four winds.

Here sit a pair at chess,
Absorbed of course, and there another group,
Who, scarcely keep a show of life, to drag
Some other drowsy game. Still wiser those,
Who to the dull necessity of things
Yielding perforce, on sofa, or on chair,
Doze oyster-like.

I would not wish to be
Fastidious, or too difficult to please ;
Yet I 've a fondness now and then to tread
On something firm, and not be always dashed
Against the wall when walking, nor in sleep
Tossed from the pillow to the state-room floor,
Aghast and ill at ease.

Yet these are freaks
Doubtless unworthy to be kept in mind ;
And we have much to thank thee for, Oh Deep !
And would not be ungrateful. Thou hast shown
Thy summer face, and poured thy bracing air
Salubrious round us, and called freely forth
Thy various actors on their tossing stage ;
The kingly whale, the porpoise in huge shoals
Disporting heavily, the rough sea-horse
Churning the foam, like ponderous elephant,
The dolphin, fainting in his rainbow shroud,
The white gull, sailing through the blue serene,

And the faint land-bird, as it quivering hung
Mid our wet shrouds, to die.

And when I've bowed
My soul to thee, thou hast not failed to breathe
A glorious thought therein, pointing to Him,
Who counts thy thunder as an infant's sigh.
And when thy mountain-waves, with solemn night
Upon their crests, went rushing on, to do
The secret bidding of the Invisible,
Oft hath their terrible beauty waked a thrill
Of rapturous awe, as if a spirit spake
From their dark depths of God.

And thou didst spare
Our trembling vessel mid the breakers hoarse,
What time, by urgent winds propelled, she went
Down toward unpyting Bardsey's frightful reef.

What did I say? *Thou spar'dst us!*

No. His hand
Who heareth prayer sustained us, as we ran
O'er wreck-paved Cardigan such fearful course,
As turned the proudest pale.

And so, farewell!
I give thee thanks, but most of all rejoice
At our leave-taking.

Lo! the pilot boat
Speeds like a dancing feather o'er the surge,
And the dim outline of the shore grows green,
Lifting its spires and turrets to the cloud.

O England, Mother-Land! how oft my heart
In its young musings hath gone out to thee
With filial love. For thou didst tell me tales
Of ancient times, and of the steel-clad knights,
Who battled for the truth, and of the lays
Of wandering minstrels, harping in thy halls,
Until I longed to see her face, whose voice
Could charm me so, even as the simple child,
Going to rest, asks for its mother's kiss.

Therefore have I come forth upon the wave,
I, whose most dear and unambitious joy
Was, 'neath the low porch of my vine-clad home,
To twine at early morn such tender shoots,
As the cool night put forth, or listening catch
The merry voices of my little ones
Lifting the blossoms from their turfy bed,
I have come strangely forth upon the wave,
To take thee by the hand, before I die.

Show me the birth-place of those bards of old,
Whose music moved me, as a mighty wind
Doth bow the reed. Show me their marble tombs,
Whose varied wisdom taught the awe-struck world,
Those giants of old time. Show me thy domes
And castellated towers, with ivy crowned,
The proud memorials of a buried race,
Pour on my ear thy rich Cathedral strain,
England, our mother, and to my far home

In the green West I will rejoicing turn,
Wearing thine image on my grateful heart.

Friday, August 21, 1840.

OUR voyage across the Atlantic had been eminently prosperous. From our departure from New York, August 1, 1840, we encountered no obstruction, during the seventeen days, that brought us to the Irish coast. Our good ship, the *Europe*, Captain Edward G. Marshall, surmounted the waves buoyantly, and often seemed to skim their surface, like a joyous bird. We almost imagined her to be conscious of the happiness she imparted, as seated on the deck, in the glorious summer moonlight, we saw her sweeping through the crested billows, with a pleasant, rushing sound, right onward in the way she ought to go.

Methought, also, the deep bestirred itself, to exhibit its dramatis personæ in good condition for our amusement. Immense families of porpoises rolled and gamboled; other huge creatures, seeming to have hideous ears, leaped and plunged heavily; and a whale, with her cub, glided onward, her huge mass inflated with a mother's pride and pleasure, as she led her promising monster to his ocean-play. The sun came forth from his chambers and returned again in glorious majesty, and the coming phosphorescence, contrasted with the fleecy crest and the purple base of the waves, was intensely beautiful.

Thus were we cheated along our watery way, — and by making the most of the scenery without, and the resources within, experienced as little ennui as could be expected, and indulged in no anticipation of evil. But that terror of mariners awaited us in St. George's Channel, a dense fog upon an iron-bound coast. We had joyfully seen the light in the head of old Kinsale; afterwards the harbor of Cork, and the mountains of Dungannon revealed themselves, and were lost. Then wrapped in a thick curtain, we went on fearfully with continual soundings. A chill rain occasionally fell, — and the winds moaned and cried among the shrouds, like living creatures. The faithful and attentive Captain, oppressed with a sense of his responsibility, scarcely took refreshment or repose. At midnight, on the 19th, we heard his voice cheerfully announcing, that a bright light from Tuscar Rock was visible, that our course was right, and that all might retire to rest, free from anxiety.

As morning dawned, I lay waking, and listening to sounds, that seemed near my ear and even upon my pillow. They were like water forcing its way among obstructions, or sometimes as if it were poured hissing upon heated stones. At length I spoke to the friend, who shared my state-room, of a suppressed voice of eddies and whirlpools, like what is often heard in passing Hurl-Gate, when the tide is low. She thought me imaginative; but on hearing that I had long been reasoning with myself, and yet the sounds remained,

she threw on her dressing-gown and ascended to the deck. The fog was still heavy, and all things appeared as usual. Soon the Carpenter, being sent aloft to make some repairs, shouted in a terrible voice "breakers! breakers!" The mist lifted its curtain a little, and there was a rock sixty feet in height, against which the sea was breaking with tremendous violence, and towards which we were propelled by wind and tide. At the first appalling glance, it would seem that we were scarcely a ship's length from it. In the agony of the moment, the Captain clasping his hands exclaimed that all was lost. Still, under this weight of anguish, more for others than himself, he was enabled to give the most minute orders with entire presence of mind. They were promptly obeyed; the ship as if instinct with intelligence obeyed her helm, and sweeping rapidly around, escaped the jaws of destruction. Still we were long in troubled waters, and it was not for many hours, and until we had entirely past Holyhead, that the Captain took his eye from the glass, or quitted his post of observation. It would seem that, after he had retired to rest the previous night, the ship must have been imperfectly steered, and aided by the strong drifting of the tides in that region, was led out of her course towards Cardigan bay, thus encountering the reef which is laid down on the charts, as Bardsey's Isle.

The passengers, during this period of peril, were

generally quiet, and offered no obstruction, through their own alarms, to the necessary evolutions on deck. One from the steerage, an Irishman, who had been thought, but a few days before, in the last stages of pulmonary disease, was seen, in the excitement of the moment, laboring among the ropes and blocks, as if in full health and vigor. It was fearful to see him, with a face of such mortal paleness, springing away from death in one form, to meet and resist him in another.

Every circumstance and personage, connected with that scene of danger, seem to adhere indelibly to recollection. A young girl came and sat down on the cabin floor, and said in a low, tremulous tone, "I have loved my Saviour, but have not been faithful to Him as I ought;" and in that posture of humility awaited His will.

A mother, who since coming on board had taken the entire charge of an infant not a year old, retired with it in her arms to a sofa, when the expectation of death was the strongest upon us all. Masses of rich, black hair fell over her brow and shoulders, as her eyes rivetted upon the nursling, with whom she might so soon go down beneath the deep waters. He returned that gaze with an almost equal intensity, and there they sat, uttering no sound, scarcely breathing, and pale as a group of sculptured marble. His large, dark eyes seemed to cast

“ Not those baby looks that go
All unmeaning to and fro,
But an earnest gazing deep,
Such as soul gives soul at length,
When through work and wail of years
It hath won a solemn strength.”

In that strange communion was the mother imparting to her nursling her own speechless weight of agony, at parting with other beloved objects in their distant home? Or did the tender soul take upon itself a burden, which pressed from it a sudden ripeness of sympathy? Or was the intensity of prayer drawing the spirit of the child into that of the mother, until they were as one before God?

Strong lessons were learned at an hour like this. Ages of thought were compressed into a moment. The reach of an unbodied spirit, or some glimpse of the power, by which the deeds and motives of a whole life may be brought into view, at the scrutiny of the last judgment, seemed to reveal itself. Methought the affections, that so imperatively bind to earth, loosened their links in that very extremity of peril; and a strange courage sprang up, and the lonely soul, driven to one, sole trust, took hold of the pierced hand of the Redeemer, and found it strong to save.

That night the prayer and sacred music, which regularly hallowed our hour of retirement, should

have been more deeply surcharged with devout gratitude than ever; snatched as we had been from the devouring flood, and from "the evil time, that snar-eth the sons of men, when it falleth suddenly upon them."

DIVINE SERVICE

AT THE CHURCH FOR THE BLIND, IN LIVERPOOL.

ONE day, the ocean's might to dare,
While the lone ship with rushing prow
Adventurous cuts her doubtful way,
With clouds above and waves below,

One day, the booming surge to hear,
Mid wrecking rocks' impetuous roar,
And press the next with speechless joy
Our mother Albion's verdant shore,

To list her Sabbath's tuneful chimes,
And join the throng, whose ceaseless streams
Flow toward the temples of her God,
Seem like the mockery of dreams.

Yet thus it is. And here we stand
Within that consecrated dome,
Which blest Benevolence hath reared
To yield the sightless poor a home.

Yes, thus it is. How passing sweet,
Ye stricken blind, your chanted lays,
Those breathings of a chastened soul,
That turns its discipline to praise.

Yet think not, though in heart you mourn
The shrouded charms of hill and plain,
That all your lot withholds is loss,
Or all our boasted pleasures, gain.

Ye miss the sight of wan decay,
The wrinkle on the brow so dear,
The sunny ringlet changed to gray,
The flush of youth to sorrow's tear.

Ye miss the cold averted eye,
The scowl of passion's fierce control,
The leer of pride, the frown of hate,
The glance of scorn that stings the soul.

Ye miss the fading of the rose,
The lily drooping on its stalk,
The frosty blight, that autumn throws
O'er vine-wreathed bower and summer walk.

We see indeed the form, the smile,
The lip, that gives affection's kiss;
Yet thoughtless oft, or thankless grow,
Even from the fulness of our bliss.

We roam amid creation's wealth,
Vale, grove, and stream and flower-decked plain,
Yet heedless of their Maker's voice,
Become desultory and vain.

But musing contemplation seeks
Well pleased your bosom's inmost cell,
And Memory lauds the thoughtful train,
Who guard her precious gold so well.

Then be not sad; for Knowledge holds
High converse with the hermit mind,
And tenderest Sympathy is yours,
And heaven-born Music loves the blind.

She loves and claims you for her own,
And strives melodiously to pay,
With rapturous thrill and dulcet tone,
For what stern Nature takes away.

Say, hath there not been partial praise
Dealt to that orb, whose skill refined
Collects the tints of earth and sky,
And paints their picture for the mind?

While the reporter of the soul,
That patient friend since life was young,
Who links reverberated sound,
Still toils unhonored and unsung.

The eye, with all its mystic lore,
Its sparkling glance, its varying die,
From lover's lute and minstrel's strain
Hath drunk of old high eulogy ;

While in its clustering thicket hid,
The ear unchronicled remained,
Yet ever with the ruling mind
Close league and covenant maintained.

For what were eloquence, shouldst thou,
Harp of the soul, thine aid deny ?
And how would love's soft errand speed,
Shouldst thou forget his whispered sigh ?

And how must high Devotion droop,
If all his glorious themes should be
Lost in thy labyrinthine maze,
Or misinterpreted by thee ?

Oh peaceful blind ! the wheels of life,
That with their dust-clouds dim the soul,
Ye see not their revolving strife,
But catch their music as they roll ;

Ye see not how the scythe of time
Cuts the young blossom ere it springs,
Yet may you trace with skill sublime
The heavenward movement of his wings.

Chant on ! Chant on ! ye sightless choir ;
Still bow the heart to music's sway,
And fill the stranger's eye with tears,
As ye have done for us this day.

Liverpool,
Sunday, August 23, 1840.

It is impossible to listen without emotion to the sacred music of the blind, in their Church at Liverpool. They chant as in the cathedral-service, accompanied by the organ, and sing anthems and other compositions with a soul-thrilling sweetness. Of course, all these performances are acts of memory, which is doubtless rendered more retentive by the concentrativeness of thought, which blindness promotes. The noble Asylum for these sightless worshippers is well patronized. Their Church is adorned with two large paintings, and a transparency ; and was filled by a respectable audience. The seats for the objects of the Institution are in the gallery. Sweet and heaven-born is that Charity, which, if she may not like her Master open the blind eye to the works of nature, pours upon the afflicted mind the light of knowledge, and lifts up the soul to the "clear shining of the sun of righteousness."

We were taken by the kindness of a friend to the afternoon worship in the Chapel of the Blue Coat Hospital. Two hundred and fifty boys, and one hundred girls, were assembled there, in the neat uniforms

of the Institution. To our surprise the whole service was performed by them. A boy of very grave deportment read the Liturgy with a solemn intonation, and the others distinctly responded. Another officiated as organist, and all joined zealously in the singing. Catechisms and portions of Scripture were recited by a selection of the scholars, and the exercises conducted and closed decorously.

The building appropriated to the Institution is spacious, and perfectly neat. In one apartment are portraits of its benefactors, among whom are some, who were once pensioners of its bounty. The advantages for an extended education are not so great here, as in the establishment for the Blue Coat Boys in London, which has produced some literary men of note. The Liverpool beneficiaries are prepared for the practical walks of life, and become apprentices to artisans, or tradesmen. Before leaving, we were invited to see the children taking their Sunday supper. Each had on a wooden plate a huge mass of bread, with a modicum of cheese, and by its side a small cup of ale; all of which elements they were discussing with a visible relish. Their appearance was healthful, and their deportment quiet, and in perfect subordination. How true is that benevolence, which rescues the young from ignorance and poverty, and inspires them with motives to become useful here, and happy hereafter. It is peculiarly honorable in a commercial city, to de-

vote time and attention to these departments of philanthropy.

Liverpool possesses objects of interest of a different nature. The magnitude of its Docks astonishes every stranger. Its New Cemetery is beautiful. We visited also its Bazaar, Custom-House, and Town-Hall. The latter has a noble stair-case, and good prospect from the dome, and in some of its apartments are portraits, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of various members of the royal family. Opposite the Exchange is a bronze statue of Nelson. He is depicted in the death-struggle, Fame and Victory holding over his head several crowns. The pedestal is surrounded by nine colossal figures in chains, representing the various nations, which he had either subjugated, or compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of Great Britain.

We were gratified by seeing some of the descendants of Roscoe, who ennobled the mercantile profession by elegant literature, and his native city by his fame. On the fifth day after our arrival we left Liverpool for the Lakes of Cumberland, well pleased with the kindness and polite attentions, which had met us at the threshold of the Mother-Land.

CHESTER.

QUEER, quaint, old Chester, — I had heard of thee
From one, who in his boyhood knew thee well,
And therefore did I scan with earnest eye
The castled turret, where he used to dwell,
And the fair walnut tree, whose branches bent
Their broad, embracing arms around the battlement.

His graphic words were like the painter's touch,
So true to life, that I could scarce persuade
Myself I had not seen thy face before,
Or round their ancient walls and ramparts strayed,
And often, as thy varied haunts I ken'd
Stretched out my hand to thee, as a familiar friend.

Grotesque and honest-hearted art thou, sure,
And so behind this very changeful day,
So fond of antique fashions, it would seem
Thou must have slept an age or two away.
Thy very streets are galleries, and I trow
Thy people all were born some hundred years ago.

Old Rome was once thy guest, beyond a doubt,
And many a keepsake to thy hand she gave,
Trinket, and rusted coin, and lettered stone,
Ere with her legions she recrossed the wave,
And thou dost hoard her gifts with pride and care,
As erst the Gracchian dame displayed her jewels rare.

Here, 'neath thy dim Cathedral let us pause,
And list the echo of that sacred chime,
That, when the heathen darkness fled away,
Went up at Easter and at Christmas time,
Chants of His birth, who woke the angel-train,
And of that bursting tomb, where Death himself was
slain.

Ho! Mercian Abbey, hast thou ne'er a tale
Of grim Wulpherius, with his warriors dread?
Or of the veiled nuns at vigil pale,
Who owned the rule of Saxon Ethelfled?
Did hopeless love in yon dark cloisters sigh?
Or in thy dungeon vaults some hapless victim die?

And there mid graceful shades is Eaton Hall,
With princely gate and Gothic front of pride,
In modern beauty, though perchance we fain
Might choose with hoar antiquity to bide,
For she, with muffled brow and legend wild,
Knows well to charm the ear of Fancy's musing child.

Baronial splendor decks yon gilded halls,
And here in niches cold are armed knights,
And costly paintings on the lofty walls,
And every charm that luxury delights,
And ample parks, and velvet lawns, where stray
The ruminating herd, or the white lambkins play.

But yet the flowers, that with their thousand eyes
Look timid up and nurse their infant gem,
To me are dearer than the gorgeous dome
Or fretted arch, that overshadows them.
Methought their soft lips ask, all bright, with dew,
The welfare of their friends, that in my country grew.

Yes, in my simple garden, far away
Beyond the ocean waves, that toss and roll,
Your gentle kindred drink the healthful ray,
Heaven's holy voice within their secret soul,
And the same words they speak, so pure and free,
Unto my loved ones there, that here ye say to me.

Tuesday, August 25, 1840.

The features of Chester are peculiar, at least to an American eye. Its dwellings are so constructed, with a story projecting over the side-walks, that the passengers move along through covered vestibules; and at first view, they who are in the streets seem to be in the houses, and they who are in the houses, in the streets. It exhibits the only specimen of ancient for-

tification in England, with the exception of Carlisle. Its walls are nearly two miles in circumference, and afford an agreeable promenade. The towers, by which they were defended, were anciently placed at bow-shot distance, that they might afford aid to each other, as well as annoy by their arrows a besieging enemy.

Chester has a Castle where a garrison is stationed, and a Cathedral erected in the fifteenth century, which is 350 feet in length, by 75 in breadth, and the altitude of the tower 127. Its most ancient portion, which was originally an abbey, was founded 1160 years since, by Wulpherius, king of Mercia. The Danes destroyed it when they took possession of Chester, in 895; but it was afterwards restored, and placed under the government of Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great. Beneath its low-browed arches we were shown the tomb of Henry IV. of Germany, and some Roman relics. Among the latter was a stone, with an obscure Latin inscription, purporting that one thousand paces of the wall were built by the cohort under Ocratius Maximinius. It is well known that the head-quarters of the twentieth Roman legion were at Chester, and that it is supposed to derive its name from *Castrum*, a camp or military station. Many circumstances led me to explore with peculiar interest this antique and fortified town.

A ride of four miles beyond it brings you to Eaton-Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster. Its principal gate of entrance is said to have been erect-

ed at the expense of £10,000; and the grounds, which are seven miles in extent, are laid out in parks, interspersed with shrubbery, beautiful flowers, and tasteful porters' lodges. The mansion, a specimen of the modern Gothic, is seven hundred feet in length, and exhibits an imposing range of towers, pinnacles, and turrets. The interior has a costly display of paintings, statuary, sculpture, and gilding. The dining-room, state bed-room, and superb library, one hundred and thirty feet in length, and divided into three compartments, with other richly-furnished apartments were shown to us. As it was the first baronial establishment our republican eyes had ever beheld, we regarded it with attention. There was much to admire, especially in the high state of cultivation that marked its environs; yet the mind reverted with a deeper sympathy to the time-worn structures we had just quitted, and preferred to linger among the shadows of mouldering antiquity.

During our ride of ten miles from Chester to Eastham, where we took passage in a steamer for Liverpool, we had delightful views of the blossomed hedges and cottage-homes of England. And as whatever we see of surpassing excellence in a foreign country, we are naturally desirous of transplanting to our own, we could not avoid wishing that our agricultural friends at home, who are such models of industry and domestic virtue, would be more careful to surround their dwellings with comfortable and agreeable objects. Were

they to build on a smaller scale, and spare the expense of large rooms, seldom to be used, and never to be warmed, for a fruit enclosure, or a walk of shrubbery, or a garden with flowers, would it not make their young people love home the better, and be happier there? What is lovely to the eye need be no hindrance to the "things that are of good report." It may be a help to them. If the farmer, instead of making war on all the forest-trees, as if they were Amorites and Jebusites, whom he had been commanded to exterminate, would save some of those majestic columns of his Maker's workmanship, and even indulge himself in the pleasure of planting others, on the borders of the sunny road, or by the sparkling fountain, he might hear the wearied traveller bless him. And if, instead of counting it lost time to beautify the home where he trains his little ones, he would in his leisure moments nurture a vine, or a rose-plant for them, and teach them to admire the bud opening its infant eye, and the tendril reaching forth its clasping hands, he would find their characters refining under these sweet rural influences, and their hearts more ready to appreciate His goodness, who feedeth the lily on the moorlands, and maketh the "wilderness to blossom as the rose."

KENDAL.

KENDAL, the eldest child of Westmoreland,
With its white homes, and cheerful poplar shades,
And graceful bridges o'er the winding Ken,
And happy children playing in the streets,
Came pleasantly upon us.

So we paused,
Leaving the echo of the tiresome wheels,
Rejoiced, amid those rustic haunts to roam,
And grassy lanes.

There was an ancient church,
Dark-browed, and Saxon-arched, and ivy-clad;
And there amid its hallowed aisles we trod,
Reading the mural tablets of the dead,
Or poring o'er the dimly-sculptured names
Upon its sunken pavement.

Next, we sought
Yon lonely castle, with its ruined towers,
Around whose base the tangled foliage, mixed
With shapeless stones, proclaimed no frequent foot
Intrudes amid its desolate domain.
Yet here, the legend saith, thine infant eye

First saw the light, Catharine ! the latest spouse
 Of the eighth Tudor's bluff and burly king.
 Here did thy childhood share the joyous sports
 That well it loves ? Or did they quaintly set
 The stiff-starched ruff around thy slender neck,
 And bid thee sit upright, and not demean
 Thy rank and dignity ?

Say, didst thou con
 Thy horn-book lessons mid those dreary halls,
 With their dark wainscot of old British oak ?
 Or on the broidered arras deftly trace
 Some tale of tourney and of regal pomp,
 That touched perchance the incipient energy
 Of young ambition to become a queen ?—
 If it were so, methinks that latent pride
 Was well rebuked, perchance purged out entire
 With euphrasy and rue.

How didst thou dare
 To build thy nest where other birds had fallen
 So fearfully ? If e'er the pictured scenes
 Of earlier years stole to thy palace-home,
 Pouring their quiet o'er its vexing cares,
 The cottage-girl, who watched her father's sheep,
 The peaceful peasant singing at his toil,
 Meekly content, came there no pang to chase
 The fresh bloom from thy cheek ?

When in his sleep
 The despot murmured sullenly and stern,
 Didst thou not tremble, lest in dreams he saw

The axe and scaffold, and would madly wake
To blend thy fate with that of Ann Boleyn
And hapless Howard ?

True, thy pious soul
Had confidence in God, and this upheld
In all calamities, and gave thee power
To scape the snare ; but yet methinks 't were sad
For woman's timid love to unfold itself
Within a tyrant's breast, trusting its peace
To the sharp thunderbolt.

And so farewell,
Last of the six that rashly spread their couch
In the strong lion's den.

My talk with thee
Doth add new pleasure to our quiet stroll
Amid the lowly train, who, free from thoughts
Of wild ambition, hold their noiseless way.

Then toward the traveller's home, as twilight drew
Her dusky mantle o'er the face of things,
We bent our steps, with many a gathered theme
For sweet discourse, till welcome evening brought
Refreshment and repose. To our fair board
The funny people of the Ken came up,
Temping the palate in the varied forms
Of culinary art, while with the fruits
That ripen slow 'neath England's shaded skies,
Were fresh-made cheeses from the creamy bowls,
Filled by the herds that ruminatè all day,

In pastures richly green.

So, well content,
Beside the shaded lamp we lingering sate,
And spoke of home, and of the Power who shields
The weary traveller, and doth bid him sleep
Secure 'neath foreign skies, cheering his dream
With faces of his loved ones far away,
And sound of gentle gales that stir the vines
O'er his own door.

And thus he seems to hold
Existence in two hemispheres, and draw
From nightly visions mid his household joys
Fresh strength at morn to run his destined way,
God of the stranger ! with new trust in thee.

Wednesday, August 26, 1840.

We found at Kendal a most comfortable retreat at the "Commercial Inn." Though less splendid in its arrangement than some of the establishments which distinguish the larger cities, it comprised in itself, and in the attention of its hosts, every material to satisfy a party, wearied like ourselves with a recent voyage, and happy to refresh our spirits during a day of rain in each other's society. On our return from the lakes of Cumberland, we visited it again, promising to recommend it to our friends. Indeed it would be safe to recommend in England all the means and appliances of a traveller's course, the fine roads, coaches, coachmen, and horses, the cars and arrangements on the

railways, the scrupulous neatness of the public houses, the excellence of the articles presented at the tables, the respectful attendance of intelligent servants; and if the price demanded is in proportion, the one who partakes of such benefits should be willing to accord the remuneration. If he is not, he will be very likely to become so, after some experience of the hindrances and discomforts of continental travel.

In the old church of Kendal, a singular incident took place soon after those civil wars had subsided, which preceded the execution of Charles the First. A Westmoreland gentleman, by the name of Philipson, an adherent to the cause of the king, was on a visit to his brother, who had a pleasant residence on the principal island in the lake of Winandermere. While enjoying that quiet retirement, the house was besieged by some soldiers under the command of Colonel Briggs, a parliamentarian officer, who desired to get possession of a person supposed to be so obnoxious to the party in power. The arrival of unexpected forces obliged him to abandon his enterprise. Philipson being exceedingly spirited determined on retaliation. He advanced with a troop of horse to Kendal, where Colonel Briggs was, and hearing that he had gone to church repaired thither, and entering it on horseback rode entirely through it. The consternation of the assembled worshippers was great, and his profanation of the sacred edifice gained him nothing,

as the object of his search was not there. Probably most readers will be reminded of the poetical use made of this circumstance by Sir Walter Scott, in his *Rokeby*.

“Through the gothic arch there sprang
A horseman armed, at headlong speed,
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed,
All scattered backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham.
Three bounds that noble courser gave,
The first has reached the central nave,
The second cleared the chancel wide,
The third, he was at Wycliffe’s side.”

LAKE WINANDERMERE.

OH, sweet Winandermere, how blest
Is he, who on thy marge may rest,
Rear his light bower 'neath summer's ray,
And from the loud world steal away ;
And here, when twilight calm and pale
Spreads o'er thy mist a deeper veil,
List to the ripple on thy shore,
Or mark the lightly dripping oar,
Or sink to sleep, when eve shall cease,
Like thee, with all mankind at peace.

The angler here, with trolling line,
Doth muse from morn till day's decline,
And when brown autumn sets its seal,
How sharply rings the hunter's steel ;
But I, with these no concert keep,
Nor aim to vex thy tranquil deep,
No barbed hook with pang and start
Would bury in the simple heart,
Nor work their woe, that wandering free
Would dip the oary foot in thee.

Fair lakes my own dear land can boast,
From inland glades to ocean coast,
Through woven copse or thicket green,
Their blue eyes deeply fringed are seen,
On hillock's side they scoop a nest,
Like dew-drop nursed in lily's breast,
By Seneca and lone St. Clair,
The mirrored maiden braids her hair,
And guileless to the searching sun
Turns crystal-breasted Horricon.

Yet couldst thou see our mighty chain
From red Algonquin to the main,
Those seas on seas, which thundering leap
O'er strong Niagara's mountain-steep,
And bid St. Lawrence hoarsely pour
Round Anticosti's trembling shore,
Thou, at their side, bright gem, wouldst be
Like timid brooklet to the sea,
And highest swoln and tempest-tost,
Still, as a noteless speck, be lost.

But o'er thy brow deep memories glide,
And spirit-voices stir thy tide,
For thou of her art pleased to tell
Queen of the lyre, who loved thee well,
And in the Dove's Nest by thy side,
Sought from the gazing throng to hide,
The laurel o'er her casement darkening,

The rose-tree for her footsteps hearkening.
I see her ! though in dust she sleeps ;
I hear her ! though no lyre she sweeps ;
And for her sake so fondly dear
I love thee, sweet Winandermere.

Thursday, August 27, 1840.

A cottage in the neighborhood of Winandermere, called the "Dove's Nest," derives deep interest from having been the favored retreat of Mrs. Hemans, during a part of the summer of 1830. While on a visit to Wordsworth, she was struck with its retired beauty, and was delighted to find that she could engage rooms in it for herself and her boys, for the sojourn of a few weeks. From thence she wrote a friend :

"Henry is out with his fishing rod, Charles sketching, and Claude climbing the hill above the Dove's Nest. I cannot follow, for I have not strength yet. But in feeling, I think that I am more of a child than any of them. How shall I tell you of all the loveliness by which I am surrounded, of all the soothing, holy influences it seems to be shedding down into my inmost heart. I have sometimes feared within the last two years, that the effect of suffering and of adulation, of feelings too highly wrought and too severely tried, would have been to dry up within me the fountains of such pure and simple enjoyment. But now I *know* that

‘ Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.’

“ I am so much delighted with the spot, that I scarcely know how I shall leave it. The situation is one of the deepest retirement; but the bright lake before me, with all its fairy barks and sails, glancing like things of life over its blue waters, prevents the solitude from being overshadowed by anything like sadness.”

To connect the image of the sweetest of all poetesses with the scenery of Winandermere, was like adding a soul of music to a form of beauty. We fancied her seated in the alcove which she has described, as embosomed with the sweet brier and the moss rose-tree, her sons sporting around her, or listening to her sweet words, and regretted that our visit here should have been ten years too late.

Winandermere was much wrapped in mists and clouds while we were upon its banks. Yet we had some glimpses of its exceeding beauty. Sails were continually gliding over its surface. It has islands in its centre, and a back-ground of distant mountains. It is ten miles in length, but so narrow that its circumference does not exceed twenty three miles. It abounds with fine fish, and is a favorite haunt for wild fowl. Long droughts, or protracted rains, but slightly vary its appearance, though it is said to be subject to strong agitation from winds and storms.

Americans, accustomed to the broad expanse of Erie

and Ontario, or to those mighty inland seas, Huron and Superior, smile to hear the magnitude of Winandermere extolled, though they freely accord the meed of loveliness and beauty to this largest of English lakes.

GRASSMERE AND RYDAL-WATER.

O VALE of Grassmere! tranquil and shut out
From all the strife that shakes a jarring world,
How quietly thy village roofs are bowered
In the cool verdure, while thy graceful spire
Guardeth the ashes of the noble dead,
And, like a fixed and solemn sentinel,
Holm-Crag looks down on all.

And thy pure lake,
Spreading its waveless breast of azure out
'Tween thee and us, pencil, nor lip of man
May fitly show its loveliness. The soul
Doth hoard it as a gem, and fancy-led,
Explore its curving shores, its lonely isle,
That, like an emerald clasped in crystal, sleeps.

Ho, stern Helvellyn! with thy savage cliffs
And dark ravines, where the rash traveller's foot
Too oft hath wandered far and ne'er returned,
Why dost thou press so close yon margin green?
Like border-chieftain seeking for his bride
Some cottage-maiden. Prince among the hills,

That each upon his feudal seat maintains
Strict sovereignty, hast thou a tale of love
For gentle Grassmere, that thou thus dost droop
Thy plumed helmet o'er her, and peruse
With such a searching gaze her mirrored brow ?

She listeneth coyly, and her guileless depths
Are troubled at a tender thought from thee.
And yet, methinks, some speech of love should dwell
In scenes so beautiful. For not in vain,
Nor with a feeble voice, doth He, who spread
Such glorious charms, bespeak man's kindness
For all whom He hath made, bidding the heart
Grasp every creature with a warm embrace
Of brotherhood.

Lo ! what fantastic forms,
In sudden change are traced upon the sky.
The sun doth subdivide himself, and shine
On either side of an elongate cloud,
Which, like an alligator huge and thin,
Pierceth his disk. And then an ostrich seems
Strangely to perch upon a wreath of foam,
And gaze disdainful on the kingly orb,
That lay o'erspent and weary. But he roused
Up as a giant, and the welkin glowed
With rushing splendor, while his puny foes
Vanished in air. Old England's oaks outstretched
Their mighty arms, and took that cloudless glance

Into their bosoms, as a precious thing
To be remembered long.

And so we turned,
And through romantic glades pursued our way,
Where Rydal-Water spreads its thundering force,
And through the dark gorge makes a double plunge
Abruptly beautiful. Thicket, and rock,
And ancient summer-house, and sheeted foam,
All exquisitely blent, while deafening sound
Of torrents battling with their ruffian foes
Filled the admiring gaze with awe, and wrought
A dim forgetfulness of all beside.

Thee, too, I found within thy sylvan dell,
Whose music thrilled my heart, when life was new,
Wordsworth ! mid cliff and stream and cultured rose,
In love with Nature's self, and she with thee,
Thy ready hand, that from the landscape culled
Its long familiar charms, rock, tree, and spire,
With kindness half paternal, leading on
My stranger footsteps through the garden walk,
Mid shrubs and flowers that from thy planting grew ;
The group of dear ones gathering round thy board,
She, the first friend, still as in youth beloved,
The daughter, sweet companion, — sons mature,
And favorite grandchild, with his treasured phrase,
The evening lamp, that o'er thy silver locks
And ample brow fell fitfully, and touched
Thy lifted eye with earnestness of thought,

Are with me as a picture, ne'er to fade,
Till death shall darken all material things.

Friday, August 28, 1842.

An excursion to Grassmere and Helvellyn, the falls of Rydal-Water, Stock-Gill-Force, and other points of interest in the vicinity of Ambleside, communicated great pleasure to our party; but at our return we found it had been purchased by the loss of a call from the poet Wordsworth. Though I had more earnestly desired to see him than almost any distinguished writer, whom from early life had been admired, it was with a degree of diffidence, amounting almost to trepidation, that I accepted the invitation to his house, which had been left at the inn. As I approached his lovely and unpretending habitation, embowered with ivy and roses, I felt that to go into the presence of Europe's loftiest crowned head, would not cost so much effort, as to approach and endeavour to converse with a king in the realm of mind. But the kindness of his reception and that of his family, and the unceremonious manner in which they make a guest feel as one of them, removed the reserve and uneasiness of a stranger's heart.

Wordsworth is past seventy years of age, and has the same full, expanded brow, which we see in his busts and engravings. His conversation has that simplicity and richness, for which you are prepared by his writings. He led me around his grounds,

pointing out the improvements which he had made, during the last thirty years, and the trees, hedges, and shrubbery which had been planted under his direction. Snatches of the gorgeous scenery of lake and mountain, were visible from different points; and one of the walks terminated with the near view of a chapel built by his neighbor, the Lady Elizabeth Fleming, on whose domain are both the upper and lower falls of Rydal-Water. In this beautiful combination of woods, cliffs, and waters, and solemn temple pointing to the skies, we see the germ of many of his thrilling descriptions; for his habit is to compose in the open air. He loves the glorious scenery of his native region, and is evidently pleased when others admire it.

His household consists of a wife, sister, two sons, and a daughter. The eldest of the sons is married, and with a group of five children resides under the same roof, giving to the family a pleasant, patriarchal aspect. A fine boy of five years, who bears the name of his grandfather, and bids fair to possess somewhat of his breadth of brow, is evidently quite a favorite. Among his bright sayings was the question, whether "*the Ocean was not the christian-name of the Sea?*" It was delightful to see so eminent a poet, thus pursuing the calm tenor of a happy life, surrounded by all those domestic affections and charities, which his pure lays have done so much to cherish in the hearts of others.

TO SOUTHEY.

I THOUGHT to see thee in thy lake-girt home,
Thou of creative soul! I thought with thee
Amid thy mountain solitudes to roam,
And hear the voice, whose echoes wild and free

Had strangely thrilled me, when my life was new,
With old romantic tales of wondrous lore;
But ah! they told me that thy mind withdrew
Into its mystic cell, — nor evermore

Sate on the lip, in fond, familiar word,
Nor through the speaking eye *her* love repaid,
Whose heart for thee with ceaseless care is stirred,
Both night and day; upon the willow shade

Her sweet harp hung. They told me, and I wept,
As on my pilgrim way o'er England's vales I kept.

August 28, 1840.

From Wordsworth, while at Rydal-Mount, I received the first information of Southey's melancholy

state of health and intellect, and resigned, though reluctantly, my intention of going to Keswick to see him. It was with deep sorrow that I heard how dark a cloud hung over that strong and creative genius, which has long communicated such delight on both sides of the Atlantic, and whose varied and versatile powers seem well characterized in a few of his own sweet lines, as

“The stream’s perpetual flow,
That with its shadows, and its glancing lights,
Dimples, and threadlike motions infinite,
Forever varying, and yet still the same,
Like time towards Eternity, glides by.”

A letter, the ensuing spring, from his wife, so widely known by her name of Caroline Bowles, as the writer of some of the truest and most pathetic poetry in our language, made me still more regret, that the short time which then remained to me in England rendered it impossible to visit Greta-Hall. This, and her entire self-devotedness to her suffering husband, induced me to turn with new interest to her volumes, of which an accomplished critic has said, that “no purer models of genuine home-feeling and language could be placed in the hands of a foreigner.” The deep pathos of her “Pauper’s Death-Bed” must be remembered by all who have read it; and how simple

and touching are the following lines, from one of her latest poems.

“ My father loved the patient angler’s art,
And many a summer’s day, from early morn
To latest evening, by some streamlet’s side
We two have tarried, strange companionship ;
A sad and silent man, and joyous child.
Yet were those days, as I recall them now,
Supremely happy. Silent though he was,
My father’s eyes were often on his child,
Tenderly eloquent, and his few words
Were kind and gentle. Never angry tone
Repulsed me, if I broke upon his thoughts
With childish question.

But I learned at last,
Intuitively learned to hold my peace,
When the dark hour was on him, and deep sighs
Spoke the perturbed spirit ; only then
I crept a little closer to his side,
And stole my hand in his, or on his arm
Laid my cheek softly ; till the simple wile
Won on his sad abstraction, and he turned
With a faint smile and sighed and shook his head,
Stooping toward me ; so I reached at last
Mine arm about his neck and clasped it close,
Printing his pale brow with a silent kiss.”

In this exquisite picture may we not see the germ

of the same tenderness, which now watches night and day in the darkened cell, where a glorious mind has withdrawn from its former intercourse with the living? I trust to be forgiven for selecting from one of her recent letters, a few passages for the friends, who in this western world have admired, in almost every department of literature, the inventive genius of Dr. Southey, his comprehensive learning, and his astonishing industry.

“ You desire to be remembered to him who sang, ‘ of Thalaba, the wild, and wonderous tale.’ Alas, my friend, the dull cold ear of death is not more insensible than his, my dearest husband’s, to all communication from the world without. Scarcely can I keep hold of the last poor comfort of believing that he still knows me. This almost complete unconsciousness has not been of more than six months’ standing, though more than two years have elapsed, since he has written even his name. After the death of his first wife, the “ Edith ” of his first love, who was for several years insane, his health was terribly shaken. Yet for the greater part of a year that he spent with me, in Hampshire, my former home, it seemed perfectly reëstablished, and he used to say, “ It had surely pleased God, that the last years of his life should be happy.” But the Almighty will was otherwise. The little cloud soon appeared, which was in no long time to overshadow all. In the blackness of its shadow

we still live, and shall pass from under it only through the portals of the grave.

“The last three years have done on me the work of twenty. The one, sole business of my life is that, which I verily believe keeps the life in me, the guardianship of my dear, helpless, unconscious husband.”

The heavy calamity which has befallen one of the most gifted minds of our age, and the enduring courage of conjugal love which ministers to it, awaken deep sympathy here, as well as in Europe. They recall and render applicable a few affecting lines, in that noble epic poem of “Roderick,” one of the most imperishable monuments of his genius, over whose silent and stricken harp we mourn.

“God hath upheld her,” the old man replied ;
“She bears this last, and heaviest of her griefs
Most patiently, as one who finds in Heaven
A comfort, which the world can neither give
Nor take away.”

CARLISLE.

How fair, amid the depth of summer green,
Spread forth thy walls, Carlisle! thy castled heights
Abrupt and lofty, thy cathedral dome
Majestic and alone, thy beauteous bridge
Spanning the Eden, where the angler sits
Patient so long, and marks the browsing sheep
Like sprinkled snow amid the verdant vales.
— Old Time hath hung upon thy misty walls
Legends of festal and of warlike deeds.
King Arthur's wassail-cup; the battle-axe
Of the wild Danish sea-kings; the fierce beak
Of Rome's victorious eagle; Pictish spear,
And Scottish claymore, in confusion mixed
With England's cloth-yard arrow. Every helm
And dinted cuirass hath some stirring tale.
— Yet here thou sitt'st as meekly innocent,
As though thine eager lip had never quaffed
Hot streams of kindred blood.

Well pleased thou art
To hear no more the shout of border feuds,
Laying thy frontier annal at the feet

Of the two sister kingdoms, who with smile,
Arm locked in arm, survey their fair domain.
So may the God of love, bless them and thee.
Fresh flowers thou giv'st me from "Queen Mary's
walk,"

Rich red carnations, though to her thy gifts
Were but those bitter weeds and piercing thorns,
Which the poor prisoner plucks.

And so, farewell,

Carlisle ! and peace be with thee. Thy sweet scenes
And the deep tones of thy cathedral-hymn,
Telling our sabbath of the choir of heaven,
Went with us as we journeyed.

Many a change

In that delightful landscape cheered the eye,
As onward o'er the pleasant banks of Clyde
We traced the barer hills and brighter streams
Of Caledonia, poor, perchance, in gold,
But rich in song ; saw crowned with purple light
The Lady of Branksom's towers, the rolling Esk,
Where the impetuous young Lord Lochinvar
Staid not for ford, the homes of Teviotdale
Fast by the Tweed, and last, the classic domes
Of beautiful Edina. The long day
Sped hastily, and once, as the swift coach
Stopped at its destined goal, an ancient dame
Came from a neighboring cottage, with such speed
As hoary years could make, and earnestly
Scanning each passenger, with hurried tone

Demanded, "*Is he come?*"

"No; not to-day;

To-morrow," was the answer.

So, back she turned,

Lifting her shrivelled finger, with a look

Half-credulous, half-sorrowing, and still

Repeating "*aye, to-morrow,*" homeward went.

'T is a sad tale. She and her husband led
A life of humble and of honest toil,
Content, though poor. One only son they had
Healthful and bright; and to their eyes he seemed
Exceeding fair. The father was a man
Austere and passionate, and loved his boy,
As fathers often do, with such a pride,
That could not bear the humbling of his faults,
Nor the slow toil to mend them. When he grew
To a tall lad, the mother's readier tact
Discerned that change of character, which meets
With chafing thought the yoke of discipline,
And humored it: but to the sire he seemed
Still as a child, and so he treated him.

When eighteen summers threw a ripening tinge
O'er his bold brow, the father, at some fault,
Born more of carelessness than turpitude,
In anger struck him, bidding him go forth
From his own door. The youth, who shared too well
The fiery temper of his father's blood,
Vowed to return no more.

The mother wept,
And wildly prayed her husband to forgive
And call him back ; but he with aspect stern
Bade her be still, and harshly said, the boy
Was by her folly and indulgence spoiled
Beyond redemption. So she meekly took
The tear and prayer into her silent soul,
And waited till the passion-storm should slack
And die away. It was a night of woe ;
But mid its agony she blest her God,
That, after hours of tossing, quiet sleep
Stole o'er the wrathful man. With the fresh morn
Relentings came, and that ill-smothered pang,
With which an unruled spirit bears its shame ;
And then he bade the woman seek her son.
And forth she went. Alas ! it was too late ;
He was a listed soldier, for a land
Beyond the seas, nor would their little all
Suffice to buy him back.

'T were long to tell
How loneliness, remorse, and sorrow took
Their Shylock payment for that passion-gust,
And how the father, when his hour was come,
Said with his pale, pale lips and hollow voice,
“ Would that our boy was here,” and how the wife
In her kind ministrations round his bed,
And in her widowed mourning, murmured still
His dying words, “ would that our boy was here.”

Years sped, and oft her soldier's letters came,
Replete with filial love, and penitence
For his rash words. But then the mother's ear
Was tortured by the tidings, that he lay
Wounded and sick in foreign hospitals.
A line traced faintly by his own dear hand
Relieved her anguish. He was ordered home
Among the invalids. Joy long unknown
Sat on her brow. Again to hear his voice,
To gaze into his eyes, to part the hair
O'er his clear forehead, to prepare his food,
And nurse his feebleness, — she asked no more.
And so, his childhood's long-forsaken bed
Put forth its snowy pillow, and with care
She hung a curtain of flowered muslin o'er
The little casement, where he used to love
To sit and read. The cushioned chair, that cheered
The father's days of sickness, should be his,
And on the favorite table by its side
The hour-glass, with its ever-changing sands,
Which pleased him when a boy.

The morning came.
Slow sped the hours; she heaped the cheerful fire
In the small grate, and ere the coach arrived
Stood, with a throbbing heart, expectant there.
“Is Willy come?” Each traveller intent
On his own business made her no reply:—
“Coachman! is Willy here?”

“No! No! he's dead!”

Good woman! dead, and buried near the coast,
Three days ago."

But when a stranger marked
How the strong hues of speechless misery
Changed every feature, he in pity said,
"Perhaps he'll come to-morrow."

Home she turned,
Struck to the heart, and wept the livelong night,
Insensible to comfort; and to those,
Who came in kind compassion to her side,
Answering nothing.

But when day restored
The hour of expectation, with strange zeal
She rose, and dressed, and cast her mantle on,
And as the coachman checked his foaming steeds
Stood closely by his side. "Is Willy here?
Has Willy come?" while he, by pity schooled,
Answered "*to-morrow!*"

And thus years have fled;
And though her step grows weaker, and the locks
Thinner and whiter on her furrowed brow,
Yet duly, when the shrill horn o'er the hills
Announceth the approaching passenger,
She hurries forth, with wild and wasted eye,
To speak her only question, and receive
That same reply "*to-morrow.*"

And on that
Poor, single fragment doth her yearning heart
Feed and survive. When tottering Reason sank

Beneath the shock of grief, maternal Love
Caught that one word of hope, and held it high,
And grappling to it, like a broken raft,
Still breasts the shoreless ocean of despair.

Monday, August 31, 1840.

“ King Arthur’s wassail cup.”

Carlisle, principally distinguished as it was in border-warfare, had also, as it appears by ancient chronicles, its share in the festivities of the olden time.

“ The great king Arthur made a royal feast,
And kept his merry Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the vassals most and least,
From every corner of the British isle.”

Also in an ancient ballad, in Bishop Percy’s *Reliques*, the same allusion is made.

“ In Carlisle dwelt King Arthur,
A prince of passing might,
And there maintained his table round,
Beset with many a knight,
And there he kept his Christmas,
With mirth and great delight.”

“ England’s cloth-yard arrow.”

Sir Walter Scott says, “ In some of the counties in England, distinguished for archery, shafts of this ex-

traordinary length were actually used ;” and he thus alludes to them in *Marmion*.

“ Fast ran the Scottish warriors there
Upon the southern band to stare,
And envy with their wonder rose
To see such well appointed foes,
Such length of shaft, such mighty bows,
So large, that many simply thought,
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought,
And little deemed their force to feel
Through links of mail and plates of steel,
When rattling upon Flodden-vale
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.”

“ Queen Mary’s walk.”

Some carnations, which were given us from a spot called “The Lady’s Walk,” we carried with us to Edinburgh, and they retained their freshness and beauty for several days after our arrival there. We visited the remains of the turret, in the castle of Carlisle, where Mary of Scotland was held in confinement, when, after the battle of Langside, she decided to throw herself on the generosity of Elizabeth. We saw also the limits of the promenade, bounded on one side by the moat, where she was permitted to take her daily exercise, guarded by sentinels. Two large ash-trees formerly marked its extreme point, planted, according to tradition, by her own hands. They were

numbered among the finest trees of Cumberland, until it was found necessary to cut them down, because they interfered with some architectural design;—I believe, with the construction of a bridge.

We spent some time in examining the Castle, and saw a glorious sunset from its heights. It was built in the reign of Edward the Third; and here his unfortunate grandson, Richard the Second, rested for a night, when making his humiliating journey, in the custody of the aspiring Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry the Fourth. Here, also, Fergus Mac Ivor was imprisoned, and led forth to execution. They pretend to show the print of his hand in a rather soft stone, lining the walls of the cell where he was held in captivity. On the parapets, where the cannon are mounted, I observed a fine, ancient dial, with the following forcible inscription in gold letters: “Hours and ages are nothing to the Eternal, but as for man, they fix his changeless doom for weal, or woe.”

HOLYROOD.

OLD HOLYROOD! Edina's pride,
When erst, in regal state arrayed,
The mitred abbots told their beads,
And chanted 'neath thy hallowed shade,

And nobles, in thy palace courts,
Revel, and dance, and pageant led,
And trump to tilt and tourney called,
And royal hands the banquet spread ;

A lingering beauty still is thine,
Though age on age have o'er thee rolled,
Since good king David reared thy walls,
With turrets proud and tracery bold.

And still the Norman's pointed arch
Its interlacing blends sublime
With Gothic columns' clustered strength,
Where foliage starts and roses climb.

High o'er thy head rude Arthur's Seat
And Salisbury Crag in ledges rise,
Where love the hurtling winds to shriek
Wild chorus to the wintry skies.

Thy roofless chapel, stained with years,
And paved with tomb-stones damp and low,
Yon gloomy vault, whose grated doors
The bones of prince and chieftain show

Unburied, while from pictured hall,
In armor decked, or antique crown,
A strange interminable line
Of Scotia's kings look grimly down.

Yet with bold touch hath Fancy wrought,
And ranged her airy region wide,
The features and the form to give,
Where History scarce a name supplied.

Methinks o'er every mouldering wall,
Around each arch and buttress twine,
Like rustling banner's dreamy fold,
The chequered fate of Stuart's line.

First of that race, whose early years
Dragged slowly on in captive's cell;
And he, who at the cannon's mouth
In the dire siege of Roxburgh fell;

And he, who felt the assassin's steel,
Though erst with sharper anguish tried
From rebel son and traitor chief; —
Before my sight they seem to glide.

He too, at Flodden-field who died,
The belt of iron round his breast,
Held his last frantic orgies here,
And rushed to battle's dreamless rest.

And Margaret's son and Mary's sire,
Methinks I see him, wrapped in gloom,
Glance coldly on the babe, whose birth
Just marked the portal of his tomb :

“ An heir to Scotia's throne, Oh king!
A daughter fair ! ” the herald said ; —
No smile he gave, no hand he raised,
They touched his forehead ; — *he was dead.*

He, too, the anointing oil who bore
Of Albion on his princely head,
Yet basely, near his palace-door,
Upon the sable scaffold bled,

In youthful days, when skies were bright,
And nought the coming doom betrayed,
The crown upon his temples placed
In yonder chapel's sacred shade.

But most, of Scotia's fairest flower
Old Holyrood with mournful grace
Doth every withered petal hoard,
And dwell on each recorded trace.

I've stood upon the castled height,
Where green Carlisle its turrets rears,
And mused on Mary's grated cell,
Her smitten hopes, her captive tears,

When from Lochleven's dreary fosse,
From Langside's transient gleam of bliss,
She threw herself on queenly faith,
On kindred blood, — for this! for this!

I've marked along the stagnant moat
Her stinted, walk mid soldiers grim,
Or listening, caught the burst of woe
That mingled with her vesper-hymn;

Or 'neath the shades of Fotheringay,
In vision seen the faded eye,
The step subdued, the prayer devout,
The sentenced victim led to die.

But simpler relics, fond and few,
That in this palace-chamber lie,
Of woman's lot, and woman's care,
Touch tenderer chords of sympathy;

The arras, with its storied lore,
By her own busy needle wrought,
The couch, where oft her throbbing brow
For sweet oblivion vainly sought ;

The basket, once with infant robes
So rich, her own serene employ,
While o'er each lovely feature glowed
A mother's yet untasted joy ;

The candelabra's fretted shaft,
Beside whose flickering midnight flame
In sad communion still she bent
With genial France, from whence it came ;

Those sunny skies, those hearts refined,
The wreaths that Love around her threw,
The homage of a kneeling realm,
The misery of her last adieu !

Ah! were her errors all resolved
To their first elemental fount,
Must not her dark and evil times
Share deeply in the dire amount ?

We may not say ; we only know
Their record is with One on high,
Who ne'er the unuttered motive scans
With partial or vindictive eye.

Yon secret stairs, yon closet nook,
The swords that through the arras gleam,
Rude Darnley's ill-dissembled joy,
Lost Rizzio's shrill, despairing scream,

The chapel decked for marriage rite,
The royal bride, with flushing cheek,
Triumphant Bothwell's hateful glance,
Alas! Alas! what words they speak!

Dread gift of Beauty! who can tell
The ills and perils round thee strown,
When warm affections fire the heart,
And Fortune gives the dangerous throne;

And Power's intoxicating cup,
And Flattery's wile the conscience tames,
While strong temptations spread their snare,
And Hatred every lapse proclaims?

But since each trembling shade of guilt
None, save the eternal Judge, may know,
O'er erring hearts, by misery crushed,
Let pity's softening tear-drop flow.

Thursday, Sept. 3, 1840.

“ Since good king David reared thy walls.”

The Abbey of Holyrood was founded by David the First, in 1128. The Scottish legend says, that while hunting and separated from his train, he was attacked and overthrown by a wild stag, and rescued from impending death by the sudden appearance of an arm from a dark cloud, holding a luminous cross, which so frightened the furious animal, that he fled away into the depths of the forest. The monarch determined to erect a religious house on the very spot of his deliverance, and to call it Holyrood, or Holy Cross. It might be proper to supply a strong reason for the selection of so obscure a site, but scarcely necessary to invent a miracle for so common an occurrence, as the erection of an ecclesiastical edifice by king David, as it is well known that fifteen owe their origin to him; among which are the fine abbeys of Melrose and Dryburgh, Kelso and Jedburgh, with the Cathedrals of Glasgow and Aberdeen. The gratitude of the monastic orders, whom he patronized, conferred on him the title of Saint; but the heavy expenses thus incurred imposed many burdens upon his realm, and caused James the Sixth, not inappositely, to style him “ a saur saint to the crown.”

The first view of Holyrood is in strong contrast with the splendid buildings and classic columns of the Calton-Hill. After admiring the monuments of Dugald Stewart and Nelson, and the fine edifice for

the High School, you look down at the extremity of the Canongate upon the old palace, that, seated at the feet of Salisbury Crag, nurses in comparative desolation the memories of the past. Its chapel, floored with tomb-stones and open to the winds of heaven, admonishes human power and pride of their alliance with vanity.

Through an iron grate we saw in a damp, miserable vault the bones of some of the kings of Scotland; among them those of Henry Darnley, without even the covering of that "little charity of earth," which the homeless beggar finds. In another part of the royal chapel, unmarked by any inscription, are the remains of the lovely young Queen Magdalen, daughter of Francis the First of France, who survived but a short time her marriage with James the Fifth. In the same vicinity sleep two infant princes, by the name of Arthur; one the son of him who fell at Flodden-field, the other a brother of Mary of Scotland. Scarcely a single monument, deserving of notice as a work of art, is to be found at Holyrood, except that of Viscount Bellhaven, a privy-counsellor of Charles the First, who died in 1639. He is commemorated by a statue of Parian marble, which is in singular contrast with the rough, black walls of the ruinous tower, where it is placed. It has a diffuse and elaborate inscription, setting forth that "Nature supplied his mind by wisdom, for what was wanting in his education; that he would easily get angry, and

as easily, even while speaking, grow calm; and that he enjoyed the sweetest society in his only wife, Nicholas Murray, daughter of the Baron of Abercairney, who died in eighteen months after her marriage."

The grave of Rizzio is pointed out under one of the passages to a piazza, covered with a flat stone. Over the mantel-piece of the narrow closet, where from his last fatal supper he was torn forth by the conspirators, is a portrait said to be of him. Its authenticity is exceedingly doubtful; yet it has been honored by one of the beautiful effusions of Mrs. Hemans, written during her visit to Holyrood in 1829.

"They haunt me still, those calm, pure, holy eyes!
Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams;
The soul of music, that within them lies,
Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden gleams;
Life, spirit, life immortal and divine
Is there, and yet how dark a death was thine."

In the gallery at Holyrood, which is 150 feet long, and plain even to meanness, are the portraits of one hundred and eleven Scottish monarchs, the greater part of which must of course be creations of fancy. Some of the more distinguished chieftains are interspersed with them. In the line of the Stuarts, we remarked the smallness and delicacy of the hands,

which historians have mentioned as a marked feature of that unfortunate house. The only female among this formidable assemblage of crowned heads is Mary of Scotland. This her ancestral palace teems with her relics; and however questionable is the identity of some of them, they are usually examined with interest by visitants. The antique cicerone, to whom this department appertained, and whose voice had grown hoarse and hollow by painful recitations in these damp apartments, still threw herself into an oratorical attitude, and bestowed an extra emphasis, when any favorite article was to be exhibited, such as "*Queen Mairy's work-box! Queen Mairy's candlebra!*" The latter utensil, it seems, she brought with her from France. Probably some tender associations, known only to herself, clustered around it; for she was observed often to fix her eyes mournfully upon it, as a relic of happier days. In her apartments, we were shown the stone, on which she knelt at her coronation, the embroidered double chair, or throne, on which she and Darnley sat after their marriage, the state-bed, ready to perish, and despoiled of many a mouldering fragment by antiquarian voracity, her dressing-case, marvellously destitute of necessary materials, and the round, flat basket, in which the first suit of clothes for her only infant was laid. These articles, and many others of a similar nature, brought her palpably before us, and awakened our sympathies. There was a rudeness, an absolute want of comfort

about all her appointments, which touched us with pity, and led us back to the turbulent and half civilized men by whom she was surrounded, and from whom she had little reason to expect forbearance as a woman, or obedience as a queen. The closet, to which we were shown the secret stair-case where the assassins entered, seems scarcely of sufficient dimensions to allow the persons, who are said to have been assembled there, the simplest accommodations for a repast; especially if Darnley was of so gigantic proportions, as the armor, still preserved there and asserted to be his, testifies. Poor Mary, notwithstanding her errors, and the mistakes into which she was driven by the fierce spirit of her evil times, is now remembered throughout her realm, with a sympathy and warmth of appreciation, which failed to cheer her sufferings during life. Almost constantly you meet with memorials of her. In the Castle of Edinburgh, you have pointed out to you a miserable, dark room, about eight feet square, where her son James the Sixth was born; in the Parthenon, among the gatherings of the Antiquarian Society, you are shown the cup from which she used to feed her infant prince, and the long white kid gloves, strongly embroidered with black, which she was said to have worn upon the scaffold; and in the dining-hall at Abbotsford, you start at a most distressing portrait of her, a head in a charger, taken the day after her execution. Near the Cathedral of Peterborough, where her body was

interred, the following striking inscription was once put up in Latin. It was almost immediately removed, and the writer never discovered, and we are indebted to Camden for its preservation.

“ Mary, Queen of Scots, daughter of a king, kinswoman and next heir to the Queen of England, adorned with royal virtues and a noble spirit, having often but in vain implored to have the rights of a prince done unto her, is by a barbarous and tyrannical cruelty cut off. And by one and the same infamous judgment, both Mary of Scotland is punished with death, and all kings now living are made liable to the same. A strange and uncouth kind of grave is this, wherein the living are included with the dead; for we know that with her ashes the majesty of all kings and princes lies here depressed and violated. But because this regal secret doth admonish all kings of their duty, Traveller! I shall say no more.”

In the modern portion of Holyrood is a pleasant suite of apartments, which were occupied by Charles the Tenth of France, when he found refuge in Scotland from his misfortunes at home. They have ornamented ceilings, and are hung with tapestry.

The Duke of Hamilton, who is keeper of the palace, has apartments there, as has also the Marquis of Breadalbane. The latter has a large collection of family portraits, among which is a fine one by Vandyke of Lady Isabella Rich, holding a lute, on which

instrument, we are informed by the poet Waller, she had attained great excellence.

We found ourselves attracted to make repeated visits to Holyrood, and never on those occasions omitted its roofless chapel, so rich in recollections. It required, however, a strong effort of imagination to array it in the royal splendor, with which the nuptials of Queen Mary were there solemnized; and seventy years afterwards the coronation of her grandson, Charles the First. The processions, the ringing of bells, the gay tapestry streaming from the windows of the city, the rich costumes of the barons, bishops, and other nobility, the king, in his robes of crimson velvet, attending devoutly to the sacred services of the day, receiving the oaths of allegiance, or scattering through his almoner broad gold pieces among the people, are detailed with minuteness and delight by the Scottish chronicles of that period. "Because this was the most glorious and magnifique coronatione that ever was seine in this kingdom," says Sir James Balfour, "and the first king of Greate Britain that ever was crowned in Scotland, to behold these triumphs and ceremonies, many strangers of grate quality resorted hither from divers countries."

Who can muse at Holyrood without retracing the disastrous fortunes of the house of Stuart, whose images seem to glide from among the ruined arches, where they once held dominion. James the First was a prisoner through the whole of his early life, and

died under the assassin's steel. James the Second was destroyed by the bursting of one of his own cannon at the siege of Roxburgh. James the Third was defeated in battle by rebels headed by his own son, and afterwards assassinated. James the Fourth fell with the flower of his army at Flodden-field, and failed even of the rites of sepulture. James the Fifth died of grief in the prime of life, at the moment of the birth of his daughter, who, after twenty years of imprisonment in England, was condemned to the scaffold. James the First of England, though apparently more fortunate than his ancestors, was menaced by conspiracy, suffered the loss of his eldest son, and saw his daughter a crownless queen. Charles the First had his head struck off in front of his own palace. Charles the Second was compelled to fly from his country, and after twelve years' banishment returned to an inglorious reign. James the Second abdicated his throne, lost three kingdoms, died an exile, and was the last of his race who inhabited the palace of Holyrood.

HAWTHORNDEN.

THOUGH Scotia hath a thousand scenes
To strike the traveller's eye,
Clear-bosomed lakes, and leaping streams,
And mountains bleak and high ;
Yet when he seeks his native clime
And ingle-side again,
'T would be a pity, had he missed
To visit Hawthornden.

Down, down, precipitous and rude,
The rocks abruptly go,
While through their deep and narrow gorge
Foams on the Esk below ;
Yet though it plunges strong and bold,
Its murmurs meet the ear,
Like fretful childhood's weak complaint,
Half smothered in its fear.

There's plenty, in my own dear land,
Of cave and wild cascade,
And all my early years were spent
In such romantic glade ;

And I could featly climb the cliff,
Or forest roam and fen ;
But I've been puzzled here among
These rocks of Hawthornden.

Here, too, are labyrinthine paths
To caverns dark and low,
Wherein, they say, king Robert Bruce
Found refuge from his foe ;
And still amid their relics old
His stalwart sword they keep,
Which telleth tales of cloven heads
And gashes dire and deep :

While sculptured in the yielding stone
Full many a niche they show,
Where erst his library he stored,
(The guide-boy told us so.)
Slight need had he of books, I trow,
Mid hordes of savage men,
And precious little time to read
At leagured Hawthornden.

Loud pealing from those caverns drear,
In old disastrous times,
The Covenanter's nightly hymn
Upraised its startling chimes ;

Here too they stoutly stood at bay,
Or frowning sped along,
To meet the highborn cavalier
In conflict fierce and strong.

And here 's the hawthorn-broidered nook,
Where Drummond, not in vain,
Awaited his inspiring muse,
And wooed her dulcet strain.
And there 's the oak, beneath whose shade
He welcomed tuneful Ben,
And still the memory of their words
Is nursed in Hawthornden.

Flowers! Flowers! how thick and rich they grow,
Along the garden fair,
And sprinkle on the dewy sod
Their gifts of fragrance rare.
Methinks from many a heather bell
Peeps forth some fairy lance,
And then a tiny foot protrudes,
All ready for the dance;

Methinks 'neath yon broad laurel leaf
They hold their revels light,
Imprinting with a noiseless step
The mossy carpet bright;

And then their ringing laughter steals
From some sequestered glen,
A fitting place for fays to sport
Is pleasant Hawthornden.

'T were sweet indeed to linger here,
And list the streamlet's sound,
And see poetic fancies spring
Up, like the flowers around,
Up, as the creeping ivy wreathes
Its green and gadding spray,
And from the gay and heartless crowd
Steal evermore away.

Yes, sweet, if life were but a dream,
And we, on charmed ground,
Were free to choose at pleasure's call,
And not to judgment bound.
But Duty spreads a different path,
And we her call must ken ;
And so a kind and long farewell
To classic Hawthornden.

Wednesday, September 9, 1840.

“ Down, down, precipitous and rude,
The rocks abruptly go.”

The rock, on which the rear-wall of the mansion-house of Hawthornden is built, descends steeply more

than a hundred feet to the narrow passage, or abyss, where the Esk makes its way. This mansion, the seat of Sir Francis Drummond Walker, is a modern structure, but there are broken arches and moss-grown relics of an ancient baronial building, rudely, but strongly fortified.

“Where erst his library he stored.”

There are a number of compartments of a honeycomb form, cut in the wall of the caves to which you descend, which bear the name of King Robert Bruce's Library. His sword also is shown at the mansion.

“And peeling from those caverns drear,
In old disastrous times.”

In those dens and subterranean galleries the Covenanters, in the days of “Old Mortality,” found refuge. From thence also Sir Alexander Ramsay issued forth, and performed some memorable exploits, during the contests between Bruce and Baliol.

“And there's the Oak, beneath whose shade
He welcomed tuneful Ben.”

Drummond usually composed his poems in a romantic nook, scooped from the face of the cliff, and embosomed in hawthorn. But when Ben Jonson came

on foot from London, to pass a few weeks with him in his sylvan retreat, he received him under the broad branches of a venerable Oak, addressing him with,

“Welcome, welcome, royal Ben,”

to which the poet-laureate replied,

“Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden.”

The wonderfully romantic scenery of this classic spot, the wild rocks, the winding river, the secluded walks, the glens, the caverns, the ancient oak, the climbing ivy, the garden-seats, the many flowers, are never to be forgotten. Methought the spirit of Drummond still presided there ; and I have seldom felt a stronger desire to linger where I had no right to remain. A laborious walk of two miles brought us to Roslin Chapel, which bears date in 1328, and is still in the possession of the “lordly line of high St. Clair.” It is sustaining repairs by the Earl of Roslin, and has some exquisite carvings, and a few designs from Scripture subjects, sculptured in stone of a soft material. Roslin Castle is a fine ruin, but apart from historical association possesses little interest.

THE NECROPOLIS AT GLASGOW.

COME o'er the Bridge of Sighs, some twilight hour,
When dimly gleams the fair Cathedral-tower,
And lingering day-beams faintly serve to show
The tomb-stones mouldering round its base below;
— Come o'er that bridge with me, and musing think
What untold pangs have marked this streamlet's brink,
What bitter tears distilled from hearts of woe,
Since first its arches spanned the flood below.
Here hath the mother from her bleeding breast
Laid the young darling of her soul to rest;
Here the lorn child resigned the parent stay,
To walk despairing on its orphan way;
Here the riven heart that fond companion brought
By years cemented with its inmost thought;
Here the sad throng in long procession crept,
To bear the sage, for whom a nation wept,
Or deep in dust the reverend pastor lay,
Whose pure example taught to Heaven the way.

Approach through winding paths yon terrace high,
Whose statued column strikes the traveller's eye,

Or rove from cell to cell, whose marble door
The inhospitable tenants ope no more,
Or on their tablets read the labored trace,
That asks remembrance from a dying race,
Or mark the flowers, whose lips with fragrance flow,
The sweetest tribute to the loved below.

Poor child of Judah, exiled and oppressed,
How wrapped in shades thy lowly spot of rest !
Type of thy fate, for whom no sunbeam falls
In peace and power on Zion's sacred walls ;
But by strange streams thy silent harp is hung,
And captive numbers tremble on thy tongue.
Dark is yon gate, through which thy mourners pass
To hide their idols 'neath the matted grass,
And sad the dirge, no Saviour's name that knows
To gild with glorious hope their last repose.
Oh ! turn thine eye from Sinai's summit red,
Our Elder Sister, fly its thunders dread,
List to the lay that flowed o'er Bethlehem's plain,
When star and angel warned the shepherd train ;
Thou lov'st our Father's Book, — its seers believe,
To thy torn breast the holy cross receive,
Bind to the frowning Law the Gospel sweet,
And cast thy burdens at Messiah's feet.

But whether this secluded haunt we tread,
Where Caledonia shrouds her cherished dead,

Or where the Turk funereal cypress rears,
Or the poor Cambrian plants his vale of tears,
Or search Mount Auburn's consecrated glades,
Mid lakes and groves and labyrinthine shades,
Or Laurel Hill, where silver Schuylkill flows,
Quiescent guarding while its guests repose,
Or near the Lehigh's rippling margin roam,
Where the Moravian finds his dead a home,
In lowly grave, by clustering plants o'ergrown,
That half conceal its horizontal stone,
One voice, one language, speaks each sacred scene,
Sepulchral vault, or simpler mound of green,
One voice, one language, breathes with changeless
power,
Graved on the stone, or trembling in the flower.

That voice is love for the pale clay, that shrined
And fondly lodged the never-dying mind,
Toiled for its welfare, with its burdens bent,
Wept o'er its woes, and at its bidding went,
Thrilled at its joys, with zeal obeyed its will,
And 'neath the stifling clod remembers still.
Though on the winds its severed atoms fly,
It hoards the promise of the Archangel's cry,
Though slain, trusts on, though buried, hopes to rise,
In ashes fans a fire that never dies,
And with the resurrection's dawning light
Shall burst its bonds, revivify, unite,

Rush to its long-lost friend, with stainless grace,
And dwell forever in its pure embrace.

Friday, September 18, 1840.

The cemetery at Glasgow, called the Necropolis, has a high and pleasant locality on the banks of a stream, surmounted by what is figuratively and appositely called the "Bridge of Sighs." Though it was opened only in 1833, it contains many imposing and costly monuments. A doric column and colossal statue are erected to John Knox on the apex of the hill, and visible to quite a distance. They were placed here several years before the spot was set apart for the purposes of general sepulture.

It was a bright morning when we walked there, and the sun rested pleasantly upon the homes of the dead, the turrets of the fine old cathedral in its vicinity, and the noble city stretching itself beneath. That portion of the cemetery appropriated to the Jews was deeply buried in shades, and had an air of solemnity bordering on desolation. Over the entrance was inscribed, "I heard a voice from Ramah, lamentation, mourning, and woe, Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not."

On the shaft of a column, which is finished in imitation of Absalom's pillar in the King's dale at Jerusalem, are the stanzas from Byron's Hebrew Melodies, commencing,

“Oh, weep for those, who wept by Babel’s stream.”

How adapted to the dispersion and sorrow of the chosen, yet scattered people is the close of that pathetic effusion ;

“Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
Where shall ye flee away and be at rest ?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind his country, Israel but a grave.”

On the opposite side of the column is the magnificent poetry of their own prophets. “There is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again unto their own border. How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven to the earth the beauty of Israel, and remembered not his footstool in the day of his anger. But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.”

Glasgow, though not peculiarly picturesque, exhibits on the banks of the Clyde some lovely scenery. It is the first city in Scotland, in point of population, as well as in the spirit of enterprise and active industry. Its botanic garden and splendid Hunterian museum should not be overlooked by visitants. Its public squares are ornamented by statues of Nelson, Pitt, and Wellington, Sir Walter Scott, Sir John Moore, and James Watt, the improver of the steam-engine.

The wealth of its merchants allows them to live in a style of princely liberality, but among the lower classes are indications of deep wretchedness.

Our visit to Glasgow was rendered more interesting by occurring at the time of the annual meeting of the "British Association for the Advancement of Science." Hundreds of distinguished men, from different lands, were thus convened, and it was delightful to hear them presenting, day after day, in their respective section-rooms, the result of their discoveries, or unfolding their theories with earnest and varying eloquence. Here also we saw, for the first time, a gathering of the nobility of Scotland, and occasionally heard speeches from the Marquis of Breadalbane, the President of the Society, from Lord Sandon, Lord Mounteagle, and others. The collateral interests of morality and benevolence were not overlooked by science, in this her proud festival; and on the subject of pauperism, and the best modes of affording it permanent relief, Dr. Chalmers repeatedly spoke with his characteristic fulness and power. He has none of the gracefulness of the practised orator, and his countenance is heavy, until irradiated by his subject. Then mind triumphs over matter, and makes the broad Scotch a pliant vehicle to eloquent thought. He recommended the principle of calling forth the energies of the poor for their own amelioration, without the application of any disturbing force; that they should be assisted to elevate themselves, rather than

be at once paralyzed and degraded, by casting their households on that stinted bounty whose root is taxation. To enforce his theory he went into many details of great minuteness and simplicity, advising, among other things, the keeping of simple sewing-schools by ladies, two hours of two days in the week, for the indigent female children in their neighborhood; and frequent visiting, on the part of philanthropists and Christians, to the abodes of ignorance and vice, that the kindly sympathies thus mutually awakened might be enlisted in the great work of reformation.

The Normal Seminary at Glasgow is an object of interest, to those who feel the importance of a right education in a manufacturing community. Its design is to train teachers, by giving them an opportunity of coming in contact with the young mind, according to the rules of a thorough, and what would seem a correct and beautiful, system. Hundreds of children are assembled in a spacious building, judiciously divided into class-rooms, galleries, &c., and with five play-grounds, furnished with abundant apparatus for sport and exercise, where the teachers mingle with their pupils, carefully superintending their modes of intercourse and the development of their dispositions and affections, in what they expressively call the "uncovered school-room." I was delighted with their bright countenances, and with the promptness and naiveté which marked the replies of some of the youngest classes to the questions of their teachers.

The infant department comprises all under six years of age, and the juvenile all from six to fourteen. There is also a school of industry for girls from ten years old and upwards, where the various uses of the needle, which are so inseparably connected with domestic comfort, as well as some of a more ornamental nature, are admirably taught. Moral, physical, and religious training are strenuously combined with the intellectual in the system here established, and a spirit of happiness and order seemed to reign, unmarked by the severity of discipline. The Rev. Mr. Cunningham, formerly a professor in one of the Colleges of the United States, is the respected Rector of the Institution; and it owes much to the munificent patronage of David Stow, Esq., author of a volume entitled "The Training System," which contains an exposition of the plan here pursued, and many valuable hints on elementary education in general.

The trainers, who have issued from this Normal Seminary, will have the opportunity of widely exemplifying its system; for they are found not only in different counties of Scotland, England, and Ireland, but in the West Indies, British America, and the far regions of Australia. Who can compute the benefit that may result from their labors, each in his own separate circle lighting the lamp of knowledge, and scattering the seeds of heaven? Or who can sufficiently estimate the value of those charities, which

aid in rightly educating the unformed mind, except that Being who gave it immortality? Thoughts like these mingled with my departure from the commercial metropolis of Scotland, and with the many treasured recollections of its kindness and hospitality.

LOCH LOMOND.

WHILE down the lake's translucent tide
With gently curving course we glide,
Its silver ripples, faint and few,
Alternate blend with belts of blue,
As fleecy clouds, on pinions white,
Careering fleck the welkin bright.

But lo! Ben Lomond's awful crown
Through shrouding mists looks dimly down ;
For though perchance his piercing eye
Doth read the secrets of the sky,
His haughty bosom scorns to show
Those secrets to the world below.

Close woven shades, with varying grace,
And crag and cavern mark his base,
And trees, whose naked roots protrude
From bed of rock and lichens rude ;
And where, mid dizzier cliffs are seen
Entangled thickets sparsely green,
Methinks I trace, in outline drear,
Old Fingal with his shadowy spear,

His gray locks streaming to the gale,
And followed by his squadrons pale.

Yes, slender aid from Fancy's glass
It needs, as round these shores we pass,
Mid glen and thicket dark, to scan
The wild MacGregor's savage clan,
Emerging, at their chieftain's call,
To foray or to festival ;
While nodding plumes and tartans bright
Gleam wildly o'er each glancing height.

But as the spectral vapors rolled
Away in vestments dropped with gold,
The healthier face of summer sky,
With the shrill bagpipe's melody,
Recals, o'er distant ocean's foam,
The fondly treasured scenes of home ;
And thoughts, on angel-pinions driven,
Drop in the heart the seeds of heaven,
Those winged seeds, whose fruit sublime
Decays not with decaying time.

The loving child, the favorite theme
Of morning hour or midnight dream,
The tender friend so lowly laid
Mid our own church-yard's mournful shade,
The smitten babe, who never more
Must sport around its father's door,
Return they not, as phantoms glide,
And silent seat them at our side ?

Like Highland maiden, sweetly fair,
The snood and rosebud in her hair,
Yon emerald isles, how calm they sleep
On the pure bosom of the deep ;
How bright they throw, with waking eye,
Their lone charms on the passer by ;
The willow, with its drooping stem,
The thistle's hyacinthine gem,
The feathery fern, the graceful deer,
Quick starting as the strand we near,
While, with closed wing and scream subdued,
The osprays nurse their kingly brood.

High words of praise, the pulse that stir,
Burst from each joyous voyager ;
And Scotia's streams and mountains hoar,
The wildness of her sterile shore,
Her broken caverns, that prolong
The echoes of her minstrel song,
Methinks might catch the enthusiast-tone,
That breathes amid these waters lone.
Even I, from far Columbia's shore,
Whose lakes a mightier tribute pour,
And bind with everlasting chain
The unshorn forest to the main,
Superior's surge, like ocean proud,
That leaps to lave the vexing cloud,
Huron, that rolls with gathering frown
A world of waters darkly down,

And Erie, shuddering on his throne
At strong Niagara's earthquake tone,
And bold Ontario, charged to keep
The barrier 'tween them and the deep,
 Who oft in sounds of wrath and fear,
And dark with cloud-wreathed diadem,
 Interpreteth to Ocean's ear
Their language, and his will to them ;
I, — reared amid that western vale,
Where Nature works on broader scale,
Still with admiring thought and free,
Loch Lomond, love to gaze on thee,
Reluctant from thy beauties part,
And bless thee with a stranger's heart.

Saturday, September 19, 1840.

CORRA LINN.

THOU'RT beautiful, sweet Corra Linn,
In thy sequestered place,
Thy plunge on plunge mid wreathing foam
Abrupt, yet full of grace,
Down, down, with breathless speed thou go'st
Into thy rock-sown bed,
Bright sunbeams on thy glancing robes,
Rude crags above thy head.

Thy misty dew is on the trees,
And forth with gladness meet
They reach the infant leaf and bud,
To take thy baptism sweet.
No Clydesdale spears are flashing high,
In foray wild and rude,
But Corra's time-rocked castle sleeps
In peaceful solitude.

What wouldst thou think, sweet Corra Linn,
Shouldst thou Niagara spy,
That mighty monarch of the West
With terror in his eye?
Thou'dst fear him on his Ocean-throne,
Like lion in his lair,
Meek, snooded maiden, dowered with all
That father Clyde can spare.

For thou might'st perch, like hooded bird,
Upon his giant hand,
Nor mid his world of waters wake
A ripple on his strand.
He'd drink thee up, sweet Corra Linn,
And thou, to crown the sip,
Wouldst scarce a wheen of bubbles make
Upon his monstrous lip.

Thy voice, that bids the foliage quake
Around thy crystal brim,
Would quaver, like the cricket's chirp,
Mid his hoarse thunder-hymn.
For, like a thing that scorns the earth,
He rears his awful crest,
And takes the rainbow from the skies,
And folds it round his breast.

Thou 'rt passing fair, sweet Corra Linn,
And he, who sees thee leap
Into the bosom of the flood,
Might o'er thy beauty weep.
But lone Niagara still doth speak
Of God, both night and day,
And force from each terrestrial thought
The gazer's soul away.

Tuesday, September 22, 1840.

“ Corra's time-rocked castle.”

The old castle of Corra stands near the cliffs that overhang the Fall, and sometimes, when the river is much swollen by rains, seems, as if moved by the percussion of the waters, to nod upon its rocky base.

FAREWELL TO EDINBURGH.

FAIR Queen of Caledon, thou sitt'st
Majestic and alone,
The strong arm of the rugged sea
A girdle round thee thrown,
The gorgeous thistle in thy hand,
That drinks the sunny ray,
While graceful on the northern breeze
Thine unbound tresses play.

In casket of the massy rock,
Within yon castled height,
Thou lay'st thy rich regalia by,
Dear to thy heart, and bright,
And clasping Albion's proffered hand,
A tear-drop in thine een,
All nobly by her side dost stand,
Though crownless, yet a queen.

I said thou bad'st in castled nook
Thy loved regalia rest,
And changed it for the olive branch,
That shadoweth brow and breast.
For this no more in contest rude,
Or challenge mad with haste,
Or savage shock of border wars,
Thy sons their blood shall waste.

No more shalt thou stern watch and ward
Upon those hill-tops hold,
When now the shepherd's voice at eve
Doth warn his flocks afold ;
But freely pour thy glowing soul
To thrill the tuneful lyre,
And mark on Calton's beauteous brow
Athenian domes aspire ;

And kindly with thy guiding hand
Assist the pilgrim wight,
Who breathless climbs to seek a seat
On Arthur's towering height,
Or taste from old St. Antoine's well
Cold waters sparkling free,
Or o'er that ruined chapel pore,
Queen Margaret gave to thee.

St. Giles, like time-tried sentinel,
Uplifts his cross on high,
And stirs his ancient might to guard
Thy pristine majesty ;
And Learning reareth massive walls
Thy fairest haunts among,
While, as a charmed child, the world
Doth list thy magic song.

But settling o'er thy brow I see
A tinge of mournful thought,
For Autumn blights the heather-flower,
That generous summer brought ;
And though I seek a greener clime,
Where flowers are fair to see,
Still, still, sweet queen of Caledon,
My spirit turns to thee.

There may indeed be richer realms,
Where pride and splendor roll ;
But thou art skilled to soothe the pang
That rives the stranger's soul.
There may perchance be those who say
Thy mountain-land is drear ;
Yet thou hast still the wealth that wins
The stranger's grateful tear.

And when, my weary wanderings o'er,
I seek my native land,
And by mine ingle-side once more
Do clasp the kindred hand,
And when my listening children ask
For tales of land and sea,
They fain a wreath of love will twine,
Edina dear, for thee.

Wednesday, September 30, 1840.

The beauty of Edinburgh, in itself, and in its environs, and the intellectual atmosphere that enwraps it, are eulogized by all. We entered it with high anticipations, yet they were more than realized. Every day revealed something new, and supplied an unwearied strength to visit and to admire.

It seems more than other cities to fasten on the imagination, from the nature of its scenery, the strange events which History has embodied here, and the high native genius which has immortalized all. The contrast between the Old and New Town is most striking; one, so fresh, bold, and beautiful, the other with its dark, stifling wynds and closes, its gloomy, twelve-storied houses, quaking to their very foundations at their own loftiness, seems the abode of mysterious legends, or spectral imagery. To pass from the classic domes on Calton Hill, or the princely mansions in Moray Place, and look into the abysses of the Cowgate and Canongate, just when the early glimmer-

ing lamps begin to make visible their filth, poverty, and misery, is like a sudden rush from the Elysian fields to the dominions of Pluto.

The past stands forth with peculiar distinctness in Edinburgh. It has been so well defined by her historians, that it mingles with the current of passing things. You can scarcely disentangle, from the web of the present, the associations that throng around you, while standing on the radiated spot in the pavement, where the "old cross of Dun-Edin" once reared itself, walking in the purlieus of the Grass-Market, so often saturate with noble blood, or musing amid the corridors and carved ceilings of the Old Parliament-House, you pause at the trap-door, which from the "lock-up-house," eighty feet beneath, gave entrance to the haggard prisoners into the criminal court, and imagine the tide of agonizing emotions, which from age to age that narrow space has witnessed. A similar dreaminess and absorption in the past steal over you, when in the rock-ribbed Castle you gaze on the ancient regalia, so bright, yet now so obsolete; or while exploring the Register-Office, with its strong stone arches, enter the circular room, with its richly carved and sky-lighted dome, where repose in state the many massy volumes of Scotland's annals; or see in other apartments the decrees and signatures of her kings, for seven hundred years; the illuminated folio, where the articles of Union, in the reign of Queen Anne, were inscribed; and the repository of

the crests, autographs, and seals of the ancient nobles and Highland chieftains, many of whose hands were less familiar with the pen than with the good claymore. In the archives of the Antiquarian Society, which are kept in a noble building on the plan of the Parthenon, there seems a sort of blending of antique with modern recollections, as you examine coats of mail, warriors' boots of amazing weight and capacity, the terrible two-handed sword, the cumbrous and cruel instrument of death, strangely called "The Maiden," the pulpit of John Knox, and the joint-stool hurled by Jane Geddes at the head of the dean of Peterborough, who she said was "preaching popery in her lugs," because he essayed to read the Liturgy, just commanded to be used in the churches by Charles the First.

I have hinted that an unusual perseverance animated us in our explorations of Edinburgh. We seemed neither to feel fatigue, nor to fear satiety. The acme of a traveller's zeal came over us there. It was like a first love, rendered more unquenchable by the restraints and apprehensions of the voyage, from which we had just escaped. Old Holyrood, the wind-swept eminences of Salisbury and Arthur's Seat, the cold trickling waters of St. Anthony's fountain, the rugged cairn of Nichol Muskat, and the birth-place of the magician who described it, the sweet scenery of Randolph's cliff, the squares, the statues, the drives in the suburbs, the noble University, the prince-

ly libraries, the model schools, the hospitals, the churches, even the shops of the lapidaries, where the Scottish pebble is made to take its place among gems, the club-rooms, in whose luxurious arrangement men may sometimes overlook the humbler "blink of their ain fireside," the publishing houses, from whence the influence of genius and learning hath gone forth over Europe and the world; these, and many other localities which the time would fail to specify, were visited with eagerness, either on their own account, or because they appertained to this Modern Athens.

The hospitality of Scotland, and the frankness with which she receives the stranger into her heart of hearts, were fully illustrated in her favorite and most intellectual city. For me, it was deepened by that kindness which sudden sickness calls forth in sympathetic and Christian hearts. And it was not without surprise, that I, who had maintained a sort of concealed homesickness, a nightly yearning after my distant dear ones, found my eyes wet with tears, and a new home-feeling painfully uprooted, at bidding farewell to Edinburgh.

ABBOTSFORD.

MASTER of Abbotsford!

Magician strange and strong!
Whose voice of power is heard
By an admiring throng,
From court to peasant's cot, —
We come, but thou art gone,
We speak, thou answerest not, —
Thy work is done.

Thou slumberest with the noble dead,
In Dryburgh's solemn pile,
Amid the peer and warrior bold,
And mitred abbots stern and old,
Who sleep in sculptured aisle,
While Scotia's skies, with azure gleaming,
Are through the oriel window streaming,
Where ivied mosses creep;
And touched with symmetry sublime,
The moss-clad towers that mock at time,
Their mouldering legends keep.

Yet shouldst thou not have chose
Thy latest couch at fair Melrose,
Whence burst thy first, most ardent song,
And swept with murmuring force along,
Where Tweed in silver flows ?
There the young moonbeam quivering faint,
O'er mural tablet sculptured quaint,
Reveals a lordly race,
While knots of roses richly wrought,
And tracery light as poet's thought,
The clustered columns grace.
There good king David's rugged mien
Fast by his faithful spouse is seen,
And 'neath the stony floor
Lie chiefs of Douglas' haughty breast,
Contented now to take their rest,
And rule their kings no more.
There, if we heed thy witching strain,
The fearless knight of Deloraine
Achieved his purpose strange and bold,
At rifled tomb and midnight cold ;
And there amid the roofless wall,
Where blended shower and sunlight fall,
With stealthy step and half afraid,
The lambkin crops the scanty blade ;
While near is seen the seat of stone,
Whereon thou oft didst rest,
When thou hadst tower and transept shown
To many a grateful guest,

And still a voice of friendly tone
Doth speak and call thee blest.

'T was but a mournful sight to see
Trim Abbotsford so gay,
The rose-trees flaunting there so bold,
The ripening fruits in rind of gold,
And thou their lord away.
There stood the lamp, with oil unspent,
O'er which thy thoughtful brow was bent,
When erst with magic skill
Unearthly beings heard thy call,
And buried ages thronged the hall,
Obedient to thy will.
This fair domain was all thine own,
From towering rock to threshold stone ;
Yet didst thou lavish pay
The coin that caused life's wheels to stop,
The heart's blood oozing, drop by drop,
Through the tired brain away ?

I said thy lamp unspent was there,
Thy books arranged in order fair,
But none of all thy kindred race
Found in those lordly halls a place.
Thine only son in foreign lands
Leads bravely on his martial bands,
And stranger lips, unmoved and cold,
The legends of thy mansion told,—

Thy lauded glittering brand and spear,
And costly gift from prince and peer,
And broad claymore, with silver dight,
And hunting-horn of border knight,
 What were such gauds to me?
More dear had been one single word,
From those whose veins thy blood had stirred
 To Scotia's accents free.

Yet one there was in humble cell,
 One poor retainer, lone and old,
Who of thy youth remembered well,
 And many a treasured story told ;
While pride upon her wrinkled face
 Mixed strangely with the trickling tear,
As memory from its choicest place
Brought forth, in wildly varied trace,
 Thy boyhood's gambols dear ;
Or pointed out with withered hand
Where erst thy garden-seat did stand,
When thou, returned from travel vain,
Wrapped in thy plaid and pale with pain,
 Didst gaze with vacant eye,
For stern disease had drained the fount
 Of mental vision dry.

Ah! what avails with giant power
To wrest the trophies of an hour,
One moment write with flashing eye
Our name on castled turrets high,

And yield, the next, a broken trust,
To earth, to ashes, and to dust.

Master of Abbotsford

No more thou art !

But prouder trace and mightier word,
Than palace-dome or arch sublime
Have ever won from wrecking time,
Do keep thy record in the heart.

Thou, who with tireless hand didst sweep
Away the damps of ages deep,
And fire with wild, baronial strain
The harp of chivalry again,
And bid its long-forgotten swell
Thrill through the soul, farewell ! farewell !

Thou, who didst make from shore to shore
Bleak Caledonia's mountains hoar,
Her clear lakes bosomed in their shade,
Her sheepfolds scattered o'er the glade,
Her rills with music leaping down,
The perfume of her heather brown,
Familiar, as their native glen,
To differing tribes of distant men,
Patriot and bard ! Edina's care
Shall keep thine image fresh and fair,
Embalming to remotest time
The Shakspeare of her tuneful clime.

Thursday, October 1, 1840.

“ In Dryburgh’s solemn pile.”

Dryburgh is among the most beautiful of the ancient abbeys of Scotland. The effect of its ruins is heightened by their standing forth in solitary prominence, amidst a charming landscape. The Tweed sweeps around them like a crescent, and the lofty back-ground is shrouded in rich foliage, where the oak, the beech, and the mournful yew predominate. Among other noble and striking points of the structure, the windows are conspicuous. One large one, in the southern part of the transept, divided by four mullions, rises to a lofty height, and is seen majestically in the distance; another, of a circular form, in the western gable of what was formerly the refectory, with the dark foliage seen through it, is singularly picturesque.

Several stone coffins, or sarcophagi, of apparently great antiquity, have been discovered in these precincts, and are shown with their venerable coating of green moss and mould. In the place appropriated to the burial of the Erskines, or Earls of Mar, we observed an inscription bearing date in 1168, and another commemorating the youngest of the thirty-three children of Ralph Erskine. In the chapter-house, which resembles a spacious cellar, we were surprised by a vast assemblage of figures and busts, in plaster of Paris. They seemed a deputation from every age and clime. We could scarcely have anticipated, in a ru-

inous vault of Teviotdale, thus to meet Socrates and Cicero and Julius Cæsar, Shakspeare and Locke and Brutus — Abbot of Melrose, with his pastoral staff, John Knox, Charles Fox and the Ettrick shepherd, Count Rumford and Benjamin Franklin, and Watt of Birmingham, a strangely assorted and goodly company.

But the visitant of Dryburgh goes first and last to the grave where, on September 26, 1832, Sir Walter Scott was laid with the Haliburtons, his maternal ancestors. Around it are gathered many of the objects that in life he loved. Luxuriant vines, with their clasping tendrils, the overhanging ivy, the melancholy cypress, the mellow song of birds, the distant voice of Tweed, Gothic arches with their solemn shadow, and kindred dust reposing near, hallow the poet's tomb.

“ And still, a voice of friendly tone,
Doth speak, and call thee blest.”

Our guide through Melrose was Mr. John Bower, quite an original character, and somewhat of an artist, who interspersed his services with anecdotes, to which his broad Scotch dialect imparted additional interest. He is the same person whom Washington Irving thus characterizes, as “ the showman of Melrose. He was loud in his praises of the affability of Scott. ‘ He’ll come here sometimes,’ said he, ‘ with great

folks in his company, and the first I'll know of it is hearing his voice calling out Johnny! Johnny Bower! and when I go out, I'm sure to be greeted with a joke, or a pleasant word. He'll stand and crack and laugh wi' me, just like an auld wife, and to think that of a man that has sich an awfu' knowledge o' history." Johnny Bower spoke with enthusiasm of Sir Walter Scott, and requested us to sit on the stone seat, where he used to rest, when fatigued with walking about on his lame limb, to exhibit the favorite abbey to his numerous guests. "It was all a trick," said he, "the getting him to be buried at Dryburgh. This was the place. Every body knows that he cam here sax times and mair, to his ance visiting the Dryburgh ruin."

On pointing out the marble slab, which covers the dust of Alexander the Second, some remark was made about the period of his accession, to which Johnny Bower, as he called himself, responded in two lines from Marmion:—

"A clerk might tell what years are flown,
Since Alexander filled the throne."

Large portions of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" were familiar to him, which he recited when any surrounding object awakened them. Directing our attention to a rough, red stone in the wall, on which were the words, "Here lye the race of the house of Year," or Carr, the present Dukes of Roxburgh, he

told us that our "great countryman, Washington Irving, said, 'there was a hail sarmon on the vanity of pomp in that single line.'" After his agency as our guide had terminated, we were invited to his apartments, where we saw his wife, and a variety of drawings and casts from Melrose, several of which he had himself executed; and were pleased to have an opportunity of purchasing some engravings from him.

The village of Melrose is situated at the foot of the Eildon hills. It has little to interest a traveller, except its famous old Abbey; and in this it is impossible to be disappointed, whether it is seen by the "pale moonlight," or not. The style of its architecture, its clustered columns, its niches filled with statues, its exquisite carvings, from whence the leaflets, flowers, and fruits stand out with great boldness and a delicate truth to nature, prove that the ornamental parts must have been executed several centuries later than its erection under David the First. Every visitant must admire, on the capital of a column, from whence the roof which it once supported has mouldered away, a carved hand, in exceedingly bold relief, clasping a garland of roses. It was pleasant to see, in a partially enclosed court-yard, a few sheep cropping the herbage that crept up among the stones and between the fragments of fallen pillars, reminding one of the flocks that some tourist has described, as feeding so quietly amid the ruins of the circus of Caracalla, at Rome.

“ ’T was but a mournful sight to see
Trim Abbotsford so gay.”

When we visited Abbotsford, it was rich with a profusion of roses and ripening fruits. Embosomed in shades, it presents an irregular assemblage of turret, parapet, and balcony. The principal hall is hung with armor, and the emblazoned shields of border chieftains. It is about forty feet in length, and paved with black and white marble. It leads to a room of smaller dimensions called the armory, where are multitudes of antique implements of destruction, and curiosities from various climes. Scott's antiquarian tastes are inwrought with the structure of the building. Here and there is a wall or pannel, richly carved from the oak of Holyrood, and the old palace of Dunfermline. We were also shown a chimney-piece from Melrose, and told that there was a roof from Roslin Chapel, and a gate from Linlithgow. In the drawing-room, dining-room, and breakfast-parlor, are many pictures, and gifts from persons of distinction. There are chairs presented by the Pope and by George the Fourth, an ebony writing-desk, by George the Third, and ornaments in Italian marble, by Lord Byron.

The magnificence of the library strikes every eye. It is sixty feet, by fifty, and contains more than twenty thousand volumes, beautifully arranged. It has a bold projecting window, commanding a lovely view of rural scenery and the classic Tweed. Shakspeare's

bust and his own, by Chantry, and a full-length portrait of his eldest son, in military costume, are among the ornaments of this noble apartment. It is a pleasing instance of the filial piety of this eldest and only surviving son, that every article throughout the mansion remains, by his orders, in exactly the same situation in which it was left by his father. The books, the antiquarian relics, all remain in their places, and the last suit of clothes that he wore is preserved under a glass case in his closet.

But it was in the smaller room, used as a study, that one most feelingly realizes the truth, that

“ Hushed is the harp, the minstrel gone ! ”

It is lighted by only one window, and its furniture is extremely simple. I think there was but one chair in it, beside the one that he was accustomed to occupy. Here was the working spot, where, dismissing all extraneous objects, he bent his mind to its mighty tasks. We were told that the lamp over the mantel-piece, by which he wrote, he was in the habit of lighting himself. It was still partially filled with oil. But the eye that drew light from it, and threw the mental ray to distant regions, was closed in the darkness of the grave.

It was in this apartment that, after his mind had received its fatal shock from disease, he made his last ineffectual effort to write. The sad scene can never be as well described, as in the words of Lockhart.

“ He repeated his desire so earnestly to be taken to his own room, that we could not refuse. His daughters went into his study, opened his writing desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order. I then moved him through the hall into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said, ‘ Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself.’ Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavoured to close his fingers upon it. But they refused their office, and it dropped upon the paper. He sunk back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks. But composing himself by and by, he motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. After a little while he dropt into a slumber. On his awaking, Laidlaw said to me, ‘ Sir Walter has had a little repose.’ ‘ No, Willie,’ he replied, ‘ no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave.’ ”

“ Yet one there was, in humble cell,
One poor retainer, lone and old.”

After walking about the grounds of Abbotsford, we found in a small, smoky hut, the widow of Purdie, so long Scott's forester, and confidential servant. She told us stories of the Laird with zeal and pleasure. Her wrinkled face lighted up as she spoke of the days of his prosperity, when his house overflowed with

guests. She dwelt mournfully upon his kind farewell at her door, when he left for his continental tour, and the sad change in his appearance after his return. We were the more pleased to listen to her tales, and see her honest sympathy, from having just been annoyed by a different demeanor in the person appointed to show the apartments at Abbotsford. We had been forewarned of this by Johnny Bower, who told us that we should be waited upon by an English woman, who felt little interest in Sir Walter, whom she had never seen, and who would try to hurry us through our researches. "But ne'er ye mind thaut," said he, "staund firm." Yet we did not find it quite so easy to "*staund firm*," almost forcibly hastened as we were from room to room, our questions answered in a most laconic style, and the explanations that we desired denied. The cause of this singular want of attention seemed to be, in some measure, to be ready for another party who appeared upon the grounds, and whose expected fee she was probably impatient to add to our own. Yet it is desirable that a spot like Abbotsford, one of the "Mecca-shrines" of Scotland, should be exhibited to pilgrims, either by a native of its clime, or at least by one not deficient in the common courtesy of a guide.

A picture of Tom Purdie, the faithful servant, hangs in the dining-room at Abbotsford, in the vicinity of dukes and princes. And near the Abbey of Melrose is his grave, and monument, with this inscription from the pen of his beloved master.

In grateful remembrance
of the faithful and attached services
of twenty-two years,
and in sorrow for the loss of a humble, but sincere friend,
this stone was erected by
Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford.

Here lies the body of Thomas Purdie,
Wood-Forester, at Abbotsford,
who died 29th of October, 1829, aged sixty-two years.

“Thou hast been faithful over a few things ;
I will make thee ruler over many things.”

Matt. xxv. 21.

HUNTLEY-BURN.

IMP of the Cauldshiel's shaded tarn,
Whence hast thou such a sparkling eye?
Such pleasant voice, thy tales to tell?
Such foot of silver dancing by?

Like merry child of sombre sire,
Thou charm'st the glen with playful wile,
Till the dark boughs that o'er thee droop
Imbibe the magic of thy smile.

A favorite sprite thou wert of him,
Who left to Abbotsford a name;
And to each zone of earth bequeathed
Some planted scion of his fame.

Thou gav'st him gentle thoughts, at twilight dim,
And now to us dost bear remembrance sweet of him.

October 1, 1840.

Huntley-Burn is a romantic stream issuing from a small lake, or tarn, on the estate at Abbotsford, and running a course of the wildest beauty, during which it falls over a steep bank into a natural basin, overhung with the mountain-ash. It passes through a spot called the Rhymer's Glen, where, according to tradition, "Tam the Rhymour" used to hold intercourse with the Fairy Queen. It is in the vicinity of some of the plantings of Sir Walter Scott, and a place where he loved to wander by himself and with his guests. It was also still more endeared to him by the neighboring residence of the Ferguson family, with whom his own were in habits of delightful intimacy. To their hospitable roof he used to resort, when wearied with an irruption of visitants, or that vapid flattery, with which the heartless thought to compensate for their intrusions on his valuable time, which he sometimes complained to his friends was "pecked away by teaspoonfuls."

Mention is made of the death of one of the young ladies of the family at Huntley-Burn, in a touching tribute of Lockhart to his departed wife, in the third volume of that interesting memorial of her father, which his powerful pen has completed for posterity.

"She, whom I may now sadly record as, next to Sir Walter himself, the chief ornament and delight of all our social meetings, she, to whose love I owed my own place in them, Scott's eldest daughter, the one of all his children, who in countenance, mind, and

manners most resembled him, and who indeed was as like him in all things, as a gentle, innocent woman can ever be to a great man, deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life, she too is no more; and the very hour that saw her laid in her grave, her dearest friend, Margaret Ferguson, breathed her last also."

SHEEP AMONG THE CHEVIOTS.

GRAZE on, graze on, there comes no sound
Of border-warfare here,
No slogan-cry of gathering clan,
No battle-axe, or spear,
No belted knight in armor bright,
With glance of kindled ire,
Doth change the sports of Chevy-Chase
To conflict stern and dire.

Ye wist not that ye press the spot,
Where Percy held his way
Across the marches, in his pride,
The "chiefest harts to slay;"
And where the stout Earl Douglas rode
Upon his milk-white steed,
With "fifteen hundred Scottish spears,"
To stay the invaders' deed.

Ye wist not, that ye press the spot
Where, with his eagle eye,
King James, and all his gallant train,
To Flodden-field swept by.
The queen was weeping in her bower,
Amid her maids that day,
And on her cradled nursling's face
Those tears like pearl-drops lay.

For madly 'gainst her native realm
Her royal husband went,
And led his flower of chivalry
As to a tournament ;
He led them on, in power and pride,
But ere the fray was o'er,
They on the blood-stained heather slept,
And he returned no more.

Graze on, graze on, there's many a rill
Bright sparkling through the glade,
Where you may freely slake your thirst,
With none to make afraid.
There's many a wandering stream that flows
From Cheviot's terraced side,
Yet not one drop of warrior's gore
Distains its crystal tide.

For Scotia from her hills hath come,
And Albion o'er the Tweed,
To give the mountain breeze the feuds
That made their noblest bleed ;
And like two friends, around whose hearts
Some dire estrangement run,
Love all the better for the past,
And sit them down as one.

Friday, Oct. 2, 1840.

Among the features of Scottish scenery, which after crossing the Tweed begin to reveal themselves, are the little circular sheep-cotes at the base of the bare hills. The different races of sheep, and their comparative merits, are subjects of earnest discussion among the northern farmers. In some regions of the Cheviots the flocks have been noted for the productiveness of their fleece.

After the removal of Scott to his rural residence at Ashestiel, in writing on this subject he says, "for more than a month my head has been fairly tenanted by ideas, neither literary nor poetical. Long sheep and short sheep, and such kind of matters, have made a perfect sheepfold of my understanding." The Ettrick shepherd relates an apposite anecdote of one of his interviews with him in 1801. "During the sociability of the evening, the discourse ran much on the different breeds of sheep. The original black-faced Forest breed being always called the *short sheep*, and the

Cheviot race the *long sheep*, disputes at that period ran very high about the practicable profits of each. Scott, who had come into our remote district only to collect fragments of legendary lore, was bored with everlasting discussion about long and short sheep. At length, putting on a serious, calculating face, he asked Mr. Walter Bryden 'How long must a sheep actually measure, to come under the denomination of a *long sheep*?' He, not perceiving the quiz, fell to answer with great simplicity, 'It's the woo' (wool) it's the woo' that makes the difference. The lang sheep ha'e the short woo', and the short sheep ha'e the lang woo'; and these are only jist kind o' names we gie' em.' Scott found it impossible to preserve his gravity, and this incident is wrought into his story of the 'Black Dwarf.'"

THE GIPSY MOTHER.

GIPSY, see, with fading light,
How the camp-fire blazes bright,
Where thy roving people steal
Gladly to their evening meal.
Tawny urchins, torn and bare,
And the wrinkled crone is there
Who pretends with scowling eye
Into fate's decrees to pry,
And the credulous to show
Golden fortunes, free from woe.

Why beneath the hedge-row lone,
Sit'st thou on that broken stone,
Heedless of the whoop and call
To their merry festival?
Masses rich of raven hair
Curtain o'er thy forehead rare,
Thou'lt be missed amid their glee,
Wherefore stay'st thou?

Ah! I see
On a babe thy dark eye resting,

Closely in thy bosom nesting,
And 't is sweeter far I know,
Than at proudest feast to glow,
Full contentment to dispense
Thus to helpless innocence.

Doth the presence of thy child
Make thy flashing glance so mild?
Thou, who with thy wandering race
Reared mid tricks and follies base,
Ne'er hast seen a heavenly ray
Guiding toward the better way?
Feel'st thou now some latent thrill,
Sorrowing o'er a life of ill?
Some incitement pure and good,
Dim, and faintly understood?
Stranger! 't is the prompting high
Of a mother's ministry,
Yield to that transforming love,
Let it lead thy soul above.

Dost thou muse with downcast eye
On thine infant's destiny?
Alien birth, and comrades vile,
Harsh control, or hateful wile,
Till thy prescient heart forlorn
Sickens at its lot of scorn?
One there is, to whom is known
All a mother's secret moan,

He, who heard the bitter sigh
Of that lone one's agony,
When the water-drop was spent,
And no spreading branch or tent
Sheltered from the burning sky,
Where she laid her son to die,
Bade an angel near her stand,
 And a fountain's silver track
Murmuring mid the desert sand
 Call from death her darling back.
Oh! to Him who still doth deign
Pity for their outcast pain,
Whom proud man with haughty eye
Scarce regards, and passes by ;
Who amid the tempest-shock
Roots the wild vine on the rock,
And protects the bud to bless
The untrodden wilderness,
Lift thine eye with tear-drops dim,
Cast thy bosom's fear on Him.
He who heeds the ravens' cry
In their hopeless misery,
Deigns to feed them when they pine,
Cares he not for thee and thine ?

Gipsy Mother ! lone and drear,
Sad am I to leave thee here,
For the strong and sacred tie
Of thy young maternity

Links thee unto all who share
In its pleasures or its care,
All who on their yearning breast
Lull the nursling to its rest,
And though poor and low thou art,
Makes thee sister in their heart.
Gipsy Mother! strangely fair,
God be with thee in thy care.

Newcastle upon Tyne,
October 3, 1840.

Our approach to Newcastle was in the evening. Lights from an encampment of gipsies, flickered and twinkled like the torch of the glow-worm, while here and there a spot of more sustained brilliance revealed preparations for their nightly repast. A few children, with wild elf-locks, glided about, and suddenly disappeared. Occasionally, among the young females, may be seen traces of comeliness, and of the grace that Nature teaches.

The number of this singular people is not great in England, though it is difficult correctly to compute it, from their roving and scarcely tangible modes of existence. The men are sometimes seen vigorously laboring, among the hay-makers and hop-gatherers, in the counties of Surrey and Kent.

Henry the Eighth, during whose reign the gipsies first appeared in Great Britain, enacted severe laws against them as vagrants, which were enforced by

Elizabeth and Anne. In Scotland, they were in early times treated with more mildness, and the gude wife, who gave them a night's hospitality, was often pleased to find that they remembered her afterwards by some slight gift, perhaps a horn spoon for her child. In the construction of this article, and of simple baskets, they are skilful, and likewise officiate as tinkers and rude musicians. Pilfering and palmistry are said to be indigenous among them; yet, like our aboriginal Americans, they have some strong traits of character, susceptibilities both of revenge and of gratitude. Though their race have been for ages regarded with contempt or indifference, there have always been individuals to extend to them pity or kindness, and within the last twenty or thirty years, a few Christian philanthropists have been desirous to enlighten their ignorance, and ameliorate their condition. Among these, Mr. Hoyland, of the Society of Friends, has been persevering in this mission of mercy. He has visited their encampments, and sought to gain influence over them for their good. A grey-haired woman of more than eighty years of age told him she had many children, and nearly fifty grandchildren, not one of whom had ever been taught to read. He embodied the result of his observations in a volume published in 1816, which contains much interesting information, and is itself a monument of that true benevolence, which in the homeless wanderers among the highways

and hedges, recognises the possessors of an immortal soul.

I mentioned that our entrance into Newcastle upon Tyne was under the shadow of evening. Day revealed it to be a busy and thriving place, many parts of it exceedingly well-built, though a strong contrast is visible between the new and old portions of the town. An elegant bridge connects it with Gateshead. The churches of All Saints and St. Nicholas are imposing structures; and the spire of the last is lofty and beautiful.

Newcastle is celebrated for the excellence of its coal. Its collieries are extensively wrought, and the boats that cover the Tyne are loaded with it. We had an opportunity of observing its highly combustible nature. The morning after our arrival at the hotel, the atmosphere being rather chill, we ordered a fire in our parlor, and the servant by plunging a heated poker into a large, well-filled grate, ignited it immediately. The evening landscape was lighted by other fires than those of the gipsy encampment, and we were told they were put in action, to burn the smaller and unsaleable fragments of bituminous coal into charcoal.

Newcastle was a Roman station, and the remains of the wall built as a protection against the Scots and Picts by the Emperors of Rome, on abandoning the island, are still plainly discernible.

YORK MINSTER.

I stood within a Minster of old time,
Ornate and mighty. Like a mount it reared
Its massy front, with pinnacle and tower,
Augustly beautiful. The morning sun
Through noblest windows of refulgent stain
Mullioned, and wrought with leafy tracery,
Threw o'er the pavement many a gorgeous group
Of cherubim and seraphim and saint,
And long robed patriarch, kneeling low in prayer,
While as his golden finger changed the ray,
Fresh floods of brilliance poured on all around.
— O'er the long vista the delighted eye
Bewildered roved, transept, and nave, and choir,
And screen elaborate, and column proud,
And vaulted roof that seemed another sky.

— Methinks I hear a murmur, that 't is vain
To note mine etchings of an older world,
Since all their vague impressions fall as short
Of abbey or cathedral, as the wing
Of the dull beetle, that would scale their heights.

— It may be so. I'm sure 't is loss of time,
For me to speak of pediment and tower,
Saxon or Norman, and debate with warmth,
Whether the chevrons-work, and foliage knots
Are of the third or second Gothic school ;
The wise man knows, perchance, the school-boy too.
But poets' cobweb line hath ever failed
To measure these aright, and set them forth
With Euclid's skill. Go see them for yourselves.
Yet can we people every vacant niche,
And mend the headless statue, and restore
The rusted relics of a buried age,
And spread the velvet pall the moth did eat
All fresh and lustrous o'er the ancient dead.
So be ye patient with us, and not ask
The admeasurement of transept or of nave,
But let us perch like bird, where'er we choose,
And weave our fleeting song, as best we may.
Fain would I tell you, what a world of sound
Came from that pealing organ, when its soul
Mixed with the chanter's breath bade arch and aisle
Re-echo with celestial melody.
Its mighty tide bore off the weeds of care
And sands of vanity, and made the words,
Such common words as man doth speak to man,
All tame and trifling to the immortal soul.
I would not say devotion may not be
As heartfelt, in the humblest village church
That flecks the green ; but yet, it seemeth fit,

That those, who thus from age to age have been
Unresting heralds of the Eternal Name,
Should deck themselves in princely garniture,
As Heaven's ambassadors.

To Him who bade
The broad-winged cherubs beautify the Ark
That taught His worship to the wilderness,
And mitred Aaron stand in priestly robes,
And Zion's temple wear its crown of rays,
Like a king's daughter, thou majestic pile,
Dost show thy reverence by thy glorious garb,
And with a lofty tone require of man
Unceasingly that incense of the heart,
Which he doth owe to God.

And when he drops
Thy lesson in the grave, and fades away,
With what unwrinkled patience dost thou teach
Each new-born race Jehovah's awful name,
And press upon their infant lips His praise.
— Again we came, and on the Sabbath-day,
And marked amid the throng of worshippers
A poor old man, bent low with years of toil.
His garb was humble, and his lowly seat
Fast by the reader in the sacred desk,
Because, methought, his ear was dull to sound.
It seemed as if his travel had been sore,
Along the barren wilds of poverty,
But yet that mid its flint-stones he had found
That pearl of price, which the rich merchantman

Too oft o'erlooketh on his prosperous way.
Meekly he bowed, nor cast a wandering glance
Toward kingly scutcheon, or emblazoned arms
Of prince and peer, but listened earnestly,
As for his life, to what the King of kings
Commanded or forbade. When solemnly
The deep responsive litany invoked
Aid and deliverance by the agony
And cross of Christ, his trembling hands he raised
Horny, and brown with labor, while a tear
Crept slowly down its furrowed path.

Old Man!

Thou hast within thee that which shall survive
This temple's wreck, and if aright I read
Our Master's spirit in thy moistened eye,
That which shall wear a crown, when earthly thrones
Have name no more.

And then we knelt us down
Around the altar, in that solemn feast
Which Jesus in his dark betrayal-night
Enjoined on his disciples. There we took
The broken bread and cup, remembering Him
In all his lowliness, in all his love,
Who sought the straying sheep.

So lift thy crook,
Shepherd Divine! that we may follow thee
Where'er thou will'st to lead, nor miss thy fold,
When the slant beams of life's declining day
Call home the wanderers to eternal rest.

It seems impossible to be disappointed in York Minster, however high may have been previous expectations. When you first gain a view of this mountain of ecclesiastical architecture, or at entering cast your eye through a vista of 524 feet, or from the tessellated marble pavement gaze through column and arch up to the ribbed and fretted dome, 99 feet above you, or catch the light of a thousand wreathed and trembling rainbows, through gloriously refulgent windows, you are lost in wonder and astonishment. Its different parts, nave, transept, choir, chapter-house, and crypt, with the rich decorations of screen, statue, tracery, and monument, where sleep the illustrious dead, require many surveys, and repay all with the fulness of admiration. The original erection on this site is of great antiquity, and the present edifice, though more than one hundred and fifty years in building, displays, amid variety of taste and style, great unity of design. It has loftily withstood the attacks of time and the depredations of war, but some portions have been considerably injured by recent conflagration, and are now in the process of repair. The magnificent swell of the organ, and the majesty and sweetness of the chants, especially during the Sabbath's worship, seemed unearthly. Twice on every week-day the service of prayer and praise ascends from this venerable cathedral, and it is a touching thought, that its great heart of stone keeps alive that incense to Jehovah, which too

often grows dim and cold on the altar of the living soul.

York is situated in a rich vale, of a peninsular form, between the rivers Ouse and Fosse, and equi-distant from the capital cities of Scotland and England. It is fortified, and tradition says, that Agricola planned and labored upon its walls. However this may be, it was early distinguished by the Romans, during their dynasty in Britain. The Emperor Adrian made it his residence as early as the year 134, and it was the camp, the court, and the sepulchre of Severus. Here, about 272, Constantine the Great was born, and here in the imperial palace his son Constantius died. The footsteps of old Rome upon this spot are attested by altars, inscriptions, seals, and sepulchral vessels, which have been from age to age exhumed. Not more than thirty years since, some workmen, in digging the foundation of a house, struck about four feet below the surface on a vault of stone, strongly arched with Roman bricks. It contained a coffin, enclosing a slender human skeleton, with the teeth entire, supposed to be a female of rank, who had lain there at least one thousand four hundred years. Near her head was a small glass lachrymatory, and not far from her tomb was found an urn containing ashes and calcined bones of another body. Still more recently, the remains of a tessellated pavement, with other relics, have been found and presented to the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. Our own antiquarian tastes were easily and simply

gratified, by finding in various repositories during our walks slight utensils, such as boxes, vases, inkstands, and candlesticks, wrought and neatly polished from the charred beams of the venerable Minster.

It is impossible to explore the city of York, without reverting to the scenery of the past, which History has so indelibly traced, as almost to give it existence among the objects that surround us. Imagination rekindles on the neighboring hill the fires of the funeral pile of Severus, or recalls the tumult of the sanguinary battles of Towton and Marston Moor, fought in the vicinity, one of which terminated the bitter wars of the Roses, and the other, through the imprudence of Prince Rupert, crushed the hopes of the Royalists.

We fancy that we listen to the chimes of the first Christmas, as it was here celebrated by Prince Arthur, or gather traits of its more splendid observance, under Henry the Third or Edward the Second, from the pages of the old Chroniclers. Still following the annals of war, we perceive the blood of Scot, Pict, and Dane, Roman, Saxon, and Norman, mingling beneath these walls. Sack and siege darken the picture. William the Conqueror, flushed with success and domination, held his armies for six months before these walls, until famine compelled capitulation, and then satiated his vengeful cruelty by the slaughter of the nobility and gentry, and the devastation of the whole country between York and Durham.

In the wars under Charles the First, a siege by the

parliamentary forces was endured for several months, which some of the present inhabitants are fond of saying would have been longer withstood, had not Fairfax pointed a battery of cannon against the venerable Cathedral, and threatened to destroy that glory of their ancestors.

We may now hope with regard to York, that the days of its warfare and mourning are ended, and the traveller is gratified to find the turmoil of the battlefield exchanged for the Christian cares of the Hospital, the Dispensary, the Retreat for the Insane, the Institution for the education of the Blind, the Charity Schools, and the twenty parish churches that diversify its bounds.

BIRMINGHAM AND SHEFFIELD.

'T is something to be called
THE "toyshop of a continent," by one
Whose voice was fame. And yet a name like this
Hath not been lightly earned. Hard hammerings
And fierce ore-meltings, mid a heat that threatens
To vitrify the stones, have wrought it out,
On the world's anvil.

Ponderous enginery,
And sparkling smithies, and a pallid throng,
Who toil, and drink, and die, do service here,
And countless are the forms, their force creates,
From the dire weapon sworn to deeds of blood,
That sweeps with sharp report man's life away,
To the slight box, from whence the spinster takes
Her creature-comfort, or the slighter orb
Of treble-gilt, which the pleased school-boy finds
On his new suit, counting the shining rows
With latent vanity.

Well pleased I marked
This strange creativeness, because I knew
That Birmingham had stretched an iron hand

Across the Atlantic wave, and grappled close
My country in that league of amity,
Which commerce loves. And whatsoever shall bind
Those lands in unity, is dear to me,
Whether the links be metal, or the threads
Of silky filament by genius thrown
From clime to clime, or those which science knits
In firmer mesh, as erst the sorceress wove
The strong man's locks.

Here too were fabrics rich
That taste might covet, cabinet and screen,
Table and tray, with pearly shell inlaid,
And bright with tints of landscape or of flower.
Here glass in chrystal elegance essays
To emulate the diamond, and we saw
The flaming fount from whence its glories came,
And how the glowing cylinder expands
Into those broad and polished plates, that deck
The abodes of princes.

Many a curious thing
Was shown us too at Sheffield, ornaments,
And thousand-bladed knives, and fairy tools
For ladies fingers, when the thread they lead
Through finest lawn ; and silver richly chased,
To make the festal board so beautiful,
That unawares the tempted matron's hand
Invades her husband's purse.

But as for me,
Though the whole art was patiently explained,

From the first piling of the earthy ore,
In its dark ovens, to its pouring forth
With brilliant scintillations, in the form
Of liquid steel ; or its last lustrous face,
And finest net-work ; yet I'm fain to say
The manufacturing interest would find
In me a poor interpreter. I doubt
My own capacity to comprehend
Such transmutations, and confess with shame
Their processes do strike my simple mind
Like necromancy. And I felt no joy
Among the crucibles and cutlery,
Compared to that, which on the breezy heights
Met me at every change, or mid the walks
Of the botanic garden, freshly sprang
From every flower.

There was a quiet lodge
From whence peered forth, as guardian of the place,
A mighty dog of true St. Bernard's breed,
With such a forehead as phrenologists
Delight to analyze, and in his port
The lamb and lion mixed ; yet all unlike
That classic Cerberus, who gnashed and growled
At the Hesperides, and pleased to change
His slippery footing mid the Alpine rocks,
And midnight conflicts with the avalanche,
To doze among the birds who nestle here,
All prodigal of song.

But Sheffield, sure,

Hath more to boast, than plants whose greenness fades,
Or riches of the mine. She pointed out,
With ready hand and graceful warmth of heart,
The sweet Moravian poet, he who saw
Through Fancy's glass the "World before the Flood,"
And told its doings to our grosser ear.
He oft hath given Devotion's lip the words
She sought but could not find; and sure, high praise
Is due to him, who steadily devotes
His heaven-given talents to their highest end,
And ne'er disjoins them from the Maker's praise.
Such meed is thine, Montgomery, meek in heart,
And full of Christian love.

We said farewell

Reluctantly to those, who like tried friends,
Though newly seen, had marked each fleeting hour
With deeds of kindness, and as through the scenes
Of glorious beauty, hill and dale and tower,
Swept on our light post-chaise, of them we spake
Such words as glowing gratitude inspires.

There stood a cottage, near a spreading moor,
Just where its heathery blackness melted down
Into a mellower hue. Fast by its side
Nestled the wheat-stock, firmly bound and shaped
Even like another roof-tree, witnessing
Fair harvest and good husbandry. Some sheep
Roamed eastwards o'er the common, nibbling close
The scanty blade, while toward the setting sun

A hillock stretched o'ershadowed by a growth
Of newly-planted trees. 'T would seem the abode
Of rural plenty and content. Yet here
A desolate sorrow dwelt, such as doth wring
Plain honest hearts, when what had long been twined
With every fibre is dissected out.

Beneath the shelter of those lowly eaves
An only daughter made the parents glad
With her unfolding beauties. Day by day
She gathered sweetness on her lonely stem,
The lily of the moorlands. They, with thoughts
Upon their humble tasks, how best to save
Their little gains, or make that little more,
Scarce knew that she was beautiful; yet felt
Strange thrall upon their spirits when she spoke
So musical, or from some storied page
Beguiled their evening hour.

And when the sire
Descanted long, as farmers sometimes will,
Upon the promise of his crops, and how
The neighbors envied that his corn should be
Higher than theirs, and how the man, who hoped
Surely to thrive, must leave his bed betimes,
Or of her golden cheese the mother told,
She with a filial and serene regard
Would seem to listen, her young heart away
Mid other things.

For in her lonely room,

She had companions that they knew not of,
Books that reveal the sources of the soul,
Deep meditations, high imaginings,
And oftentimes, when the cottage lamp was out,
She sat communing with them, while the moon
Looked through her narrow casement fitfully.
Hence grew her brow so spiritual, and her cheek
Pale with the purity of thought, that gleamed
Around her from above.

The buxom youth,
Nursed at the ploughshare, wondering eyed her charms,
Or of her aspen gracefulness of form
Spoke slightly. Yet when they saw the fields
Her father tilled well clad with ripening grain,
And knew he had no other heir beside,
They, with unwonted wealth of Sunday clothes,
And huge, red nosegays flaunting in their hands,
Were fain to woo her. And they marvelled much
How the sweet fairy, with such quiet air
Of mild indifference, and with truthful words
Kind, yet determinate, withdrew herself
To chosen solitude, intent to keep
A maiden's freedom.

But in lonely walks,
What time the early violets richly blent
Their trembling colors with the vernal green,
A student boy, who dwelt among the hills,
Taught her of love. There rose an ancient tree,
The glory of their rustic garden's bound,

Around whose rough circumference of trunk
A garden seat was wreathed ; and there they sat,
Watching gray-vested twilight, as she bore
Such gifts of tender, and half-uttered thought
As lovers prize. When the thin-blossomed furze
Gave out its autumn sweetness, and the walls
Of that low cot with the red-berried ash
Kindled in pride, they parted ; he to toil
Amid his college tasks, and she to weep.
— The precious scrolls, that with his ardent heart
So faithfully were tinged, unceasing sought
Her hand, and o'er their varied lines to pore
Amid his absence, was her chief delight.

— At length they came not. She with sleepless eye,
And lip that every morn more bloodless grew,
Demanded them in vain. And then the tongue
Of a hoarse gossip told her, he was *dead* ;
Drowned in the deep, and dead.

Her young heart died
Away at those dread sounds. Her upraised eye
Grew large, and wild, and never closed again.
“ Hark, hark ! he calleth, I must hence away,”
She murmured oft, but faint and fainter still,
Nor other word she spake.

And so she died.

And now that lonely cottage on the moor
Hath no sweet visitant of earthly hope,

To cheer its toiling inmates. Habit-led,
They sow, and reap, and spread the daily board,
And steep their bread in tears.

God grant them grace
To take this chastisement, like those who win
A more enduring mansion, from the blast
That leaveth house and home so desolate.

Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1840.

Among the manufactories of Birmingham, which our limited time allowed us to examine, we were much pleased with an extensive one of plate glass, in the possession of the Messieurs Chance. There we had politely explained to us, by the proprietors, the process of blowing that beautiful material, first into a cylindrical form, and afterwards giving it with emory the last exquisite polish. We visited the manufactures of bronze and silver, and the repository for that of *papier-maché*, and could scarcely believe that those delicate ornamental articles, trays, tables, cabinets, etc., inlaid with pearl, and radiant with the richest hues of the pencil, sprang from a rude fabric of coarse, brown pasteboard.

We were pleased to see the spacious town-hall, one of the lions of Birmingham, brilliantly lighted, and filled with an immense audience, assembled to advance the cause of missions, and listening to eloquent addresses from its advocates, and from some who

had been sent forth, as laborers among the benighted heathen in distant zones.

In Sheffield, we were taken by the Messieurs Sanderson, to their celebrated establishment for making and refining steel, and saw it poured in its liquid state, from flame-hot crucibles, with the most brilliant scintillations. Through their attention we were also shown the various processes of silver-plating; and also the fair botanic garden and conservatory, which afforded sensible relief from the heat and mystery of metallic exhibitions. Afterwards we visited the show-rooms of Rogers and Sons, and among their almost endless variety of cutlery, silver, and ivory, saw under a glass-case the knife with 1838 blades, so often marvelled at by travellers. The prospects from the heights around Sheffield are variegated and beautiful. Yet more interesting than any combination of hill and dale, inasmuch as mind must ever hold superiority over matter, was an interview with the poet Montgomery, who came to call on us at our hotel. He is small of stature, with an amiable countenance, and agreeable, gentlemanly manners. His conversation is unassuming, though occasionally enlivened by a vein of pleasantry. Some of the company happening to remark, that they were not aware of his having been born in Scotland, he replied that he had left it in his early years, adding with naiveté, "You know Dr. Johnson has said, there is hope of a Scotchman if you catch him young."

We left Birmingham and Sheffield with warm feelings of gratitude for the kind attentions which had marked our stay in both places, and which will always mingle with our recollections of their scenery.

CHATSWORTH AND HADDON HALL.

I've heard the humid skies did ever weep
In merry England, and a blink of joy
From their blue eyes was like a pearl of price.
Mine own indeed are sunnier, yet at times
There comes a day so exquisitely fair,
That with its radiance and its rarity
It makes the senses giddy.

Such an one

Illumined Chatsworth, when we saw it first,
Set like a gem against the hanging woods
That formed its background. Herds of graceful deer,
Pampered perchance until they half forget
Their native fleetness, o'er the ample parks
Roamed at their pleasure. From the tower that crests
The eastern hill, a floating banner swayed
With the light breezes, while a drooping Ash,
Of foliage rich, stood lonely near the gates,
Like the presiding genius of the place,
Unique and beautiful. Their silver jet
The sparkling fountains o'er the freshened lawns

Threw fitfully, and gleaming here and there,
The tenant-statues with their marble life
Peopled the shades.

But wondering most we marked
A princely labyrinth of plants and flowers,
All palace-lodged and breathing forth their sweets
On an undying summer's balmy breast.
And well might wealth expend itself for you,
Flowers, glorious flowers! that dwelt in Eden's
bound,
Yet sinned not, fell not, and whose silent speech
Is of a better Paradise, where ye,
Catching the essence of the deathless soul,
Shall never fade.

Throughout the noble pile
Pictures and spars and vases, and the show
Of alabaster, porphyry, and gold,
Blend with a lavishness, that ne'er offends
The eye of taste. Had I the skill to tell
Featly of halls, that like Arabia's dream
O'erflow with all that Fancy can devise,
To strike, to charm, to dazzle, and delight,
Here were full scope. But I have dwelt too long
Within a simple forest-land, to know
The fitting terms for such magnificence.
So, from the painted ceilings, and the light
Of costly mirrors, 't was relief to seek
The shaded gallery of sculptured forms,
And taste the luxury of musing thought.

Our slight memorial at thy snowy feet.
 Next, on to Haddon Hall. The postern low,
 And threshold, worn with tread of many feet,
 Receive us silently. How grim and grey
 Yon tall, steep fortalice above us towers!
 Its narrow apertures, like arrow-slits,
 Jealous of heaven's sweet air, its dreary rooms
 Floored with rough stones, its uncouth passages
 Cut in thick walls, bespeak those iron times
 Of despotism, when o'er the mountain-surge
 Rode the fierce sea-king, and the robber hedged
 The chieftain in his moat.

A freer style

Of architecture clearly, as a chart,
 Defines the isthmus of that middle state,
 After the Conquest, when the Saxon kernes
 With their elf-locks receded. Coarsely mixed
 Norman with Gothic, stretch the low-browed halls,
 Their open rafters brown with curling smoke.
 Hearth-stone and larder, as for giant race,
 Tell of rude, festal doings, when in state
 The stalwart baron, seated on the dais,
 Serf and retainer lowlier ranged around,
 Gave hospitality at Christmas-tide,
 The roasted ox, the boar, with holly crowned,
 And mighty venison pasty, proudly borne
 'Tween a stout brace of ancient serving-men.
 The elements of rude and gentle times
 Were ill concocted then, and struggling held

Each other in suspension, or prevailed
 Alternately. "Barbaric pearl and gold"
 Were roughly set; and cumbrous arras hid
 The iron-hasped and loosely-bolted doors.
 Broad-branching antlers of the stag were then
 The choicest pictures, and the power to quaff
 Immense potations from the wassail-bowl
 Envied accomplishment.

But Haddon tells
 Still of another age, and suits itself
 To their more courtly manners. Carvings rich,
 And gilded cornices, and chambers hung
 With tapestry of France, and shapely grate
 Instead of chimney huge, and fair recess
 Of oriel window, mark the advancing steps
 Of comfort and refinement.

Here moved on,
 In stately minuet, lords with doublet slashed,
 And ladies rustling in the stiff brocade;
 And there, the deep-mouthed hounds the chase pur-
 sued,
 The maiden ruling well her palfrey white,
 With knight and squire attendant.

Hear we not
 Even now their prancing steeds?
 'T is passing strange!
 Dwell life and death in loving company?
 Why bloom those flowers, with none to inhale their
 sweets?

Who trim yon beds so neatly ; and remove
 Each withered leaf ; and keep each straggling bough
 In beautiful obedience ?

— Come they back,

They of the by-gone days, when none are near,
 And with their spirit-eyes inspect the flowers
 That once they loved ? Toil they in shadowy ranks
 Mid these deserted bowers, then flit away ?

They seem but just to have set the goblet down,
 As for a moment, yet return no more.
 The chair, the board, the couch of state are here,
 And we, the intrusive step are fain to check,
 As though we pressed upon their privacy.
 Whose privacy ? *The dead ?* A riddle all !
 And we ourselves are riddles. —

While we cling
 Sill to our crumbling hold, so soon to fall
 And be forgotten, in that yawning gulph
 That whelms all past, all present, all to come,
 Oh, grant us wisdom, Father of the Soul,
 To gain a changeless heritage with Thee.

Wednesday, October 7, 1840.

“ a floating banner swayed
 With the light breeze — ”

The approach to Chatsworth is over gently rising

grounds, and on an eminence towards the east, we observed from the old Hunting Tower, embosomed in woods, the flag flying, which announced that the Duke of Devonshire, the master of this magnificent domain, was at home. Immediately after entering the central gate, by the Porter's lodge, we paused to admire a fine weeping Ash, whose rich, dark foliage, drooping to the ground, forms within its circumference an arch of exceeding beauty. It was removed hither from Derby, about ten years since, at an expense of £1000; and though it had attained the age of forty years on its transplantation, flourishes unchanged in its new home. The grounds of Chatsworth cover an area of eleven miles, diversified by lawns, plantations, and pleasure-grounds. Large flocks and herds luxuriate in the pastures, and deer, so fat as to forfeit a portion of their fleetness, beautify the parks.

It would be in vain to attempt a description of this splendid establishment. Dazzled as the eye may be with its internal decorations, I could not but consider the conservatory as its chief glory. It extends several hundred feet, its lofty roof resting on iron pillars, and entirely covered with large plates of glass, furnishing a spacious carriage-drive, through plants and flowers from every region of the earth. Some of these are of surpassing beauty, and all refreshed by waters artificially distributed, and cheered by a perpetual summer, as if a second Paradise fostered their bloom.

“ Spin on, most beautiful.”

In the sculpture-gallery at Chatsworth, among noble forms, and groups apparently instinct with life, we were attracted by the statue of a young spinning-girl, from the chisel of a German artist. She is called the *Filatrice*, and stands in a simple and graceful attitude upon the fragment of a granite column, brought from the Roman Forum. Here, as in other choice collections of the masters of sculpture, we were reminded of Thomson's descriptive lines, —

“ Minutely perfect all! — Each dimple sunk,
And every muscle swelled, as Nature taught.
In tresses braided fresh the marble waved,
Flowed in loose robe, or thin, transparent veil,
Sprang into motion, — softened into flesh, —
Was fired with passion, or refined to soul.”

—
“ Next, on to Haddon-Hall.”

It is well to see Chatsworth and Haddon-Hall in the same day. The contrast of their features deepens the impression which each leaves on the mind. The overwhelming splendor of one prepares you to relish and to reverence the silent, mournful majesty of the other. You pass as from a Roman triumph, to Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage.

This touching relic of the olden time occupies an

elevation, overshadowed by large trees, from whence it looks down upon the fair valley and bright waters of the Wye. Its most ancient portions date back 900 years, into the Saxon dynasty. William the Norman, who was liberal in parcelling out the good things of the conquered realm among his relatives and adherents, gave it to his natural son, Peveril. Thence, by marriage, it passed to the Vernons, and again, in the same manner, to the house of Manners, who now hold the dukedom of Rutland. In exploring its deserted halls, it is easy to scan three distinct styles of architecture, which as clearly define three differing states of social and domestic manners. The tall grey Eagle Tower, with its round loop-holes and prison-like apartments, recalls those days of despotism and danger, when castellated buildings were fortresses of defence against the Danish pirate, or the roaming outlaw. This period extended from the close of the Saxon dynasty, through the reigns of some of the Plantagenets, while the Peverils and Avenels bore rule at Haddon Hall. Huge fire-places, immense larders, chopping-blocks on which a whole ox might be laid, heavy oak tables, and the old wicket, through which every stranger received, if he desired, a trencher of substantial food and a cup of ale, mark the succeeding era of rude feasting and free hospitality. The third era, brought in the more lofty ceilings, richly gilt, the halls paneled with oak, the carved cornices, and the bay windows, decorated with armo-

rial bearings. The various improvements made by the houses of Vernon and Manners may be plainly traced; the first of which obtained possession of this baronial mansion in the time of Henry the Sixth, and the latter, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. So liberal was the housekeeping of Haddon, that 140 servants were employed and maintained there, by the first duke of Rutland, in the time of Queen Anne. Now all is silence and loneliness within its bounds. Two hundred years have elapsed since it was inhabited. But the late Duchess of Rutland, having been much attached to its scenery, was solicitous that it should be kept in good preservation, as a specimen of other days. Her wishes have been scrupulously obeyed, and thus the antiquarian taste, and the reflecting mind, continue to find high gratification from a visit to this deserted mansion.

“Chambers hung
With tapestry of France.”

The state bedroom at Haddon Hall is still adorned with ancient hangings of Gobelines. Their subjects seem to be taken from the imagery of Æsop's Fables. The bed is surmounted by a canopy of green silk velvet, fourteen feet in height, and lined with thick white satin. Its embroidered curtains were wrought by the needle of the Lady Eleanor, wife of Sir Rob-

ert Manners, and are a commendable trophy of her industry. But the hands of pilferers have been so busy in abstracting shreds and fragments of this rich, antique couch, that it has been found necessary to protect it by an enclosure, something like the railing erected around the bed of Mary of Scotland, in the old Holyrood palace.

MATLOCK.

It would be most ungrateful, not to speak,
Matlock ! of thee. Thy dwellings mid the cliffs,
Like a Swiss village, or the hanging nest
Of the wild bird, thy fairy glens scooped out
From the deep jaws of mountain fastnesses,
Thy pure, pure air, the luxury of thy baths,
Thy donkey rides amid the pine-clad hills,
Or o'er the beetling brow of bold Masson,
Spying perchance in some close-sheltered nook
The pale lutea and red briony,
Or infant waterfall, that leaps to cast
Its thread of silver to the vales below,
Thy long and dark descents to winding caves,
Where sleep the sparkling spars, the thousand forms,
Which art doth give them to allure the eye,
And decorate the mansion, lamp, and vase,
And pedestal, and toy, these all conspire
In sweet confusion to imprint thee deep
On memory's page.

But when the thunder rolls,
Yon silent cliffs forget their quietude,

And like the watchmen when the foe is near
Shout to each other.

Every rifted peak
Takes up the battle-cry, and volleying pours
Reverberated peals, till the hoarse cloud
Expend its vengeance, and exhausted sweeps
O'er the unanswering dales.

See where yon rocks,
Fretted and ribbed as if the storms had snatched
The sculptor's chisel, and amid their freaks
Channeled and grooved and wrought without a plan,
Lift their worn frontals. Here and there, the trees
Insert themselves perforce against the will
Of the stern crags, by coarse and scanty earth
Nurtured in contumacy, while the blasts
Do sorely wrench and warp them, well resolved
To punish such usurpers; still they cling
And gather vigor from adversity.
On, — by those crevice-holders to the lawns
Of Willersly, and to its garden-heights,
And gaze astonished on the scene below.

Lo! with what haste the full-orbed Moon doth steal
Upon the footsteps of departing day,
Eager to greet the landscape that she loves.
Strong Derwent murmurs at the intrusive shades,
That fringe his banks to shut him from her smile,
And higher as her queenly car ascends
Outspreads a broader bosom to her beam.

Most beautiful ! It fits not speech like mine,
Soul-stirring scene, to set thy features forth
In their true light. I have no hues that reach
Glories like thine. The watery tint alone
That moisteneth in the eye may tell of thee.

Yet should I ever, from my distant home
Tempted to roam, dare the wild deep once more
For Albion's sake, — I'd watch two summer-moons
Waxing and waning o'er the purple peaks
Of Derbyshire, and from the sounding brass
And tinkling cymbal of absorbing care
Or vanity, and from the thunder-gong
Which the great world doth strike, delighted hide
In quiet Matlock, lulled by Nature's charms,
And hourly gleaning what she saith of God.

Thursday, October 8, 1840.

Our visit to Matlock was one of unmixed satisfaction. We had not been instructed to expect the romantic prospect that burst upon us, almost cheating us into the belief that we had wandered into one of the wild villages of Switzerland. Our descent from the post-chaise was simultaneous with taking a seat upon some well-bred donkeys, which, with their necks decorated with blue ribbands, were standing under the windows of our Hotel upon the Green. The excitement of thus traversing the mountain heights, and the odd appearance of our cavalcade so grotesquely

mounted, each steed occasionally urged onward by the voice or staff of the guides, afforded us much amusement. Afterwards our walks and purchases among the shops, where the rich Derbyshire spars are presented in an endless variety of articles for ornament and utility, the enchanting prospects that met us at every turn, and the bright sunny skies that cheered us during our whole stay in Matlock, made our time there glide away, as a fairy dream. One of our entertainments was to climb a steep hill, and entering an aperture on its brow, explore a mine 3000 feet in length, and gradually descending to 400 beneath the surface. A less laborious and more agreeable recreation was to visit the groves and heights of Willersly Castle. Bold masses of rock mingle with the foliage of lofty trees, and the richest velvet turf creeps to their very base. The prospect in the rear of the castle is one of the most delightful that we saw in Derbyshire. The pleasure-grounds, gardens, and hot-houses, with their fine productive graperies and pineries, were more interesting to us Americans, from the circumstance, that the founder of this goodly mansion, the late Sir Richard Arkwright, was the architect of his own fortune. He was the youngest of thirteen children of a poor man in Preston, in the county of Lancashire. By native vigor of mind and great perseverance, he overcame the many difficulties and discouragements of his humble station. After much opposition, he succeeded in establishing here the first cotton-mill

on improved principles. The benefit thus conferred on his country was felt and acknowledged, and in this same neighborhood the industrious and faithful mechanic, having received the honor of knighthood, commenced at the age of fifty the erection of the fine edifice, bearing the name of Willersly Castle. Moved by that piety which formed a part of his character, he endowed and began to build a beautiful stone chapel in the vicinity of the castle. Dying before its completion, it was finished by his son, whom he left one of the richest commoners in England. The charity schools connected with it, and which number several hundred scholars, are also kept up entirely at his expense; and it gave us pleasure to find that the ladies of the family took a warm personal interest in them. The elevation of industry and merit from obscurity, and their union with active benevolence and piety, which we have so often been permitted to see in our own dear land, seemed if possible to become a still more beautiful lesson, amid the aspiring rocks and romantic glens of Derbyshire.

THE SLEEPING SISTERS,

IN THE LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

Hush! hush! tread lightly, 't were not meet
So sweet a dream to break,
Or from that tender, clasping hand
The snowdrop's leaflet shake,

Or drive away the angel smile,
That lights each gentle face,
For waking life would surely fail
To shed so pure a grace.

Hear'st thou their breathing, as they sleep
On pillow lightly prest?
Is aught on earth so calm and deep
As childhood's balmy rest?

A quiet couch those sisters find
Within these hallowed walls,
Where shaded light through storied pane
In solemn tinture falls,

Tracing our Lord's ascending flight
Up to his glorious throne,
Who took the guileless in His arms,
And blest them as His own.

O beautiful! — but when the soul
In Paradise doth walk,
There springeth up no angry blast
To bow the floweret's stalk;

There springeth up no cloud to mar
Affection pure and free,
And blessed as this peaceful sleep,
Such may their waking be.

Friday, Oct. 9, 1840.

The sculpture of Chantrey has seldom been more touchingly exhibited than in the two sleeping sisters, the only children of the Rev. Mr. Robinson, formerly a prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral. They are entwined in each other's arms, the youngest holding in her hand a few snowdrops. Their forms are of perfect proportion, and every muscle seems wrapped in deep repose. You touch the pillow, ere you are convinced that it is not downy, and the sweep of the mattress, and the light folds of their graceful drapery, are all admirably chiseled out of a single block of the purest marble. The epitaph is in harmony with the beauty and pathos of the monument.

“ Ellen Jane, and Marianna,
Only Children
of the late Rev. William Robinson,
And Ellen Jane, his Wife.
Their affectionate Mother,
In fond remembrance of their heaven-loved innocence,
Consigns their remembrance to this Sanctuary,
In humble gratitude
For the glorious assurance, that
Of such is the Kingdom of God.”

This exquisite work of genius is placed under the beautiful eastern window of stained glass, in the south choral aisle, in Lichfield Cathedral. Somewhat similar in its effect on the feelings is a monument in Ashbourne Church, to the only daughter of Sir Brooke Boothby, a child of five years of age. On a low white marble pedestal is a mattress, where the little sufferer reclines, her sweet face expressive both of pain and patience. Her beautiful hands, clasped together, rest near her head. The only drapery is a frock, flowing loosely, and a sash, whose knot is twisted forward, as in the restlessness of disease. You imagine that she has just turned, in the tossings of fever, to seek a cooler spot on her pillow, or an easier position for her wearied form. The inscription is in four languages ; —

To Penelope,
Only child of Sir Brooke and Susanna Boothby.
She was in form and intellect most exquisite.
The unfortunate parents confided their all to this frail bark,
And the wreck was total.

I was not in safety ; neither had I rest ;
Neither was I quiet ;
And this trouble came.

The bereaved father was one of the benefactors of Lichfield Cathedral, and a testimony is there recorded to the zeal and generosity with which he obtained for it, in 1802, while travelling in Germany, specimens of the most splendid stained glass, executed in the sixteenth century, illustrating a variety of Scripture subjects, and sufficient to fill seven large windows. This Cathedral, and its monuments seemed in a state of good preservation, and many of its epitaphs were of singular excellence. Among the latter we noticed one to Dr. Samuel Johnson, accompanied by a marble bust of the great man, whose nativity Lichfield is proud to claim.

STRATFORD UPON AVON.

WHAT nurtured Shakspeare mid these village-shades,
Making a poor deer-stalking lad, a king
In the broad realm of mind ?

I questioned much
Whatever met my view, the holly-hedge,
The cottage-rose, the roof where he was born,
And the pleached avenue of limes, that led
To the old Church. And pausing there, I marked
The mossy efflorescence on the stones,
Which, kindling in the sun-beam, taught me how
Its little seeds were fed by mouldering life,
And how another race of tiny roots,
The fathers of the future, should compel
From hardest-hearted rocks a nutriment,
Until the fern-plant and the ivy sere
Made ancient buttress and grim battlement
Their nursing-mothers.

But again I asked,
“ What nurtured Shakspeare ? ” The rejoicing birds
Wove a wild song, whose burden seemed to be,
He was their pupil when he chose, and knew

Their secret maze of melody to wind,
Snatching its sweetness for his winged strain
With careless hand.

The timid flowerets said,
“ He came among us like a sleepless bee,
And all those pure and rarest essences,
Concocted by our union with the skies,
Which in our cups or zones we fain would hide,
He rifled for himself and bore away.”

— The winds careering in their might replied,
“ Upon our wings he rode and visited
The utmost stars. We could not shake him off.
Even on the fleecy clouds he laid his hand,
As on a courser’s mane, and made them work
With all their countless hues his wondrous will.”

— And then meek Avon raised a murmuring voice,
What time the Sabbath-chimes came pealing sweet
Through the umbrageous trees, and told how oft
Along those banks he wandered, pacing slow,
As if to read the depths.

Ere I had closed
My questioning, the ready rain came down,
And every pearl-drop as it kissed the turf
Said, “ We have been his teachers. When we fell
Pattering among the vine-leaves, he would list
Our lessons as a student, nor despise
Our simplest lore.”

And then the bow burst forth,
That strong love-token of the Deity
Unto a drowning world. Each prised ray
Had held bright dalliance with the bard, and helped
To tint the woof in which his thought was wrapped
For its first cradle-sleep.

Then twilight came
In her grey robe, and told a tender tale
Of his low musings, while she noiseless drew
Her quiet curtain. And the queenly moon,
Riding in state upon her silver car,
Confessed she saw him oft, through chequering
shades,
Hour after hour, with Fancy by his side,
Linking their young imaginings, like chains
Of pearl and diamond.

Last, the lowly grave, —
Shakspeare's own grave, — sent forth a hollow tone,
— “The heart within my casket *read itself*,
And from that inward study learned to scan
The hearts of other men. It pondered long
In those lone cells, where nameless thought is born,
Explored the roots of passion, and the founts
Of sympathy, and at each sealed recess
Knocked, until mystery fled. Hence her loved bard
Nature doth crown with flowers of every hue,
And every season, and the human soul
Owning his power, shall at his magic touch
Shudder, or thrill, while age on age expires.”

October 11, 1840.

Many circumstances conspired to make our visit to Stratford upon Avon one of peculiar interest. We had the finest autumnal weather, and so perfect a full moon, that our researches could be continued in the evening, almost as well as during the day.

The native place of Shakspeare is not strikingly picturesque, and the habitudes of its people reveal no distinctive character. We fancied that the urchins playing about the streets were somewhat more noisy and insubordinate, than English children are wont to be. Possibly they were striving to be like the renowned bard, in those points of character most easily imitable. His name is in almost every mouth, and you can scarcely turn a corner but what some vestige of him meets the eye. It would seem that he, who throughout life was the least ambitious, the most careless about his fame, of all distinguished men, was, by the very echo of that fame, after the lapse of centuries, to give the chief impulse to some five or six thousand persons, dwelling on the spot where he first drew breath. There are the Shakspeare relics, the Shakspeare statue, the Shakspeare Theatre, the Shakspeare Hotel, the Shakspeare bust, the Shakspeare tomb; — every body tells you of them, — every body is ready to rise, and run, and show them to the stranger. The ancient house and chamber, where he was born, are humble even to meanness. Yet walls, and ceilings, and casketed albums, are written over, and re-written, with the names of pilgrim-visitants from

various climes, — princes, nobles, poets, philosophers, and sages.

Among the buildings which we noticed in our excursions, were some in the cottage style, tastefully adorned, and of graceful proportions. We observed a pleasant, commodious mansion, near the church where Shakspeare's dust reposes, devoted to the instruction of young ladies, and met several classes of them returning from their walk, a bright-browed and apparently happy throng. Methought the pursuit of knowledge might be sweet, amid such localities and associations.

But among the most interesting features of our visit to Stratford upon Avon were the services of the Sabbath in this same old Church. The approach to it is through a long green vista, the trees having been trained while young, to bend and interlace their branches. The Avon flows by its walls, and as we wandered on its green margin, a chime, softened by distance, was borne over its peaceful waters, with thrilling melody. A grove of young willows is planted here, and all that is picturesque in the village seems to be concentrated in this vicinity. The inroads of time upon the Church have been carefully repaired, and its interior is agreeable. It has some stately monuments, and the architecture of the chancel is beautiful. The celebrated bust of Shakspeare is near it, in a niche upon the northern wall. A cushion is before it, and the right hand holds a pen, and the left

a scroll. The forehead is high and noble, and as the likeness was executed soon after his death, it may be supposed to convey some correct resemblance of his countenance. It was formerly in bright colors, but is now covered with a coat of white paint. Not far from it is the spot where his ashes rest, with the quaint adjuration ;

“ Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here ;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.”

Near him his wife reposes, with a Latin inscription on a small metallic tablet. On the tomb of their daughter Susannah, the wife of John Hall, who died in 1649, at the age of 66, the following epitaph was formerly legible ; —

“ Witty above her sex, but that ’s not all,
Wise to salvation, was good Mistress Hall ;
Something of Shakspeare was in that, but this
Was of that Lord, with whom she ’s now in bliss ;
Oh passenger ! hast ne’er a tear
To weep for her who wept with all ?
Who wept, yet set herself to cheer
Them up with comforts cordial ?
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne’er a tear to shed.”

With our feet resting almost on the very spot where the remains of the great poet slumber, we listened to

the sacred services of the Church, and to three sermons, from three different clergymen. In the first we were reminded of the love of the Redeemer, from the text, "Draw us, and we will run after thee;" — in the second, of the necessity of repentance, from the warning of Ezekiel, "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord, wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye;" — and in the last, at evening, of the duty and privilege of mental communion with the Father of our spirits, from the injunction, "Continue in prayer."

At the close of the services in the afternoon, we saw what was then to us a new scene, the distribution of bread to the poor. It is not uncommon for benevolent persons to leave legacies for this form of charity. It was touching to see what numbers pressed forward to present a ticket, and receive their share. The greater part of the recipients were aged and decrepit, or else appeared to be the parents of large families; and the eyes of many a child fixed earnestly upon the fair wheaten loaves which were dealt out, and from which it was expecting to make its evening meal. After noticing the distribution of this bounty, and hoping that in the comfort it communicated the living bread, by which the soul is nourished, might not be forgotten, we took a walk in the green and quiet church-yard. The quaint epitaphs, and the style of some of the antique tombstones, occupied our attention. There was one, of a coarse brown material,

and with a double head, which commemorated in parallel lines, the birth and death of two females, — the singular construction and orthography of whose inscription I carefully transcribed.

“Death creeps about on hard,
And steals abroad on seen,
Hur darts are suding and hur arows Keen,
Hur Strocks are deadly, com they soon or late,
When being Stroock, Repentance is to late,
Death is a minut, full of suding sorrow,
Then Live to day, as thou may'st dy to Morrow.
Anno Domony, 1690.”

WARWICK CASTLE.

STOUT Guy of Warwick, may we pass unharmed
Thy wicket-gate? And wilt thou not come forth,
With thy gigantic mace to break our bones,
Nor seethe us in thy caldron, whence of yore
The blood-red pottage flowed?

A glorious haunt

Thy race have had 'neath these luxuriant shades
From age to age. Around the mighty base
Of the time-honored castle, lifting high
Rampart and tower and battlement sublime,
Winds the soft-flowing Avon, pleased to clasp
An infant islet in her nursing arms.
Anon her meek mood changes, and in sport
She leaps with frolic foot from rock to rock,
Taking a wild dance on their pavement rude;
Then half complaining, half in weariness
Resumes her quiet way.

Would that I knew
The very turret in this ancient pile,
Where the sixth Henry had his tutelage,
Wearing with tasks ten tedious years away.

The mother's tear was on his rounded cheek,
When stately Beauchamp took him from her arms,
An infant of five summers to enforce
His knightly training. Pressed the iron hand
Of chivalry all harshly on his soul,
Keeping its pulses down, till the free stream
Of thought was petrified? Perchance the sway
Of such stern tutor might have bowed too low
What was too weak at first; and so, poor king,
Thou wert in vassalage thy whole life long,
The scorn of lawless spirits, on thy brow
Wearing a crown indeed, but in thy breast
Hiding the slave-chain.

In yon lofty hall,
Hung round with ancient armor, interspersed
With branching antlers of the hunted stag,
Fancy depictureth a warrior-shade,
The swarth king-maker, he who bore so high
His golden coronet, and on his shield
The Bear and ragged Staff. At his rough grasp
The warring roses quaked, and like the foam
That crests the wave one moment, and the next
Dies at its feet, alternate rose and sank
The crowned heads of York and Lancaster.
— Gone are those days with all their deeds of arms,
Their clangor echoing loud from shore to shore,
Rousing the "shepherd-maiden" from her flocks,
To buckle on strange armor and preserve
The endangered Gallic throne.

With traveller's glance
We turned from Warwick's castellated dome,
Wrapped in its cloud of rich remembrances,
And took our pilgrim way. There many a trait
Of rural life we gathered up, to fill
The outline of our picture, shaded strong
By the dark pencil of old feudal times.

We saw a rustic household wandering forth
That cloudless afternoon, perchance to make
Some visit promised long, for each was clad
With special care as on a holiday.
The father bore the baby awkwardly
In his coarse arms, like tool or burden used
About his work, yet kindly bent him down
To hear its little murmur of delight.
With a more practised hand the mother led
One who could scarcely totter, its small feet
Patting unequally, — from side to side
Its rotund body balancing. Alone,
Majestic in an added year, walked on
Between the groups another ruddy one.
She faltereth at the style, but being raised
And set upon the green sward, how she shouts,
Curvets, and gambols like a playful lamb,
Plucking with pride and wonder, here and there,
Herbling or flower, o'er which the baby crows,
One moment, and the next, with chubby hand
Rendeth in pieces like a conqueror.

On went the cottage-group, and then there came
A poor old man, unaided and alone,
Clad in his alms-house garments. Slow he moved
And painfully, nor sought the human eye
As if expectant of its sympathy.
He hath no children in his face to smile,
No friend to take him by the withered hand,
Yet looketh upward, and his feeble heart
Warms in the pleasant sunshine.

Yea, look up! —

The world hath dealt but harshly, and old Time,
That cunning foe, hath all thy nerves unstrung,
And made thy thin blood wintry. Yet look up ; —
The pure, pure air is thine, the sun is thine,
And thou shalt rise above them, if thy soul
Cling to its Saviour's skirts. So be not sad
Or desolate in spirit, but hold on
A Christian's faithful journey to the land,
Where palsied limbs and wrinkles are unknown.

Monday, October 12, 1840.

The old Porter, in his lodge at the embattled gateway, was pleased to show the gigantic armor, and other relics, of Guy of Warwick, and to speak of his marvellous feats, and redoubtable valor.

Among these, his having slain a Saracen giant, and a wonderful dun cow, were not forgotten. "Here," said the narrator, "is his seething pot. It holds exactly 102 gallons." And warming as he proceeded, he told

how, when the son of the present Earl came of age, it was thrice filled with punch, and how at each precious concoction 18 gallons of brandy, 18 of spirit, and 100 lbs. of sugar were consumed.

In the green-house we were gratified by seeing the celebrated antique vase, found at the bottom of a lake, in the villa of the Emperor Adrian, near Tivoli. It is of white marble, and among the finest specimens of ancient sculpture. Vine-branches, exquisitely wrought, form its handles, and grapes, leaves, and tendrils cluster gracefully around its brim. We were told that it was capable of containing 136 gallons, and stands upon a pedestal, with a Latin inscription.

Among the pictures in Warwick Castle, is a grand one of Charles the First, by Vandyke. The king in armor is seated on a grey horse, so majestic, yet so melancholy, that you almost imagine him endued with a prophetic spirit, and in the midst of regal grandeur saddened by his future fate. Bernard de Foix, Duke of Espernon and Valette, holds his helmet as a page. Vandyke executed three splendid equestrian paintings of this monarch. The other two are at Hampton Court and Windsor Castle.

In passing through the town of Warwick we visited St. Mary's Church, a venerable structure, whose foundation claims the antiquity of a Saxon origin. It is built in the form of a cross, and its proportions are symmetrical. "You'll see the Beechem tombs, sure!" said our guide, leading the way to an adjoining edi-

face. I scarcely knew from his mode of pronunciation that he meant the Beauchamp chapel, the most stately and costly one in the kingdom, with the exception of that of Henry the Seventh, in Westminster Abbey. Its entrance is through an ornamented vestibule, the richness of its painted glass is striking, and many of its monuments elaborate. Near the northern wall is the tomb of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and her host during the princely festivities of Kenilworth, when for seventeen days the hand of the great clock at the castle was ever pointing to the hour of banquet. There also slumber the remains of his countess, under the same gorgeous canopy with himself, supported by Corinthian columns. Poor Amy Robsart! how instinctively turns the heart to thee, and to the fearful secrets of Cumnor Hall. Near the southern wall of the chapel are entombed the remains of his infant son, "the noble Impe, Robert of Dudley, Baron of Denbigh," and heir presumptive to the earldom of Warwick. In the centre is the monument of its founder, Richard Beauchamp, the great Earl of Warwick, who held offices of the highest trust and power under Henry the Fourth and Fifth, and conducted the education of Henry the Sixth. During the exercise of his office, as Regent of France, he died at Rouen, in 1439, and his body was brought over in a stone coffin for interment here. His monument displays his recumbent statue in fine brass, clad in a full suit of plate armor. In a curious

old biography of him, it is told how "erle Richard by the auctoritie of the hole parliament was maister to king Henrie the 6th, and so he contynowed till the yonge king was 16 yere of age." A drawing in the same book represents him in his robes and coronet, taking the infant monarch from his nurse's arms, the Queen and Bishop of Winchester standing by with sorrowful countenances. The round, unthinking face of the boy expresses no sympathy in their regret; though he probably soon learned to realize the contrast between the delights of the royal nursery, and the training of his stately tutor, who, we learn from history, insisted peremptorily on the privilege of inflicting personal chastisement, and subjected his pupil to many severe restrictions. This iron rule pressed heavily upon the weak mind of the unfortunate Henry, whose touching epitaph at Windsor cannot be read without pity.

"Here, o'er the ill-fated king the marble weeps,
And fast beside him vengeful Edward sleeps,
Whom not the extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where even the great find rest,
And blended lie the oppressor and the opprest."

KENILWORTH.

I ALWAYS longed for ruins. When a child,
Living where rifted rocks were plentiful,
I fain would climb amid their slippery steeps,
Shaping them into battlement, and shaft,
And long-drawn corridor, and dungeon-keep,
And haunted hall. Not but our own fresh groves
And lofty forests were all well enough,
But Fancy gaddled after other things,
And hinted that a cloistered niche, or roof
Of some grey abbey, with its ivy robe,
Would be a vast improvement. So, I thought
To build a ruin; and have lain awake,
Thinking what stones and sticks I might command,
And how I best could range them, in some nook
Of field or garden. But the years sped on,
And then my castles in the air came down
So fast, and fell in such fantastic forms
At every step, that I was satisfied,
And never built a ruin.

When at last,
I roamed among the wrecks of Kenilworth,

Assured my feet were on the very spot,
 Where haughty Dudley for the haughtier queen
 Enacted such a show of chivalry,
 As turned the tissues of Arabia pale.
 I lingered there, and through the loop-holes grey
 Gazed on the fields beneath, and asked a tale
 Of what they might remember. The coarse grass
 Fed in the stagnant marsh perked up its head,
 As though it fain would gossip; but no breeze
 Gave it a tongue.

Where is thy practised strain
 Of mirth and revelry, O Kenilworth!
 Banquet, and wassail-bowl, and tournament,
 And incense offered to the gods of earth?
 The desolation, that befel of yore
 The cities of the plain, hath found thee out,
 And quelled thy tide of song.

Deserted pile!

Sought they, who reared thee, for a better house
 Not made with hands? Or by thy grandeur lured,
 Dreamed they to live forever, and to call
 Their lands by their own names?

Where Cæsar's tower
 Hides in a mass of ivy the deep rents
 That years have made, methinks we still may see
 The watchful warder lay his mace aside,
 And through his pent-horn blow a mighty blast,
 To warn his master, the good, stalwart knight,
 Geoffry de Clinton, that his patron-king,

The Norman Beauclerc, with a hunting train,
Swept o'er the Warwick hills, intent to prove
His hospitality, perchance to explore
His new-reared fortress.

Let a century pass, —
And from yon bastion, with a fiery glance,
That speaks the restless and vindictive soul,
Simon de Montfort counts his men at arms,
Warning his archers that their bows be strong,
And every arrow sharply ring that day,
Against their lawful sovereign.

Change hath swept
With wave on wave the feudal times away,
And from their mightiest fabrics plucked the pride.
The patriarchs, and the men before the flood,
Who trod the virgin greenness of the earth,
While centuries rolled on centuries, dwelt in tents,
And tabernacles, deeming that their date
Was all too short, to entrench themselves, and hold
Successful warfare with oblivious death.
But we, in the full plentitude and hope
Of threescore years and ten, (how oft curtailed!)
Add house to house, and field to field, and heap
Stone upon stone; then shuddering, fall and die:—
While in our footsteps climb another race,
Graves all around them, and the booming knell
Forever in their ears.

The humbling creed,
That all is vanity, doth force a way

Into the gayest heart, that trusts itself
To ruminare amid these buried wrecks
Of princely splendor and baronial pomp.
Methinks the spirit of true wisdom loves
To haunt such musing shades. The taller plants
Sigh to the lowly ones, and they again
Give lessons to the grass, and now and then
Shake a sweet dewdrop on it, to reward
Its docile temper ; while each leaf imprints
Its tender moral on the passer-by, —
“ Ye all, like us, must fade.”

Here comes a bee,
From yon forsaken bower, as if to watch
Our piracies upon her honey-cups,
Perchance, with sting to guard them. Light of wing !
Hast e'er a hive amid those tangled boughs ?
We 'll not invade thy secrecy, nor thin
Thy scanty hoard of flowers. Let them bloom on ;
Why should we rob the desert of a gem,
Which God hath set, to help its poverty ?

It seems like an illusion still, to say,
I've been at Kenilworth. But yet 't is true.
And when once more I reach my pleasant home,
In Yankee land, should conversation flag
Among us ladies, though it seldom does,
When of our children, and our housekeeping,
And *help* we speak, yet should there be a pause,
I will bethink me in that time of need

To mention Kenilworth, and such a host
Of questions will rain down, from those who read
Scott's wizard pages, as will doubtless make
The precious tide of talk run free again.

And when I'm sitting in my grandame chair,
If e'er I live such honored place to fill,
I'll hush the noisy young ones, should they tease
And trouble their Mamma, with sugared bribes
Of tales from Kenilworth.

Monday, Oct. 12, 1840.

Masses of luxuriant ivy clasped and enfolded the crumbled walls and mouldering turrets of Kenilworth, which once resounded with the revels of nobility and royalty. I was not prepared to find it so entire a ruin. The absence of all living inhabitants must plead my excuse for seeking an interview with its founder, Geoffry de Clinton, the clear-minded and plain-spoken knight, who was so often favored in his fortalice with a visit from the courtly monarch, Henry the First; as well as for imagining, on yonder broken heights, the lofty form and frowning features of Simon de Montfort, who, scarcely a century after, summoned his retainers, and led the malcontent barons to the battle-field against his sovereign, Henry the Third.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

UNCLASP the world's close armor from thy heart,
Dismiss the gay companion from thy side,
And if thou canst, elude the practised art
And dull recitative of venal guide ;
So shalt thou come aright, with reverent tread,
Unto this solemn city of the dead ;
Nor uninstructed mid its haunts abide,
But o'er the dust of heroes moralize,
And learn that humbling lore, which makes the spirit
wise.

How silent are ye all, ye sons of song,
Whose harps the music of the earth did make !
How low ye sleep amid the mouldering throng,
Whose tuneful echoes keep the world awake,
While age on age their fleeting transit take !
How damp the vault, where sweeps their banner-fold,
Whose clarion-cry made distant regions quake !
How weak the men of might ! how tame the bold !
Chained to the narrow niche, and locked in marble
cold.

He of lost Paradise who nobly sang,
 Whose thought sublime above our lower sphere
 Soared as a star ; and he, who deftly rang
 The lyre of fancy, o'er the smile and tear,
 Ruling supreme ; and he, who taught the strain
 To roll Pindaric o'er his native plain ;
 He too, who poured o'er Isis' streamlet clear
 Unto his Shepherd Lord the hymn of praise,
 I bow me at your shrines, ye great of other days.

“ *I know that my Redeemer liveth.*” Grave
 Deep on our hearts, as on thy stony scroll,
 That glorious truth which a lost world can save,
 Oh German minstrel ! whose melodious soul
 Still in the organ's living breath doth float, —
 Devotion soaring on its seraph-note, —
 Or with a wondering awe the throng control,
 When from some minster vast, like thunder-chime,
 The Oratorio bursts in majesty sublime.

Here rest the rival statesmen, calm and meek,
 Even as the child, whose little quarrel o'er,
 Subdued to peace, doth kiss his brother's cheek,
 And share his pillow, pleased to strive no more.
 Yes, side by side *they* sleep, whose warring word
 Convulsed the nations, and old ocean stirred ;
 Slight seem the feuds that moved the crowd of yore,
 To him who now in musing reverie bends,
 Where Pitt and Fox dream on, those death-cemented
 friends.

And here lies Richard Busby, not with frown,
As when his little realm he ruled severe,
Nor to the sceptred Stuart bowed him down,
But held his upright course, with brow severe;
Still bears his hand the pen and classic page,
While the sunk features marked by furrowing age,
And upraised eye, with supplicating fear,
Seem to implore that pity in his woe,
Which to the erring child, perchance, he failed to show.

Mary of Scotland hath her monument
Fast by that mightier queen of kindred line,
By whom her soul was to its Maker sent,
Ere Nature warned her to His bar divine;
It is a fearful thing, thus side by side
To see the murderer and the murdered bide,
And of the scaffold think, and strange decline
That wrung the Tudor's weary breath away,
And of the strict account at the great reckoning day.

Seek ye the chapel of yon monarch proud,
Who rests so gorgeous mid the princely train?
And sleeps he sweeter than the humbler crowd,
Unmarked by costly arch or sculptured fane?
I've seen the turf-mound of the village hind,
Where all unsheltered from the wintry wind,
Sprang one lone flower of deep and deathless stain;—
That simple faith which bides the shock of doom,
When bursts the visioned pomp that decked the sa-
trap's tomb.

Dim Abbey! 'neath thine arch the shadowy past
 O'ersweeps our spirits, like the banyan tree,
 Till living men, as reeds before the blast,
 Are bowed and shaken. Who may speak to thee,
 Thou hoary guardian of the illustrious dead,
 With unchilled bosom or a chainless tread?
 Thou breath'st no sound, no word of utterance free,
 Save now and then a trembling chant from those,
 Whose Sabbath worship wakes amid thy deep repose.

For thou the pulseless and the mute hast set,
 As teachers of a world they loved too well,
 And made thy lettered aisles an alphabet,
 Where wealth and power their littleness may spell,
 And go their way the wiser, if they will;
 Yea, even thy chisel's art, thy carver's skill,
 Thy tracery, like the spider's film-wrought cell,
 But deeper grave the lessons of the dead,
 Their bones beneath our feet, thy dome above our head.

A throng is at thy gates. With lofty head
 The unslumbering city claims to have her will,
 She strikes her gong, and with a ceaseless tread
 Circleth thy time-scathed walls. But stern and still,
 Thou bear'st the chafing of her mighty tide,
 In silence brooding o'er thy secret pride,
 The moveless soldiers of thy citadel;
 Yet wide to Heaven thy trusting arms dost spread,
 Thine only watch-word, *God! God and the sacred dead!*

London, Monday, Oct. 19, 1840.

“Oh German minstrel.”

The monument of Handel bears a full length statue, which is said to be a striking likeness of the original. The attitude is noble and expressive. One arm rests on a group of musical instruments, and the countenance displays the delighted abstraction of listening to an angel's harp from the clouds above. In allusion to his composition of the “Messiah,” there is inscribed, on a scroll by his side, the sublime passage, “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” Only his name, and the dates of his birth and death are added, the marble most happily comprehending in itself both his character and eulogy. Apart from its own fitness and beauty, it is viewed with interest as the last work of the eminent sculptor, Roubiliac.

“Nor to the sceptred Stuart bowed him down.”

The anecdote of Dr. Busby walking with his hat on, when Charles the Second came to visit his celebrated school at Westminster, and the reason given by him to the king, that “if his boys supposed there was a man in the realm greater than himself, he should never be able to govern them,” is well known. The severity of his sway as a teacher is equally well authenticated. Yet with whatever majesty he arrayed himself, it would seem to have been devoted to the interests of science, and to the improvement of those under

his care. The mode by which he pursued those ends was not so peculiar two hundred years since, as now, nor would it be now so obnoxious in England, as among us. Some modification of his strictness is still retained there, and its good effects are still visible in every school that you visit, in the order, obedience, and acquisition of the pupils. Dr. Busby raised the character of Westminster school to a high rank, by his learning and indefatigable industry, and died on the verge of 90, in the possession of his intellectual faculties, with the reputation of profound learning and piety. Amid all the authority with which he surrounded his office, he showed kindness to studious pupils, and was anxious to advance their religious as well as scholastic improvement. The Rev. Phillip Henry, who was long under his care, while he bears testimony to the severity of his discipline, speaks of the affection with which he regarded diligent boys, and the zeal with which he strove to prepare those, who were religiously disposed, for the more solemn duties of their faith, "for which, he adds, the Lord recompense him a thousand fold into his bosom."

"A throng is at thy gates."

The contrast between the silence of this receptacle of the mouldering dead, and the ceaseless press and tumult of the living throng without, is strangely im-

pressive. The restlessness and rush of the people, in the most populous parts of London, are among the best helps to a stranger in forming an idea of its magnitude. At first there is a dreaminess, an uncertainty whether one is, of a very truth, in the "world's great wilderness capital." Parts of it are so much like what have been seen at home, that we try to fancy we are still there. Names, too, with which we have been familiar from the lisings of our earliest lessons in geography, or whose imprint was in the most precious picture books of our nursery, assist this illusion. Paternoster Row, Temple Bar, Charing Cross, The Strand, Fleet Street, Bolt Court, from whose sombre windows it is easy to imagine Dr. Johnson still looking out, are to us as household words. But when you see the press and struggle of the living mass, at high noon, through some of the most frequented streets, or when, on some thronged Sabbath in St. Paul's, listen to the tread of the congregation, like the rush of many waters, upon the marble pavement of that vast ornate pile, you begin to realize that you are indeed in the midst of two millions of human beings. A kind of suffocating fear steals for a moment over you, lest you might never get clear of them, and breathe freely in your own native woods again; and then comes a deep feeling, that you are as nothing among them; that you might fall in the streets and die, unnoticed or trodden down; that with all your home-indulgence, self-esteem, and vanity about you, you are only a speck, a cypher,

a sand upon the sea-shore of creation ; a humiliating consciousness, heavy, but salutary.

Two millions of human beings ! Here they have their habitations, in every diversity of shelter, from the palace to the hovel, in every variety of array, from the inmate of the royal equipage to the poor street-sweeper. Some glittering on the height of wealth and power, others sinking in the depths of poverty and misery. Yet to every heart is dealt its modicum of hope, every lip hath a taste of the bitter bread of disappointment. Death, ever taking aim among them, replenishes his receptacles night and day, while in thousands of curtained chambers, how many arms and bosoms earnestly foster the new-born life, that he may have fresh trophies. For earth and the things of earth, for fancies and forms of happiness, all are scheming, and striving, and struggling, from the little rill; working its way under ground in darkness and silence, to the great crested wave, that with a thundering echo breaks on the shore of eternity.

ANNE BOLEYN.

ON SEEING IN THE TOWER OF LONDON THE AXE WITH WHICH
ANNE BOLEYN WAS BEHEADED.

MINION of Fate severe!

Who, drunk with beauty's blood,
In spite of Time dost linger here,
Frowning with visage drear,
Like blackened beacon on the wrecking flood,
Say! when Ambition's dream
First lured thy victim's heart aside,
Why, like a serpent didst thou hide,
Mid clustering flowers, and robes of pride,
Thy warning gleam?

Hadst thou but once arisen, in vision dread,
From glory's fearful cliff her startled step had fled.

Ah! little she reck'd, when St. Edward's crown
So heavily pressed her tresses fair,
That with sleepless wrath its thorns of care
Would rankle within her couch of down!

To the tyrant's bower,
In her beauty's power,
She came as a lamb to the lion's lair,
As the light bird cleaves the fields of air,
And carols blithe and sweet, while Treachery weaves
its snare.

Think! what were her pangs as she traced her fate
On that changeful monarch's brow of hate?
What were the thoughts which at midnight hour
Thronged o'er her soul in yon dungeon-tower?
Regret, with pencil keen,
Retouched the deepening scene:
Gay France, which bade with sunny skies
Her careless childhood's pleasures rise,
Earl Percy's love, his youthful grace;
Her gallant brother's fond embrace;
Her stately father's feudal halls,
Where proud heraldic annals decked the ancient walls.

Wrapped in the scaffold's gloom,
Brief tenant of that living tomb
She stands! the life-blood chills her heart,
And her tender glance from earth does part;
But her infant daughter's image fair
In the smile of innocence is there,
It clings to her soul, mid its last despair;
And the desolate queen is doomed to know
How far a mother's grief transcends a martyr's woe.

Say! did prophetic light
 Illume her darkened sight,
Painting the future island-queen,
Like the fabled bird, all hearts surprising,
Bright from blood-stained ashes rising,
 Strong, energetic, bold, serene?
 Ah no! the scroll of time
 Is sealed; and hope sublime
Rests but on those far heights, which mortals may not
 climb.

The dying prayer with trembling fervor speeds
For that false monarch, by whose will she bleeds:
For him, who listening on that fatal morn,
Hears her death-signal o'er the distant lawn
 From the deep cannon speaking,
Then springs to mirth, and winds his bugle horn,
 And riots, while her blood is reeking:
For him she prays, in seraph tone,
 " Oh! be his sins forgiven,
Who raised me to an earthly throne,
And sends me now, from prison lone,
 To be a saint in Heaven."

Tower, Oct. 20, 1840.

LADY JANE GREY'S PRISON WINDOW.

UP, up this dizzy stair, for here she went
To her dark prison-room, the sweetly fair,
Around whose cradle wealth and power had bent,
And classic learning strewed its garlands rare :

The guiltless martyr for a father's fault,
That strong ambition which o'erleaped the truth,
And placed her shrinking on another's throne,
To whelm in hapless woe her blooming youth.

Here, on this grated window let me lean,
From whence she gazed upon that fearful sight,
The life-blood of her bosom's dearest lord ;
Her pale lip shuddering, yet her pure eye bright

With faith the same sharp path to tread, and meet
The idol of her love at their Redeemer's feet.

Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1840.

The objects of interest comprised within the precincts of the Tower are almost without number.

Some, however, which were the most zealously shown, were to me, from a deficiency of military taste, the least pleasing; for instance, the two hundred thousand stand of arms, arranged in an imposing manner, and quantities of cannon, captured from many countries. The corroded guns of the *Royal George*, drawn by the diving-bell from their long sojourn in the deep, agreeably restored the plaintive verses of Cowper, so often sung among the ditties of childhood :

“Toll for the brave,
The brave that are no more,
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.”

The destructive weapons and instruments of torture, taken from the Spanish armada, are exhibited in connexion with a waxen effigy of Queen Elizabeth on horseback, going to return thanks at St. Paul's for the defeat of that terrible armament, by the artillery of Heaven, which she caused to be kept in memory by a medal with the inscription, “Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them.” I placed my thumb in the screws, which the Dons provided for their English neighbors, touched the edge of the axe that beheaded Anne Boleyn, felt the rugged block, which had been so oft saturated with noble blood, ascended the narrow, winding stair, to the turret, whose walls the martyrs had indented with their names and

etchings, and climbing still higher, looked from the grated window, whence gazed the lovely Lady Jane Grey, on the headless body of Lord Guilford Dudley, and entered the low, miserable dungeon, where Sir Walter Raleigh was nightly locked, while his chainless mind solaced itself with the composition of history.

Afterwards in a darkened room we were shown, through a rampart of iron bars, England's regalia, sceptre, ampulla, and christening font, the crown of poor Anne Boleyn, that of James the First, and the new one made for Victoria, sparkling with precious stones, and valued at two millions sterling.

The warders of the tower, with their flat hats or caps, encircled with wreaths, and laced frock-coats, lead the mind back to the time of Henry the Eighth, who established that gorgeous costume. I formed quite a friendship for the line of equestrian kings, knights, and cavaliers, from Henry the Sixth to James the First, who were ranged in full armor; and regretted their loss, when the subsequent conflagration at the tower destroyed so many relics, that time and tradition had made precious to mankind.

OXFORD.

TURRET, and spire, and dome !

How proud they rise,
Clasped in the arms of elmy avenues,
Each with its robe of wisdom or of power
Around it, like a mantle. Glorious thoughts,
Born of the hoary past, and mighty shades
Nurtured in silence, and made eloquent
Here, in these cloistered cells, for after times,
Meet him, who museth here.

I sat me down
Upon a quiet seat, o'erhung with boughs
Umbrageous, at my feet a dimpling stream,
The silver Cherwell, verdant meadows spread
Broadly around, where roamed the antlered deer
At pleasure, while serene a snowy flock
Reposed or ruminated.

Did some cloud
Burst with an inborn melody? Or harp,
Instinct with numbers of the minstrel king,
Pour forth an echo strain? It was thy song,
Oh Addison! and this the chosen spot

Where thou didst sing of Him, who should prepare
Thy pasture, and by living waters lead,
And the unslumbering Shepherd of thy soul
Be evermore.

And then there seemed to pass
In shadowy host the great of other days,
Arm linked in arm, in high communion sweet,
Blessing the haunts where Learning forged for them
Imperishable armor!

But we turned
From their entrancing company, to walk
Among the living, and to scan the tomes
In halls and alcoves hoarded, row on row,
Which in their plenitude might half confuse
The arithmetician's skill; and see the light
With rainbow pencil through the storied panes
Of old St. Magdalen, so solemnly
Teach the cold pavement of the things of heaven,
A tender, tinted lesson, which the heart
Sometimes in deeper flintiness receives,
Unkindled, unreflected. Next, to hear
St. Mary's wondrous chant, at evening hour,
As though the earth to angels bade good night,
And they replied, hosanna; then, to stand
Beneath the pure eye of the watching stars,
Where on the winds their eddying ashes rose,
Who earthly mitre for a martyr's crown
In flames exchanged.

Methought the scene returned

Unfadingly before us. Then, as now,
Fled was the summer-flush, though Autumn's breath
Delayed to sear the leaf, that o'er the tide
Of gentle Isis hung. Up through the mass
Of woven foliage went the holy towers,
And classic domes, where throned Science points
To Alfred's honored name.

See the rude throng, —
Dark glaring brows, and blood-shot, fiery eyes,
And preparations dire for fearful pangs
Of ignominious death. Yet all around,
The sparkling waters, and benignant skies,
And trees, with cool, embracing arms, allure
To thoughts of mercy. Still unpitied man
Heeds not, relents not, though sweet Nature kneels,
And sheds her holy tear-drops on his heart,
To melt the savage purpose.

Through dense crowds
Exulting led, there comes a noble form,
Majestic of demeanor, and arrayed
In sacerdotal robe. Those lips, which oft
'Neath some cathedral's awe-imposing arch
Warned with heaven's eloquence a tearful throng,
Now, in this deep adversity, essay
The same blest theme. With brutal haste they check
The unfinished sentence, they who used to crouch
To his high fortunes, or with shouts partake
His flowing bounty. Smitten on the mouth,

In silent dignity of soul he stands
Unanswering, though reviled.

Lo! at his side,
Worn out with long imprisonment, they place
The venerable Latimer. With years
His footsteps falter, but his soul is firm,
And his fixed eye, like the first martyr's, seems
To read unfolding heaven. The gazing throng,
The stake, the faggot, and the cutting sneer,
Are nought to him. Wrapped in his prison-garb,
The scorn of low malignity is he,
Whom pomp and wealth had courted, at whose voice
The pious Edward wept that childlike tear,
Which works the soul's salvation, and his sire,
Boisterous and swoln with passion, stood reprov'd
Like a chained lion.

Now the narrow space
'Twixt life and death the dial's point hath run,
And quick, with sacrilegious hand they bind
The guiltless victims.

But the one, who seemed
The lowest bent with age, now strongest rose
To give away his spirit joyously ;
And throwing off his prison-garments stood
In fair, white robes, as on his spousal day.
Then Ridley, in whose veins the pulse beat strong
With younger life, girded himself to bear
The burning of his flesh, while Faith portrayed,
In glorious vision to his dazzled sight,

The noble army of those martyred ones,
Who round God's altar wait.

With wreathing spires
Up went the crackling flame, and that old man,
Triumphant o'er his anguish, boldly cried,
"Courage, my brother! We this day do light
A fire in Christendom, that ne'er shall die."
Then on his shriveled lip an angel's smile
Settled, and life went forth as pleasantly
As from a couch of down.

But Ridley bore
A longer sorrow. Oft with sigh and prayer
He gave his soul to Jesus, ere the flame
Dissolved that gordian knot which bound it fast
To tortured clay. At length his blackened corpse
Fell at the feet of Latimer, who raised
Still a calm brow to heaven. Almost it seemed
That even in death the younger Christian sought,
By posture of humility, to pay
Deep homage to his venerated guide
And father in the gospel.

'T was a sight
To curb demoniac rage. Low stifled sounds
Of pity rose, and many a murmurer mourned
For good king Edward, to the grave gone down
In early sanctity. And some there were
To ban the persecuting Queen, who fed
The fires of Smithfield with the blood of saints,
And dared to kindle in these hallowed vales

Her bigot wrath.

A chosen few there were,
Who sad and silent sought their homes, to weep
For their loved prelates; yet no railing word,
Or vengeful purpose breathed, but waiting stood
For their own test of conscience and of faith
Inflexible.

This was the flock of Christ.

Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1840.

On the evening of our arrival at Oxford, we were admonished of being in the classic atmosphere of the University, by the tones of the "Mighty Tom," the great bell of Christ Church, which weighs 17,000 lbs., and at ten minutes after nine tolls 101 times, the number of the established students, or fellows of that College. In our subsequent visit to that Institution, where the sons of the nobility are educated, we saw their tables spread in the spacious hall, 115 feet in length, and 50 in height, built by Cardinal Wolsey, in the days of his magnificence. His portrait, in crimson robes, was hanging near that of his Master, Henry the Eighth, whose capricious temper wrought his destruction. A rude, triangular garden-chair, which he used to occupy, when superintending the workmen upon the grounds, or the edifice, is still preserved in the library; and seating myself within its no very luxurious purlieus, the pathos of his dying words seemed to come freshly over me:

“Give me a little earth for charity.”

Our researches in the Bodleian and Radcliffe libraries, the former of which contains 400,000 volumes, with countless manuscripts, delighted us exceedingly ; as did also the architecture of those time-honored structures, in which, and in the illustrious men nurtured within their walls, Oxford so justly glories. The evening before our departure, after listening to the sublime chants in the beautiful chapel of New College, we went to stand on the spot, near Baliol, where, on the 16th of October, 1555, Latimer, bishop of Worcester, and Ridley, bishop of London, expired at the stake. And it seemed, if not a natural combination, surely a touching climax, for thought to rise from the high, historical associations that cluster around the fanes of learning and piety, to the unshrinking faith of that “blessed company of martyrs,” who through much tribulation entered into eternal rest.

DOVER.

OUT on the Shakspeare cliff, and look below !
Seest thou the samphire-gatherer ? He no more
Pursues his fearful trade, as when the eye
Of Avon's bard descried him. But the height
Is still as dizzy, and the ruffian winds
Come from their conflict with the raging seas
So vengefully, that it is hard to hold
A footing on the rock.

The moon is forth
In all her queenly plenitude, and scans
The foaming channel with a look of peace,
But ill returned. For such a clamor reigns
Between the ploughing waves and unyoked blasts,
That the hoarse trumpet of the mariner
Seems like the grass-bird's chirp.

And yet 't is grand
To gaze upon the mountain-surge, and hear
How loftily it hurls the challenge back
To the chafed cloud, and feel yourself a speck,
An atom, in His sight, who rules its wrath,
To whom the crush of all the elements

Were but a bursting bubble.

Cliffs of chalk,
Old Albion's signal to the mariner,
Encompass Dover, with their ramparts white,
As in her vale, half-deafened by the surge,
She croucheth down. Within their yielding breasts,
Deep excavations, and dark wreaths of smoke
Mysterious, curling upward to the cloud,
Reveal the soldier's home.

With Roman pride
The ancient Pharos in its dotage points
To Cæsar, and the castellated walls
Of yon irregular fabric speak of war : —
While France, who through the curtaining haze
peers out
Faint on the far horizon, boasts how oft
The bomb-fires blazed, and the tired sentinel
Kept watch and ward against her warrior step,
Or threatened purpose.

Yet 't is sweeter far,
In yon sequestered vales and hamlets small,
To note the habitudes of rural life,
Safe from such hurly 'twixt the sea and shore,
As shreds the rock in fragments.

Twining round
Trellis or prop, or o'er the cottage wall
Weaving its wiry tendrils, interspersed
With the rough serrate leaf, profuse and dark, —
The aromatic hop, *the grape of Kent,*

Lifts its full clusters, of a paler green,
Loved for the simple vintage.

Many a tale

Of interest and sympathy is rife
Among the humble harvesters of Kent;
And one I heard, which I remember still.
In a lone hamlet, the narrator said,
I saw a funeral. Round the open grave
Gathered a band of thoughtful villagers,
While pressing nearest to its shelving brink,
A slender boy of some few summers stood,
Sole mourner, with a wild and wishful eye
Fixed on the coffin. When they let it down
Into the darksome pit, and the coarse earth
From the grave-digger's shovel falling gave
A hollow sound, there rose such bitter wail,
Prolonged and deep, as I had never heard
Come from a child.

Then he, who gave with prayers
The body to the dust, when the last rite
Was over, turned with sympathizing look,
And said ;

“ Poor boy, your mother will not sleep
In this cold bed forever. No! — as sure
As the sweet flowers, which now the frost hath
chilled,
Shall hear the call of spring, and the dry grass
Put on fresh greenness, she shall rise again,
And live a life of joy.”

Bleak autumn winds
Swept through the rustling leaves, and seemed to
pierce
The shivering orphan, as he bowed him down
All desolate, to look into the pit.
But from the group a kindly matron came,
And led him thence.

When spring returning threw
Her trembling colors o'er the wakened earth,
I wandered there again. A timid step
Fell on my ear, and that poor orphan child
Came from his mother's grave. Paler he'd grown,
Since last I saw him, and his little feet
With frequent tread had worn the herbage down
To a deep, narrow path. He started thence,
And would have fled away. But when I said
That I had stood beside him, while they put
His mother in the grave, he nearer drew,
Inquiring eagerly, —

“Then did you hear
The minister, who always speaks the truth,
Say that she'd rise again? — that just as sure
As spring restored to life the grass and flowers,
She would come back?”

“Yes. — But not here, my son;
Not to live here.”

“Yes, *here*, this is the spot
Where she was laid. So here she'll rise again,
Just where they buried her. I marked it well,

And night and morning, since the grass grew green,
 I've come to watch. Sometimes I press my lips
 Close to the place where they laid down her head,
 And call, and tell her that the flowers have come,
 And now 't is time to wake. See too the seeds
 I planted here! seeds of the flowers she loved,
 Break the brown mould. But yet she does not come,
 Nor answer to my voice."

"She cannot come
 To you, on earth, but you shall go to her."

"*I go to her!*" and his thin hands were clasped
 So close, that every bone and sinew seemed
 Fast knit together. "*Shall I go to her?*
 Let me go *now.*"

Then, with a yearning heart,
 I told him of the Book that promiseth
 A resurrection, and eternal life
 To them who sleep in Jesus, — that the word
 Of God's unerring truth could ne'er deceive
 The trusting soul, that kept His holy law
 Obediently, and his appointed time
 With patience waited.

"Then I'll wait His time,
 And try to do His will, if I may hope,
 After this body dies, to rise again,
 And live once more with mother."

So he turned
 From that low grave, with such a piteous look

Of soul subdued, and utter loneliness,
As haunted memory, like a troubled dream.

Time sped away, and when again I passed
That quiet village, I inquired for him,
And one who knew him told me how he prized
The Blessed Book, which teacheth that the dead
Shall rise again, and o'er its pages hung
Each leisure moment, with a wondering love,
Until he learned of Jesus, and laid down
All sorrow at his feet.

But then there came
A fearful sickness, and in many a cot
Were children dead, and he grew ill, and bore
His pain without complaint, and meekly died,
And went to join the mother that he loved.

Saturday, Nov. 7, 1840.

“Deep excavations, and dark wreaths of smoke.”

In the towering cliffs of Dover, which are chalk, with a mixture of flint stones, are cut various subterranean ways, magazines, and barracks for soldiers. The latter are capable of containing more than 2000 men, and are constructed in the side of perpendicular precipices, to which you ascend, by an internal winding stair-case, some two hundred steps. Light and air are conveyed to them by well-like apertures in the

chalk, or by openings on the face of the cliffs; and an intelligent traveller has said, that "the chimneys, coming up forty feet through the mountain, shoot out their smoke, as if they were the flues of some Cyclopean artificers, whose forges were in the bowels of the earth."

"The ancient Pharos in its dotage points
To Cæsar."

The remains of the Pharos, on Castle-Hill, furnish incontestable proof of Roman workmanship, though no decided evidence can be adduced that it was erected by Julius Cæsar, as tradition is fond of asserting. The commanding situation of Dover caused it to be held as a military post by the ancient Britons, and that it was fortified by the Romans is admitted by the most discriminating historians.

"The aromatic hop, the grape of Kent."

The culture of the hop has long been a distinguishing feature of the County of Kent. Old Michael Drayton exclaims;

"O famous Kent!
What county can this isle compare with thee?
Which hath within thyself all thou couldst wish,
Rabbits and venison, fruits, hops, fowl and fish," &c.

And a more modern poet describes with greater particularity this predominating vegetable.

“ On Cantium’s hills,
The flowery hop, with tendrils climbing round
The tall, aspiring pole, bears its light head
Aloft, in pendent clusters.”

The name of Cantium, which was given to this county by Cæsar, is referred by Camden to the word Canton, or Cant, signifying corner, because it stretched out in the form of a large angle, comprehending the south-east coast of the island.

Though our journey from London to Dover was principally performed amidst a violent rain, we were not precluded from some observation of the finely varied country through which we were passing.

Rochester Cathedral, which, notwithstanding the storm, we found opportunity to visit, is of early Saxon origin, and suffered much under William the Conqueror, and at the Reformation. It has statues of Henry the Second, and his queen, Matilda, but not many monuments to illustrious men. It is the smallest of the cathedrals in England, and belongs to the smallest diocese.

Canterbury Cathedral towered up like a mountain through the dimness of twilight. The edifice which originally occupied its site was burned by the Danes, during their siege of the city in 1011, and rebuilt in

the course of the same century. It contains the tomb of Becket, whose blood was spilt before its altar, at the instigation of Henry the Second. It has also the monuments of Henry the Fourth, and his queen; the Black Prince, and many other distinguished characters, both of ancient and modern times.

The whole of our stay in Dover was marked by wind and tempest. In an evening promenade, somewhat overrating our powers of adhesion to the rocks that we traversed, we were near being blown from the Shakspeare cliff into the surges that boiled beneath. Dover Castle and its reminiscences of the vigilance, with which the English troops here kept guard against the vaunted invasion of the Corsican, induced one of our party to describe a caricature, executed at that time in London, which gave great satisfaction to the people. Bonaparte is represented on the very verge of the coast of Calais, eagerly pointing a spyglass towards the heights of Dover, where John Bull, in full military uniform, and with his usual portly figure, is perambulating at leisure.

“Says Boney to Johnny, I’m coming to Dover,
Says Johnny to Boney, ’t is doubted by some;
But says Boney, what if I really come over?
Then doubtless, says Johnny, you’ll be overcome.”

It was not without some misgivings, heightened probably by those November fogs and rains, which in

the English clime make demands on the most elastic spirit, that we prepared to cross the angry Channel, and enter another foreign land. A discourse to which we listened in Trinity Church, the Sunday before leaving Dover, seemed to impart strength to our faith, both by its spirit and the passage on which it was founded, "Lord, to whom shall we go but unto Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

CALAIS.

EDWARD was fired with wrath.

“Bring forth,” he said,
“The hostages, and let their death instruct
This contumacious city.”

Forth they came,
The rope about their necks, those patriot men,
Who nobly chose an ignominious doom
To save their country's blood. Famine and toil
And the long siege had worn them to the bone ;
Yet from their eye spoke that heroic soul
Which scorns the body's ill. Father and son
Stood side by side, and youthful forms were there,
By kindred linked, for whom the sky of life
Was bright with love. Yet no repining sigh
Darkened their hour of fate. Well had they taxed
The midnight thought, and nerved the wearied arm,
While months and seasons thinned their wasting
ranks.

The harvest failed, the joy of vintage ceased : —
Vine-dresser and grape-gatherer manned the walls,
And when they sank with hunger, others came,

Of cheek more pale, perchance, but strong at heart.
 Yet still those spectres poured their arrow-flight,
 Or hurled the deadly stone, while at the gates
 The conqueror of Cressy sued in vain.

“Lead them to die!” he bade.

In nobler hearts

There was a throb of pity for the foe
 So fallen and so unblenching; yet none dared
 Meet that fierce temper with the word, *forgive!*

Who comes with hasty step, and flowing robe,
 And hair so slightly bound? The Queen! the Queen!
 An earnest pity on her lifted brow,
 Tears in her azure eye, like drops of light.
 What seeks she with such fervid eloquence?
 Life for the lost! And ever as she fears
 Her suit in vain, more wildly heaves her breast,
 In secrecy of prayer, to save her lord
 From cruelty so dire, and from the pangs
 Of late remorse. At first, the strong resolve
 Curled on his lip, and raised his haughty head,
 While every firm-set muscle prouder swelled
 To iron rigor. Then his flashing eye
 Rested upon her, till its softened glance
 Confessed contagion from her tenderness,
 As with a manly and chivalrous grace
 The boon he gave.

Oh woman! ever seek
 A victory like this; with heavenly warmth

Still melt the icy purpose, still preserve
 From error's path the heart that thou dost fold
 Close in thine own pure love. Yes, ever be
 The advocate of mercy, and the friend
 Of those whom all forsake; so may *thy* prayer
 In thine adversity be heard of Him,
 Who multiplies to pardon.

Still we thought

Of thee, Philippa, and thy fervent tone
 Of intercession, and the cry of joy,
 Which was its echo from the breaking heart,
 In many a mournful home. Of thee we thought,
 With blessings on thy goodness, as we came
 All chill and dripping from the salt sea wave,
 Within the gates of Calais, soon to wend
 Our onward course.

The vales of France were green,
 As if the soul of summer lingered there,
 Yet the crisp vine-leaf told an autumn-tale,
 While the brown windmills spread their flying arms
 To every fickle breeze. The singing-girl
 Awoke her light guitar, and featly danced
 To her own madrigals; but the low hut
 Of the poor peasant seemed all comfortless,
 And his harsh-featured wife, made swarth by toils
 Unfeminine, with no domestic smile
 Cheered her sad children, plunging their dark feet
 Deep in the miry soil.

At intervals

Widely disjoined, where clustering roofs arose,
The cry of shrill mendicity was up,
And at each window of our vehicle,
Hand, hat, and basket thrust, and the wild eye
Of clamorous children, eager for a coin,
Assailed our every pause. At first, the pang
Of pity moved us, and we vainly wished
For wealth to fill each meagre hand with gold ;
But oft besought, suspicion steeled the heart,
And 'neath the guise of poverty, we deemed
Vice, or deception lurked. So on we passed,
Save when an alms some white-haired form implored,
Bowed down with age, or some pale, pining babe,
Froze into silence by its misery,
Clung to the sickly mother. On we passed,
In homely diligence, like cumbrous house,
Tri-partite and well peopled, its lean steeds
Rope-harnessed and grotesque, while the full moon
Silvered our weary caravan, that wrought
Unresting, night and day, until the towers
Of fair St. Denis, where the garnered dust
Of many a race of Gallic monarchs sleeps,
Gleamed through the misty morning, and we gained
The gates of Paris.

Thursday, Nov. 13, 1840.

Thankful were we to find, on the shores of France,
and within the gates of Calais, stable footing, and by

a comfortable fire strove to efface from each other's remembrance the fearful tossing, which we had endured upon the wrathful straits of Dover, "mounting up to the heavens, going down again to the depths, our souls melted because of trouble."

It was not until the evening of the following day, that we felt sufficiently reinstated to make trial of the movements of a French diligence. At the hour of nine, off set the cumbrous machine, drawn by five horses, carrying in the coupé three persons, in the intérieur six, in the rear compartment three, and on the top an unknown number, beside the *conducteur* and his *compagnon*.

The country in the vicinity of Calais is flat, the roads drained by a kind of canal on each side, and planted with clumsy trees. These were partially denuded, but the verdure of the fields was deep and bright as in summer. The processes of agriculture seemed rude, and the ploughs of an awkward construction mounted on wheels. Frequent stacks of grain and hay told of a plentiful harvest, and here and there the scathed grape vine climbed with its crisp tendrils to the eaves, or over the tiled roof of some lowly dwelling. Many of the hovels were miserably planted in the midst of an expanse of mud, in which the poor peasants paddled whenever they stepped from the doors. We looked in vain for the white cottages of England, so beautiful with their trim hedges and lingering blossoms.

At St. Omers, a fortified town of gloomy aspect, where we stopped for a few minutes' refreshment, we were first initiated into the terrible mendicity of France. Every age and condition of suffering humanity beset us, and cried at each crevice of our vehicle with the most piteous and persevering tones.

Being fatigued with sitting twenty hours in the diligence, with scarcely an opportunity to change our position, we decided to rest at Amiens for a night and day. We visited the Cathedral, which is a grand, imposing building, both in architecture and decorations, heard the regular daily service performed, and saw many superb monuments and shrines, before which candles were perpetually burning. At seven in the evening, we recommenced another journey of twenty hours, stopping only a few moments at Clermont at three in the morning. The moon occasionally piercing the clouds reflected the shadow of our ludicrous and rumbling equipage, like a house on wheels, drawn sometimes by six, and at others by seven horses, over wet and heavy roads; and delighted were we, when the domes of Paris discovered themselves, and at the Hotel Meurice, opposite the gardens of the Tuileries, we found refreshment and repose.

OBELISK OF LUXOR,

IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

THOU here! What but a miracle could tear
Thee from thine old and favorite spot of birth?
And o'er the wave thy ponderous body bear,
Making thee thus at home in foreign earth?
While countless throngs with curious glance regard
Thy strange and sanguine face, with hieroglyphics
scarred.

Thou hadst a tedious voyage, I suppose,
Sea-sickness and rough rocking, — was it so?
Thou wert as Jonah to the mariners,
I understand, and wrought them mickle woe;
And when the port was reached, they feared with pain
Thou ne'er wouldst raise thy head, or be thyself again.

Dost think thy brother Monolith will dare,
Like thee, the dangers of the deep to meet?
I learn he has the viceroy's leave to take
The tour, his education to complete:
Thy warm, fraternal heart right glad would be
Here, in this stranger land, his honest face to see.

What canst thou tell us? thou whose wondrous date
Doth more than half our planet's birth-days measure!
ure!

Saw'st thou Sesostris, in his regal state,
Ruling the conquered nations at his pleasure?
And are those stories true, by History told,
Of hundred-gated Thebes, with all her power and gold?

Didst hear how hard the yoke of bondage pressed
On Israel's chosen race, by Nilus' strand?
And how the awful seer, with words of flame,
Did in the presence of the tyrant stand,
When with dire plagues the hand of Heaven was red,
And stiff-necked Egypt shrieked o'er all her first-born
dead?

Tell us who built the pyramids; and why
They took such pains those famous tombs to rear,
Yet chanced at last to let their names slip by,
And drown in dark oblivion's waters drear;
Paris, though so polite, can scarce restrain
A smile at such mistake and toil for honors vain.

Didst e'er attend a trial of the dead?
Pray, tell us where the judges held their seat;
And touch us just the key-note of the tune,
Which statued Memnon breathed, the morn to
greet;

Or sing of Isis' priests the vesper-chime ;
Or doth thy memory fail beneath the weight of time ?

How little didst thou dream, in youth, to be
So great a traveller in thy hoary years,
And here, in liliated France, to take thy stand,
The silvery fountains playing round thine ears,
And groves and gardens stretching 'neath thy feet,
Where sheds the lingering sun his parting lustres sweet.

Yet beautiful thou art in majesty,
As ancient oracle, from Delphic shrine,
Which by the Ocean cast on stranger-shore,
Claims worship for its mysteries divine ;
And Egypt hath been prodigally kind,
Such noble gift to send, to keep her love in mind.

The earth whereon thou standest hath been red
And saturate with blood, and at the rush
Of those who came to die, hath quaked with dread,
As though its very depths did shrink and blush,
Like Eden's soil, when first the purple tide
It drank with shuddering lip, and to its Maker cried.

Be as a guardian to this new-found home,
That fondly wooed thee o'er the billows blue,
For 't were a pity sure, to come so far,
And know so much, and yet no good to do :—

So from the "Place la Concorde" blot the shame,
And bid it lead a life more worthy of its name.

Paris, Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1840.

Among the conspicuous objects that in Paris by their number and beauty astonish the stranger, he is early attracted by the venerable obelisk of Luxor. It is of a single block of red sienite, and covered with hieroglyphics, most of which refer to Sesostris, during whose reign it was erected.

In such good preservation is this relic of antiquity and art, that the mind is slow in believing that nearly 3400 years have elapsed, since it was first placed in front of the great temple of Thebes, the modern Luxor. It was given, with another of the same size, by the Viceroy of Egypt to the French government. But such were the difficulties to be overcome in its transportation, that the removal of its partner has never been attempted. The labor of taking it down, and conveying it to the banks of the Nile, occupied eight hundred men for three months. A road had to be constructed and a vessel built on purpose to receive it. The latter was obliged to be sawn off vertically, to accommodate the ponderous passenger, and performed its voyage with peril. Three years after its separation from its original site it arrived in Paris, and in three more years, by the most ingenious and powerful machinery, its final elevation in its new home was effected. It stands on a pedestal of granite in the

midst of an elliptical plateau, paved with asphaltum. Two magnificent fountains throw up their silver waters, which fall with a pleasant sound into vast circular basins encrusted with marble; while Tritons and Nereids, attended by swans and dolphins, hasten to welcome the wonderful guest. Colossal statues stand around in their majesty, to do it honor; hoary Ocean, the classic Mediterranean, Agriculture soliciting the gifts of earth, Commerce gathering riches from the sea, and Astronomy with her soul among the stars. Personifications of the Rhine and the Rhone, with the Genii of Flowers and Fruits, of Vintage, and of the Harvest, express the hospitalities of France. Old Egypt rests among them and is satisfied.

The Place de la Concorde, where this stranger Obelisk is domesticated, was originally the Place Louis Fifteenth, and known in the time of terror as the Place de la Revolution. Fearful baptisms of blood has that spot known, from the trampling down of thousands, in the fatal rush at the marriage festival of Louis Sixteenth, to the sad spectacle of his own decapitation, and that of the throngs who night and day fed the guillotine. In the two years that succeeded his death, more than 2000 persons of both sexes were executed here, until it was said, that the soil, pampered with its terrible aliment, rose up, and burst open, and refused to be trodden down like other earth.

PERE LA CHAISE.

I stood amid the dwellings of the dead,
And saw the gayest city of the earth
Spread out beneath me. Cloud and sunlight lay
Upon her palaces and gilded domes,
In slumbrous beauty. Through the streets flowed on,
In ceaseless stream, gay equipage and throng,
As fashion led the way. Look up! Look up!
Mont Louis hath a beacon. Wheresoe'er
Ye seem to tend, so lightly dancing on
In your enchanted maze, a secret spell
Is on your footsteps, and unseen they haste
Where ye would not, and whence ye ne'er return.
Blind pilgrims are we all! We close our eyes
On the swift torrent that o'erwhelms our race,
And in our spanlike path the goal forget,
Until the shadows lengthen, and we sink
To rise no more.

 Methinks the monster Death
Wears not such visage here, so grim and gaunt
With terror, as he shows in other lands.
Robing himself in sentiment, he wraps

His dreary trophies in a maze of flowers,
And makes his tombs like temples, or a home
So sweet to love, that grief doth fleet away.

— I saw a mother mourning. The fair tomb
Was like a little chapel, hung with wreath,
And crucifix. And there she spread the toys
That her lost babe had loved, as if she found
A solace in the memory of its sports.

Tears flowed like pearl-drops, yet without the pang
That wrings and rends the heart-strings. It would
seem

A tender sorrow, scarce of anguish born,
So much the influence of surrounding charms
Did mitigate it.

Mid the various groups
That visited the dead, I marked the form
Of a young female winding through the shades.
Just at that point she seemed, where childhood melts
But half away, like snows that feel the sun,
Yet shrinking closer to their shaded nook,
Delay to swell the sparkling stream of youth.
She had put off her sabots at the gate,
Heavy with clay, and to a new-made grave
Hasted alone. Upon its wooden cross
She placed her chaplet, and with whispering lips,
Perchance in prayer, perchance in converse low
With the loved slumberer, knelt, and strewed the
seeds

Of flowers among the mould. A shining mass

Of raven tresses 'scaped amid the toil
 From their accustomed boundary ; but her eyes,
 None saw them, for she heeded not the tread
 Of passers-by. Her business was with those
 Who slept below. 'T would seem a quiet grief,
 And yet absorbing ; such as a young heart
 Might for a sister feel, ere it had learned
 A deeper love.

 Come to yon stately dome,
 With arch and turret, every shapely stone
 Breathing the legends of the Paraclete,
 Where slumber Abelard and Heloise,
 'Neath such a world of wreaths, that scarce ye see
 Their marble forms recumbent, side by side.
 On ! On ! — this populous spot hath many a fane,
 To win the stranger's admiration. See
 La Fontaine's fox-crowned cenotaph ; and his
 Whose " *Mécanique Celeste* " hath writ his name
 Among the stars ; and hers who, soaring high
 In silken globe, found a strange death by fire
 Amid the clouds.

 The dead of distant lands
 Are gathered here. In pomp of sculpture sleeps
 The Russian Demidoff, and Britain's sons
 Have crossed the foaming sea, to leave their dust
 In a strange soil. Yea, from my own far land
 They've wandered here, to die. Were there not
 graves
 Enough among our forests ? by the marge

Of our broad streams? amid the hallowed mounds
Of early kindred? that ye needs must come
This weary way, to share the strangers' bed,
My people? I could weep to find ye here!
And yet your names are sweet, the words ye grave,
In the loved language of mine infancy,
Most pleasant to the eye, involved so long
Mid foreign idioms.

Yonder height doth boast
The warrior-chiefs, who led their legions on
To sack and siege; whose flying tramp disturbed
The Cossack in his hut, the Alpine birds,
Who build above the cloud, and Egypt's slaves,
Crouching beneath their sky-crowned pyramids.
How silent are they all! No warning trump
Amid their host! No steed! No footstep stirs
Of those who rushed to battle! Haughtily
The aspiring marble tells each pausing group
Their vaunted fame. Oh, shades of mighty men!
Went these proud honors with you, where the spear
And shield resound no more? Cleaves the blood-stain
Around ye there? Steal the deep-echoing groans
Of those who fell, the cry of those who mourned,
Across the abyss that bars you from our sight,
Waking remorseful pangs?

We may not ask
With hope of answer. - But the time speeds on,
When all shall know.

There is the lowly haunt,

Where rest the poor. No towering obelisk
Beareth their name. No blazoned tablet tells
Their joys or sorrows. Yet 't is sweet to muse
Around their pillow of repose, and think
That Nature mourns their loss, though man forget.
The lime-tree and acacia, side by side,
Spring up, in haste to do their kindly deed
Of sheltering sympathy, as though they knew
Their time was short.

Sweet Nature ne'er forgets
Her buried sons, but cheers their summer-couch
With turf and dew-drops, bidding autumn's hand
Drop lingering garlands of its latest leaves,
And glorious spring from wintry thralldom burst,
To bring their type of Immortality.

Monday, Nov. 23, 1840.

“Mont Louis hath a beacon.”

That portion of Mont Louis which is appropriated to the most beautiful of the four cemeteries, in the neighborhood of Paris, was originally a part of the garden and pleasure-grounds of Pere la Chaise, the favorite confessor of Louis the Fourteenth, and Madame de Maintenon. It covers nearly 100 acres, and its mixture of funereal foliage and flowers, with the monuments of the dead, is picturesque and imposing. Yet it is less touching in its effect on the feelings, than

the labyrinthine solitudes of Mount Auburn, or the sweet spot where the dead repose at Laurel Hill, on the green margin of the Schuylkill. Forty years have not elapsed since it was set apart for this service. The first corpse was laid there on the 21st of May, 1804; since which there have been more than 100,000 interments, and 16,000 monuments erected. These are in every diversified form, of column, urn, and altar, pyramid, obelisk, and sepulchral chapel; many of them surrounded by enclosures, within which are plants, and flowering shrubs, and seats for mourning friends, in their visits to the departed.

“Where slumber Abelard and Heloise.”

This monument is of Gothic architecture, and constructed from the ruins of the abbey of the Paraclete. Its form is a parallelogram, fourteen feet by eleven, and twenty-four in height. A pinnacle twelve feet in elevation rises from the centre of the roof, and four smaller ones, finely sculptured, ornament the corners. It has fourteen columns six feet in height, with rich capitals, and the arches which they support are surmounted by cornices wrought with flowers. The four pediments are decorated with bas-reliefs, roses, and medallions. The statues of Heloise and Abelard are recumbent within, and literally heaped with garlands. Their bones repose in the vault beneath; those of Abelard having been removed from the priory of

St. Marcel, where he died in 1142, and those of Heloise, who survived him about twenty years, from the Paraclete, of which she was abbess.

“ And hers who, soaring high
In silken globe, found a strange death by fire
Among the clouds.”

The tomb of the unfortunate Madame Blanchard is surmounted by a globe in flames. The inventor of gas-lights is also honored by a gilded flame issuing from an urn. The benevolent Abbe Sicard has his name recorded on his monument by beautifully sculptured marble hands, each stretched forth to form one of its letters according to the manual alphabet of the deaf and dumb, his indebted and affectionate pupils. On the tomb of Grétry, the musical composer, hangs a lyre, and on that of La Fontaine sits very composedly a black fox, while two bas-reliefs in bronze represent, one his fable of the wolf and stork, the other that of the wolf and lamb. Parmentier, to whom France owed in a great measure the general cultivation of the potato, has an elegant monument, and Denon, the traveller, a pedestal surmounted by his statue, in bronze. Deeply shaded by lime trees, is a tomb in the form of a cottage, where reposes Frederic Mestertzart, the beloved pastor of a church in Geneva; and the Russian Countess Demidoff is interred beneath a

superb temple of the richest white marble, supported by ten columns, having in the interior a recumbent statue on an altar-tomb, with her arms and cornet. From the tomb of La Place rises an obelisk, crowned with an urn, and ornamented by a star and palm branches encircling inscriptions and eulogies on his works. A splendid sepulchral chapel, surmounted by a temple, is erected to the memory of General Foy, whose statue is represented in the act of haranguing the people. The military taste of France is seen in the pomp and lavish expense, with which the sepulchres of her chiefs are adorned. Marshal Davoust has a pyramid of granite; Massena, one of white marble, 21 feet in height; Le Fevre, a magnificent sarcophagus, where two figures of Fame are crowning his bust, and a serpent, the emblem of immortality, encircling his sword; while Ney, the "bravest of the brave," sleeps unmarked, save by a single cypress.

"My people."

It was not without surprise that I found so many from my own dear land, in this receptacle of the dead. Five States, New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Tennessee, have sent a delegation of their sons and daughters to the sepulchres of a foreign land. The names of each, though almost all personally unknown, touched the chords of tender sympathy,

as if for a relative or friend. One of these, for many years a resident in Boston, though a native of Portugal, will awaken the affectionate recollection of some who knew and respected her.

Died

March 1st, 1832,

Frances Ann,

Countess Colonna de Walewski,

Widow of the late General Humphreys

of the United States,

Minister in Spain and Portugal.

“As though they knew
Their time was short.”

Trees and shrubs, of slight root and rapid growth, adorn that part of the cemetery which is appropriated to the common people. They are buried in temporary graves, the better class of which may be held for ten years, by a payment of fifty francs, after which term they are revertible to the cemetery, even though monuments should have been erected upon them. The other class, or the *fosses communes*, are where the poor are gratuitously buried in coffins laid side by side, without any intervening space. This spot is reopened and buried over again every five years; that period of time being allowed for the decomposition of

the bodies. The wooden crosses, which designate the respective graves, have occasionally an inscription, touching from its simplicity. One commemorates

“Pauvre Marie !
A 29 ans.”

Among the temporary graves are occasionally cultured plants, little borders of box, and other fragile decorations, exemplifying the sweet and truthful sentiment of the bard of the “Country Church Yard.”

“For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned ;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?”

THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON

FROM ST. HELENA.

Ho! City of the gay!
Paris! what festal rite
Doth call thy thronging million forth
All eager for the sight?
Thy soldiers line the streets
In fixed and stern array,
With buckled helm and bayonet,
As on the battle-day.

By square, and fountain side,
Heads in dense masses rise,
And tower, and battlement, and tree,
Are studded thick with eyes.
Comes there some conqueror home
In triumph from the fight,
With spoil and captives in his train,
The trophies of his might?

The " Arc de Triomphe " glows !
A martial host are nigh,
France pours in long succession forth
Her pomp of chivalry.
No clarion marks their way,
No victor trump is blown ;
Why march they on so silently,
Told by their tread alone ?

Behold ! in glittering show,
A gorgeous car of state !
The white-plumed steeds, in cloth of gold,
Bow down beneath its weight ;
And the noble war-horse, led
Caparisoned along,
Seems fiercely for his lord to ask,
As his red eye scans the throng.

Who rideth on yon car ?
The incense flameth high, —
Comes there some demi-god of old ?
No answer ! — No reply !
Who rideth on yon car ? —
No shout his minions raise,
But by a lofty chapel dome
The muffled hero stays.

A king is standing there,
And with uncovered head

Receives him in the name of France,
Receiveth whom? — *The dead!*
Was he not buried deep
In island-cavern drear,
Girt by the sounding ocean surge?
How came that sleeper here?

Was there no rest for him
Beneath a peaceful pall,
That thus he brake his stony tomb,
Ere the strong angel's call?
Hark! Hark! the requiem swells,
A deep, soul-thrilling strain!
An echo, never to be heard
By mortal ear again.

A requiem for the chief,
Whose fiat millions slew,
The soaring eagle of the Alps,
The crushed at Waterloo: —
The banished who returned,
The dead who rose again,
And rode in his shroud the billows proud,
To the sunny banks of Seine.

They laid him there in state,
That warrior strong and bold,
The imperial crown, with jewels bright,
Upon his ashes cold;

While round those columns proud
The blazoned banners wave,
That on a hundred fields he won,
With the heart's-blood of the brave.

And sternly there kept guard
His veterans scarred and old,
Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge,
Or purple Leipsic told.
Yes, there, with arms reversed,
Slow pacing, night and day,
Close watch beside the coffin kept
Those veterans grim and gray.

A cloud is on their brow, —
Is it sorrow for the dead ?
Or memory of the fearful strife,
Where their country's legions fled ?
Of Borodino's blood ?
Of Beresina's wail ?
The horrors of that dire retreat,
Which turned old History pale ?

A cloud is on their brow, —
Is it sorrow for the dead ?
Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft
By Russian tempests sped ?
Where countless mounds of snow
Marked the poor conscripts' grave,

And pierced by frost and famine sank
The bravest of the brave.

A thousand trembling lamps
The gathered darkness mock,
And velvet drapes his hearse, who died
On bare Helena's rock ;
And from the altar near,
A never-ceasing hymn
Is lifted by the chanting priests
Beside the taper dim.

Mysterious One, and proud !
In the land where shadows reign,
Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those,
Who at thy nod were slain ?
Oh, when the cry of that spectral host,
Like a rushing blast shall be,
What will thine answer be to them ?
And what thy God's to thee ?

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1840.

“ No clarion marks their way.”

The procession through the streets of Paris of 350,000 cavalry and infantry, in all the dazzling pomp of military costume, was an imposing scene. But the

absence of all martial music, and the rapidity with which they moved, on account of the singular severity of the weather, gave a strange effect to the pageant, like the rushing of some splendid and terrible dream.

“The noble war-horse led
Caparisoned along.”

There was a remarkable absence of enthusiasm on the part of the people, during the progress of Napoleon's funeral procession. No circumstance connected with it awakened more semblance of feeling, than the sight of a majestic war-horse, who without a rider was led on at a slow pace, at some distance behind the car; and no spectator at the moment realized, that he could never have borne to battle the master for whom he seemed to mourn.

“A king is standing there,
And with uncovered head
Receives him in the name of France.”

Those who were present in the Chapel of the Invalids, when Louis Philippe received the remains of the dead, were impressed with his dignity of manner, and the fitness of the few words that marked the occasion. The Prince de Joinville, who had been commissioned

to bring the bones of Bonaparte from St. Helena, said, "Sire, I present you the ashes of the Emperor." And the king answered, "I receive them in the name of the French people."

"An echo never to be heard
By mortal ears again."

The music of the grand and elaborate requiem, performed at these obsequies, was immediately destroyed, to preclude its repetition on any other occasion.

"A thousand trembling lamps
The gathered darkness mock."

The Chapel belonging to the Hotel des Invalides, where the bones of Bonaparte reposed in state for a fortnight, was continually visited by hundreds of thousands with unabated curiosity. It was lighted only by small lamps from above, so arranged as to cast a tremulous ray amid the darkness that reigned around, making day and night the same, and heightening the solemnity of the scene. Magnificent hangings of purple velvet, studded with massy golden bees, were tastefully disposed at the entrance, while the banners of Austerlitz, and many other battles, were

wreathed around the lofty columns, and shadowed the coffin of him who had won them. Our visit was on the last morning before the interment, when none were admitted but peers, and such as could obtain peers' medals. There in groups might be seen some of the ancient regime, whose memories extended to the times of unbroken royalty, when the blood of sixty kings flowed peacefully in the veins of Louis the Sixteenth. Others there were, whose friends had perished under the guillotine, or in the prisons of the revolution; and others, whose earliest days were embittered by the ambition of the Corsican. Around the coffin, on whose sides the initial *N* was deeply sunk in gold, incessantly paced with measured tread the scarred and wrinkled soldiers, keeping guard over the garnered ashes of him, who was both their glory and their bane. From an altar in the recess arose the chanted strain of the priests for the dead; but a deeper voice in the heart said, that all the pride of man was dust, and asked what would be the glory of the warrior, when God judgeth the soul.

TOMB OF JOSEPHINE.

SHE, who o'er earth's most polished clime
The empress-crown did wear,
And touch the zenith-point of power,
The nadir of despair,

With all her charms and all her wrongs,
Beneath this turf doth rest,
Where boldly spring two clasping hands,
To guard her pulseless breast.

Say, did *his* love, who ruled her heart,
This fair memorial rear,
And soothe the unrequited shade
With late, remorseful tear ?

Came he, with sweet funeral flowers
To deck her couch of gloom,
And like repentant Athens bless
The guiltless martyr's tomb ?

No! — mad Ambition's selfish soul,
With cold and ingrate tone,
Abjured the gentle hand that paved
His pathway to a throne.

But Fortune's star indignant paled,
And hid its guiding ray,
As sternly from his side he thrust
That changeless friend away.

Yet she to her secluded cell
No vengeful passion bore,
Nor harshly blamed his broken vows,
Who sought her smile no more ;

Still o'er the joys of earlier years,
With tender spirit hung,
And mourned, when sorrow o'er his path
A blighting shadow flung ;

Gave thanks, if victory's meteor-wreath
His care-worn temples bound,
And in the blessings of the poor,
Her only solace found.

And so she died, and here she sleeps,
This village-fane below ; —
Sweet is the memory of a life
That caused no tear to flow.

“Where boldly spring two clasping hands.”

The monument to Josephine, in the village church at Ruel, was erected by her children. Two hands, sculptured in marble, and grasping each other, appear as the symbols of their united, filial love; and only this simple inscription marks the stone; —

To Josephine,
From Eugene and Hortense.

It is well known that her love to Napoleon survived the divorce to which he exacted her consent. In her seclusion, she rejoiced at his prosperity, or wept and shuddered at the evils which his ambition drew upon him. One of our own writers has condensed in a few forcible sentences the sequel of her life.

“When his son was born, she only regretted that she was not near him in his happiness; and when he was sent to Elba, she begged that she might be permitted to share his prison, and cheer his woes. Every article, that he had used at her residence, remained as he had left it. She would not suffer a chair on which he had sat to be removed. The book in which he had last been reading was there, with the page doubled down. The pen which he had last used was there, with the ink dried on its point. When death drew nigh, she wished to sell all her jewels, that she might send the fallen Emperor money. She died before his return from Elba; but her last thoughts were of him

and France; her last words expressed the hope and belief, that 'she had never caused a single tear to flow.' Her body was followed to the grave, in the village church of Ruel, not alone by princes and generals, but by two thousand poor, whose hearts had been made glad by her bounty."

It is well known that Napoleon felt his fortunes had declined after his divorce from Josephine. With the superstition that marked his character, he asserted that the star of destiny was never favorable to him after that event. This he repeated more than once, during his humiliation at St. Helena, with a bitterness, if not of remorse, at least of that deep desolation, which it would have been the joy of her affectionate heart to have soothed and comforted.

THE PRESENTATION.

PUT on your best, my countrymen, and turn
Your steeds toward the palace. You can have
No just objection to a call, I trust,
Upon the king and queen. For though you're all
Such staunch republicans, 't is plain to see
You've quite a curiosity to know
How those who wear a crown deport themselves.
Well, there's no harm in that.

But what a show
Our sober, unambitious gentry make
In regimentals, with their laced chapeaus,
En militaire! I'm sure the friends at home
Would never know them, and their babes would be
As much alarmed as Hector's, when he shrank
Back from the hero's helm and nodding plumes,
Into his nurse's arms. I'm quite well versed
In that most classic scene, which oft was wrought
In bright embroidery, where I went to school.
And I have seen it framed, and glazed, and hung
On parlor walls, when I was fain to think,
Asking the pardon of the ones who spent

Eyesight and silks upon it, that its style
Artistical, and anatomical,
Was quite a libel on the Trojan chief,
And likewise on his wife Andromache,
And all their line. I worked a piece myself,
Equally shocking, of an ark and child,
And two strange-looking women, and a slice
Of a cream-colored palace, trees and grass,
Mixed indigo, and umber, and gamboge,
To show the fervor of Egyptian suns,
As I suppose, and this my teacher called
The infant Moses in the bulrushes.
I labored on it most industriously ;
But since, when innocent children have been scared,
As waking suddenly from cradle-dreams,
They fixed their eyes upon it, I've eschewed
The deed most heartily, and felt ashamed
That sacred themes should be distorted so.

And now I wonder what odd trains of thought
Must needs bring back those hideous images,
At such a time as this.

Friends, have a care,
And do not let the unaccustomed sword
Embarrass your best bow, when the French court
Shall give its welcome to you. Pray, make haste, —
Our kind ambassador with open doors
Awaits our coming, and 't would be indeed
But payment poor for all his courtesy,

To plunge his carriage in the gathering throng,
And have it locked for hours. See, brilliant lights
Stream from the Tuileries, and in full ranks
Its officers and servitors are ranged,
To do their nation's honors. From the walls
Gleam forth, in pictured bravery and pride,
The gallant chiefs of France. On those we gazed
With critical remark, and on the groups
That promenaded through the spacious halls,
In costume rich, the elite of many lands.
Ere long from lip to lip the murmur spread,
"The king! the king!" and so the throng drew
back,
Each foreign region ranging 'neath the wing
Of its own minister. Can that be he?
So fresh in feature and of step so firm,
So little worn by time and adverse years,
So little wearied with his toils to rule
The restive war-horse of a changeful realm,
Mad on the rein? Courteous he passes down
The extended line, with fitting phrase for all.
Methought, with freer word and favoring glance,
He scanned the natives of that western clime,
Where, in the exile of his clouded youth,
He found a wanderer's home. 'T was sweet to hear,
In the bright throne-room of the Tuileries,
And from the lip of Europe's wisest king,
The name of my own river, and the spot
Where I was born, coupled with kindly words,

As one tenacious of their scenery,
Through many a lustrum.

Then the graceful queen,
With gentleness and dignity combined,
Came in his steps. On her pale brow she bore
An impress of that goodness, which hath made
Her, as a wife and mother, still the praise
And pattern of her kingdom.

Then passed on
At intervals each with their separate suite,
Princes and princess, and the beauteous bride
Of him of Orleans, in an English tongue
Giving fair greeting. So the pageant closed,
And home we drove, well pleased at what we saw,
Nor with ourselves dissatisfied. We found
More of simplicity than we had deemed
Abode in courts; and this to us, who love
Our plain republic, was a circumstance
Not to be overlooked. With earnest warmth
Of the chief Lady of the realm we spake,
And of her matron virtues, and that charm
Of manner which approves those virtues well
To every eye.

And I was pleased to see
She had the queenly grace of prudence too,
In lesser things; and on this wintry night
Drew downward to the wrist the lengthened sleeve,
And bade her satin robe protect the chest,
Deeming most justly, that vitality

And health outweighed the tinsel modes of dress,
Coined by the milliner. And I have heard
From good authority, and am right glad
To tell it here, that many a leading belle
Of fashion and nobility in France
Abjure the corset, and maintain a form
Erect and graceful, without busk or cord,
Ambitious to bequeath a name, unstained
By suicide. Would that my friends at home,
Those sweet young blossoms on my country's stem,
Might credit the report, and give their lungs
And heart fair play, and earn a hope to reach
The dignity of threescore years and ten,
Free from the taint of self-derived disease.

Thursday, January 5, 1841.

“ Our kind ambassador.”

How justly is this adjective applied to General Cass, and all his family. His unwearied attentions to travelers from his native country, during the whole time that he has represented its interests at the court of France, are deeply felt and fervently acknowledged. Without reference to political creed, or other adventitious distinction, he not only gathers them around him with liberal and elegant hospitality, but, aided by his whole household, strives to teach them the luxury of home-feelings in a foreign land.

“The name of my own river.”

“In what part of New England do you reside?” the king inquired. “In Connecticut.” “Ah! I have been in Connecticut. It has a fine river. And I have been in Norwich, and New London, and New Haven. They are all pleasant places.” Passing on a step or two, he turned and said, “And I have been in Hartford too. That also is a pleasant place.”

Louis Philippe's recollections are exceedingly vivid and acute of his travels in the United States, of their geographical localities, and even of the names of individuals whom he then met; and he recurs to those recollections with the greater pleasure, from perceiving that they give pleasure to others. He has a peculiar tact in addressing appropriate remarks to those with whom he converses, and putting them quite at their ease. This is almost invariably remarked by Americans. In observing his florid complexion and animated manner, it is difficult to realize that nearly seventy years have passed over him. He is undoubtedly the most remarkable sovereign in Europe, whether we consider his native endowments, the adversity which in early life ripened his energies, or the firmness with which he surmounts the dangers that have long beset his throne.

The queen is graceful and truly polite, and her virtues and piety are appreciated, even by that portion of the people who retain strong prejudices against the

king. Madame Adelaide, the sister of Louis Philippe, has a countenance beaming with good feelings; and her fond affection for her royal brother forms a distinguishing trait in her character. The Duke of Orleans has exceedingly fine manners, and is a favorite with the nation. The princess Clementine and the younger brothers make their passing compliments to strangers in an agreeable way. In this they are assisted by a perfect knowledge of the English language, which appertains to the whole family. Their domestic education has been conducted judiciously, under the careful supervision of both parents, and has produced happy results. Louise, the queen of the Belgians, is exceedingly respected, and the late Princess Marie, who married Alexander, Duke of Wirtemberg, was eminent for native talent and taste in the fine arts, especially for her spirited performances in sculpture, and died deeply lamented.

The beauty of the young bride of the Duke de Nemours, who was Victoria of Saxe Coburg, and has made her first appearance at the French court the present winter, is acknowledged by all. The royal family of France give an amiable example of those domestic attachments and that true home-happiness, which exercise so decided an influence on the character in the period of its formation, as well as throughout the whole of life. Such virtues have not always been indigenious in the soil of courts, and it is therefore the more delightful to see them here, with a vigorous root and healthful bloom.

In traversing the splendid apartments of the Tuileries, now the favorite residence of a peaceful dynasty, the mind involuntarily turns to those vestiges of the past, which have given it prominence in history. Among the structures of the capital of France, it early attracts the notice of the traveller. Stretching along the banks of the Seine, it is connected with the Louvre by a gallery commenced during the reign of Henry the Fourth, and completed under the auspices of Louis the Fourteenth. Three sides of an immense parallelogram are thus formed, and it was the intention of Bonaparte to have added the fourth, and completed the most magnificent edifice of the kind, that modern Europe can boast.

As the eye fixes involuntarily upon the central pavilion, past scenes and events of other days sweep by, like living pictures. Francis the First seems to pass proudly in his royal robes, and leaning upon his arm his intriguing mother, Louise of Savoy, for whom he purchased the hotel which originally occupied the site of this palace, somewhat more than three centuries since.

Ninety years after, we see Henry the Third hurrying from its walls to escape a tumult of the people. Assisted by his groom, he hastily mounts his horse, his dress disarranged, and the spurs but half fastened to his boots. Forty arquebusiers take aim at him as he passes out by the Ponte Neuve; and when he finds himself free from the perilous neighborhood of the

city, he indulges in wrathful gestures and imprecations of vengeance, like the vindictive Marmion, who on quitting the castle of the haughty Douglas,

“Turned and raised his clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.”

We shrink, as we imagine gliding among these scenes, the form of the ambitious Catharine de Medicis, who built for her son's residence this very central pavilion, with its wings. There, there is the window from whence the infamous Charles the Ninth, whom his mother “Jezebel stirred up,” fired upon his own people, on the terrible August 29th, 1572; and while the groans of the murdered Protestants resounded in his ears, continued to excite his ruffian soldiers, with the hoarse and horrible cry of “Kill! kill!”

At the summer solstice, two hundred and twenty years after this massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Tuileries again reëchoed with the howling of an infuriated mob, and the shrieks of the dying. Throngs of laborers, and the terrible women from the faubourg St. Antoine, with the brewer Santerre at their head, swelling, as they passed along, to twenty thousand, beat down the gates of the palace, hewed their way through the doors with hatchets, trampled through the royal apartments, brandishing their cutlasses, poles, and knives, rifled the bureaus in the bed-chambers, and

alarmed the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, with the most disgusting and brutal threats. The king, Louis the Sixteenth, adventured his person among the mob, and was miraculously preserved, after enduring great rudeness and indignity.

On the 10th of August, of this same memorable 1791, the dreadful immolation of the Swiss Guards deluged the grand stair-case, the council-chamber, the chapel, and the throne-room, with blood.

Emerging from these gates on the 19th of March, 1815, Louis the Eighteenth appeared at midnight, attended by only a few persons, and moving feebly, with sadness depicted on his countenance, abdicated his palace, and the throne of his ancestors. Behind him was the sound of the banners of the Corsican, rushing from Elba, and the scarce suppressed hozannas of a fickle crowd. In a few hours Bonaparte entered the Tuileries in triumph, and seated himself on the throne of the Bourbons, losing the memory of his exile in the enthusiastic acclamations of "Vive l'Empereur," and in the reign of the hundred days.

ADIEU TO FRANCE.

ADIEU to sunny France ! I call it so,
Because my betters have. Yet for my part
I have been all but perished in her clime,
Frost-stricken to the bone, and to the heart ;
The Seine in one night turned to ice ! I own
I'd not expected this, short of the Arctic zone.

Wood by the pound ! 'T was an astonishment,
Next to the shock of water sold by measure,
Each tiny stem and stalk so strictly weighed,
Each little grape-vine faggot such a treasure !
Oh ! for the coal of England, glowing bright,
Or even my slighted friend, the homelier anthracite

I came in Autumn, when the vines had shrunk
From prop and trellis ; yet the verdant trees
Danced to the gale that swept the Elysian fields,
And rose and pansy dared the chilling breeze ;
I leave in Winter, and so cannot say,
How her *beau ciel* may smile 'neath happier seasons'
sway.

Yet is her courtesy forever bright,
For still to princely halls and paintings gay
She, with glad heart and liberal hand, doth lead
The stranger in, and cast his dole away,
Bidding him share, unvexed by venal guide,
Whate'er she counts most rare of elegance or pride.

Hence have I roamed at will her haunts of taste,
Within her glorious Louvre sate me down,
Day after day, or when the spirit moved,
Lingered mid lettered tomes, nor feared a frown,
Or sought the palace domes, which crown so high
This city of her boast, the apple of her eye.

Here too, I found, where fashion holds her court,
With wealth and grace and intellect combined,
A form of beauty thrilled by impulse high,
To warm and sleepless energy of mind,
A friend to cheer me on my stranger-way,
Whom grateful Memory loves, but never can repay.

Farewell, enchanting City, which doth hold
Both eye and heart in strong Circean sway,
Bidding the buoyant spirit ne'er grow old,
Though wintry years may turn the temples grey,
But seek for pleasure, till the funeral bell
Doth summon it to take of time a long farewell.

Fair France, adieu! 'T will not be mine again,
Amid the allurements of thy realm to tread,
Yet with me still, across the Atlantic main,
Kind thoughts of thee shall wend, by kindness
bred,
And at my fireside 't will be sweet to say,
That I have seen thy face and listened to thy lay.

For many a charm thou hast, the heart to win,
Blest filial love luxuriates in thy clime,
Nor doth the parent by such solace cheered
Tire of the feast of life before his time,
Nor the white-haired on childhood's gladness frown,
And to the gulph of years unlovingly go down.

Thou hast not blotted out the love of song
For love of money, nor the enthusiast damped
With the chill dogma, that a hoard of wealth
Is man's chief end on earth, for thou art stamped
And marked with chivalry of antique mould,
And still dost genius prize, apart from gain of gold.

I do remember me, that thou didst lend
Thy hand to help my country in her need,
And Lafayette in youthful fervor send
With us to struggle and for us to bleed;
And still shall glow amid our annal bright
Thy friendship for our sires, who battled for the
right.

Yet, memories sad thou hast of things that were;—
The pang of revolution, and the cry
That rent the old foundations of thy throne,
And sent a guiltless monarch forth to die;
And of the iron yoke that crushed thy pride,
When he the sceptre snatched, who at Helena died.

Thou hast a dread, perchance, of things to be,
I cannot say, indeed, that this is so,
But well I know, I was afraid in thee,
As if some mine beneath my feet did glow;
For thou didst aim, though with an erring might,
Shafts at his royal head, who rules thy realm aright.

'Thou hast a longing for the things that tend
Unto thy hurt, and lovest all too well
The war-shout and the long-embattled line,
And pomp and fane, that martial triumphs swell,
Although thy life-blood cast its crimson stain,
Profuse o'er Russia's snows, and Egypt's desert plain.

Would it were better with thee! It would cheer
Me in my home, amid my household care,
To think that all was prosperous in thy clime,
All sound at heart, that to the eye is fair;
But now the fresh breeze curls the ocean blue,
And rocks the expecting boat. Delightful France,
adieu!

Boulogne, Saturday, Jan. 16, 1841.

“A friend to cheer me on my stranger-way.”

To her kind attentions, whose house was my home during a great part of my stay in Paris, and whose only motive for such hospitality must have been the generous one of imparting happiness to a stranger, I am indebted for some of my most agreeable impressions of that city, and of its inhabitants. Courtesy and deference to the feelings of others throw a charm over the higher grades of society, and in some measure modify every class; and if fine manners do not exactly belong to the family of the virtues, they surely help to beautify them. Among the ancient noblesse was one, whose expressive countenance and unalloyed delight in social intercourse made it difficult to believe, that more than fourscore years had passed over him. His details of the revolution of 1790, of the secret springs that produced it, and of some terrific scenes which he personally witnessed, and which by a deliberate utterance he politely accommodated to a foreign ear, were to me more graphic than the pages of the historian. The pleasantness with which Age adapts itself to a new generation, and the affectionate manner in which it is welcomed among them, are delightful traits in the character of the French people.

The children and descendants of Lafayette are naturally sought with interest by Americans, and their hearts still reciprocate every expression of such regard to their illustrious ancestor. La Grange is consecrated

ground to those, who, in the words of one of our most elegant writers, the lamented author of *Hadad*, remember the deeds of the chieftain, who "came to us during our life-struggle in his own ship, freighted with munitions of war, which he gratuitously distributed to our army; clothed and put shoes on the feet of the naked, suffering soldiers; equipped and armed a regiment at his own expense; received no pay, but expended in our service, from 1777 to 1783, the sum of 700,000 francs; and whose name, wherever the pulse of freedom beats, should be pronounced with benedictions."

Literary reputation as well as scientific attainment are highly appreciated in Paris. Intellect, and the labors of intellect, are passports to that temple of honor, which in some other countries must be entered with a key of gold. It is pleasing to see with what enthusiasm Lamartine and Arago are pointed out in their seats, amid the five hundred members of the Chamber of Deputies. The poet De la Vigne, notwithstanding his retiring modesty, is shown exultingly to strangers, and the pen of Guizot has won him more admirers than his political fame. It was gratifying to perceive that our talented countryman, Robert Walsh, Esq., was as highly and truly respected in the capital of France, as in the land of his birth. One of the most imposing audiences, that I remember to have seen while there, was convened in the Palace of the Institute, formerly the Mazarine College, to witness the

admission of a new member, the Count Molé, into the Institute of France. The assembled academicians, in their becoming uniform, listened intently to his animated inaugural oration, and to the reply of the President Dupin, while, from their niches in the spacious hall, the marble brows of Massillon, Fenelon, and Bossuet, Sully, Descartes, and others, looked down with imperturbable dignity.

Taste for the fine arts forms an integral part of the character of the French. From the saloon of the noble to the shop of the petty marchand des modes, it is seen in every variety of adornment, from the costly painting or chiseled group of the ancient master, to the simple vase of artificial flowers under its glass shade, or the little fancy-clock, that hastens the movements of the needle. The very street-beggar feels a property and a pride in the decorations of la belle Paris. To rifle a plant, or wound a tree, or deface a statue in the public squares or gardens, is held by the rudest boy an indelible disgrace. Would that it were so everywhere!

In the Louvre, amid that astonishing collection of 1500 arranged pictures, and probably as many more for which the walls of its sumptuous gallery have no space, were groups of artists, of both sexes, diligently employed in copying *ad libitum*. The department of statuary, notwithstanding the spoils of Italy have been abstracted and restored, is still very extensive. Our party often found themselves attracted towards a love-

ly, pensive Polhymnia, and a fine infant Mercury, and imagined among the effigies of the Emperors of Rome some resemblance to their real character, especially in the philosophic features of Marcus Aurelius, the thoughtful brow of Antoninus Pius, and the varied lineaments of Trajan, Severus, and Nerva, Domitian, Nero, and Caracalla; though a youthful Commodus in his gentleness and grace displayed none of those latent evils, which gave the sharpest pang to the death-bed of his father.

Like the Louvre, the Bibliotheque du Roi is fitted up with every accommodation of light, warmth, and silent recess for those who are desirous of profiting by its immense accumulation of 900,000 volumes, and 80,000 manuscripts. The books are in cases, protected by wire grating, and librarians are always in attendance, to reach such as are desired. Tables, with inkstands, are in readiness for those who desire to make extracts, and no conversation is allowed to disturb such as may be engaged in profound researches. It was pleasant to see so many of my own sex seated silently at these tables, and absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge.

The magnificence of the churches in Paris, and the multitude of their paintings, statues, and bas-relievos, are noticed by all. At Notre Dame and St. Roch, we saw the pompous service of the Romish ritual, and the appearance of deep devotion among the worshippers, especially those whose garb announced their

poverty. But without the doors, and in all the streets, went on the accustomed movements of toil and of pleasure, the building of houses, the digging of trenches, the traffic of market people and tradesmen, the review of troops, the rush of throngs intent on amusement, as if the Almighty had not from the beginning set apart for himself a day of sacred rest. To one inured to the quietness and hallowed observance of a New England Sabbath, this desecration is peculiarly painful.

The pulpit eloquence of France is with much more gesticulation than in England, or our own country. Indeed, the vehement style marks most of the public speaking that we heard there; at the Bourse, where the merchants negotiate sales of stock, and transact other business, at the very top of their voices; in the tribunals, where the advocates plead with their whole bodily force; and in the Chamber of Deputies, where the exciting question of war with England was one morning discussed with such violence, as to excite apprehensions that it might end in actual combat.

The Pantheon, formerly the Church of Genevieve, is a splendid structure, and its dome, being the most elevated one in Paris, affords an extensive prospect. Beneath its pavement is a vast series of vaults, with roofs supported by Tuscan columns, and containing funeral urns, after the fashion of the Roman tombs at Pompeii. While following the dim lamp of our guide, we traversed this subterranean city of the dead, we

were startled at a loud echo, which, by the construction of two circular passages in the centre of the vaulted area, gives singular force and perpetuity to the slightest sound.

The exterior of the Church of St. Denis, though less elaborate than many others, is striking and sufficiently ornate. The inhumed ashes of the monarchs of France, from Clovis to Louis the Eighteenth, give interest to the spot, and a lesson to human pride. During the madness of the revolution, their repose was violated, but the broken sepulchres and scattered relics were again gathered and reunited. Many of the monuments are exceedingly costly, and some of their recumbent statues, by a strange perversion of taste, depict the distortions and agonies of death with fearful accuracy.

At the Porte St. Denis is the celebrated triumphal arch, erected to commemorate the victories of Louis the Fourteenth. Its proportions and sculpture are much admired, and surmounting the arch in bas relief, is the king on horseback, represented as crossing the Rhine, with only the inscription, "*Ludovico Magno.*" But in no spot are his ambition and lavish expenditure so conspicuous as in the palace of Versailles, which cannot be explored without remembering its mournful influence on the fates of France, at the birth of the Revolution. A double row of colossal statues of the great of other days, receive the visitant at the gates. The paintings, the tapestry, the

statues, the fountains, it would require volumes to describe. Gallery after gallery astonishes the sight. Here Ludovico Magno, as he was fond of being styled, is multiplied by the pencil in the most imposing forms of martial and regal state. The departments allotted to Napoleon are still blazing with the portraiture of his battles, and the trophies of his renown. Yet in such a place, even more it would seem than amid the tombs, the mind is led to reflect on the vanity of mortal glory. Descending a hundred marble steps, we visited the immense orangery, where amid throngs of these trees we were shown one said to be three hundred, and another four hundred years old, still vigorous and in healthful bearing. At our departure, surfeited with splendor, from this great Babylon, created for the pride and praise of men who are now but dust, we were beset at the gates by the saddest and lowest forms of mendicity, who in piteous accents supplicated for a single sous.

The two small palaces of Grand and Petit Trianon are within the gardens of Versailles. The first was erected by the Grand Monarque for Madame Maintenon, and we saw there the sedan-chair, rich with gilding and velvet, in which she used to be borne around the magnificent grounds. Among the pictures was one commemorating our national era of the "Surrender at Yorktown," in which Washington, in an antiquated uniform, makes rather a quaint appearance. Every apartment in this beautiful palace, especially

the working rooms of the present queen and the sister of Louis Philippe, displays consummate taste in the arrangement and adaptation to each other, of the hangings, sofas, chairs, mirrors, and different articles of furniture.

Le Petit Trianon was built by Louis the Fifteenth for Madame Dubarri. Afterwards it was given by Louis the Sixteenth to Marie Antoinette, who beautified its grounds by her taste, and erected among them the imitation of a little Swiss village. It is surrounded by many fine trees, of which some are American. Here Louis the Fifteenth was called to render up his breath, and here the son of Napoleon was born. Among the tasteful articles exhibited, is a bed, draped with muslin, embroidered in gold, which formerly belonged to Maria Louisa. It is at present occupied by the Duke de Nemours and his beautiful bride. Both these fine structures have some exquisite pictures.

We were persevering in visiting the palaces of Paris and its environs, with other objects and institutions of interest, notwithstanding the severity of the winter. Having heard so much of the fine climate of France, we were surprised at being sometimes enveloped in those dense black fogs, which we flattered ourselves had been left behind in London. Snow frequently descended, and lay thickly upon the roofs for several weeks; the horses, not properly shod, fell upon the slippery pavements, and received no mercy from their drivers; and the sufferings of the improvident poor

were terrible. The inhabitants asserted that a season of such intense and protracted cold had not been experienced for many years. The Seine froze in December, on the night after the ceremony of the reception of Bonaparte's remains. It was feared that the period of that grand pageant might be fixed on for some popular tumult, as symptoms of disaffection towards the government, especially of exasperation against the English, had for some time been revealing themselves. During the day the Marsellois Hymn, the ancient signal of outbreak, had been heard hoarsely uplifted, with here and there cries among the crowd of "a bas les traiteurs!" Some of us, nurtured in a peaceful land, were considerably alarmed, not so much for our own personal safety, as lest our eyes should be shocked by sights of conflict and bloodshed. But the extreme cold, benumbing nerve and muscle, and checking all effervescence of animal spirits, probably operated as a protection to the peace of the city; on the same principle that Marshal Soult once quelled the beginning of a formidable insurrection, by causing the engines to play plentifully upon the malcontents. Would that all distinguished commanders were equally ingenious and merciful in substituting water for blood.

Among the slighter traits of French character, we could not but notice that variety and fruitfulness of resource, by which a little was made sufficient for the necessities of life; and the respect which was shown

to a just economy. No false shame was evinced at the confession, "I should like such a thing, but cannot afford it;" and a moderate expenditure seemed not only consistent with entire contentment, but counted more reputable than the appearance of wealth without its reality.

Another still more delightful trait is the sweet and affectionate deportment of children to their parents. This is discoverable among all ranks. It reveals itself in the zealous attentions and offices, which a younger hand can extend to those who are wearied with the cares of life, as well as in the marked and tender attentions, which are sometimes omitted by those whose filial virtue has still a deep root, and would be called into vigorous action by any emergency. Surely this is an affection which should beautify the intercourse of every day, yet continually humble itself for its inadequacy to repay that great love of a parent, which is the best earthly symbol of a Love Divine, in which we "live, and move, and have our being."

TO MISS EDGEWORTH.

TRUTHFUL and tender as thy pictured page
Flows on thy life ; and it was joy to me
To hear thy welcome mid my pilgrimage,
And seat me by thy side, unchecked and free ;

For in my own sweet land both youth and sire,
The willing captives of thy lore refined,
Will of thy features and thy form inquire,
And lock the transcript in their loving mind ;

And merry children, who with glowing cheek
Have loved thy " Simple Susan," many a day
Will lift their earnest eyes to hear me speak
Of her, who held them oft-times from their play,

And closer press, as if to share a part
Of the pure joy thy smile enkindled in my heart.

London, Monday, Jan. 25, 1841.

To have repeatedly met and listened to Miss Edgeworth, seated familiarly with her by the fireside, may

seem to her admirers in America a sufficient payment for the hazards of crossing the Atlantic. Her conversation like her writings is varied, vivacious, and delightful. Her kind feelings toward our country are well known, and her forgetfulness of self, and happiness in making others happy, are marked traits in her character. Her person is small, and delicately proportioned, and her movements full of animation. She has an aversion to having her likeness taken, which no entreaties of her friends have been able to overcome. In one of her notes, she says, "I have always refused even my own family to sit for my portrait, and with my own good will shall never have it painted, as I do not think it would give either my friends or the public any representation or expression of my mind, such as I trust may be more truly found in my writings." The ill-health of a lovely sister much younger than herself, at whose house in London she was passing the winter, called forth such deep anxiety, untiring attention, and fervent gratitude for every favorable symptom, as seemed to blend features of maternal tenderness with sisterly affection. It is always gratifying to find that those, whose superior intellect charms and enlightens us, have their hearts in the right place. Such instances often delighted me while abroad, in the varied and beautiful forms of domestic love and duty. The example of filial devotion exhibited by Miss Mitford adds lustre and grace to the rich imagery of her pages. An aged father, of whom she is the

only child, is the object of her constant cherishing care. Years have elapsed since she has left him scarcely for an evening, and she receives calls only during those hours in the afternoon, when he regularly takes rest upon his bed. She is ever in attendance upon him; cheering him by the recital of passing events, and pouring into his spirit the fresher life of her own. The faithful performance of such high and holy duty contains within itself its own reward. I cannot withhold a sweet picture drawn by her pen, though sensible that she had no intention of its meeting the public eye. "My father," she writes, "is a splendid old man, with a most noble head, a fine countenance full of benevolence and love, hair of silvery whiteness, and a complexion like winter berries. I suppose there was never a more beautiful embodiment of healthful and virtuous old age. He possesses all his faculties with the most vigorous clearness, but his health suffers, and my time is almost entirely devoted to his service, waiting upon him and reading to him by night and by day.

"He was affected at your message, and sends his blessing to you and yours. How to promote his comfort in his advanced years and increasing infirmities occupies most of my thoughts. It is my privilege to make many sacrifices to this blessed duty; for with my dearest father, should I be so unhappy as to survive him, will depart all that binds me to this world."

VICTORIA

OPENING THE PARLIAMENT OF 1841.

It was a scene of pomp.

The ancient hall

Where Britain's highest in their wisdom meet,
Showed proud array of noble and of peer,
Prelate and judge, each in his fitting robes
Of rank and power. And beauty lent its charms ;
For with plumed brows, the island peeresses
Bore themselves nobly. Distant realms were there
In embassy, from the far jeweled East,
To that which stretcheth toward the setting sun,
My own young native land.

Long was the pause

Of expectation. Then the cannon spake,
The trumpets flourished bravely, and the throne
Of old Plantagenet that stood so firm,
While years and blasts and earthquake shocks dis-
solved
The linked dynasty of many climes,
Took in its golden arms a fair young form,

The Lady of the kingdoms. With clear eye
And queenly grace, gentle and self-possesst,
She met the fixed gaze of the earnest throng,
Scanning her close. And I remembered well
How it was said that tears o'erflowed her cheek,
When summoned first for cares of state to yield
Her girlhood's joys.

In her fair hands she held
A scroll, and with a clear and silver tone
Of wondrous melody, descanted free
Of foreign climes, where Albion's ships had borne
Their thunders, and of those who dwelt at peace
In prosperous commerce, and of some who frowned
In latent anger murmuring notes of war,
Until the British Lion cleared his brow
To meditate between them, with a branch
Of olive in his paw.

'T was strange to me
To hear so young a creature speak so well
And eloquent of nations and their rights,
Their equal balance and their policies,
Which we in our republic think that none
Can comprehend but grave and bearded men.
Her words went wandering wide o'er all the earth,
For so her sphere required. But there was still
Something she said not, though the closest twined
With her heart's inmost core. Yes, there was one,
One little word embedded in her soul,
Which yet she uttered not. Fruitful in change,

Had been the fleeting year. When last she stood
In this august assembly to convoke
The power of parliament, the crown adorned
A maiden brow; but now that vow had passed,
Which Death alone can break, and a new soul
Come forth to witness it. And by the seed
Of those most strong affections, dropped by Heaven
In a rich soil, I knew there was a germ
That fain would have disclosed itself in sound
If unsupprest. Through her transparent brow
I could discern that word close wrapped in love,
And dearer than all royal pageantry.
Thy *babe*, young Mother! Thy sweet first-born
babe!

That was the word!

And yet she spoke it not;
But rose and leaning on her consort's arm
Passed forth. And as the gorgeous car of state,
By noble coursers borne exultingly,
Drew near, the people's acclamations rose
Loud, and re-echoed widely to the sky.
Long may their loyalty and love be thine,
Daughter of many kings, and thou the rights
Of peasant as of prince maintain, and heed
The cry of lowly poverty, as one
Who must account to God.

So unto him,
From many a quiet fireside of thy realm
At the still hour of prayer, thy name shall rise,

Blent with that name which thou didst leave unsaid ;
And blessings which shall last, when sceptres fall
And crowns are dust, be tenderly invoked
On the young sovereign and her cradled babe.

Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1841.

The countenance of Queen Victoria is agreeable, and her complexion very fair. At first view it seemed remarkable, that one so young should evince such entire self-possession, nor betray by the least shade of embarrassment a consciousness, that every eye in that vast assembly was fixed solely on her. This, however, is a part of the queenly training in which she has become so perfect.

Her voice is clear and melodious, and her enunciation so correct, that every word of her speech was distinctly audible to the farthest extremity of the House of Lords. She possesses in an eminent degree the accomplishment of fine reading. I could not help wishing that the fair daughters of my own land, who wear no crown save that of loveliness and virtue, would more fully estimate the worth of this accomplishment, and more faithfully endeavor to acquire it. For I remembered how often, in our seminaries of education, I had listened almost breathlessly to sentiments, which I knew from the lips that uttered them must be true and beautiful; but only stifled sounds, or a few uncertain murmurings repaid the toil. And I wish all who conduct the education of young ladies would insist on at

least an audible utterance, and not consider their own office to be faithfully filled, unless a correct and graceful elocution is attained.

In looking upon the fair young creature to whom such power is deputed, and hoping that she might be enabled to execute the sacred and fearful trust, for the good of the millions who own her sway, and for her own soul's salvation, I was reminded of the circumstance of her weeping when told she was to become a queen, and of the sweet poem of Miss Barret, which commemorates that circumstance.

“ O maiden ! heir of kings !
A king has left his place !
The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face !
And thou upon thy mother's breast
No longer lean adown,
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best.”
She heard and wept,
She wept, to wear a crown !

God saye thee weeping Queen !
Thou shalt be well beloved !
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,
As those pure tears have moved !
The nature in thine eyes we see,
That tyrants cannot own !

The love that guardeth liberties. —
Strange blessing on the nation lies
Whose Sovereign wept,
Yea! wept to wear a crown!

HAMPTON COURT.

'T WAS with a bridal party, that we went
To visit Hampton Court. Our thoughts were full
Of the warm pictures we had seen at morn,
The youthful pair, the chapel, and the priest,
The gathered groups that marked the holy rite,
And that still smaller circle, in whose breasts
Wrought strong emotion, as the deathless vow
Trembled on lips beloved. With earnest gaze
The grateful poor, and that small Sunday class
Blest with her teachings, who returned no more,
Followed the bridal chariot, as it led
With milk-white steeds the fair procession back
To her paternal halls. Around the board,
For rich collation spread, the green-house strewed
Its glowing wealth, and mid the marriage guests
Like blossoms mixed, the bright-haired children sate,
Delighted from a blessed bride to win
Kind word or kiss. Then rose the pastor's prayer,
And the sweet hymn, for Music waits alike
On Love and Faith, on this world and the next.
— But all too soon the fond leave-taking came,

The parent's benediction, and the embrace
Of loving kindred ; for impatient steeds
Curving their necks, by white-gloved coachmen
reined,

Waited the bride, and lo ! her silvery veil
And lustrous satin robe, gave sudden place
To traveller's graver costume.

Thus doth fleet

Woman's brief goddess-ship, and soon she takes
The sober matron tint, content to yield
Tinsel and trappings, if her heart be right,
That in her true vocation she may shed
A higher happiness on him she loves,
For earth and heaven.

As from her early home

And pleasant gates the gentle bride passed forth,
Big tears stood glittering in the old servants' eyes,
Deepening their murmured benison on her,
Who was " so like the Mother that was gone,
The sainted mistress." 'T is a heaven-taught art
To graft enduring love on servitude ;
And often have I joyed to see how deep
Around the hearths of England is that root
Of order and of comfort, which doth bind
Each stratum of the compact household firm,
The lowest to the highest ; those who serve,
Not of their lot ashamed, and those who rule
Regardful of the charity which counts
A life-long service, as a bond of love,

Here and hereafter.

So, the wedding past,
Bright in its hallowed hopes, but not without
Some touch of tender grief; for here, below,
In all her loftiest temples Joy doth set
Lachrymatories, and her banquet-board
Hath aye some subterranean path, that tends
Unto the house of tears.

And then, to break
That heavy pause, which on the heart doth fall,
When what it loves departeth, forth we went,
As I have said before. Well pleased we swept
O'er vale and common, and by that green lane
Where Wandsworth boasts its nested nightingales,
By lordly manor, and o'er lonely heath,
Whose furze and broom make glad the donkey tribe,
Or 'neath the enormous chestnuts that o'ersweep
Richmond, the loved of Thames, and by the shades
Of Busby Park, a monarch's late abode,
Until the gates of Hampton Court we passed,
And scanned its purlieus fair. The lime and yew
Spread their inwoven arms, and countless flowers
Within their garden cells of bordering turf
Wrought out a rich mosaic. Here the Maze
With labyrinthine lines the foot allured,
And there the pampered people of the pool
Swam lazily, in gold and silver coats,
To take some dainty morsel from the hand
Of merry childhood. The old Hamburgh vine

Round its glass palace groped with monstrous arms,
And filled each nook with clusters, proud to load
The royal table. In yon tennis-court
How many a feat of strength and shout of mirth
Have held their course, since from these halls arose
The Christmas-carol of old Tudor's time.
Raphael's bold pencil here with wondrous power
Survives, and many a modern artist decks
Ceiling, and wall, and stair-case. But 't is vain
In lays like mine to tell what pictures say
From age to age; for Painting may not bend
To Poesy. She, on her pedestal,
Robed with the rainbow stands, — and mocks at
those

Who, with a goose-quill and a drop of ink,
Are fain to take her likeness. Quaint conceits
Of him of Orange and his Stuart queen
Adorn these haunts, — while frequent on the walls
Their blended names in curious love-knot twine.
Here too stout Cromwell stretched himself to die;
His pale lip sated with the love of power
By blood obtained.

But most of all we meet,
Where'er in musing reverie we tread,
Wolsey, — the master-spirit, who upreared
This princely pile, and from a germ obscure
Towered up to such o'erwhelming magnitude
Of power, that monarchs felt his dampening shade
Fall on their greatness.

Here his feasts were spread
 Magnificent, — and here with clerkly skill
 He fostered learning, while his secret thought
 Was how to make his haughty honors grow,
 And throne ambition on its thunder-cloud
 For realms to kneel to. But the daring hand,
 That grasped so long the crowned lion's mane,
 Failed, and he fell, fell low to rise no more.
 So, with a solemn sadness he went down,
 As great minds do.

Was there no penitence
 In that deploring eloquence, which blamed
 The folly of the man that serves his king,
 Forgetful of his God? in that sad glance
 Of retrospection, which so analyzed
 All poms of life, and found them vanity?
 In that humility of voice, which asked
 At Leicester-Abbey, with his broken train,
 But for that little charity of earth
 Which the dead beggar finds?

We trust the cloud
 Fell not in vain upon him, but restored
 His chastened spirit to the pardoning One.

Is pride for man? the crushed before the moth?
 Is it for angels? Answer, ye who walked
 Exulting on the battlements of Heaven,
 And fell interminably. Dizzy heights
 Suit not the born of clay. Oh, rather walk

With careful footsteps, and with lowly eyes,
Bent on thine own original; nor mark
With taunt of bitter blame thy brother's fall.
In dust his frailties sleep. Awake them not,
Nor stir with prying hand the curtaining tomb,
But lead the memory of his virtues forth
Into the sun-light.

So shalt thou fulfill

The law of love.

Wednesday, March 3d, 1841.

“ They who serve,
Not of their lot ashamed.”

It is impossible to be domesticated in an English family, without admiring the excellent attendance of the servants. Each one is at his post, in the neatest costume, ready to maintain the clock-work regularity of the establishment. The interests of those whom they serve are their own, in their sicknesses or sorrows they are afflicted, in their joys they rejoice, to their guests they show observance and honor. Thus identifying themselves with those whose comfort they promote, they are happy in their station, and in the respect which attends the faithful discharge of their duties. They consider servitude no mark of disgrace, and sometimes continue with their employers, ten, fifteen, or twenty years, or throughout their whole

lives. It is beautiful to see them, their countenances so expressive of contentment with their condition, uniting in the morning and evening devotions of the household, with whom their sympathies have been long amalgamated. The mistress of a family, thus sustained, has opportunity for the better points of her nature to expand, and leisure to study the characters of her children, as well as to enjoy the friends who partake her hospitality.

When I see the quiet dignity of the housekeepers of the Mother-Land, their calm, unruffled reliance, that what ought to be done will be done at the right time, and well done, and the perfection they are thus enabled to give to their hospitality, it is difficult not to contrast it with our own hurried reception of unexpected guests, and the rapid inquiry of anxious thought, whether their comfort can be compassed without our hastening abruptly from their presence, to superintend the culinary department. One remembers too, the defection which may suddenly take place of all in the shape of assistants, and the disorder thus introduced into the domestic sphere, to the inconvenience of the best loved, and cannot but fervently wish for such a correct balance of interests, that those who are nominally our helpers, may no longer be actual annoyances, transient allies, or partial belligerents, but Christian friends.

We may not, indeed, expect under our form of government that precise definition of rank, or degree

of respectful observance, which prevail in England; yet, if it were possible, by any change of measures, or heightened intercourse of kindness to secure a more permanent continuance and stronger personal attachment, from those who serve us, such results would be worthy of earnest inquiry and strenuous effort. It was anciently the custom, in the New-England States, for a young matron to take under her roof a female child, and train her up, as an useful adjunct in the household. She was sometimes an orphan, and this gave to the transaction a feature of benevolence. An assistant was thus secured, whom it might be hoped that every year would render more efficient and more attached to those who protected her. The usage is now less prevalent, and the reason alleged is, that it is too much trouble. *Trouble?* Yes. There is doubtless trouble in forming the habits of a child, in correcting such infirmities as may be corrected, and having patience with the rest, and in faithfully teaching right principles for this life and the next. *Trouble?* Yes. But is there not also the payment of witnessing its improvement, of profiting by its exertions, of securing its affections, and of seeing it at last, if God will, a respectable member of the community? *Trouble?* Yes. And how many things are there in this world worth the having, that are to be attained by us women without some trouble? Is there not trouble in attempting to naturalize foreign hirelings; and when they have become partially accustomed to

our idioms, see them flit away without warning, like the shadow, and all our training lost, as water upon the earth, never to be gathered up again?

I trust these remarks will be forgiven, for the sake of the motive that prompted them. It is natural to desire to transplant to our own beloved, native land whatever we admire in a foreign clime, especially if it affects the beauty and order of domestic life, and the true happiness of that sex, on whom its responsibilities devolve.

“Here too stout Cromwell stretched himself to die.”

Cromwell, in the height of his power, was fond of residing at Hampton Court. Here he solemnized with pomp the marriage of two of his daughters into the line of the high nobility, one with Lord Falconburg, the other with Lord Rich, heir to the earldom of Warwick. Here too his favorite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, was smitten with death, and in her last life-struggle warned him of sin, and adjured him to repentance. Her earnest words, mingled with moans of pain, haunted his conscience as he wandered from room to room, in the restlessness of the disease that at length destroyed him. “It was at this period,” says Howitt in his interesting ‘Visits to Remarkable Places,’ “that George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, coming to Hampton Court, to beg him to

put a stop to religious persecution, met him riding in the park, and in his own expressive language, as he drew near him, '*felt a waft of death go forth from him,*' and coming up to him, beheld him with astonishment looking already like a dead man. George had been accustomed to have interviews with Cromwell, who used to express great pleasure in his society, and would say, 'come again, come often, for I feel that if thou and I were oftener together, we should be nearer to each other.' He now desired George to come to the palace again the next day, but he looked on him already as a dead man, and on going to the palace gate, found him too ill to be seen by any one, and in a few days he died."

"The old Hamburgh vine
Round its glass palace groped."

A vine of the black Hamburgh grape, nearly 80 years old, and said to be the largest in Europe, has a whole greenhouse devoted to its accommodation. Its trunk is like a tree, its main branch extends 110 feet, and its roots still further, running about 18 inches below the surface. The gardeners, who were exceedingly proud of it, said they did not pour water upon its root, but washed the branches to refresh them. It produces an immense quantity of fruit; in some seasons, we were told, about 1400 pounds weight, or be-

tween 2000 and 3000 clusters, all of which are reserved for the royal table. In the conservatory were many orange trees, two of which are said to be coeval with William and Mary.

MRS. FRY AT NEWGATE PRISON.

THE harsh key grated in its ward,
The massy bolts undrew,
And watchful men of aspect stern,
Gave us admittance through, —
Admittance where so many pine
The far release to gain,
Where desperate hands have madly striven
To wrest the bars in vain.

What untold depths of human woe
Have rolled their floods along,
Since first these rugged walls were heaved
From their foundations strong ;
Guilt, with its seared and blackened breast,
Fierce Hate, with sullen glare,
And Justice, smiting unto death,
And desolate despair.

Here Crime hath spread a loathsome snare
For souls of lighter stain,
And Shame hath covered, and Anguish drained
The darkest dregs of pain,
And Punishment its doom hath dealt,
Relentless as the grave,
And spurned the sinful fellow-worm,
Whom Jesus died to save.

Yes, here they are, the fallen so low,
Who bear our weaker form,
Whose rude and haggard features tell
Of passion's wrecking storm,
And still, on ring or trinket gay,
Are bent their eager eyes,
As though by habitude constrained
To seize the unlawful prize.

Yet be not strict their faults to mark,
Nor hasty to condemn,
Oh thou, whose erring human heart
May not have swerved like them ;
But with the tear-drop on thy cheek
Adore that guardian Power,
Who held thee on the slippery steep
Amid the trial-hour.

Who entereth to this dreary cell ?
Who dares the hardened throng,
With fearless step and brow serene,
In simple goodness strong ?
She hath a Bible in her hand,
And on her lips the spell
Of loving and melodious speech,
Those lion hearts to quell.

She readeth from that Holy Book,
And in its spirit meek,
Doth warn them as those straying ones
Whom Christ vouchsafes to seek ;
She kneeleth down, and asketh Him
Who deigned the lost to find,
Back to his blessed fold to lead
These impotent and blind.

Then gently, as the mother lures
Her child from folly's way,
Good counsel eloquent she gives,
To guide a future day ;
When in the convict-ship they sail,
And sore temptation tries,
Or when an exile's lot they bear
'Neath Australasian skies.

For soon the dangerous deep they dare ;
This is the parting hour ;
And lo ! their burning eyeballs pour
A strange and plenteous shower ;
And oh, may watching angels scan,
Beneath that troubled tide,
Some pearl of penitence to glow,
Where ransomed souls abide.

Oh beautiful ! though not with youth,
Bright locks of sunny ray,
Or changeful charms that years may blot,
And sickness melt away ;
But with sweet lowliness of soul,
The love that never dies,
The purity and truth that hold
Communion with the skies.

Oh beautiful ! yet not with gauds,
That strike the worldling's eye,
But in the self-denying toils
Of heaven-born charity.
Press onward, till thou find thy home
In realms of perfect peace,
Where, in the plaudit of thy Lord,
All earthly cares shall cease.

Friday, March 5, 1841.

Bolts and bars, and the creaking of sullen hinges, and the clang of massy doors, and the meagre aspect of narrow, grated windows, how repulsive! how the veins chill at passing these dreary thresholds! — and yet what mighty pains have we taken to arrive at this prison-house, and to gain admittance to its precincts. Riding through one of the most terribly dense London fogs, swallowing its mephitic atmosphere, saturated with coal in sickening mouthfuls, to our present annoyance, as well as future peril, plunging into black, glutinous mire, and all for what? To be let in where multitudes are longing to be let out, — where for so many years, such masses of human crime and misery have tossed, and fermented, and been cast forth to banishment and to death.

Well, here we are, indeed, at Newgate, seated in the midst of a throng of female convicts. How rude and hardened is the aspect of many of them, — what savage and hateful glances do they bend on the un-fallen. Ah! here are young faces, with curious, searching eyes, taking note of every ornament of dress, others turned away with a mixture of shame others expressing only stupid indifference. Oh, children! had ye no mothers, to warn you of this?

I am told that in some cases, their mistresses, for the theft of a slight article of dress, have given them up to such ignominy. It was painful to look upon the sin and sorrow thus exhibited by my own sex. “Who maketh thee to differ?” was never before so forcibly

impressed, or with such a humbling consciousness of innate infirmity.

The brief pause was broken by the entrance of a lady of commanding height, and of plain garb and countenance. Every eye was fixed on her, and the dignity of her calm benevolence seemed to be felt by all. There was about her the quietude of a soul conversant with high duties, and not to be satisfied with so poor an aliment as the applause of man.

This was Mrs. Fry. With a peculiar melody of voice, and that slow intonation which usually distinguishes the sect to which she belongs, she read from the Bible, and after a few simple remarks and touching admonitions, knelt in prayer. But neither in her comments, nor in the solemn exercise of devotion was there a single allusion, which could harrow up the feelings of the unfortunate beings who surrounded her. Over the past a veil was drawn. It was to the future that she urged them to look, with "newness of life." She came with all gentleness of speech, as to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." Like a mother to her erring children, she spoke of the infinite compassions of the Redeemer, — of the joy that there was among angels, when one sinner repenteth. Those who despairing had said, "no man careth for my soul," laid aside the defiance of guilt, and seemed ready to become as little children.

More than usual feeling was pressed into this interview. It was a parting scene. The class of convicts,

whom she now addressed, were the next week to be transported to Botany Bay. With increasing earnestness she recapitulated the instructions given during their previous intercourse, which must now never more be renewed. She exhorted them to an exemplary deportment during the long voyage that was before them; to convince all with whom they should in future associate, that their teaching had not been in vain; to bear with patience the evils, and discharge with fidelity their duties, in a foreign land; fortifying their good resolutions by every hope drawn from this life and the next. Surely the spirit of that Master was with her, who wrote with his finger upon the ground, effacing the accuser's threat, and sparing to condemn the sinful soul, abashed at its own guilt. Nor were her appeals in vain. Sobs and moans, on every side, attested that hardened natures were becoming as wax before the flame. The stony-hearted and the fiery-eyed seemed ready to change, like Niobe, into a fountain of tears. A stronger contrast could scarcely be imagined, than the appearance of the audience at her entrance and her departure. May the hallowed counsels of their benefactress go with them over the far waters, and be to them, in the land of their banishment, as a voice turning many to righteousness.

After our departure from this scene, and during a drive in her own carriage, Mrs Fry inquired of me much respecting American prisons, and expressed great interest in the results of those systems of dis-

cipline among us, which have in view the reformation of the offender. A young lady, who seemed to be an active assistant in her plan of benevolence, presented me at Newgate with a book detailing the progress of these efforts in behalf of female prisoners. It seems that the first visit of Mrs. Fry to Newgate was in 1813, and that she then found, in an area of less than two hundred square yards, three hundred incarcerated females. Such were their ferocious manners and abandoned conduct, that it was not thought safe to go in among them. The Governor, perceiving that she had determined to venture, deemed it expedient to request that she would leave her watch behind her, acknowledging that even his presence might be insufficient to prevent its being violently torn from her. Almost every discouragement seemed to oppose the outset of the benevolent effort of Mrs. Fry. It was felt necessary to have a guard of soldiers in the prison to prevent outrage; order and discipline were utterly set at defiance. But her presence, and the kind interest she manifested in them, made a great impression. At her second visit, she was, by her own desire, admitted into the wards, unaccompanied by any turnkey. She then proposed to them a school for the children and younger prisoners. This was accepted, even by the most hardened, with gratitude and tears of joy. A separate cell was procured, and the school prosperously established. Soon the older prisoners came with entreaties to be taught and employed.

A matron was obtained to remain day and night in the prison, and the ordinary, governor, and sheriffs, though they had no confidence in the success of the experiment, manifested every favorable disposition towards it, and lent it all the aid in their power. At the next meeting, the comforts to be derived from industry, and sobriety, were dwelt upon; the pleasure and profit of doing right and obtaining knowledge; and the happiness of a life devoted to virtue and piety. The prisoners were assured that no regulation would be established among them without their entire concurrence, and that neither Mrs. Fry, nor the ladies with whom she consulted, and who formed a committee, assumed any authority over them, except by their own consent. Some rules were then proposed, and it was gratifying to see every hand held up in unqualified approval. A chapter in the Bible was read to them, and after a period of silent meditation, the monitors, who had been appointed, withdrew with their respective classes to the cells, in the most orderly manner.

The first steps towards taming the lion had succeeded beyond all expectation. Guilt had listened, and admitted the superiority of virtue, and been convinced that it was itself an object neither of indifference nor of hatred. It had seen those who were "rich and increased in goods," condescending to "light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently for the piece that was lost." It wondered, and was subdued.

A great change in the habits of the prisoners was obvious to all who approached them. It had been the practice of those who were sentenced to transportation, on the night before their departure, to pull down and break everything within their reach, — to destroy their seats and fire-places, and go off shouting with the most shameless effrontery. Now, to the surprise of the oldest turnkeys, and other officers and inmates of the prison, no noise was heard, no injury done, not a window broken. The departing ones took an affectionate leave of their companions, expressed graatitude to their benefactress and her coadjutors, and entered the conveyances that had been provided for them, in the most quiet and orderly manner.

Mrs. Fry, and the benevolent ladies associated with her, visit the convict-ships while they remain in the river, and kindly present them with such articles as may conduce to their comfort, giving to each one a bag for holding her clothes, another for her work, another containing a small supply of haberdashery, materials for knitting and for patch-work, combs, scissors, and thimbles, spectacles to such as need them, useful books, religious tracts, and a copy of the New Testament, with the Psalms appended. Rules for their observance during the voyage are read to them, and while they are assembled to receive their gifts, kind words of admonition are addressed to them, mingled with passages from the Scriptures. Compressed in the narrow space which for four or five

months is to be their home, and about to become exiles from their native land, they often pour forth the most fervent feeling to those who sought them out in their low estate, and followed them to the last moment with offices of mercy, in the name of a common Saviour.

Most gratifying was it to the persevering originator of this effort, to find that its good results were not confined to the walls of the prison. Superintendents and physicians, on board the convict-ships, gave testimony to the marked improvement in the behavior of the women from Newgate. On their arrival at the place of their destination, the lady of the Governor, who had several of them in her family as servants, asserts that "their conduct was so uniformly correct as to merit her approbation; a circumstance so uncommon, that she felt it her duty to acquaint Mrs. Fry with the happy change.

One, who had been four years in the penal colony at New South Wales, writes, "It was inside of the walls of Newgate that the rays of divine truth shone into my dark mind, and may the Holy Spirit shine more and more into my understanding, that I may be enabled so to walk as one whose heart is set to seek a city whose builder and maker is God. I hope the world will see that your labor in Newgate has not been in vain in the Lord."

Another, who had occasionally been employed as a teacher among her fellow-prisoners, writes to Mrs.

Fry, "I sincerely wish to forsake evil and to do good. God is merciful to those who seek him by penitence and prayer. It is my determination, with his assistance, to begin a new life." Afterwards, in her last sickness, she said she was cheered by the "hope of living happily in a better world," and that her sorrowful imprisonment had proved a real blessing.

Another liberated prisoner encloses to Mrs. Fry two pounds, saved from her wages as a servant, which she begs her to accept, and "add to the subscription for defraying the expenses of her most benevolent exertions for the reform and instruction of those unhappy persons, confined within that dreary receptacle of woe, — the walls of Newgate."

What was commenced so prosperously at Newgate, has been extended to other prisons in Great Britain, and with some degree of the same success. Many have been taught both to read and to work neatly, and thus, after their liberation, have found themselves better qualified to earn an honest livelihood. Some have been received as servants, and maintained an exemplary conduct for years, and even remained with their employers as long as they lived.

Of others it was said, that their dutiful and industrious course had been a comfort to parents and friends; and others had died in the faith of the Gospel, giving God thanks for the instruction of those who had sought them out in their wretchedness, not being ashamed of their bonds. Some of course have

exhibited no marks of repentance; but that any are reclaimed, calls for fervent gratitude. Not only in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but in different parts of the Continent, especially in Russia, Prussia, and Switzerland, a spirit of inquiry and exertion has been aroused by the successful experiment at Newgate.

Mrs. Fry, in the spirit of her benevolence, has visited Paris, and been gratified to find many ladies there, disposed to adopt her views, and inquire into the condition of the prisoner. Though the pioneer in this enterprise of charity, she speaks of herself as only the organ of others,—the instrument of societies or committees; being in reality a disciple of that disclaiming humility, which, when there is good to be done, worketh mightily, but when praise is awarded, hideth itself.

MARCH, AT DENMARK HILL.

METHOUGHT this herald-month of Spring
Was wont a frown to wear,
Or with capricious favor fling
Her gifts and bounties rare,

Even sometimes with a shrewish voice
Among the hills to rave,
And check the aspiring buds that burst
Too soon their wintry grave.

But here, like patron, dressed in smiles,
The tinted turf she treads,
And whispers to the lowliest plants,
To lift their trembling heads,

And o'er the lustrous laurel-hedge,
And where the vine-leaf curls,
She bids the pendent dew-drops throw
Their strings of braided pearls.

Out peeps the Crocus from its nook,
And looks with timid eye,
To see if on the Snowdrop's neck
A blight, like frost, may lie :

But lo! the expanded Primrose smiles,
And the Violet bids it hail,
And freely in the morning beam
Refresh its colors pale.

It sees the bright Hepatica
With the buxom Daisies play
Their merry game of hide and seek,
Until the closing day,

It marks against the sheltering wall
The Almond's brodered vest,
And the princely Peach and Apricot,
In all their glory drest,

Then boldly puts the Crocus on
Her robe of varied die,
And to the banquet-hall of Spring
Doth enter joyously.

The mighty city hath a world
Within its heaving breast,
And there the pulse of busy life
Doth never pause nor rest.

The city sends a greenhouse warmth
From out its fostering heart,
And bids the germs of intellect
To sudden beauty start.

But Nature's efflorescence seeks
The blessed sun in vain,
Where rise the ponderous domes of stone,
And towers the eclipsing fane.

It is not so at Denmark Hill,
Each plant hath room to spread
Its little hand, and take the wealth
A bounteous sky doth shed ;

Hath room to ope its gentle eye
On verdant lawn and vale,
And have its tiny cradle rocked
By every nursing gale ;

To feel its infant lungs expand,
From clogging coal-dust free,
And hear the song of uncaged birds
From each rejoicing tree.

A sacred plant hath rooting here,
Which once profusely grew
Amid the walls of Palestine,
Sustained by heavenly dew.

Beside the convent's wicket-gate
In ancient times it bent,
And blossoms still on Asia's sands,
By the roving Arab's tent.

Upon Mount Bernard's cloud-wrapt cliff,
Where the bitter tempest blows,
It patient bides the chilling blast
Of everlasting snows.

And where our poor, red forest-race,
Beside their fathers' grave,
Had once a home, its foliage fair
Did o'er their cabins wave.

Here too it finds a genial soil,
And putteth forth each morn
A rose-cup in an evergreen,
That hath no hidden thorn.

It bloometh for the stranger's hand,
And when it shuts at night,
Doth leave behind a secret spell,
To make his visions bright.

Young children, with their sparkling eyes,
Culled its fresh buds for me,
Before they knew its hallowed name
Was Hospitality.

And for the blessed balm it breathed,
And for its cheering ray,
When from the garden of my heart
I was so far away,

And for the fragrance of its flowers,
And for its fruitage sweet,
I'll love the soil of Denmark Hill,
While memory holds her seat.

Wednesday, March 10, 1841.

So habituated had I been to consider March a season of blast and storm, and in fact a prolongation of winter, that I saw with surprise, as early as the tenth of the month, at Denmark Hill, and other spots in the vicinity of London, the primrose and violet, the polyanthus and hepatica, blooming in the parterres, and rhubarb, cabbages, brocoli, &c. flourishing vigorously in the kitchen-gardens. Soon the fruit trees were loaded with blossoms, and the shade of a parasol in walking, became desirable.

Indeed, by the middle of February, the crocus and snowdrop ventured forth into the open air; herds were grazing in velvet meadows, and the thrush and robin filling the air with melody. There were afterwards chilling storms, but vegetation continued to advance. On returning from France, in January, we were struck with the superior verdure of England,

whose ever-living hedges scorned the livery of winter. Still, the degree of cold, though far less severe than what we had been accustomed to feel at home, was rendered more disagreeable, and probably more hurtful, by its combination with humidity. This excess of moisture, causing even the trunks of trees to grow green and mossy, united, as it often is, with a murky, misty atmosphere, makes an English winter, though comparatively mild, a depressing season to those nurtured under sunnier skies.

But the sweet Spring made amends for all. The earliest footprints of April were bright with flowers. I was then where I had long wished to be, in an English farm-house. Fields, under neat and skilful cultivation, and the healthful, happy faces of the laborers, presented a cheering picture of industry and content. Connected with the establishment was a large and productive garden, adorned in its more tasteful parts by winding gravel-walks, shrubbery, and rock-work, while here and there immense baskets, containing tons of mould, gave nutriment to hyacinths and other fragrant flowers, and nesting birds poured from vine and trellis their descant of love. It was pleasant to see that the children of those employed about the farm, as well as of the other neighboring poor, were objects of interest,—that they were sometimes collected for instruction by the mistress of the mansion,—that her needle was busy for their comfort, and they encouraged to mingle their voices with hers in sacred music.

Is it not too generally believed in my own country, that the profession of agriculture must exclude the pleasures of taste and intellect, and bind the thoughts down to a succession of homely toils or petty emoluments? Need it be so, if there was a spirit of contentment with moderate gains, and if the desire of becoming rich was not made the ruling motive? Rural life, as I saw it at Upton Lea, and as it is seen in many other parts of England, combining with simplicity and systematic diligence, a love of letters, refinement, and active benevolence, is but another name for true independence and rational happiness; or in the words of Cowper,

“Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Friendly to all the best pursuits of man.”

The hospitality of England is beyond my feeble power of description or of praise. In various ranks and modes of living, both in the city and country, it was my lot to be met by it, and to find it always the same.

I think the English are true friends. They are not assiduous to put forth their best virtues at first sight, nor to overwhelm a stranger with courtesies, nor to run risks, like king Hezekiah, by the display of their most sacred treasures to foreign eyes. They make no protestations beyond what they feel, and are willing to embody in deeds.

A similar principle of integrity seems to pervade social intercourse. They speak what they conceive to be truth, whether it is likely to render them popular or not, whether it coincides or not with the opinions and prejudices of those with whom they converse.

They are also distinguished by a love of order. The ranks are clearly defined, and are not ambitious to encroach on established boundaries. Children are taught to obey. Servants are not ashamed of their stations. The young submit to the discipline of schools and colleges. The course of education is to make thorough, to give a solid base, rather than to hang out a broad, gay banner. Order and punctuality in those who rule, beget the spirit of trust in those who are subordinate, and aid to keep things upon their right foundations.

The old English character is emphatically best seen at home, by the fireside, and at the family altar. In the enjoyment of the comfort which they so well understand, in the exercise of a hospitality, which, more than any other people, they know how to render perfect, in the maintenance of that authority, on which the strength and symmetry of the domestic fabric depends, and in the admixture of religious obligation with the daily routine of duties and affections, there is a straight-forwardness, a whole-heartedness, that commands respect, and incites those, who have descended from them, to glory in their ancestry.

HAMPSTEAD.

COME out to Hampstead. For 't is beautiful
To 'scape the city's atmosphere of smoke,
Which, like an inky curtain, wrappeth it,
And drink the breezes of this vale of health.
'T is beautiful to view the broad expanse,
County on county stretching, till at last
The fading outline, like a misty dream,
Blends with the blue horizon.

Yon wide heath,
From which the prospect opens, oft hath lured
The truant spirits of the neighboring school
To leave their restless bed, and scale the walls,
Stealing a starlight ramble. Fancying oft
A vengeful usher in each prickly bush,
Whose intercepting arms their path oppose,
They snatch a trembling taste of liberty,
Dashed with the dregs of fear. Ah, happier then
Deem they the cottage child, who wakes at morn
Unvexed by thistly learning, uncondemned
To pore o'er lexicons, oft drenched in tears,

But at its simple leisure free to roam,
Filling its pinafore with furzy flowers,
Or now and then some rough and sparkling stone
Making its prize.

But greater wealth I found
Than richest flowers, or diamonds of the mine,
Beneath a quiet roof. For she was there,
Whose wand Shaksperian knew to touch at will
The varying passions of the soul, and chain
Their tameless natures in her magic verse.
Fast by that loving sister's side she sat,
Who wears all freshly, mid her fourscore years,
The beauty of the heart.

He, too, was there,
The tasteful bard of Italy, who crowned
Memory with wreaths of song, when life was new ;
So she with grateful love, doth cherish him,
And for his green age from her treasure-hoard
Gives back the gifts he gave. 'T is wise to make
Memory our friend in youth, for she can bring
Payment when hope is bankrupt, and light up
Life's evening hour with gladness. There they sat,
Plucking those fruits of friendship, which by time
Are mellowed made, and richer. And I felt
It was a pleasant thing to cross the sea
And listen to their voices. There they sat,
Simply serene, as though not laurel-crowned,
And glad of heart, as in their youthful prime,
A trio, such as I may ne'er expect

fine arts, which his house in London exhibits; and among all the masters of the lyre in foreign realms, there is none of whom I now think with such deep regret, that I shall see their faces no more on earth.

Miss Baillie is well known to be a native of Scotland, and sister to the late celebrated physician of that name, whose monument is in Westminster Abbey. Whether it was the frankness of her nation, touching the chords of sympathy, I know not, but it was painful to bid her farewell. The sublimity of her poetry is felt on both sides of the Atlantic; yet there is no sweeter emanation of her genius than a recent birthday tribute to the sister of whom we have spoken, the loved companion of her days. Surely the readers of these pages, however familiar they may be with that effusion, will thank me for a fragment of it.

“ So here thou art, still in thy comely age
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
The present moment, whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
In chronicle, or legend rare, explore,
Or on the parlor-hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
To gain with hasty step some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighboring poor,
Active and ardent, — to my fancy’s eye
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.

Oh, ardent, liberal spirit ! quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
With sorrow and distress, forever sharing
The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring,
Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day
An unadorned, but not a careless lay."

THE ROSARY. — OLD BROMPTON.

TALK not to me of castles, moated round
With antique tower and battlement arrayed,
Talk not to me of palaces, — I've found
So sweet a haunt, that these are lost in shade ;

A fairy cottage, with its attic hues,
A garden, where the freshest violets blow,
A sacred nook, for dalliance with the muse,
Where flowers and statues breathe, and pictures
glow ;

Hearts filled with love, the classic thought that twine
And draw the shamrock forth to purer air ;
A mother beauteous in her life's decline,
And ever gladdened by their duteous care :

How blest from noise and restless pomp to flee,
And taste serene repose, sweet Rosary, with thee.

Saturday, March 20, 1841.

“ And draw the shamrock forth to purer air.”

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, authors of “Sketches of Irish Character,” and other works which powerfully portray the scenery and customs of the warm-hearted and weeping Isle, reside at a lovely spot in Old Brompton, near London, which bears the name of “The Rosary.” Mr. Hall is also the Editor of several elegant volumes bearing the title of “Gems,” which contain concise biographies, and criticism, and selections from the ancient and modern poets of Great Britain, beautifully illustrated by her most distinguished artists. Their residence, which, when I saw it, was perfumed with the breath of violets, and ringing with the melody of birds, is a truly congenial retreat for spirits united in the pursuits of literature, and the bonds of love. Mrs. Hall, well known in our country as the writer of many spirited tales, says in a recent letter, “We have added another room to the Rosary. Do you remember where my husband’s bust stood, in the little dining-room? Well, the door is broken out there, and we have a gothic library, eighteen feet long by twelve broad, fitted up with oak-carvings, and books, and pieces of armor, the windows of the long, lancet shape, and the glass painted. How I wish you were here, for we shall have a glorious crop of roses to pay for the rather scanty supply of violets which this chilly spring gave us. Such a sweet Rosarium as Carter has made for me! — tall tree-roses, in a

circular bed, and then smaller and smaller ones, diminishing to the fairy-rose. I wish you would send me some flower seeds from your own garden, — no matter how common, — for I should so like the American plants to grow with mine.”

TOMBS OF GOWER AND BISHOP ANDREWS.

IN THE CHURCH OF ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

FATHER of English verse, it is not meet
That thou unhonored of the muse shouldst lie,
The brinded lion couching at thy feet,
And fixed on vacant space thy marble eye.

Upon thy books thy head is pillowed fair,
A sculptured garland round thy temples wreathed,
Yet dearer still would be one living air,
Of memory born, or sweet affection breathed.

The lyre first waked by thee should do its part,
To soothe thy shade with soft, mellifluent strain,
As the lone sea-shell in its grateful heart
Doth hoard the murmur of the parent main.

Armorial bearings round thy tomb are strewn,
And arch and buttress prop its lofty height,
And graven foliage frets the mouldered stone,
And hovering angels stay their heavenward flight.

Yet if thou hadst that music in thy soul,
That still, small voice, which only poets hear,
More prized, than all the proud, heraldic scroll,
Were one sad requiem, simple and sincere.

Sire of that art, which still enthralled doth hold
The fairer spirits of the British Isles,
It is not meet that thou shouldst slumber cold,
And drink no homage from the Muse's smiles.

Yet thou, Oh Prelate, in thy lowlier bed,
Who not to linked sounds thy fame didst bind,
But like the prophet through the desert, led
By pillared flame, and cloud, the immortal mind,

Thou, whose high business with the human soul
Did point o'er steep where stormy passions rave,
Through darkened depths where bitter waters roll,
To find the erring, and the lost to save,

Whose tireless bounty sought the suffering poor,
Whose pitying care the helpless orphan fed,
Brought heavenly comfort to the sick man's door,
And to the prisoner came with angel tread,

Thou, who with chastening thoughts and pious fears
Tried thine own spirit on its pilgrim-way,
Whose treasured prayers survive the lapse of years,
Not with a song thy seraph-zeal we pay.

Not with a song! Oh, no! The minstrel plies
His sounding harp, of tuneful bards to tell,
Or red crusader 'neath the Syrian skies,
Till loud in lordly halls his numbers swell,

And this is meet. But other praise is thine,
A silent tear-drop from the humbled eye,
A voiceless prayer beside this hallowed shrine,
Thy life to follow, and thy death to die.

London, Tuesday, March 30, 1841.

“Father of English verse.”

Gower is styled by Dr. Johnson the first of our poets who may be said to have written English. The title of “father of English poetry” has been accorded by some critics to him, and by others to Chaucer. Gower was the most ancient writer, but Chaucer did more to emancipate the British muse from the trammels of French diction, which the fashion of the times had fastened upon her. The poetry of Gower is generally of a grave, sententious turn, exhibiting good sense, solid reflection, and useful observation. He was the personal friend of Chaucer, and partook, in some degree, of his spirit, imagination, and elegance. His natural taste being rather serious and didactic, he is characterized in “Troilus and Cressida,” as the “moral Gower.” The last of his works is said to have owed its origin to king Richard the Second, who, meet-

ing the poet one day upon the Thames, called him into the royal barge, and commanded him to "booke some new thing." His circumstances were affluent, and his Will, which is preserved among the records of the church where he was buried, and to which he had been a benefactor, contains several charitable and pious bequests. He attained a great age, being born in the time of Edward the Second, and living through the reigns of Edward the Third, Richard the Second, until after the accession of Henry the Fourth. In the first year of the last named monarch, he shared the misfortune of Homer and of Milton, and became blind. A few mournful lines of his, fix the date of this affliction.

"Henry the Fourth's first year, I lost my sight,
Condemned to suffer life, devoid of light.
All things to time must yield, and nature draws
What force attempts in vain beneath her laws.
What can I more? For though my will supplies,
My ebbing strength the needful power denies.
While that remained, I wrote; now, old and weak,
What wisdom dictates let young scholars speak.
May those who follow be sublimer still,
My toils are finished, here I drop my quill."

The tomb of Gower is surmounted by a canopy, embellished with corbels of angels' heads, and other devices, resting on three gothic arches, which are enriched with cinquefoil tracery and carved foliage,

and supported by angular buttresses, terminating in pinnacles. Underneath, on an altar-tomb, the bard reposes; his head reclining on three volumes of his works, his hair falling in large curls over his shoulders, and round his temples a wreath of roses. On a plain tablet is an epitaph in Latin verse, and on the margin of the tomb the following inscription :

“ Here lieth John Gower, a celebrated English poet, also a benefactor to this sacred edifice, in the times of Edward Third, and Richard Second.”

Under the arches of the monument, and against the wall, were painted three female forms, with scrolls, and a superscription in black letter, effaced by time. But a description of this tomb in an antique work says, “ John Gower lieth right sumptuously buried, with a garlande on his head, in token that in his life-daies, he did flourish freshly, in literature and science. On the wall, where his bones have a resting-place, there be painted three virgins, with crownes on their heades, one of which holdeth a device in her hande, and over her is written

Charitie.

‘ Thou, of our God, the only Son,
Save him, who rests beneath this stone.’

The seconde, is written

Mercie, and saith

‘ Oh Jesus kinde, thy mercie show
To the soul of him, who lies below.’

The thirde, is
Pitie, holding in her hande, the followynge,
' For pitie's sake, dear Saviour keep
His soul, who underneath doth sleep.' "

This monument, interesting both in itself and for its antiquity of about 450 years, has been recently renewed, and removed to a recess in the south transept of the church, by Lord Francis Leveson Gower, a descendant of the poet.

“ Yet thou, Oh Prelate, in thy lowlier bed.”

During some alteration in this ancient church the workmen found, enclosed in an arch of brickwork, the coffin of Bishop Launcelot Andrews. It was of lead, with the initials L. A. upon the lid, and in a state of excellent preservation, having been inhumed in the autumn of 1626. He was a man of deep piety and high intellectual attainments, and born in London, in the year 1555. His industry in study was great, and he became the master of fifteen languages. But he was still more conspicuous for his piety and humility, which he retained unchanged through all his elevations, of Lord Almoner, and

Privy Counsellor of England and of Scotland, and Bishop, first of Chichester, then of Ely, and lastly, of Winchester. He was eminent for hospitality, liberality, and unwearied charity to the poor. He patronized humble merit, and relieved the sick and sorrowful. Never having married, he considered his possessions and his time, as peculiarly consecrated to the duties of his profession, and seemed ever to live under the abiding sense of his solemn stewardship. His integrity was incorruptible; his affability won the hearts of those with whom he associated, and his gratitude to any, who had shown him favors, especially to those who had aided him in his early years to attain knowledge, was equalled only by his charity. At death he left in his will several thousand pounds, the interest of which was to be divided, four times a year, among widows, orphans, prisoners, and "aged poor men, especially sea-faring men;" his own father having been a mariner. His labors in preaching were unwearied, and his published writings evince his industry and piety. Among them are nearly a hundred sermons, some controversial tracts, and a book of "Private Devotions, with a Manual for the Sick," which has passed through many editions. He was one of the learned divines, appointed to execute a translation of the Holy Scriptures, during the reign of James the First, and the portion entrusted to him extended from Genesis to the 2d book of the Kings. The circumstances of the life of this excellent man seemed to

impress themselves with peculiar vividness, as we stood on the spot where his ashes reposed. The fine old church where they are deposited is also interesting in itself, and for its antiquity, a part of it having been commenced in the year 1106.

RUNNIMEDE.

'T was beautiful, in English skies,
That changeful April day,
When beams and clouds each other chased,
Like tireless imps at play,
And father Thames went rolling on,
In vernal wealth and pride,
As in our slender boat we swept
Across his crystal tide.

And then, within a tasteful cot,
The pictured wall we traced,
With relics of the feudal times,
And quaint escutcheons graced
Of fearless knights, who bravely won
For this sequestered spot
A name from wondering History's hand,
That Death alone can blot.

Methought a dim and slumbrous veil
 Enwrap the glowing scene,
And strangely stole our wearied eyes,
 And each bright trace between,
And at our side, behold ! a king
 His thronging minions met,
Arrayed in all the boasted power
 Of high Plantagenet.

See ! see ! his sceptered hand is raised
 To shade a haggard brow,
As if constrained to do a deed
 His pride would disallow.
What now, false John ! what troubleth thee ?
 Finds not thine art some way
To blind or gull the vassal train,
 And hold thy tyrant-sway ?

He falters still, with daunted eye
 Turned toward those barons bold,
Whose hands are grappling to their swords
 With firm indignant hold ;
The die is cast ; he bows him down
 Before those steel-girt men,
And Magna Charta springs to life
 Beneath his trembling pen.

His white lip to a smile is wreathed,
As their exulting shout
From 'neath the broad, embowering trees
Upon the gale swells out,
Yet still his cowering glance is bent
On Thames' translucent tide,
As if some sharp and bitter pang
He from the throng would hide.

Know ye what visiteth his soul,
When midnight's heavy hand
Doth crush the emmet cares of day,
And wield reflection's wand?
Forth stalks a broken-hearted sire,
Wrapt in the grave-robe drear,
And close around his ingrate heart
Doth cling the ice of fear.

Know ye what sounds are in his ear,
When wrathful tempests roll ;
When heaven-commissioned lightnings search,
And thunders try the soul ?
Above their blast young Arthur's shriek
Doth make the murderer quake,
As if anew the guiltless blood
From Rouen's prison spake.

Away, away, ye sombre thoughts!
Avaunt, ye spectres drear ;
Too long your sable wing ye spread
In scenes to memory dear.
So, quick they vanished all away,
Like visioned hosts of care,
As out on the green sward we went,
To breathe the balmy air.

Then from its home, in English soil,
A daisy's root I drew,
Amid whose moistened crown of leaves
A healthful bud crept through ;
And whispered in its infant ear
That it should cross the sea,
A cherished emigrant, and find
A western home with me.

Methought it shrank, at first, and paled ;
But when on ocean's tide
Strong waves and awful icebergs frowned,
And manly courage died,
It calmly reared a crested head,
And smiled amid the storm,
As if old Magna Charta's soul
Inspired its fragile form.

So, where within my garden-plat
I sow the choicest seed,
Amid my favorite shrubs I placed
The plant of Runnimede,
And know not why it may not draw
Sweet nutriment, the same
As when within that noble clime
From whence our fathers came.

Here's liberty enough for all,
If they but use it well,
And Magna Charta's spirit lives
In even the lowliest cell ;
And the simplest daisy may unfold,
From scorn and danger freed ;
So make yourself at home, my friend,
My flower from Runnimede.

Thursday, April 1, 1841.

A gentleman of the name of Harcourt, the proprietor of Runnimede, has erected there a graceful cottage, one of whose rooms is garnished with relics of the olden time, and bears upon its walls the coats of arms of all the barons who awed King John at Runnimede, and extorted the charter of English liberty.

A simple daisy, which I transplanted from the spot where Magna Charta was signed, sustained the trials of the voyage well, when rarer plants perished, and now adorns my garden in a state of vigorous health.

CLIFTON.

Spot where the sick recover, and the well
 Delighted roam, I bear thee on my heart,
 With all thy portraiture of cliff and shade,
 And the wild-footed Avon rushing in,
 With Ocean's kingly message.

Here we stand,
 To take our last farewell of England's shore,
 And mid the graceful domes that smile serene
 Through their embowering shades, recognise one,
 Where she, who gave to Barley Wood its fame,
 Breathed her last breath. 'T is meet that she should
 be

Remembered by that sex, whom long she strove
 In their own sheltered sphere to elevate,
 And rouse to higher aims than Fashion gives.
 Methinks I see her in yon parlor-nook,
 In arm-chair seated, calm in reverend age,
 While that benevolence, which prompted toils
 For high and low, precepts for royal ears,
 And horn-book teachings for the cottage child

And shepherd boy, still brightens in her eye ;
Auspicious image for this parting hour.

I give thee thanks, Old England ! full of years,
Yet passing fair. Thy castles ivy-crowned,
Thy vast cathedrals, where old Time doth pause,
Like an o'er-spent destroyer, and lie down,
Feigning to sleep, and let their glory pass, —
Thy mist-encircled hills, thy peaceful lakes,
Opening their bosoms mid the velvet meads,
Thy verdant hedges, with their tufted bloom,
Thy cottage children, ruddy as the flowers
That make their thatch-roofed homes so beautiful ;
But more than all, those mighty minds that leave
A lasting foot-print on the sands of time ;
These well repay me to have dared the deep,
That I might look upon them.

So, farewell !

I give thee thanks for all thy kindly words,
And deeds of hospitality to me,
A simple stranger. Thou art wonderful,
With thy few leagues of billow-beaten rock,
Lifting thy trident o'er the farthest seas,
And making to thyself in every zone
Some tributary. Thou, whose power has struck
The rusted links from drooping Afric's neck,
And bade thy winged ships in utmost seas
Be strong to rescue all her kidnapped race,
Bend the same eagle-eye and lion-heart

To mercy's work beneath thine Indian skies,
 And in the bowels of thine own dark mines,
 And where the thunder of the loom is fed
 By childhood's misery, and where the moan
 Of him, who fain would labor if he might,
 Swells into madness for his famished babes ;
 Bow down thy coronet and search for them,
 Healing their ailments with an angel's zeal,
 Till all, who own thy sceptre's sway, be known
 By the free smile upon their open brow,
 And on their fervent lip a Christian's praise.

And now, farewell, Old England.

I should grieve

Much at the thought to see thy face no more,
 But that my beckoning home doth seem so near
 In vista o'er the wave, that its warm breath
 Quickeneth my spirit to a dream of joy.

Peace be within thy walls, Ancestral Clime !
 And in thy palaces, and on thy towers,
 Prosperity. And may no war-cloud rise
 'Tween thee and the young country of my birth,
 That Saxon vine thou plantedst in the wild
 Where red men roamed. Oh ! lift no sword again,
 Mother and Daughter !

Shed no more the blood

That from one kindred fountain fills your veins.
 Show the poor heathen, in earth's darkest place,

The excellence of faith by its sweet deeds
Of peace and charity. So may ye stand,
Each on her pedestal that breasts the surge,
Until the strong archangel, with his foot
On sea and land, shall toll the knell of time.

Thursday, April 8, 1841.

The bold, rocky scenery of Clifton is after my own heart. There, at the base of beetling cliffs, and through overhanging defiles, the Avon, which in so many other places glides with a serene, classic flow, rushes in with tides of thirty-five feet. We saw many elegant mansions in commanding situations, and a suspension bridge in progress, where workmen were crossing by rope and basket at a tremendously dizzy height.

The house, where Mrs. Hannah More passed the last years of her venerable and useful life, was to us an interesting object. Almost as a pioneer for her sex, she entered the field of intellectual labor, warning them to forsake frivolity of pursuit, and exert in their own proper sphere their latent power to improve and elevate society. With a versatility equalled only by her persevering industry, she adapted the rudiments of moral truth to the comprehension of the collier, the farmer's boy, and the orange-girl; marked out the map of life for a princess; or followed in the heights of his sublime piety, the "very chiefest of the apos-

bles." An "upright and clarified common sense" guided her through daily and difficult duties, and in the words of her biographer, "having wings upon her shoulders, wherewith she might have soared, had it pleased her, she yet chose to combat on the same ground with ignorance, and prejudice, and folly." Her writings, at their earliest issue from the press, were welcomed and circulated in America, and she testified for its inhabitants a kindness which increased with her advancing years. Indeed, friendly feelings towards our country seemed prevalent among all with whom we associated in Great Britain. Symptoms of disaffection or hostility between the nations were deprecated by the wisest and best, as unnatural, inexpedient, and unchristian. It was freely acknowledged that whatever promoted amity between two nations, united by the ties of an active commerce, common language, and kindred origin, was highly desirable. And to us, while strangers and sojourners in that foreign land, it was cheering to find such numbers ready to respond to the words of that remarkable writer, Carlyle, and "rejoice greatly in the bridging of oceans, and in the near and nearer approach, which effectuates itself in these years, between the Englands, Old and New,—the strapping daughter, and the honest old parent, glad and proud to see such offspring."

The Mother and Daughter! Ought they not to dwell together in unity, believing as they do, in "one

Lord, one faith, one baptism?" Let every traveller labor to that end; and though the lines that he traces may be as slight and soon forgotten as the spider's web, let him throw them forth for good, and not for evil.

ICEBERGS.

THERE was a glorious sunset on the sea,
Making the meeting-spot of sky and wave
A path of molten gold. Just where the flush
Was brightest, as if Heaven's refulgent gate
One moment gave its portals to our gaze,
Just at that point, uprose an awful form,
Rugged and huge, and freezing with its breath
The pulse of twilight. Even the bravest brow
Was blanched, for in the distance others came,
Sheer on the horizon's burning disk they came,
Attendant planets on that mass opaque.

They drifted toward us, like a monster-host,
From death's dark stream. High o'er old ocean's
breast,
And deep below, they held their wondrous way,
Troubling the surge. Winter was in their heart,
And stern destruction on their icy crown.
So, in their fearful company the night
Closed in upon us.

The astonished ship

Watched by its sleepless master held her breath,
 As they approached, and found her furrowing feet
 Sealed to the curdling brine.

It was a time
 Of bitter dread, and many a prayer went up
 To Him, who moves the iceberg and the storm
 To go their way and spare the voyager.

Slow sped the night-watch, and when morn came up
 Timid and pale, there stood that frowning host,
 In horrible array, all multiplied,
 Until the deep was hoary. Every bay,
 And frost-bound inlet of the Arctic zone,
 Had stirred itself, methought, and launched amain
 Its quota of thick-ribbed ice, to swell
 The bristling squadron.

Through those awful ranks
 It was our lot to pass. Each one had power
 To crush our lone bark like a scallop-shell,
 And in their stony eyes we read the will
 To do such deed. When through the curtaining
 mist

The sun with transient glimpse that host surveyed,
 They flashed and dazzled with a thousand hues,
 Like cliffs with diamond spear-points serried o'er,
 Turrets and towers, in rainbow banners wrapped,
 Or minarets of pearl, with crest of stars,
 So terrible in beauty, that methought,
 He stood amazed at what his glance had done.

I said, that through the centre of this host
'T was ours to pass.

Who led us on our way ?

Who through that path of horror was our guide ?
Sparing us words to tell our friends at home
A tale of those destroyers, who so oft
With one strong buffet of their icy hands
Have plunged the mightiest ship beneath the deep,
Nor left a lip to syllable her fate.

Oh thou ! who spread us not on ocean's floor
A sleeping-place unconsecrate with prayer,
But brought us to our blessed homes again,
And to the burial-places of our sires,
Praise to thy holy name !

Monday, April 19, 1841.

The morning of Sunday, April 18th, was serene but cold. Walking on the deck before breakfast, I could not but imagine that I detected the latent chill of ice in the atmosphere ; but the apprehension was not admitted by those who had more knowledge of those watery regions than myself. Our noble ship, the Great Western, vigorously pursued her way, and the deep, slightly agitated and strongly colored, was exceedingly beautiful.

We had divine worship in the saloon, and the dead-lights, which had been in for nearly a week, were removed. The service was read by Captain Hoskins,

and the Rev. President Wayland gave an impressive discourse on the right education for eternity, from the passage, "Now see we through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

At seven we went on deck to see a most glorious sunset. The King of day, robed in surpassing splendor, took his farewell of the last Sabbath that we were to spend at sea. While we were gazing with delight, a huge dark mass arose exactly in the brilliant track of the departed orb. It was pronounced by the Captain to be an iceberg three quarters of a mile in length, and its most prominent points one hundred feet high. Of course its entire altitude was four hundred feet, as only one third of the ice-mountains appear above the surface. It presented an irregular outline, towering up into sharp and broken crags, and at a distance resembled the black hulks of several enormous men-of-war lashed together. Three others of smaller dimensions soon came on in its train, like a fleet following the admiral. We were then in north latitude 43° , and in longitude $48^{\circ} 40''$. We literally shivered with cold; for on the approach of these ambassadors from the frigid zone, the thermometer suddenly sank below the freezing point, leaving the temperature of the water 25° , and of the atmosphere 28° .

On this strange and appalling scene the stars looked out, one after another, with their calm, pure eyes. All at once a glare of splendor burst forth, and a

magnificent aurora borealis went streaming up the concave. The phosphorescence in our watery path was unusually brilliant, while over our heads flashed and dazzled this vast arch of scintillating flame. We seemed to be at the same time in a realm of fire, and in a realm of frost; our poor, fleshly natures surrounded by contradictions, and the very elements themselves bewildered, and at conflict. And there they were, dashing and drifting around us, those terrible kings of the Arctic, in their mountain majesty, while, like the tribes in the desert, our mysterious path was between the pillar of cloud, and the pillar of flame.

At nine, from the sentinels stationed at different points of observation, a cry was made of "ice ahead! ice starboard! ice leeward!" and we found ourselves suddenly imbedded in field-ice. To turn was impossible; so a path was laboriously cut with the paddles, through which our steamer was propelled, stern foremost, not without peril, changing her course due south, in the teeth of a driving blast.

When we were once more in an open sea, the Captain advised the passengers to retire. This we did a little before midnight, if not to sleep, at least to seek that rest which might aid in preparing us for future trials. At three we were aroused by harsh grating, and occasional concussions, which caused the strong timbers of the ship to tremble. This was from floating masses of ice, by which, after having skirted an

expanse of field-ice fifty miles in extent, we were surrounded. It varied from two to five feet in thickness, viz. from eight inches to a foot and a half above the water, and was interspersed with icebergs, some of them comparatively small, and others of tremendous size and altitude. By the divine blessing upon nautical skill and presence of mind, we were a second time extricated from this besieging and paralyzing mass; but our path still lay through clusters and hosts of icebergs, which covered the whole sea around us. The Captain, who had not left his post of responsibility during the night, reported between three and four hundred distinct ones, visible to the naked eye. There they were, of all forms and sizes, and careering in every direction. Their general aspect was vitreous, or of a silvery whiteness, except when a sunbeam pierced the mist; then they loomed up, and radiated with every hue of the rainbow, striking out turrets, and columns, and arches, like solid pearl and diamond, till we were transfixed with wonder at the terribly beautiful architecture of the northern deep.

The engine of the Great Western accommodated itself every moment, like a living and intelligent thing, to the commands of the Captain. "Half a stroke!" and its tumultuous action was controlled; "a quarter of a stroke!" and its breath seemed suspended; "stand still!" and our huge bulk lay motionless upon the waters, till two or three of the icy squadron drifted by us; "let her go!" and with the velocity of

lightning we darted by another detachment of our deadly foes. It was then that we were made sensible of the advantages of steam, to whose agency, at our embarkation, many of us had committed ourselves with extreme reluctance. Yet a vessel more under the dominion of the winds, and beleaguered as we were amid walls of ice, in a rough sea, must inevitably have been destroyed.

By nine in the morning of April 19th, it pleased God to set us free from this great danger. Afterwards when the smallest sails appeared on the distant horizon, our excellent Captain caused two guns to be fired to bespeak attention, and then by flags and signals warned them to avoid the fearful region, from which we had with such difficulty escaped. Two tiny barks came struggling through the billows to seek a more intimate conversation with the mighty steam-ship, who, herself not wholly unscathed from the recent contest, willingly dispensed her dear-bought wisdom. There was a kind of sublimity in this gift of advice and interchange of sympathy between the strong, experienced voyager, and the more frail, white-winged wanderers of the trackless waste of waters. It seemed like some aged Mentor, way-worn in life's weary pilgrimage, counselling him who had newly girded on his harness, "not to be high-minded, but fear."

As we drew near the end of our voyage, we felt how community in danger had endeared those to each other, who, during the sixteen days of their companionship

upon the ocean, had been united by the courtesies of kind and friendly intercourse. Collected as the passengers were from various climes and nations, and many of them about to separate without hope of again meeting in this life, amid the joy which animated those who were approaching native land and home, the truth of the great moralist's axiom was realized, that "there is always some degree of sadness in doing anything for the last time." Hereafter, with the memory of each other will doubtless blend the terrific sublimity of that Arctic scene which it was our privilege to witness, and the thrill of heartfelt gratitude to our Almighty Preserver.

SIGHT OF NATIVE LAND.

HILLS! — my hills! — whose outline dear
O'er the morning mist doth peer,
Blessed hills! whose wings outspread,
Seemed to follow while we fled,
When our parting glance was bent
On our country's battlement,
As with white sails set we sped
Far away, o'er ocean dread,
How our glad return ye greet
With a smile of welcome sweet!
He, who fashioned earth and sea,
Made no hills more fair than ye.

Spires! that break the rolling tide
Of man's worldliness and pride,
Asking with your Sabbath chime
For his consecrated time,
And with holy chant and prayer
Soothing all his woe and care,
Minster and cathedral high
Ne'er have shut ye from mine eye,
With your church-yard's grassy sod,
Where my musing childhood trod,

With your music on the glade,
Which the roving Indian staid,
Who of yore, at twilight dim,
Startling caught the white man's hymn,
Hallowed spires! that fleck the vale,
Heaven's ambassadors, all hail!

Trees! with arch of verdure bright,
Gleaming on the gazer's sight,
Have ye met the wintry blast
Bravely, since we saw ye last?
Was your spring-tide wakening sweet,
With the grass-flower at your feet?
Nest the birds with breasts of gold
Mid your branches as of old?
Pours the thrush his carol fair?
Glides the crimson oriole there?
Have ye o'er their callow young
Still your kind protection flung?
Blessings on ye! Dews and rain
Fill with sap each healthful vein,
Blessings on ye! Wear serene
Nature's coronet of green,
And no woodman's savage blade
Dare your birthright to invade.

Roofs! that in the vista rise
Rude or towering to the skies,
Not by wealth or taste alone
Is your innate value shown,

Though perchance your firesides show
Signs of penury and woe,
Wheresoe'er with prayerful sigh
Sits the mother patiently,
Plying still her needle's care
For the child that slumbers there,
Wheresoe'er in cottage low
Rocks the cradle to and fro,
There the eye of God doth turn,
There the lamp of soul doth burn.
Roofs! that nurse this deathless light,
Precious are ye in His sight.

Throngs! I see ye on the strand,
As the steamer nears the land,
Some might fortune's favorites seem,
Borne on pride or pleasure's stream;
Others, marked by weary care,
Labor's rugged livery wear;
Ye who humbly dig the soil,
Brow and hand embrowned with toil,
If ye eat my country's bread,
If to work her weal ye tread,
Faithful even in lowliest sphere,
Friends ye are, like kindred dear.

Since I last these scenes surveyed,
Who have in the tomb been laid?
Who the bitter tear have shed
O'er the bosom of the dead?

Who beneath the sable pall
Hath the poet's lyre let fall ?
Who, that won a nation's trust,
Sleep in silence and in dust ?
While with faint and trembling fires,
Fearfully my heart inquires,
Hears it not an answer swell,
" God hath ordered, all is well."

Home ! — my home ! — though earth and sky
Veil thee from my longing eye,
Still though envious leagues remain
Ere thy vine-clad porch I gain,
Lightest leaf that wooed the gale,
Frailest plant with petals pale,
That beside thy threshold grew,
Ne'er have faded from my view ;
On my cheek, mid cloud and storm,
Still thy parting kiss was warm ;
O'er my dreams thine accents free
Stole like angel melody ;
Little footsteps, light as wings,
Hands that swept the tuneful strings,
Lips that touched with filial flame,
Syllabled a mother's name,
Watch and ward for thee have kept
Marshalled round me while I slept ;
And when loftier mansions prest
Countless pleasures on their guest,

Kept thee in thine armor bright,
Nearest to me day and night.
Home ! by absence made more dear,
Heaven be praised that thou art near ;
Heaven be praised, that o'er the sea
Once more I return to thee.

What has been the traveller's gain ?
Sight of foreign land and main ?
Sight of visioned forms that sweep
O'er the castle's ruined steep ?
Sight of haunts to history dear ?
Sight of palace, king, or peer ?
No ! — the joy that lights the eye,
When the native shore draws nigh,
In the heart a deeper sense
Of its humbling impotence,
On the lip a grateful strain,
This hath been the traveller's gain.

Saturday, April 24, 1841.

“ Travelling,” said Lord Bacon, “ is to the younger sort a part of education.” Neither are its advantages confined to the season of youth. They may act strongly upon the ripened character, in higher forms, than through the pleasure derived from the works of art, or the excitement of sublime scenery, or the deepened knowledge of the topography of this little planet, or the varied languages and customs of those

who inhabit it. They may be made to bear upon the moral sentiments and innate charities, that "more excellent kind of knowledge," in which the most advanced pupil may always find something to learn, though the snows of threescore years and ten have gathered upon his temples.

Among the satisfactions of travelling, which are not limited to any particular period of life, are the emotions with which we traverse the spots which antiquity has hallowed. The pyramid, in its sandy vale, the column of Pæstum, with the moonbeam upon its broken capital, the Parthenon, the Acropolis, the Coliseum, the Tiber flowing so quietly, while the decrepit mistress of the world slumbers amid the relics of departed greatness, touch new sources of feeling and of contemplation. This pleasure is doubtless more acute in the bosoms of those, who inhabit a land where such vestiges are unknown, whose history points not beyond the roving Indian with his arrow, or the savage court of Powhatan, or the storm-driven sails of the May Flower. To us there is inexpressible interest in the monuments of the Mother Land, a portion of whose fame we are pleased to claim as our own birthright. We are never weary of pursuing the mouldering traces of the wall or aqueduct of the Romans, and collecting the fragments of their hypocasts and altars. We love to muse amid the low-browed arches and ruinous cloisters of the Saxons, the ivy-crowned turrets of the Normans, the cathe-

drals and baronial halls, which, surviving the lapse of ages, and the shocks of revolution, teem with the traditions of a buried race.

Another unutterable gratification to the enthusiastic traveller, is the sight of the living, who by their deeds or writings have made mankind wiser and happier. We seek this privilege with the greater zeal, from the consciousness that it must be fleeting, and the apprehension that it may not be accorded to us again. Grey hairs are seen sprinkling the heads of the masters of the lyre, and we feel that another year might have been too late to clasp their hand, or catch the music of their voice. The statesman, the hero, the philanthropist, bend beneath the weight of years, and we thank God that we came before the cold marble should have told us where they slumbered. We find clustering roses blooming in the garden of the man of genius, who so oft led us captive, while time passed unheeded. But where is he? *Where?* No reply, save a sighing sound through the trees that he planted, and we drop the tear of the mourner in his deserted halls.

Among the advantages of travelling, it is common to allow a high place to the knowledge of human nature. A still higher accession might be mentioned, the knowledge of ourselves. By remaining always at home, we are involuntarily led to magnify our own importance. Our daily movements may be points of observation to the villagers who surround us; our

footsteps be listened for by the ear of love; the casual paleness of our cheek be painfully noted at the hearth-stone. Marked attentions and fond observances create a habitude of expecting them, which may become morbid; perhaps a belief that they are fully deserved, and of course a dissatisfaction when they are withheld. But you, who are thus unconsciously garnering yourself up in exclusiveness and self-esteem, go pitch your tent among a people of strange language, walk solitary along their crowded streets, be sad, be sorrowful, be sick, where "no man careth for your soul." Go forth among the millions, and weigh yourself, and carry the humbling result onward with you through life, atom as you are, in the mighty creation of God.

This increase of self-knowledge often brings an enlargement of mind, and deepening of charity. Dwelling long in one nook, viewing the same classes of objects through the same narrow mediums, trifles assume undue magnitude, prejudices fix, dislikes become permanent, sickly imaginings take unto themselves a body, trains of morbid thought cut their way deep into the heart, and the mental tendencies take a coloring like monomania. A natural antidote for these evils is, to try a broader horizon, and become an interested observer of masses of mankind, as modified by clime, circumstance, and varieties of culture. Perceiving all to be partakers of a common nature, whose springs are touched like our own, by joy or sorrow, by suffering, decay, and death, we enter into more af-

fectionate brotherhood with the great family of God, and live more "tremblingly along the line of human sympathies." We discover goodness where we had least expected it, disinterested kindness in those who were denounced as heartless votaries of fashion, warm attachment and lasting gratitude among menials, and learn with the heaven-instructed apostle, not to call any one "common or unclean." Ere we are aware, some polemic or militant feature, which, as an excrescence, had deformed our faith, exfoliates, and we find it possible to love those of differing creeds, and to respect every form in which the Supreme Being is worshipped with sincerity.

Travelling teaches the value of sympathy. The smile of welcome, the caress of affection, are never prized according to their worth, until we feel the need of them in a foreign land. Suffering, and the dependence of sickness, among those who, without any tie of natural or national affinity, serve you but for money, are lessons never to be forgotten. If from the coldly rendered service, meted out by the expectation of reward, you were transferred to the care of those, who, though born under a foreign sky, had been taught by the spirit of a Christian's faith to "be pitiful, be courteous," then in those periods of convalescence when the events of a whole life sweep in vision through the soul, did you not resolve, if the Merciful Healer restored you to your own home, to obey more faithfully his precepts, to "use hospitality without grudging,"

and to "love the stranger," since you had thus learned to know the heart and the solace of a stranger ?

Travelling should incite to a warmer and more enduring patriotism. The depth of the "amor patriæ" is never fully disclosed, till we see the misty line of our native hills recede, or after long absence thrill with ecstasy, as they again gleam upon the horizon, like the wings of a guardian angel. Then, when every remembered cottage seems to stretch towards us a greeting hand, all the pleasures we have tasted, all the knowledge we have acquired during our wanderings, we long to pour out at the feet of our own blessed land. Every usage of order and beauty, which distinguish other regions, we desire to transplant to her forests, or to see blossoming around her firesides. We feel willing to have borne an exile's pain, if we may bring back, as a proof of our loyalty, one germ of improvement for her humblest child, one leaf of olive for the garland that encircles her brow.

Travelling unfolds to us the love of home, and the length and breadth of the domestic charities. While a sojourner in the tents of strangers, perhaps while gazing on the glowing canvass of some ancient master, the clustered columns of some gorgeous temple, how often has the green vine, that waved over our own door, interposed itself, or the chirping of the callow nest among its branches overpowered for a time the fullest burst of foreign minstrelsy. As these modes of feeling gain ascendancy, we pursue our researches more for the benefit of others than our own :

and selfishness yields to the exercise of the disinterested affections. We sustain fatigue with the spirit of a martyr, we adventure ourselves upon the mouldering tower, we thread the mazes of the labyrinth, we explore the mine, we ascend the cloud-crested mountain, not so much for personal enjoyment, as that we may be enabled to enliven our own fireside, to gratify the friend, or to hold spell-bound the wondering and delighted child.

Travelling ought to advance the growth of piety. Especially do those, who, in visiting foreign regions, leave behind the objects of their warmest attachment, find the separation a deep and perpetual discipline. Amid the outward semblance of joy, it acts secretly as a balance-check to all exultation or vanity. There may be gayety through the day, but at night-fall comes the homesickness. Who can say amid his most earnest and fortunate pursuits, whether the hue of the tomb may not be spread over some face dearer than life itself. Thus is he driven to an intensity of prayer, that he never before knew. His risks, his perils, his uncertainty of their fate, from whom so many leagues of fathomless ocean divide him, force him to a stronger faith, a deeper humility, a more self-abandoning dependence on the Rock of Ages. Thus amid the gains of the reflecting traveller, may be numbered that which is above all price, a more adhesive and tranquil trust in the "God of our salvation, who is the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of those who are afar off upon the sea."

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