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Death's Doings.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

The following commendatory observations on DEATH'S DOINGS are extracted from the various periodical Works and London Papers which contained Notices of the FIRST Edition; to which might have been added numerous others, equally favourable, from the most respectable Provincial Publications. Stimulated by such flattering encouragement, no pains have been spared so to improve this second Edition, as to render it (it is hoped) worthy of the approbation that has been so liberally bestowed upon its precursor.

“In the artist we find much of fancy and originality; and in the literary portion of his work, a great deal of pleasantry and talent. The book altogether reminds us of the golden olden unions of the fine arts and literature; of wit of design and humorous illustration. It brings us back to the ancient racy school, when, like ‘the Last of the Graces’ (three skeletons in the attitude of Canova’s celebrated figures), in its frontispiece, clever men, of various habits and pursuits, linked together in the production of publications which dispelled the ennui of the passing time, and some of which have descended with credit to posterity.” * * * *

“We only ask our readers to dwell upon these prints—they will furnish new ideas every time they are contemplated, and do honour to the cheerful genius of a contemporary of a generation of sculptors, painters, and engravers, whose works are now more valued than they were when their value was of *more* consequence to those who produced them.”

LITERARY GAZETTE.

“Death’s Doings are likely to live for ever!” *IBID. Second Notice.*

“For varied knowledge, pleasing thought, apt illustration, and poetic excellence, this melange is without a rival.” * * *

“Each plate has two or more articles attached, either in prose or

verse, to illustrate its subject; and we candidly affirm, that, taken as a whole, they not only do great honour to the designs of the artist, but confer an additional glory on the present state of imaginative literature." * * *

"To turn from the high emanations of genius to the playful brilliancy of wit, is ever a pleasing transition, and the more so in the present instance, where comicality is tempered by legitimate satire, and expressed with appropriate freedom." LITERARY CHRONICLE.

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the beginning to the finish of the work, it is always the 'latter end' of the subject.—We have selected a portion of the work in our line—**DEATH IN THE RING**—as being most congenial to our readers, and which may be considered as a fair specimen of well-humoured articles, interspersed throughout the book;—in fact, a *hit*, nay more, a *flower*, to the *Milling Coves*.”

PIERCE EGAN'S LIFE IN LONDON.

“ This and the subsequent composition ('Death in the Ring,' and 'Death among the Cricketers,') have been extracted from a very interesting work, just published, entitled 'Death's Doings,' in which the 'handy-work' of the 'grim King of Terrors,' in every class of society, is very admirably, and, in some respects, very humorously illustrated. The author of the pieces we have selected, has chosen, for the first, a plate which represents Death in a pugilistic attitude, on a stage, ready for all comers, and surrounded by *ci-devant* antagonists, who have been 'grassed' by his irresistible power; and, in the second, the bony Champion is bowling out the batsman as he stands at the wicket.”

BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.

The additions to "Death's Doings" having been so considerable as to swell the Work to a bulk which was not anticipated when the second Edition was begun, it has been deemed advisable to divide it into two volumes. For this purpose a new Vignette Title-page has been engraved for the second volume; but, though the whole would have been inconveniently thick for ONE, in boards, it may not be deemed so when bound, and, therefore, as the usual words, "end of the first volume," are not printed, and the paying runs on from the beginning to the end of the Work, it may be afterwards bound either in one or two volumes, according to the will of the purchaser.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

PRINTED BY G. H. DAVIDSON,
IRELAND YARD, DOCTORS' COMMONS.



E. D. Gray sculp.

DEATH PREACHING.

THE YOUNG MAN.

DEATH'S DOINGS,
Consisting of numerous
Original Compositions in Prose and Verse,
The friendly Contributions of various Writers,
 PRINCIPALLY INTENDED AS
ILLUSTRATIONS OF THIRTY PLATES,

Designed and Etched

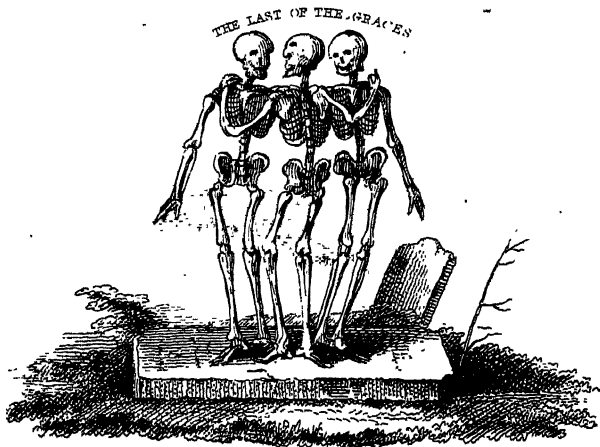
BY R. DAGLEY,

Author of 'SELECT GEMS from the ANTIQUE,' &c

— * —

'Ay, ay! quò he, an' shook his head,
 'Tis e'en a lang, lang time indeed
 'Sin I began to nick the thread,
 'An' choke the breath.
 'Folk maun do something for their bread,
 'An' so maun Death
 'Sax thousand years are near hund fied
 'Sin I was to the butch'ring bred,
 'An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
 'To stap or scar me."

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS



LONDON:
 J. ANDREWS, 167. NEW BOND STREET.

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10, NEWGATE STREET.

1827.

TO

FRANCIS DOUCE, Esq.

WHOSE UNWEARIED RESEARCHES AND LIBERAL
COMMUNICATIONS

HAVE SO GREATLY EXTENDED

The Knowledge of Virtu

AND ENRICHED

The Fine Arts,

THIS VOLUME

IS,

WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT, DEDICATED,

BY HIS

OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

RICHARD DAGLEY.

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[*The Articles thus marked, * as well as the Plates which they illustrate, have been added since the First Edition was printed.*]

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PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

ALTHOUGH a Preface, when an Introduction is given, may appear too much like going on to “more last words,” yet an apology may be found in an author’s anxiety to acquit himself on every ground connected with the nature and character of his publication: in the course of which many things may arise that require explanation.

There are hopes, fears, and wishes to be expressed; but in doing this, it is no easy task to steer between the extremes of presumption and servility. Few writers could now be found to approach the tribunal of an intelligent and discerning public in the following strain:—

“ My fears are lighter than my expectations ; I wrote to please myself, and I publish to please others : and this so universally, that I have not wished to rob the critic of his censure, or my friend of the laugh. * * *
 * * * I have learnt, that where the writer would please, the man should be unknown. An Author is the reverse of all other objects, and magnifies by distance, but diminishes by approach. His private attachments must give place to public favour ; for no man can forgive his friend the ill-natured attempt of being thought wiser than himself.”*

This may be considered a curiosity in literature, and it exhibits a perfect contrast to the inflated Dedications and pompous Prefaces of the period in which it appeared.

In the volume now presented to the Public, my part is little besides that of having pro-

* Preface to “ Fables for the Female Sex,” fourth edition: London, printed for T. Davies, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, and J. Dodsley, Pall Mall, 1761.

jected the work, and furnished the designs. It is to the kind contributors who have so amply and ably illustrated the subjects of my pencil, that I must attribute any success that may attend the work; and to them I embrace this opportunity of returning my most grateful acknowledgments.

Of the motives of some for concealing their names, it does not become me to speak; though it is hardly possible but in many instances they may be recognised. “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

In the etchings, I have endeavoured to show the way in which a certain class of writing may be embellished, without incurring the expense of those laboured and highly finished engravings, which, while they exhibit the talents and taste of our native artists, in many instances exclude the works they ornament from general purchase.

On the part of the Publisher, every thing

has been done to render the volume worthy the attention of the Public, in all that regards the typographical department.

That I have my hopes and fears on the present occasion, I will not deny ; and though time and experience have done much to damp the ardour of the one, and to diminish the effect of the other, yet still I retain enough of deference for public opinion, to render me solicitous with respect to the result.

R. D.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE encouragement given to this volume having, in a very few months, rendered a Second Edition necessary, its projector feels himself called upon gratefully to express his sense of so flattering a testimony of public approbation. He begs also to acknowledge his obligations to those gentlemen who, in their critical notices, have taken so favourable a view of these united efforts of the pen and pencil; in fact, the generous reception given to what had before been performed, has operated as a stimulus for him to render this Second Edition more worthy of such liberal patronage and commendation. With this view, he has added several new designs, which, like the former, have been illustrated by the friendly contributions of literary coadjutors; to all of whom he begs to return his

“ Ay, ay ' quo' he, an' shook his head,
It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
 An' choke the breath :
Folk maun do something for their bread,
 An' so maun Death.
Sax thousand yeare are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butching bred,
An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
 To stap or scar me.”

Burns.

“ **DEATH** came dryvying after, and all to dust pashed
Kings and kaysers, knightes and popes ;
Many a lovely lady, and lemman of knightes,
Swoned and sweltd for sorrowe of Death's dyntes.”

Vision of Pierce Plowman, 1350.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

INTRODUCTION.

It is difficult, if not impossible, in this our day of accumulated literature, to start any thing new; yet, rather than close their labours for "lack of argument," our literary adventurers ransack every corner for subject matter; and, to stimulate the public appetite, old viands are served up in new dishes, either of plate, china, or delf, as best may suit the taste or the means of the bookish epicure.

How far the subject now offered may be relished by the generality, remains to be tried. It will not want the seasoning of antiquity to recommend it, being nearly as old as the Creation; and, if a judgment may be formed from the number of works, both literary and graphic, which have appeared in ancient and modern times, and the avidity with which they

have been received, it may reasonably be expected, that the present attempt to serve up a sort of Graphic Olio, with suitable garnishes of prose and verse, may not be unacceptable to the general reader; and the more so, as the endeavour has been to give (if not altogether a new), at least a more appropriate reading to the old version of the DANCE OF DEATH.

There is little to apprehend in the way of objection, from any application of the designs contained in the work to individual concerns or pursuits, as—

“All men think all men mortal but themselves;”

and there will be no want of claimants to the heirlooms either of safety or of longevity. At any rate, the greater part of mankind will assume the privilege of exemption from such incidental casualties as are pointed out in the course of the illustrations here exhibited, and will find a clause in their own favour. Thus, for example, the sportsman will readily observe,—

“I have hunted, leapt gates, hedges, and ditches, and cleared all that came in my way; but, then, *my skill* and my horse brought me safe off. The foolish

fellow that broke his neck the other day could expect nothing else; instead of minding what he was about in taking his leap, he was looking another way; and, then, the hack he rode!"

"That poor devil of an artist," observes one of the same profession, "laboured his pictures till he was nearly blind, toiling till nature became exhausted; he could hardly be said to breathe the vital air; the effluvia of his colours had entirely penetrated his system; and it is no wonder he fell a victim to his confinement and his exertions together."

"Ned —— is gone at last," says a bon-vivant to his companion; "but it is not surprising,—he was a *careless* drinker; I told him his wine-merchant sold him poison."

In this, or in some such way, all will argue in favour of themselves; while the machine of life drives on heedlessly and rapidly. It is true, the check-string may occasionally be drawn by the observing traveller, to point out to his fellow passengers some remarkable spot, stamped by some striking event connected with mortality; but the

pause will be brief, and the vehicle will again be in motion with as little care as before it was stopped. And this, in some measure, must be the case while we continue to be creatures of this world: even the gloomy ascetic will sometimes steal a look from his cloisters or his cell upon the beauties of the creation, and become a momentary sceptic to his monastic notions, and pine at the vegetative character of his own existence.

With whatever success the labours of the moralist, the philosopher, or the preacher, may have been attended in bringing into view the skeleton remains of the human frame as an emblem of Death, to warn and awaken mankind to a sense of the condition to which they must come at last, the satirist has seldom failed of exciting attention to the characteristic structure of this human machinery, stripped of those lineaments and fair proportions which in life were its charm and pride; but with this difference, that his views of the subject have ever tended to the ludicrous.

Such appears to have been the case even in those days of superstitious ignorance when the minds of men were subject to the domination of monkish

power ; for, as soon as the first impression of alarm made by the ghastly phantom, as exhibited in their churches, was over, and the object became familiar, —ridicule took place of fear; and farcical representations of Death on the stage and by the pencil succeeded, in numbers and extent, perhaps, beyond those of any other subject.

One of these farcical moralities is hinted at by our immortal bard, in his play of “*Measure for Measure* :”—

“ Merely thou art Death’s fool.
For him thou labourest, by thy flight, to shun,
And yet runn’st toward him still.”

This passage is explained in a note, thus :—“ In the simplicity of the ancient shows upon our stage, it was common to bring in two figures, one representing a fool, and the other, Death or Fate; the turn and contrivance of the piece was, to make the fool lay many stratagems to avoid Death, which yet brought him more immediately into the jaws of it.”

It is more than probable that Shakspeare had seen and considered many of the paintings and designs on the subject of Death, and with his powerful

touch concentrated the spirit of all that had been said or done in the various works then extant, still keeping up the character of the burlesque united with the deepest pathos :—

“ For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court : and there the antic sits,
Mocking his state and grinning at his pomp ;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about his life,
Were brass impregnable : and, humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king !”

The same play has the following monitory passage, equally expressive of the frailty and folly of man, who,—

“ Most ignorant of what he's most assured,—
His glassy essence,”—

is apt to play the game of life with too much confidence.

Some there are who make Death the whole business of life : shutting their eyes on the fair face of nature, they think a snare is set in every beauteous object by which they are surrounded, and plunge at once into the gloom of solitude, lest the light of

heaven should dazzle their sight and darken their understanding, and work them perdition by tempting to the indulgence of those feelings it was meant to inspire :—

“ And thus, in one continued strife,
’Twi’xt fear of Death and love of life,”

they pass their existence in a state of deadening apathy or of feverish self-denial; immolating the charities of life and the best affections of the heart at the shrine of superstition. True, the tenure of our being cannot be beneficially held without occasionally adverting to the terms on which it has been granted; and it is sometimes necessary to call in aid the admonitions of the wise and the reflecting, to bring our truant thoughts to a proper estimate of life.

In this view, most of the designs of skeleton forms have been presented to the contemplation of the careless and unthinking; but, as has been before observed, few of them have been so managed as not to border on the ludicrous. Of their capability of and tendency to the caricature, a very recent instance appeared in some examples of death-like figures engaged in a variety of occupations, as gambling, dancing, boxing, &c. &c. These designs were chalked on a wall bordering the road from Turnham

Green towards Kew Bridge ; they were drawn of the natural size, and displayed, on the part of the unknown * artist, no small skill in composition and character. Of the artist's intention there can be no question : it was to exhibit forms the most strikingly grotesque. But they are now swept away, like many other efforts of art, to give place to the names and nostrums of the charlatans of the day.

The subject of Death has continued to employ the pen and the pencil, with more or less of character, down to the present time ; though the productions of recent date possess less point, and have, perhaps, more of the grotesque than works more remote, and do not, in their graphic form, exhibit the higher qualities of art, which are seen in the performances of the old masters ; but are principally addressed to the eye and understanding of the many, rather than to those of the artist or amateur. It should appear, however, from the reception and extensive sale of some of these subjects, that they have been equally

* The editor of "*The Times*," in alluding to this passage, observed that these chalk sketches were made by a nephew of Mr. Baron Garrow, who at that time was living in unenviable retirement nearly opposite the scene of his early morning operations ; but that the gentleman had fortunately, some time since, obtained a situation in India.

acceptable to the present as they were to past times. Among the most striking and popular designs of this class, are two which have long occupied a place in the print-shop in St. Paul's Church Yard; and in which the skeleton shape appears as one half of a gorgeously dressed human form. These prints represent a male and female thus powerfully contrasted, and, it must be confessed, hold out as perfect an example as can well be imagined to show us what we are, and to warn us what we are to be.

Another specimen of the monitory kind is a representation of a heathen philosopher, contemplating the structure of a human skeleton, and thence inferring the existence of a Deity.

Of the more whimsical and pointed of these moral lessons, is one where a man is draining an enormous bowl, and Death stands ready to confirm the title of the print,—“ The Last Drop.”

There is also, among the varieties of this sort, an etching representing a gay couple visiting a tomb. It is called, “ An Emblem of a Modern Marriage:” in the background of the piece is a view of a noble

mansion, behind which appears a rising ground; beneath the print are the following lines :—

“ No smiles for us the godhead wears,
His torch inverted, and his face in tears;”

answering to the figure of a Cupid in the act of flight, which the artist has also introduced into his subject. This etching is the performance of a lady, Mrs. Hartley, the wife of D. Hartley, Esq., who constructed a building on Putney Common, which he rendered incombustible. The original was sketched with a diamond on a pane of glass, and the print published in 1775. There can be little doubt that this curious design had a reference to some individual of the time; but its application might be made to every unhappy and fatal marriage that has taken place, or may take place, any where and at any time.

These later productions (as was before observed) possess little of art in the composition, or skill in the execution, to recommend them, though some of them have probably outlived the expectations of the inventors. It was for the artists of an earlier period to combine in these subjects every quality of painting, whether of design, composition, character, or expression.

An example of excellence in this way, is a drawing from the collection of the late Paul Sandby, R. A., where Death is exhibited as preaching from a charnel-house, amidst skulls and bones; another skeleton form is introduced as making a back on which to rest the book from which the phantom is discoursing; and, though highly ludicrous in point of character, the groups and composition are in the best style of art. The auditors of the grim preacher are of every age and class, and are happily contrasted: the peasant and the ruler, the matron and the gayly attired female, the cavalier and the person of low degree, all disposed with skill in their appropriate and varied postures of attraction. Part of a cathedral-like building forms the background; the design is from the pencil of Van Venne,* and,

* In the first edition of this work, Van Venne is mentioned as synonymous with Otho Vænius. A similar error exists both in Pilkington and in Bryan; in whose Dictionaries of Painters, under the article "Van," "Vænius Otho, or Van Venne," is written.

By the kindness of Mr. Douce, an opportunity is now allowed of distinguishing the individuals, and showing the character of the artist from whose design is the etched frontispiece to the present edition of "Death's Doings."

"Van Venne, or, as he writes himself, *Adr. Vande Venne*, has not the smallest connexion with Otho Vænius, who was a *Flemish* painter, but the former a *Dutch* painter and poet. He was born at Delft, about 1590, and died in 1650. He usually painted in black and white, and seems to have worked chiefly in Denmark, where his paintings were much esteemed, and are now very rarely to be seen. He appears to

from the picturesque costume and character of the composition, would do credit to the talents of the best artists of that period.

Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Theory of the Skeleton," has shown that a tendency similar to that which has just been noticed pervaded many of the writers on the subject of Death.

"When," observes this ingenious and intelligent author, "the artist succeeded in conveying to the eye the most ludicrous notions of Death, the poet also discovered in it a fertile source of the burlesque. The curious collector is acquainted with many volumes where the most extraordinary topics have been combined with this subject. They made the soul and body debate together, and ridiculed the complaints of a damned soul! The greater part of

have made many of the designs for the celebrated and extremely popular work, entitled, "Catz's Emblems," but he never etched or engraved. He likewise published a set of emblems under his own name, with poetry by himself, 1635, 4to. His name on the prints stands *Adrian Vande Venne*.

Otho Vænius, the master of Rubens, was also distinguished for his emblematical designs, and appears, from a painting of his in the possession of Mr. Douce, to have exercised his pencil in a similar way to Hans Holbeins. In this painting, Death is represented as intimating his approach to an old man, by the tinkling of a musical instrument.

the poets of the time were always composing on the subject of Death in their humorous pieces.

“ Of a work of this nature, a popular favourite was long the one entitled, ‘ Le Faut Mourir, et les Excuses Inutiles qu’n apporte à cette Necessité ; a tout en vers burlesques, 1556.’ Jaques Jaques, a canon of Aubrun, was the writer, who humorously says of himself, that he gives his thoughts just as they lie on his heart, without dissimulation; ‘ for I have nothing double about me except my name. I tell some of the most important truths in laughing,—it is for thee *d’y penser tout a bon.*’ ”

Mr. D’Israeli goes on to remark,—“ Our canon of Aubrun, in facetious rhymes, and with the naïveté of expression which belongs to his age, and an idiomatic turn fatal to a translator, excels in pleasantry; his haughty hero condescends to hold very amusing dialogues with all classes of society, and to confound their *excuses inutiles*. The most miserable of men,—the galley-slave, the mendicant, alike would escape when he appears to them. ‘ Were I not absolute over them,’ Death exclaims, ‘ they would confound me with their long speeches; but I have business, and must gallop on!’ ”

Our monumental effigies, where the figure of Death is introduced, are not entirely free from a cast of the ludicrous, though, from the nature and character of sculpture, fewer offences this way are exhibited. Like the muse of history, the dignity of sculpture would be lessened in the service of comedy: the temple and the tomb are its proper sphere; deities, heroes, statesmen, and poets, are the objects it contemplates; and the ideal perfection of grace and beauty is its principal aim.

Under the hand of sculpture, the familiar may, however, in some degree become exalted, and modern costume be made subservient to the purposes of fine art. But it requires the skill of a Roubilliac, a Chantrey, or a Baily, to mould folds and cast form into that character which judgment and taste sanction or approve.

Of the power to mould and fashion form and costume into the character of grandeur, Roubilliac's figure of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, is a striking example; and, while contemplating the dignified attitude of the portrait, the arrangement of the accessories, and its composition throughout, it is impossible to imagine it could be improved, even by

the introduction of what is termed the classic in art,—the costume of Greece and Rome.

In this artist's monument of Lady Nightingale, he has necessarily employed a drapery suitable to the introduction of an ideal character,—that of Death; and has, in his personification of the phantom, enveloped the figure with a loosened drapery, in order, it may be readily conceived, as much as possible to avoid the skeleton shape.

The same artist has introduced, in the monument of William Hargrave, one of the finest allegorical representations that has ever been imagined,—that of Time's victory over Death: yet, here the skill with which the bony structure of the struggling skeleton is executed, is apt to attract the regard of the vulgar (like the deceptive in painting), rather than the sublimity and character of the composition, and its reference to the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body.

While thus treating of subjects connected with the Abbey of Westminster, it is impossible not greatly to regret, that from the inspection of these monumental remains—these efforts of sculptured art,

past and present, the public should be barred, without the payment of an admission fee; a regulation which, while it debases the character of a national exhibition, excludes the generality of the people, and defeats every legitimate purpose for which these memorials of the great and good were erected. An additional evil is, that the visitor is hurried over a space and spectacle whose very essence is destroyed if not traversed and seen with freedom, quiet, and calm contemplation. Under the present regulations of abbey economy, the charm is almost dissolved which would otherwise preserve the memory of those heroic achievements of our fleets and armies,—those labours of the statesman and the legislator, of the man of science and the poet, all of rank and of literature, to which these testimonials of a nation's gratitude have been raised, by public or private expense. It is not only interring the body, but burying the monument too; and the lament has been hardly more for the departed, than for the labours of art, the value of which is so much depreciated by this miserable expedient to obtain money. It is humiliating to reflect on the debasing character which the mischievous atrocities of a few ignorant or unthinking individuals have, in some degree, brought upon the nation at large, and which, it is said, have

led to these obnoxious regulations, and given us, in the eyes of foreigners, at once the stamp of a mercenary and a barbarous people; but it is, however, to be hoped that, with an increasing knowledge of the fine arts, the progress of instruction, and the consequent prevalence of good sense, a way may be found to protect these records of our country's glory and talent, without imposing a tax upon those who might benefit by such examples in the endeavour to imitate them.

From the tombs and monuments within, is but a step to those without; from the church to the churchyard—whence, as the poet says,—“The voice of nature cries.” But, like many other poetical assertions, this is somewhat equivocal, for little dependence can be placed on these “frail memorials,” many of which, like the old moralities, are calculated to excite a laugh rather than serious and sober reflections. In some places, indeed, scarce a stone is raised but a jest is raised with it.

It is hardly possible to touch on the subject of epitaphs, but a train of uncouth rhymes follow, in the shape of serious foolery or ignorant burlesque. Nor is this folly confined to the obscure village

dormitory, or to times long past: there is scarcely a churchyard within the metropolis or its suburbs, but will afford some modern examples of gross ignorance or inflated nonsense; such as,—“God has chosen her as a pattern for the other angels.”

This exquisite piece of extravagance, to say no more of it, was intended doubtless to convey an exalted idea of the departed; no reflection whatever being made on the absurdity of the hyperbole.

It is somewhat remarkable, that men should be so very anxious in life that their remains should not be disturbed after death, and yet take no heed of what may be said upon their tombs; men write their autobiographies, and why not their own epitaphs?—Virgil did. Or why not have recourse to the Vicar of Wakefield's plan, who wrote his wife's epitaph when living, commending in it the virtues he wished her to practise? At all events, it might be imagined that either the pulpit or the press would have come in aid to check this prevalent absurdity; that, if men chose to make “life a jest,” they should not be permitted to record one on their tombs.

But, not to dwell longer on churchyard regula-

tions, let us take a brief view of mortality as exhibited under the refined sentiment of the Greek mythology and of Grecian art.

“ The ancients contemplated death without terror, and met it with indifference. It was the only divinity to which they never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could turn aside its stroke. They raised altars to Favour, to Misfortune, to all the evils of life ; for these might change. But, though they did not court the presence of Death in any shape, they acknowledged its tranquillity in the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion. Death was the daughter of Night and the sister of Sleep, and ever the friend of the unhappy.

“ If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpse and a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigration of the soul :—a butterfly on the extremity of a lamp,—Love with a melancholy air, leaning on an inverted torch, elegantly denoted the cessation of life.”*

* J. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, Second Series, vol. 2.

It was in contemplating this touching and appropriate representation, as it appears in an engraved gem, that Mr. Croly produced those beautiful lines in his *Illustrations of Antique Gems*:—

“ Spirit of the drooping wing,
 And the ever-weeping eye,
 Thou of all earth's kings art king :
 Empires at thy footstool lie.
 Beneath thee strew'd,
 Their multitude
 Sink like waves upon the shore,—
 Storms shall never rouse them more.

“ What's the grandeur of the earth
 To the grandeur of thy throne ?
 Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
 To thy kingdom all have gone.
 Before thee stand
 The wondrous band,—
 Bards, heroes, side by side,
 Who darken'd nations when they died!

“ Earth hath hosts, but thou canst show
 Many a million for her one :
 Through thy gate the mortal flow
 Has for countless years roll'd on.
 Back from the tomb
 No step has come ;
 There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
 Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.”

Beautiful as the emblem of Mortality in the weeping infant, with the inverted torch, certainly is, that of the butterfly is no less apt in representing

the soul. The purity and lightness of its nature, its ambrosial food, the gayety and splendour of its colours,—above all, its winged liberty when bursting from its tomblike confinement, in which it appeared to sleep the sleep of Death, afford so powerful a contrast exhibited in the same creature, that it could not fail to strike the intelligent among the heathen world as a fit symbol of Immortality.

It is no very extravagant stretch of fancy, to imagine the souls of some gifted individuals embodied agreeably to their intellectual endowments. What a contrast might then be seen to the low, grublike, insignificant forms under which many a genius has been cloaked, in the exalted, noble, and imposing shapes which they would then assume; while others, whose vacant minds have been hid beneath a fair exterior, would sink in the scale, and become in appearance the insects or reptiles best suited to their real character.

Neither is this “considering the matter too curiously;” for it is in perfect accordance with the apostle’s views of the resurrection.

“But some men will say,—how are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?”

“Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.”

And then he thus goes on,—

“There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.

“So also is the resurrection of the body: it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power.”

With this exalted view of the subject, the following serious and appropriate lines, from the pen of MRS. HEMANS, may not inaptly conclude the Introduction to a work, which, varied and miscellaneous as it is, yet in its general character is calculated to lead the mind to a contemplation of

“THE HOUR OF DEATH.”

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither as the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

“ Day is for mortal care,
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,
 But *all* for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth!

“ The Banquet hath its hour,
 Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
 There comes a day for Grief's o'erwhelming power,
 A time for softer tears—but *all* are thine.

“ Youth and the opening Rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

“ Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

“ We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
 When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

“ Is it when Spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
 Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—
 They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

“ Thou art where billows foam;
 Thou art where music melts upon the air;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth, and thou art there.

“ Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

“ Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !”

P. S.—While the early part of this INTRODUCTION was at press, but not soon enough to insert it in its proper place, we were told by a gentleman, who assures us that the correctness of his information is not to be doubted, that the person who made the chalk sketches of the skeleton figures on the wall leading to Kew Bridge, was a Mr. Samuel Ponsonby Palmer, Midshipman, R. N. Our informant states, that “ Mr. Palmer entered the navy about the year 1810, on board the *Victory*, Sir J. Saumarez, and, having served about five years, he, on quitting it, came to Hammersmith, where he resided during the years 1816, 17, and 18. In the latter period he sketched his *Dance of Death* on the wall on the left side of the road going towards Kew Bridge. On the 8th of September, 1824, this young man was unfortunately drowned in the river Thames, by the upsetting of a sailing boat.”

The Editor of *The Times*, who stated that these sketches were the work of the nephew of Mr. Baron Garrow, doubtless derived his information from a source which he conceived might be relied on ; but the foregoing statement amounts almost to a flat contradiction of it, unless, indeed, it happened that *both* the gentlemen occupied themselves in the same amusement. The question is certainly one of no great moment, but as the merit of these sketches (and, as we have elsewhere said, they possessed considerable merit) has been publicly attributed to a party whose claim to it, to say the least, appears to be very questionable, our readers will pardon us, we trust, for thus relating what has subsequently come to our knowledge.

DEATH'S SERMON.*

“What man is he that liveth, and shall not see Death?”—*Psalm* lxxxix, v. 48.

“Be thou faithful unto Death, and I will give thee a crown of Life.”
—*Rev.* ii. v. 10.

“And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and the name that sat on him was Death.”——“And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains.”—*Rev.* vi. v. 8 & 15.

WHAT wild creation of a fev'rish brain
Is this, which mocks my sight with ghastly forms
Of skeletons—grotesque yet terrible?
Is't an illusive vision, conjured up
To cheat the eye and scare the tim'rous soul?—
Ha!—no—'tis real! see—one moves! he speaks!
And in the attitude of PREACHING stands—
His book before him, resting on a desk
Made up of human bones!—Ah! now I see
'Tis DEATH! gaunt PREACHER! whose rude pul-
pit's placed

* Vide FRONTISPIECE.

Within the precincts of the charnel-house ;
 Where bones on bones, in heaps unnumber'd, lie,
 And fetid exhalations taint the air !
 There, on the mould'ring relics of mankind,
 The all-subduing Monarch of the Tomb
 His station takes—as if to make frail man
 With man's inevitable fate familiar.—
 Mark ye his outstretch'd arm and withering look !
 While tones sepulchral from his lipless jaws
 Resound, like thunder in a troubled sky
 When Nature is convuls'd, and man and beast
 Quail at the crash, and dread the fiery bolt !
 And see—the hollow sockets of the eyes
 Glean with a lurid light, which fearless none
 Can view ! O how terrific is the scene !——
 Now all is hush'd ; for e'en the last faint sound
 Of murm'ring echo dies away. The pause
 How drear !—Now, now again, his deep-toned voice
 Is heard, in accents superhuman, loud,
 And awfully sublime !

* * * * *

“ Though truth may sound
 Ungracious to the ear, where flattery pours
 Its honied poison—still the truth I'll speak ;
 And though my form appalling to the sight

Be deem'd—still shall that form be view'd.
MERCY and MIGHT with Death go hand in hand !
And Mercy bids me throw aside the veil
That screens mortality from outward ken,
And keeps mankind in ignorance of *self*!

“ The great Deliverer of Man am I,
Although of mortal Life the Conqueror :
For though at human pride my shafts I hurl,
And into atoms crush the vaunting fools
Who, with prosperity intoxicate, affect
To heed me not—yet from the direst woes
I rescue the oppress'd, and with a wreath
Of never-fading glory bind their brows.
And shall my wondrous attributes remain
Unnotic'd or contemn'd—my pow'r forgot,
Which earth, and air, and sea encompasseth ?
Shall I not use that glorious privilege,
Which both to *mercy* and to *might* belong—
Now striking terror in obdurate hearts,
And punishing men's crimes—now turning from
The error of their ways the penitent,
And leading them in paths of righteousness ?—

“ When hydra-headed Vice o'er all the earth
Triumphant stalks—and man is sunk in crime ;

When mad Ambition, Av'rice, lust of Power,
 Hate, Rapine, Envy, and fierce Discord reign;
 And when the child of Merit droops his head,
 And pines in want, while bloated Ignorance
 Luxurious revels in his splendid halls;
 In vain shall MAN exhort his fellow man:
 A worm, alas, remonstrates with a worm!
 In vain shall Preachers, whatso'er their creed,
 Anathemas denounce, or woo their flocks
 With promises of pardon and of peace:
 Though gifted with persuasive eloquence,
 Though every precept spoke a truth divine,
 Without MY aid would Preachers preach in vain,—
 Their words—as evanescent as the wind
 That whispers in the grove at eventide,
 And then is heard no more.

“ But *I* am *fear'd* !

For my dominion over all extends,
 And naught can circumscribe my sov'reign will.
 To ME, though not in homage, all men bow !
 Yea, e'en the mighty puppets of the earth,
 Surrounded by the minions of their will,
 And deck'd in all the mockery of state,
 Crouch, like the veriest slaves, at my approach,
 And try, by pray'rs, and vows, and floods of tears,

To crastinate their sure impending doom.
Yet such is oft their arrogance and pride,
And such the madness of the vassal crew,
Who blindly follow in the vain pursuit
Of glittering glory and of noisy fame;
That were not *I* to check their vile career,
Ills, far more grievous than Egyptian plagues,
The world would so infest, that Honour, Truth,
Love, Friendship, Hope, and heav'n-born Charity,
To other spheres would flee, and leave this orb
To man's unbridled violence a prey.

“ Yet, though none dare dispute my boundless sway,
My actions none will bear in memory.—
When foam-crown'd billows sweep across the deck,
The awe-struck seaman, clinging to the mast,
Sees me with terrors arm'd, and dreads the surge
That soon may overwhelm him in the deep:
But when the storm subsides, forgotten quite
The waves which, tempest-toss'd, dash'd o'er his head,
And but an hour before had fill'd his mind
With all the horrors of a wat'ry grave!—
'Tis thus with all mankind. When near I'm view'd,
Appall'd by guilty fears, they dread my dart;—
But seen afar, or veil'd in some disguise,
They act as though my power they despised,

Or treat me as a bugbear, fit for naught
But keeping fools and children in subjection.

“ ’Tis strange—’tis wonderful—that MAN, endow’d
With reasoning pow’rs—with faculty of speech—
With clear perceptions, knowing right from wrong;—
That Man, who bears the impress of his God;—
That Man, to whom the sacred truth’s reveal’d
That mortal life is but probationary;
And that his *essence*, purged from fleshly sin,
Shall at the LAST GREAT DAY e’en Death and Time
O’ercome, and take its flight to realms of bliss,
Surrounded by the spirits of the Just,
And angels, hymning great JEHOVAH’S praise;—
’Tis wonderful, that Man, of this assur’d,
And the dread certainty before his eyes
That everlasting woe the wretch awaits
Who scorns high heaven’s reward—should plunge in
 crime,
And rush, regardless, tow’rds a precipice,
Beneath whose frightful brink perdition yawns!

“ What! will ye risk your soul’s eternal peace,
To gain some perishable gewgaw here?
Or, what more likely is,—to lose the substance
And the shadow too,—to earn men’s curses first,

Then die the martyr of some guilty wish,
Some meditated, unrepented crime?
Alas! ye will. Then *am* I man's best friend,
And most his friend, when speedy aid I give,
To save him from himself—his direst foe!

“ Dark is the picture, but the tints are true;—
For though the gloss of flattery I despise,
No shades unreal, for effect, I use ;
'Tis colour'd from the life—*the life of man!*

And what is LIFE?—at best, a dream' of Hope,
Where fairy visions of delight appear
To dance before the eye ; but vanish quite,
And leave a dreary blank behind, when those
Who trust in their reality, awake!
O 'tis a pageant—unsubstantial, vain,
And falsely gay!—And what are all its joys?
Mere childish baubles—playthings of an hour—
Call'd pleasure, wealth, or fame ; which if possess'd,
Bring with them anxious cares and countless toils,
In lieu of earth's best treasure, sweet CONTENT!

“ From infancy to age, the scenes of Life,
Howe'er the colours vary, all abound
With sombre shadows of mortality.—

The laughing eye and dimpled cheek of YOUTH,
Though bright and blushing as the rosy morn,
At unrequited love or blighted hope
Change fearfully.—In all the pride of strength
MANHOOD may walk erect; but soon the brow
With care's deep furrows is engrav'd—the eyes
With tedious vigils red—the firm, bold step,
Cautious and timid grows—while anxious fears
Are painted on the sallow cheek, where health
Once bloom'd, and manly beauty shone.—Then AGE
(If Life's contracted span to Age extend)
Comes tott'ring on, in sad decrepitude,
Bending beneath a load of pain; while scanty
Locks of silvery hair, and eyes grown dim,
And ears which sluggishly their task perform,
Are Nature's never-failing messengers,
Old Age to warn, that Death *in mercy* comes
To close the scene, and from its bondage free
Th' imprison'd soul, which pants for liberty!

“ Thus having Life's brief hist'ry fairly sketch'd,
Now let me turn to what Life leaves behind.—
Look here! around me lie the frail remains
Of rich and poor, of weak and strong, of sage
And fool, of culprit and of judge. *This* skull,
Now crumbling into dust, was once th' abode

Of brains which teem'd with scientific lore ;
 And when its owner dropt into the grave,
 (But not till then) the giddy multitude
 Enamour'd grew of that which erst they scorn'd,
 And treated as a maniac's rhapsodies.
 The reason's plain. Int'rest his soul ne'er sway'd ;
 He neither truckled to the great, nor bent the knee
 At Mammon's shrine ; gold he accounted dross ;
 And spurn'd all laws save those by Virtue made.
 He heeded not the scoffs and sneers of men :
 Science his mind illum'd ; Hope cheer'd his path ;
 And when I call'd him hence, his placid eye
 Was lighted up by an approving conscience,
 That gave assurance of eternal bliss.
That was the cranium of a senseless dolt—
 One of those barren spots on Nature's map,
 Where mental tillage is a hopeless toil :
 Yet while *he* liv'd, although his ev'ry act
 Was folly, and stultiloquence his speech,
 The world applauded him,—and flatt'ers round
 His table throng'd, like drones about a hive :
 And why ? The dunce was rich, and lavish'd all
 His wealth upon the fawning knaves who bow'd
 Before this ' god of their idolatry.'

“ See what a motley and incongruous heap,
 In undistinguish'd fellowship, are here !

The head which once a proud tiara wore,
Unconscious, rests upon a ploughman's cheek ;
And that which, animate, promulged the law,
Serves as a pillow for a felon's skull.
Huge legs, that once with sinews strong were brac'd,
And arms gigantic, that, encas'd in steel,
Wielded the sword, or rais'd the massive shield,
Now rest in quiet with the stripling's limbs,
Or relics sad of beauty's fragile form.
And where's the diff'rence *now*?—What boots it, then,
To know the deeds or qualities of either?
Rank, honours, fortune, strength Herculean,
Fame, birthright, beauty, valour, or renown,
What trace is left of ye? What *now* denotes
Th' imperial ruler from the meanest boor—
The recreant coward from the hero brave?—
Here all contentions cease. The direst foes
Together meet—their feuds for ever past ;
No burnings of the heart, no envious sneers,
No covert malice here, or open brawls
Annoy. All strife is o'er. The creditor
His debtor no more sues ; for here all debts
Are paid,—save that great debt incurr'd by Sin,
Which, when the final day of reck'ning shall
Arrive, cancell'd will be, or paid in full !
Let, then, this solemn truth your minds impress—
In your hearts' core O let it be engraved—

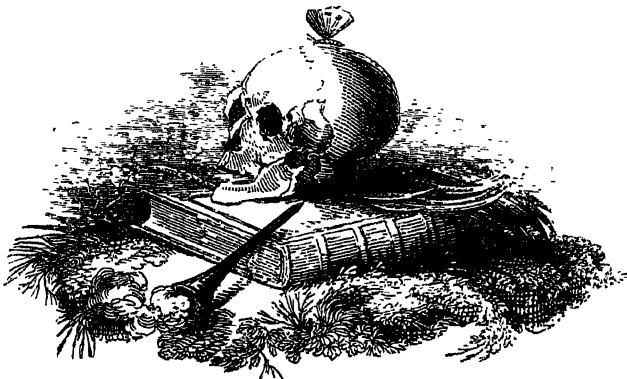
That, though the *body* in the silent tomb
 Be laid—though greedy worms the flesh destroy,
 And ‘dust to dust return’—the *soul* shall live
 Eternal in the heav’ns, or dwell in realms
 Where fell Despair and endless Terror reign.
 Then—if the dazzling lustre of high birth
 Shall fail to shield you from the woes of life ;
 If grandeur be accompanied by care ;
 If under glory’s mask, or fame’s disguise,
 There lurk the latent seeds of deadly strife ;
 If ills prolific fill the breast of pride,
 And pomp external hide deep inward griefs ;
 If jealousy on beauty’s vitals prey,
 Or envy give a jaundiced hue to eyes
 Which else with genius’ brightest rays would shine ;
 In fine—if perfect happiness on earth
 Exist but in the visionary’s dream ;—
 The first great object of your soul’s concern,
 Is—how t’ obtain th’ invaluable key
 By which the gate of mercy is unlock’d,
 And life and happiness *eternal* gain’d ?

“ What ! do I read in your inquiring looks
 That you would fain this sacred treasure find ?
 Go, then, and Virtue ask ; she’ll loud proclaim,
 ‘ The key to heaven is a conscience clear.’
 Conscience ! thou never-erring monitor ;

Throughout life's pilgrimage the faithful guide ;
 Conscience ! by whom the soul of man is warn'd
 To shun the quicksands of a treach'rous world ;
 How little art thou heeded !—Yet Life's bark,
 Though toss'd by storms of trouble and despair
 Upon the billows of uncertainty,
 Guided by Conscience, safely shall arrive
 At that bless'd port of everlasting rest,
 That haven of perpetual delight,
 Whose waves pellucid lave JEHOVAH's throne."

Ha !—see, the awful PREACHER disappears !
 His desk and book are gone—and once more all
 Is still !—Yet, there's the charnel-house ; and there
 The auditors in wild amazement stand !—
 O let me homeward turn, and meditate
 Upon the solemn scene.

S. M.



THE LAST OF THE GRACES.*

(By the Author of "*The Arabs.*")

LET the chill Stoic look upon thy reign,
 O Beauty! as a pageant, fleet and vain,—
 Whate'er, through life, his varied course may be,
 Man's pilgrim heart shall turn, sweet shrine, to thee.
 Not thine the fault, if false allurements claim
 The fool's blind homage in thy sacred name:
They are not fair who boast but outward grace—
 The naught but beautiful of form or face;
They are the lovely—they in whom unite
 Earth's fleeting charms with Virtue's heavenly light;
 Who, though they wither, yet, with faded bloom,
 Bear not their all of sweetness to the tomb.

I had a dream, which, in my waking hour,
 Seemed less the work of Fancy's airy power
 Than Reason's deep creation; for the hue
 Of life was o'er it:—life approves it true.

* Written as an Illustration of the *Skeleton Trio* in the Vignette Title-page.

Methought that I was wandering in a room,
Whose air was naught but music and perfume ;
A thousand lights were flaming o'er my head ;
And all around me flitted feet, whose tread
Roused not the listening echoes, for each bound
Was but the mute response to softest sound.
Sweet eyes, whose looks were language, and bland
tongues,
Whose accents died into Æolian songs,
Were there the things of worship ; and man's sigh
The incense of his heart's idolatry.
High swelled each breast within that proud saloon ;
For midnight there was Fashion's sparkling noon :
The vain beheld a sun in every gem ;—
That room was all the universe to them.
But they were not the happy :—who can hide
Th' intranquil heart ?—their looks their lips belied.
Stiff in the gorgeous masquerade of state,
The miserably rich, the joyless great,
The beautiful, whose beauty was a care
More deep than wrinkles, sighed, yet *would* not share
E'en the dull calm which mere exhaustion throws
O'er silken couches—soft without repose.
Foremost, and most conspicuous of the dance,
I now beheld three glowing forms advance,
Who seemed the envy or the boast of all :—
For they were deemed the Graces of the ball.

The first,—in spangled vesture—as she came,
Shot from her eye keen Wit's electric flame,
Whose sparks, tho' playful, like the lightning's dart,
Fall on the cold, alike, and feeling heart.
The next had veiled beneath a dazzling dress
Of vain adornments her own loveliness,
Resembling but that elegant deceit,
The rose of Art—superb, without a sweet.
The last was gentlest ; but her soul—all love,
Unveiled as Venus in her Paphian grove—
Burned on her lips and quickly-heaving breast,
As they were things but purposed to be press'd.
With arms entwined, these Graces of a night,—
WILD WIT, FALSE TASTE, and AMOROUS DELIGHT,
Praised by the many, by the few admired,
Performed their part, then suddenly retired :—
The dance stood still—men watched the closing door !
Sighed—turned—and all went gaily as before.

Contemplating the scene, my sight grew dim ;—
The ceaseless whirling made my senses swim :
Quick o'er my frame there came a torpid chill ;
The tapers died ; and all was dark and still ;
All, save the glimmerings of a sullen lamp,
And the cold droppings of sepulchral damp,
Which, falling round me, through the lurid gloom,
Told that I trod the charnel of the tomb.

It was a mausoleum, vast and high,
Whose soil was reeking with mortality :
There, in the midst, O sight of horror ! stood
Three forms whose aspect chilled my vital blood :
Grouped on a grave's cold slab, like things that
 breathed,
Three skeletons their fleshless arms enwreathed ;
But moveless—silent as the ponderous stone
Whereon they stood :—and I was all alone !
“ O for the Ethiop's sable charms to hide
Those hideous vestiges of Beauty's pride !”
To this I heard a hollow voice reply,
“ Behold the GRACES !—mortal, feast thine eye !”
But I did turn me, sickening with disgust ;
For I beheld them mouldering into dust.

“ And is this all, O Beauty !—this the close
Of thy brief transit ?—this thy last repose ?”
As thus I spake, a slow expanding ray
Broke through the gloomy mist, like opening day ;
Unfolding to my gaze a spacious scene
Of hill and valley, clothed in fadeless green.
On every side, a thousand varied flowers
Seemed dropping from the sun, in odorous showers :
And there were groves and avenues, all graced
With Temples and with monuments of Taste ;

Where Sculpture, Painting—all that polished Art,
Combined with useful Science, could impart,
Blended harmonious ; whilst th' ethereal soul
Of Music poured its sweetness o'er the whole.
I looked around ; and, in the east there shone
Three stars of beauty, burning 'neath the sun,
E'en with increase of splendour ; for their rays
Were such as wooed the brightness of his blaze.
But tho' they seemed like spheres of heavenly birth,
Their path was not in heaven, but o'er the Earth ;
And they advanced towards me :—as they came,
Their orbs dilated into thinner flame ;
And, softly from the circumambient light,
Three Angel forms emerged upon my sight.
The first—if either first engaged mine eye—
Bore in her own the tear of sympathy :
Ne'er looked the sun upon a fairer cheek ;
Ne'er met his glance a glance more mild and meek.
The next had, in her delicate caress,
Far more of majesty than playfulness :
And tho' her eye was kind—'twas chastely clear
As fountain-drops, beneath the moon's pale sphere.
The last—possessed of woman's sprightlier charm—
Bloomed like the blush-rose, pure, yet inly warm :
Pure as its leaves the thought her bosom bore—
Her generous heart as glowing as its core.

Linked hand in hand, I saw them onward move,
Until they faced the rosy bower of Love ;—
When, mingled with the music, breathing near,
These gladsome accents fell upon mine ear :
“ Hail, PITY ! CHASTITY ! BENEVOLENCE !
Sweet is the calm your gentle smiles dispense !
Hail, Sister GRACES, who adorn the Fair !
Fresh be your garlands—happy they who wear !”
And, thus proceeding, all on which they cast
Their radiant glances, brightened as they pass'd :
And I did follow them with eye and heart,
Until I saw their fading forms depart :
Again they slowly melted into light ;
Again like stars became distinctly bright ;
And, hovering o'er the dimmed horizon, shed
Soft rays like those which linger o'er the dead—
Those lovely halos which dispel the gloom
When Memory hangs o'er Virtue's early tomb.
Thus did I gaze until some flickering beam
Of fancy passed, and broke my fitful Dream.

H. A. D.



THE POET.

THE POET.

THOU art vanish'd ! Like the blast
 Bursting from the midnight cloud ;
 Like the lightning thou art past,—
 Earth has seen no nobler shroud !

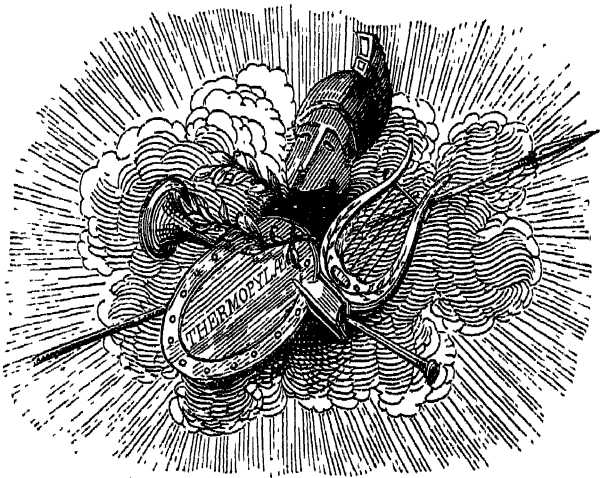
Now is quench'd the flashing eye,
 Now is chill'd the burning brow,
 All the poet that can die ;
 Homer's self is but as thou.

Thou hast drunk life's richest draught,
 Glory, tempter of the soul !
 Wild and deep thy spirit quaff'd,
 There was poison in the bowl.

Then the haunting visions rose,
 Spectres round thy bosom's throne.
 Poet ! what shall paint thy woes,
 But a pencil like thine own ?

Thou art vanish'd! Earthly Fame,
See of what thy pomps are made!
Genius! stoop thine eye of flame!
Byron's self is but a shade.

ALFRED.



DEATH AND THE POET.

A DREAM of darkness and of dread
Hath pass'd upon my brain—
A vision of the past—the dead—
That ne'er may come again ;
And there was on my weary heart
The weight of many years,
And woes that were the sternest part
Of all its griefs and fears.

I have not wept—no ! I may weep—
Nor sigh again for aught,
It was a long and dreary sleep
Of the heart's inward thought ;
I saw the frowns of worldly men,
The scorner and the proud—
I felt my spirit dark as when
It first beneath them bow'd.

But hail thee, Death ! thy bitterness
And fearful sting are past—
I feel but now the weariness
Of one whose lot was cast,
With curbless heart and reckless mind
To toil for what he scorns,
Upon a land where few e'en find
The rose amid its thorns.

Yet life has been to me the clue
Of an enchanted grove,
Where over paths of varied hue,
We track the bower of love.
I've seen upon this troublous earth
At times a heavenly gleam,
That warn'd the spirit of its birth,
As in a glorious dream.

I've felt, oh yes ! they knew not how
Who trod this earth with me—
How deep hath been the kindling glow,
The bosom's inward glee,
When thought hath borne itself along,
A pilgrim of delight,
And found, like its own realm of song,
A realm for ever bright.

My lot hath been a lonely one—
The loneliness of mind,
That makes us while the heart is young
Half scorers of our kind ;
The panting of the soul that yearns
For love it hath not known,
The stoic pride of soul that spurns
At love not like its own ;

These have, at times, it may be, shed
A gloom upon my path,
Hope—baffled hope—and passion fed,
The spirit—and its wrath—
But what my earlier wrongs have been,
It boots not now to think,
There was too clear a light within,
For holier hope to sink.

'Twas well—I have not felt in vain—
Life's weariness and woe,
The thoughts that wring the heart with pain,
None but itself can know,
Have better taught my soul to dare,
Its own high path of bliss,
Unmov'd—unbow'd—unchang'd—to bear,
Far darker pangs than this.

Oh Death! thou com'st to me as when
Thy step was o'er the tide,
And thou unveild'st thy form to men,
Where He, th' Athenian, died;
Or, gentler, when with vigils sweet,
Upon the midnight air,
Thou com'st where chasten'd souls repeat
Their last and cheeriest prayer.

I see the land where Hope hath made
Her everlasting rest,
And peace, that was long wont to fade,
Leaves not my soothed breast;
The strains that o'er my slumbers hung,
The forms my pathway crost,
The lov'd in thought—each perish'd one,
The sear'd heart loved, and lost—

They are around me, bright'ning still,
From their ethereal clime,
Not clouded, as before, with ill,
With mortal woe or crime—
And far away with them I track,
Thy deep, unfathom'd sea—
Hail to the hour that calls us back!
Pale Vision, hail to thee!



THE PILGRIM.

THE PILGRIM.

AND Palmer, grey Palmer, by Galilee's wave,
 Oh! saw you Count Albert, the gentle and brave,
 When the crescent waxed faint, and the red cross
 rushed on,
 Oh! saw you him foremost on Mount Lebanon.

* * * * * * *

The ladye sat in her lonely tower,—
 She woke not her lute, she touched not a flower ;
 Though the lute wooed her hand with its silver string,
 And the roses were rich with the wealth of spring :
 But she thought not of them, for her heart was afar,
 It was with her knight in the Holy war.

She look'd in the west ;—it was not to see
 The crimson and gold of the sky and sea,
 Lighted alike by the setting sun,
 As rather that day than night were begun ;

But it was that a star was rising there,
Like a diamond set in the purple air,
The natal star of her own true knight—
No marvel the maiden watched its light :
At their parting hour they bade it be
Their watch and sign of fidelity.

Amid the rich and purple crowd
That throng the west, is a single cloud,
Differing from all around, it sails,
The cradle of far other gales
Than the soft and southern airs, which bring
But the dew and the flower-sigh on their wing ;
Like some dark spirit's shadowy car,
It floats on and hides that lovely star,
While the rest of the sky is bright and clear,
The sole dark thing in the hemisphere.

But the maiden had turned from sea and sky,
To gaze on the winding path, where her eye
A pilgrim's distant form had scann'd :
He is surely one of the sacred band
Who seek their heavenly heritage
By prayer and toil and pilgrimage !
She staid not to braid her raven hair,—
Loose it flow'd on the summer air ;



She took no heed of her silvery veil,—
Her cheek might be kiss'd by the sun or the gale :
She saw but the scroll in the pilgrim's hand,
And the palm-branch that told of the Holy Land.

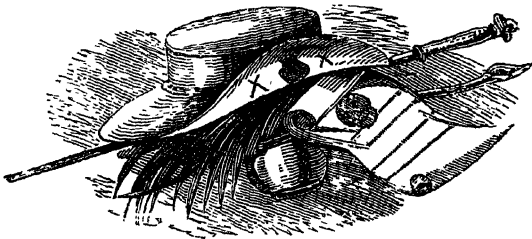
L. E. L.

“ THE SCROLL.”

THE maiden's cheek blush'd ruby bright,
And her heart beat quick with its own delight ;
Again she should dwell on those vows so dear,
Almost as if her lover were near.
Little deemed she that letter would tell
How that true lover fought and fell.
The maiden read till her cheek grew pale—
Yon drooping eye tells all the tale :
She sees her own knight's last fond prayer,
And she reads in that scroll her heart's despair.
Oh ! grave, how terrible art thou
To young hearts bound in one fond vow.
Oh ! human love, how vain is thy trust ;
Hope ! how soon art thou laid in dust.

Thou fatal pilgrim, who art thou,
As thou fling'st the black veil from thy shadowy brow?
I know thee now, dark lord of the tomb,
By the pale maiden's withering bloom :
The light is gone from her glassy eye,
And her cheek is struck by mortality ;
From her parted lip there comes no breath,
For that scroll was fate—its bearer—Death.

L. E. L.





THE ARTIST.

THE ARTIST.

AND what is genius?—'Tis a ray of Heaven,
 Illuming dim mortality; a gleam
 That flashes on our gloominess by fits,
 Like summer lightnings, which, in radiant lines,
 Inwreath the midnight clouds with tints divine;
 It gilds Imagination's darkest scenes
 With splendid glory, like those meteor gems
 That spread their richness o'er the polar skies.
 O, 'tis a straggling sunbeam, through the storm,
 Flung on the cluster'd diamond, which reflects,
 In burning brilliancy, the borrow'd blaze:
 It is the morning light, outpouring all
 Its flood of splendour on the bloomy bowers
 Of God's own Paradise!

Though hapless oft
 His fate, how bless'd the ARTIST who beholds,
 With mind inspir'd and genius-brighten'd eye,
 Those beauties which eternally shine forth,

Nature, in all thy works ! To him, high wrapp'd
In passion'd fancies, feelings so allied
To something heavenly, that to all on earth
They give their own rich tinting. What delight
The morning landscape yields ; when the young sun
Flings o'er the mountain his first bickering ray,
And tips with wavering gold the embattled tower ;
When the first rosy gleam the waters catch,
Like smiling babe just waking from soft sleep
On its fond mother's bosom ; while the woods,
That ring with bird-notes sweet, are dimly wrapp'd
In mistiness and shade. What joy is his,
Amid the forest depths to wander on,
O'er flower-empurpled path, and list the tones
Of the deep waterfall, at silent noon,
Drowning the woodlark's song ; and, then, to view
Its angry flood, headlong from rock to rock,
Leaping in thund'rous rush, with silvery arch,—
Melodiously sublime ! while o'er its mists,
That to the sun a mimic rainbow spread,
The guardian oaks bend lovingly their arms,
And drink the pearly moisture : in their shade
The lily blossoms on its mossy bank,
And through their boughs wildly the summer
breeze,
An ever-wandering harper, sings unheard.

And, oh ! how sweet to him the sunset hour,
When, high amid the evening's glowing pomps
That light the west, the mountain lifts its head,—
A rich empurpled pillow for the God
Of Day to rest on, as he, like a king
In coronation splendour, gaily bids
His worshippers farewell, ere he retires
With Ocean's potentates, his rosy wine
To quaff amid their gem-wrought banquet bowers ;
Then on the painter's ear the hymn of love
Falls in full harmony ;—the lake outspreads,
With all a brother artist's beauteous skill,
Another landscape to his ravish'd eye,
Gorgeous with radiant colouring ; deep the groves
Are cast into the shade, where flocks and herds
Are wandering homeward to the tinkling sound
Of their own tuneful bells, and pastoral reed
And song of milkmaid fill up every pause
In Nature's vesper anthem, while the spire
And sun-gilt tower glow with the day's last beam.

To him what grand sublimity appears
In the vast ocean, with its cloud-wreathed cliffs,
Rocks, shores, and isles, and vessels wind-caress'd,
Sheeted in glittering sunshine, or enwrapp'd
In all the tempest's dark magnificence !

And, oh ! to him, how sweet, when copying all
The coy bewitching charms of moonlight eve !
Then the rich woods voluptuously their gold
Fling loose t' th' wanton winds, whose amorous song
Is heard amid their inmost bowers, where rests
The love-talking nightingale, discoursing sweet
To her patroness, the radiant queen of Heaven.
Then, bathed in dew, the full-blown roses fling
Their odours all abroad, and jasmine flowers
And rich carnation buds their honey-cups
With nectar fill, and to the night-breeze yield,
Like virgin bride, their richest treasur'd sweets ;
While flow the streams in silver, and the towers
Of time-worn castles, and dismantled aisles
Of pillar'd abbeys, break the shadowy mass,
With beamy outline, of the deep obscure.

'Tis not the soft and beautiful alone
The youthful painter loves to imitate :
The strife of arms is his—the battle-field,
Where rings the stormy trumpet, is the scene
Where oft he pants to win immortal fame ;
Great as the hero who, with spear-riven arms,
Mows down with his red brand whole ranks of foes ;
While chariot-wheels and war-steed's iron hoof
Trample the dead and dying in the dust.

Deeds, too, of holy history often fill
His waking dreams, till his wide canvass glows
With characters divine—with wond'rous acts,
Miraculous, of Him who lived and died
To save a guilty world.

But, oh! what toils,
What studies, night and day,—what hopes, what
prayers,
What aspirations, what ecstatic thoughts,
And wild imaginings of fancy bright,
Are his, as up the weary steep he climbs
To win renown,—to win that glory which
Must only shine upon his early grave!
Oh! he had hop'd to gain renown as great
As that which to Italia's sons belong;
To blend his name with Raffaele, Angelo,
Parmeggiano, Titian, and Vandyke;
Hop'd that the radiant tints would all be his
Of Rubens,—his that painter's grand effects,
Combin'd with every excellence that graced
Albano's sweetness and Correggio's taste.
Alas! ill-fated artist, thy proud hopes
Were, like the bard's, to disappointment doomed!
Thy expectations all cut off—thyself
Left in thy prime to wither, like the bud,—

The flower-bud rich of promise, by the frost
Cut off untimely! With thy beauteous tints
Thy tears were mingled oft; the dart of Death
At length, in pity, smote thy burden'd heart,
And gave thee freedom: dying, thou didst think,—
Painfully think, of what thou mightst have been,
Had fortune on thy opening merit smil'd,—
Then slept to wake in bliss!

And now mankind,
In generous mockery, pay that tribute due
To thy transcendant talents, and the grave
That hides thy cold remains with laurels deck!

J. F. P.

DEATH AND THE ARTIST.

“THE pale-faced artist plies his sickly trade,” saith the poet. And what then? The daring genius will not be appalled in his pursuit of glory; the enthusiastic painter would yet spread the pigments on his palette, though the King of Terrors were at his elbow, playing the part of levigator. A fig for life, to gain a deathless fame!

Death, the everlasting bugbear to wights of common mould, hath no terror to the philosopher, whether he be poet, painter, sculptor, or other, bent on those scientific pursuits that lead to immortality. Let sordid souls tremble at his name—these mental heroes start not for worthless gold, but run the race for glory.

The poet takes his flight above the region of terrestrial things; and, though allied to earth, before the time allotted to baser souls, ere he quits his

mortal tenement, he leaves, in imagination, earth behind, and revels midst a world of spirits ; and, but for the loud rapping of the dun, would not awaken from his reverie, till Death, reminding him of life, translates him to eternity.

So the sculptor chips the rude block, and labours on, inspired, heedless of sublunary things, until the cold marble breathes beneath his animating hand ; and then that hand which gave it life is cold itself as marble. Glorious end ! for, ere the enthusiast's tongue is mute, or eye is dim, he smiles on Death, and, dying, cries—Behold, I live for ever in that wondrous statue !

So with the happy hero in this piece : wrapped in his art, he heeds not him who is so close at hand, regardless of that hole that is about to ope beneath his feet, deep as eternity. He labours on serene, and, having given the last finishing to Time, yields to him who is Time's vassal, and calmly receives that dart which finishes himself. Yet, as he sinks beneath the blow, he points him at his handy-work in exultation, and, with his last breath, taunts the despot on his impotency, touching that living fame which never dies !

He is most wise who fears the despot least ; for, grim sprite, all bones, as he was seen when Apelles hight his picture drew, or as this hero of the grave came forth of Phidias' chisel, some twenty centuries ago, or as we see the said dread spectre, Death, carved to the life, by Roubilliac, within the last hundred years—Immortal still—he is the same—and come he will, in his own time, when least expected : and, when he comes, it is well for those who stare him in the face, if face he has that flesh hath not, and greet him as your men of science have been wont to do, with—Well, ho ! thou art come at last ; then welcome, king !

Death !—What is he not ? Assuming far more shapes than ever did Italian posture-master,—yea, more forms than Proteus himself !—So swift of foot, that even Mercury, were he a mortal, for all his winged feet, could not outstrip the speed of this pursuer ; so sudden in his movements, too, that even Argus, with his hundred eyes, might yet be pounced upon, with all his vigilance !

The wily enemy waylays the alderman in the last spoonful of turtle ; he makes the gamester his own in a losing card ; seizes the agile tumbler in the midst of his somerset ; grasps the hand of the close-

fisted miser, as he opens the iron chest to add another guinea to his hoard : he defrauds the gaoler of his fee, by arresting the midnight burglar at the mouth of a blunderbuss ; lays his never-erring hand alike upon the careless and the wary, and holds tight in his grasp the strong and the weak—the evil and the good—the wise man and the fool—the poor and the rich. Even gold cannot swerve this agent of the grave from his duty ; for, though the chief of universal corruption, he is impartial in his office, and himself incorruptible.

Vain, indeed, were the attempt to elude this monarch of the grave ; for who shall ken his hiding-place ? The soldier is sent to seek him in that field where murderous bullets fly in showers, as thick as hail, but meets him not in war : yet, when least expected, finds him lurking between the sheets, in a damp bed, beneath the roof of peace.

The sea-tossed mariner, with glaring eyes and hair erect,—with mournful oaths in lieu of prayers, looks for the spectre in each rolling wave, though thence he cometh not. Now safe on shore, all danger past, as it should seem, he tempts him with the cheerful bowl, and trips him up as he, with other jovial wights, is reeling home,—and there's an end of him.

Hogarth, who drew from the living that mortal drama which immortalized his genius and his name, having accomplished his great and multifarious works, took up his palette and his other painting tools to make that last study,—FINIS, which, with his usual fitness, being about to bid adieu to Life, he dedicates to Death. Where will you name the hero who met the mortal enemy like he ?

A few months before this genius was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its greatest ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work in question; the first idea of which is said to have been elicited in the midst of his friends, whilst the convivial glass was circulating round his own social board. “My next subject,” said the moral painter, “shall be the END OF ALL THINGS.”

“If that be your determination,” said one, “your business will be finished; for then will be the end of the painter’s self.”

“Even so,” returned the artist; “therefore, the sooner my work is done, so much the better.” Accordingly, he began the next day, continuing his design with all diligence, seemingly with an appre-

hension that he should not live to complete the composition. This, however, he did, and in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the *end of all things*: a broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt-end of an old musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the *sign-post* of a tavern, called *The World's End*, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chain which held it dropping down—Phoebus and his horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play-book opened, with *exeunt omnes* stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature. “So far, so good,” exclaimed Hogarth; “nothing remains but this,”—taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a *painter's palette broken*,—“FINIS,” exclaimed the painter; “*the deed is done—all is over.*” It is remarkable, that he died within a month after the completion of this tail-piece. It is also well known, that he never again took the pencil in hand.

THE PURSUITS OF ART.

THE pursuits of art, like those of literature, have their flowers, their fruits, and, it may be added, their thorns. Like the spring, they are full of hope and blossom: but, like the spring, they are subject to blights and nipping frosts; so that the summer fruits fall short of the fair maturity which might have been expected from the culture and toil bestowed upon the plant of promise. And even when the fruits of art are cherished and ripened by the sun of encouragement or the hotbeds of patronage, there is a bitter mixed up with their sweets, or a thorn springing up with their growth.

But, to wave metaphor, nothing can be more delightful than the pursuit of art; for few things are more productive of pleasure and advantage than the cultivation of that knowledge which is essential to the practice of it. The pleasure and advantage are so obvious, that to point them out (at least to the

intelligent) would almost be an insult to the understanding.

But there is a reverse to this picture.—The devotedness with which the votaries of art cling to their favourite study is liable to so many rude shocks, is attended with so many privations, often from the free air and common light of heaven, but more generally from neglect and the various contingencies attending the development of talent,—that it is not wonderful the frame should be shaken, and the mind at length alienated or rendered incapable of enjoying pleasures that dawned upon the first efforts in art. Those who see nothing but the results of the painter's skill, who hear nothing but the praises (often exaggerated) that are bestowed upon his works, catch only at the information given by sight or hearsay, and imagine the path to be that of pleasure, or, at least, one of enviable contentment. Neglect, however, is sometimes overcome by perseverance, and opposition by toil and industry; but the sorest evils of all are the remarks of the ignorant and the sarcasms of the critic :—

Whate'er may be the painter's merit,—
Though Raphael's genius he inherit,
Though all the skill of all the tribe
To aid his pencil should subscribe,

He will not, in the critic's view,
 Be any thing while he is new.
 Alive! his works are all a blunder ;
 But dead—all join in praise and wonder :
 His forms are melted into grace,
 And none a blemish now can trace ;
 His colours, though with time they're fled,
 Leave fancied beauties in their stead ;
 Death gives a sanction to his name,
 And hands him o'er to future fame!

* * * * *

Imagination, too, can preach
 Of something even out of reach,—
 Can prate of miracles in art
 That only in the fancy start.

* * * * *

The painter still must bear the lash,
 E'en though the terms be "vile!" or "trash!"
 And this, too, blurted in his face
 By some pretender of the race
 Of connoisseurs, who having found
 Through fortune some advantage-ground,
 Some smattering of virtu or taste,
 And, fearing it should run to waste,
 Deals out his blunders by the dozens—
 The wonder of his country cousins.

That these are some of the drawbacks on the profession will, I believe, be readily admitted by the great majority of its members :—

But yet there is in art the power
 To give to life its sweetest hour ;

To show the charms on Nature's face,
To fix the forms of truth and grace.
And whether on Creation rude,
Or rock, or desert solitude,—
O'er ocean, cloud, or tranquil sky,
The painter throws a heedful eye ;
And not a shrub, a flower, a tree,
But holds some latent mystery,
To which the artist's skill alone
Can give substantial form and tone.

Yes ! and while the elasticity of his mind remains, he can draw pleasure from stores ever at hand. His imagination can range the wilds of his own creation, and see no bounds to the power of his art. Seduced by the delusive nature of his employment, Time glides imperceptibly away, while he paints him at rest ; and the insidious foe to life marks, in the ardour of his pursuit and the intenseness of his application, the seeds of destruction, and, in the flame that lights up his genius, the consumer of his days.

R. D.



THE CRICKETER.

THE GAME OF LIFE ;

Or, Death among the Cricketers.

WHEN men are in a moralizing strain,
 And gravely talk about the brittle stuff
 Of which *poor human life* is made,
 'Tis ten to one,
 That, ere they've done,
 They shake their heads, and make this *sage* reflection :
 That Life is transitory, fleeting, vain—
 A very bubble !
 With pleasures few and brief—but as for pain,
 And care, and trouble,
 There's more than *quantum suff.*—
 Nay, quite enough
 To make the stoutest heart afraid,
 And cloud the merriest visage with dejection !

And then, what dismal stories are invented
 About this “vale of woe”—
 Zounds ! 'twere enough to make one discontented,
 Whether one *would*, or *no* !

Now LIFE, to *me*, has always seem'd a GAME—
 Not a mere game of *chance*, but one where skill
 Will often throw the chances in our way—
 Just like (my favourite sport) the Game of Cricket ;
 Where, tho' the match be well contested, still
 A steady Player, careful of his fame,
 May have a *good long Innings*, with fair play,
 Whoever bowls, or stops, or keeps the wicket.

Softly, my friend ! (methinks I hear DEATH cry)
 Whoever bowls ! you say ;—sure you forget
 That in LIFE's feverish fitful game
 I am the Bowler, and friend TIME keeps wicket :—
 Well ! be it so, old boy,—is my reply ;
 I *know* you do—but, Master Drybones, yet
 My argument remains the same,
 And I can prove *Life's like the Game of Cricket !*

Sometimes a Batsman's lull'd by Bowler DEATH,
 Who throws him off his guard with *easy balls* ;
 Till presently a *rattler* stops his breath—
 He's *out !* Life's candle's snuff'd—his wicket falls !

In goes another *mate* : DEATH bowls away—
 And with such art each practis'd method tries,
 That now the ball winds tortively along,
 Now slowly rolls, and now like lightning flies,

{Sad proof that DEATH's as subtle as he's strong!
 But *this* rare Batsman keeps a watchful eye
 On every motion of the Bowler's hand,
 And stops, or hits, as suits the varying play;—
 Though DEATH the ball may *ground*, or toss it high,
 The steady Striker keeps his self-command,
 And *blocks* with care, or makes it swiftly fly:—
 Still bent on victory, Old Drybones plies
 With patient skill—but every effort fails,
 Till TIME—that *precious* Enemy—prevails.

O envious TIME! to spoil so good a game!
 Fear'dst thou that Death at last had met his match,
 And *ne'er* could bowl him out, or get a *catch*?
 Yea, verily, Old TIME, thou *seem'dst* to doubt
 The Bowler's skill—and so, to save *his* fame,
 Didst watch the *popping-crease* with anxious eye,
 Until the wish'd-for opportunity
 Arriv'd, when thou couldst *stump* the Batsman out!
 O, what a Player! how active, cheerful, gay!
 His “Game of Life” how like a summer's day!
 But yet, in vain 'gainst DEATH and TIME he tries
 To stand his ground—they bear away the prize—
 And, foil'd at last, he yields his bat, and—*dies!*

Some are bowl'd out before they've got a *notch*,
 But mates like these can *helpmates* scarce be
 reckon'd;

Some knock their wickets down—while others botch
And boggle so, that when they get a *run*,
It makes TIME laugh;—DEATH, too, enjoys the fun,
Shakes his spare ribs to see what they have done,—
Then out he bowls the bunglers in a second!

And yet, although old Messieurs DEATH and TIME
Are sure to come off winners *in the end*,
There's something in this "Game of Life" that's
pleasant;
For though "to die!" in verse may sound sublime—
(*Blank* verse I mean, of course—not doggrel rhyme),
Such is the love I bear for Life and Cricket,
Either at single or at double wicket,
I'd rather play a good long game, and spend
My time agreeably with some kind friend,
Than throw my bat and ball up—*just at present!*

VERSES IN PRAISE OF CRICKET.*

BY THE REV. M. COTTON.

ASSIST all ye Muses, and join to rehearse
 An old English sport, never prais'd yet in verse ;
 'Tis Cricket I sing of, illustrious in fame,—
 No nation e'er boasted so noble a game.

* Our thanks are due to Mr. T. W. BOWER, Mathematical Master in the School of Winchester College, for the MS. copy of this Song, written more than half a century since, by the Rev. M. COTTON, who at that time was the Master of Hyde Abbey School, in that city. Instead of offering any excuse for giving it a place in "Death's Doings," we think we may fairly urge the following as reasons why it ought not to be withheld:—first, that it is eloquent in the praise of the game of Cricket; secondly, that it not only commemorates the successful prowess of the far-famed Hambledon Club, which at one time was the pride of Hampshire and the envy of "all England," but affords us an opportunity of introducing a biographical sketch of the last survivor of the original members of that club; and, thirdly, that its Author was the Conductor of a School which has had the honour of enrolling in its list of pupils many talented youths who, in after-life, have filled the most distinguished stations—of which we may (without appearing invidious to others) adduce a brilliant example in the person of the present enlightened Secretary of State, the Right Hon. George Canning.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

The wickets are pitch'd now and measur'd the ground,
Then they form a large ring and stand gazing around;
Since Ajax fought Hector in sight of all Troy,
No contest was seen with such fear and such joy.

Ye bowlers, take heed—to my precepts attend;
On you the whole fate of the game must depend;
Spare your vigour at first, nor exert all your strength,
Then measure each step, and be sure pitch a length.

held the deputation of the Manor of Greatham and Foley for many years, as gamekeeper, under Madam Beckford, and retained it under her son and successor, till the property was parted with, which did not happen till Small was nearly seventy years of age; yet such was his strength and activity at that time of life, that, before he began his day's amusement, he regularly took his tour of seven miles, frequently doing execution with his gun which, to relate, would appear almost incredible.

We ought also to mention that, among other active exercises for which Mr. Small was famed, was that of skating. Those who have witnessed his evolutions on Petersfield Heath Pond (a fine sheet of water, a mile in circumference), have no hesitation in pronouncing him equal to any who have figured away on the Serpentine, how-much soever they may have "astonished the natives."

But we turn from Mr. Small's athletic amusements, to notice his taste for music; and though we cannot say that his excellence as a musician was equal to his excellence as a Cricketer, still among his compeers he was pre-eminent; and we have no doubt that to the soothing power of music he was not a little indebted for the equanimity of temper he possessed, and the tranquil delight he felt in the company of his friends;—for those who knew him can conscientiously declare that no man was more remarkable for playful wit, cheerful conversation, or inoffensive manners.

So early did he display his taste for music, that at fourteen years of

VERSES IN PRAISE OF CRICKET.

Ye fieldsmen, look sharp ! lest your pains ye beguile
Move close, like an army, in rank and in file ;
When the ball is returned, back it sure—for, I trow,
Whole states have been ruin'd by one overthrow.

And when the game's o'er, I O victory rings !
Echo doubles her chorus and Fame spreads her wings ;
Let's now hail our champions, all steady and true,
Such as Homer ne'er sung of, nor Pindar e'er knew.

age he played the bass in Petersfield Choir; of which choir he continued a member about *seventy-five years*, having performed on the tenor violin there within the last twelve months, and that, too, without the aid of spectacles!—After what has been said, it will not be a matter of surprise to hear that Mr. Small was highly respected by all the gentlemen who patronized Cricket; and, as they knew nothing could gratify him more, they frequently joined in a concert with his musical friends after Cricket was over for the day.

His two surviving sons, John and Eli, not only inherit his love for the game, but the first-mentioned particularly excels in it, and both are equally celebrated for their musical attainments; indeed, during their father's life this musical trio ranked high among the performers at all the amateur concerts in the neighbourhood.

O that our readers would but tolerate our “fond garrulity,” for much could we yet inform them concerning John Small! We should delight in telling them that he was not merely a *player* on the violoncello and violin, but that he was both a *maker* and a *mender* of them!—with pleasure should we descant on his mechanical, as well as his musical skill, and show that his proficiency in each was the result of his own untutored ingenuity, proving that he had a natural genius for fiddle-making, as well as for bat and ball making—we should bring proof that he once made a violoncello, aye, and a right good one too, which he sold for two guineas—nay, we should further prove, that the old instru-

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Birch,* Curry,* and Hogsflesh,* and Barber,* and
Brett,*

Whose swiftness in bowling was ne'er equall'd yet:
I had almost forgot—they deserve a large bumper,
Little George* the long-stop, and Tom Suetor* the
stumper.

Then why should we fear either Sackville† or Mann,†
Or repine at the loss of Boynton or Lann?

With such troops as these we'll be lords of the game,
Spite of Miller,† and Minchin,† and Lumpy,† and
Frame.†

ment which his son, the present John Small, plays on at church every Sunday (made by Andria Weber, Genoa, 1713) was thoroughly repaired by him, and an entire new belly put thereto, and that since it has been so repaired, an eminent professor has pronounced it to be worth as many guineas as would reach from one end of it to the other—we should but we have not forgotten the old proverb which says “too much of a good thing is good for nothing;” and we desist, fearing that too much *may* be said even of our old friend, John Small. But, notwithstanding our deference to the proverb, and our wish to be as taciturn as possible, there is *one* more musical anecdote which we must be allowed to narrate, inasmuch as it not only shows that our praises of his skill are by no means exaggerated, but because it cannot fail to be regarded as a corroboration of a most important fact—the influence of music upon the brute creation—or, to speak in the language of the poet, an additional proof that

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage *beast!*”

In his younger days Mr. Small was in the habit of attending balls

* Part of the Hambledon Club.

† “All-England Men.”

VERSES IN PRAISE OF CRICKET.

Then fill up your glasses ! he's best that drinks most ;
Here's the Hambledon Club ! Who refuses the toast ?
Let us join in the praise of the bat and the wicket,
And sing in full chorus the patrons of Cricket.

When we've play'd our *last game*, and our fate shall
draw nigh,
(For the heroes of Cricket, like others, must die,)
Our bats we'll resign, neither troubled nor vex't,
And give up our wickets to those that come next.

and concerts ; sometimes contributing to the delight of the gay votaries of Terpsichore—at others, forming one of the instrumental band which met for the gratification of himself and his amateur friends. Returning one evening, with a musical companion, from a concert in the neighbourhood, they were rather suddenly saluted, when in the middle of a large field, by a *bull*, who in no very gentle mood gave them reason to believe that, to insure their safety, they must either hit upon some expedient to allay his rage, or make a hasty retreat. Mr. Small's companion adopted the latter plan ; but our hero, like a true believer in the miraculous power of Orpheus, and confiding in his own ability to produce such tones as should charm the infuriate animal into lamb-like docility, boldly faced him, and began to play a lively tune. Scarce had the catgut vibrated, when the bull suddenly stopped, and listened with evident signs of pleasure and attention. The skilful master of the bow felt a secret satisfaction on discovering so unquestionable a proof of the influence of sweet sounds ; and, continuing to play, while he gradually retreated towards the gate, quietly followed by the bull, he there gave his quadruped auditor an example of his agility by leaping over it, and unceremoniously left him to bewail the loss of so agreeable a concert.

Having thus given such *memorabilia* in the life of Mr. John Small as

DEATH'S DOINGS.

we conceive ought to be handed down to posterity, and (with humility be it spoken!) hoping to obtain some distinction for ourselves in this necrological, autobiographical, and reminescent age, we shall close our remarks by observing, that so great a degree of health and vigour did Mr. Small uninterruptedly enjoy, that even during the last three or four years he took the most active exercise as a sportsman, and frequently followed the hounds *on foot!*

Thus it will be seen that, by an attention to temperance and exercise, and by encouraging cheerfulness and equanimity of temper, a man may still attain the age of a patriarch, enjoying, to the last, health of body, peace of mind, and the rational amusements of life.

Were we to write his epitaph, it should be an unlaboured composition of quaint simplicity—just such a one as the parish-clerk himself would indite. Something, for example, after the following fashion :—

Here lies, bowl'd out by DEATH's unerring ball,
A CRICKETER renown'd, by name JOHN SMALL ;
But though his name was *Small*, yet *great* his fame,
For nobly did he play the "noble game."
His Life was like his *Innings*—long and good ;
Full ninety summers he had DEATH withstood ;
At length the ninetieth winter came—when (Fate
Not leaving him one solitary *mate*,)
This last of *Hambledonians*, old JOHN SMALL,
Gave up his bat and ball—his leather, wax, and *all*.

DEATH AND THE CRICKETER.

“ Hold, cricketer! your game has now been long,
 Your stops and battings, numerous and strong;
 But see! Time takes the wicket, I the bowl—
 ’Tis vain to block—your innings are all full.”

THIS allegorical representation of Time and Death engaged at cricket, though of general application, has a more especial reference to an individual, whose skill at an advanced age gave rise to the design, which was suggested by a friend and companion. The following sketch of his character is given by one who knew him long and well.

Poor T—— B—— ! little did I image to myself in your boyish days of fifty, that I should have witnessed the wreck of so much buoyant mirth and spirits—that I should have seen a kindness of heart bordering on childish weakness, sinking beneath the pressure (not of misfortune, or the common calamities of life, but) of an ill-placed confidence,

and the "sharp-toothed unkindness of a trusted friend."—But a truce to this—Death has not indeed quite bowled thee out; but Time has taken thy wicket—and thou art now only a looker-on.

T—— B——, like many other men, had his hobby,—it was cricket; but then he had his hacks for ordinary occasions. There was his pugilistic hack,—his game of draughts,—his game, too, of marbles—yes—insignificant as these playthings may seem in the eyes of the sober, the learned, and the scientific, it would have amazed them to see the steadiness of his hand—the correctness of his eye—the certainty of his *shot*. Not the most skilful billiard-player could pocket his ball under the most adverse circumstances, better than could B—— take his adversary's taw in the most difficult situation. It was like magic. The brain of a philosopher might have been set to work by it in considering the wonderful connexion between the eye and the hand, or an engineer might have taken a hint from it for directing his operations in the art of gunnery.

With what pride would our veteran of the bat relate the notches that he made, and the bets that

were laid on his skill,—aye, and the odds that were always taken in his favour, both at cricket and at law !

If you are not proud, reader, you may in imagination accompany me to the sign of ——, at Walworth, or to the ——, at Battersea, or any other sign in that neighbourhood that signifies the presence of pipes, ale, and tobacco ; where you will see a smooth piece of ground, on which is marked a ring, filled with marbles. But this is not the grand match, it is only the rehearsal ; yet are the players no less in earnest ; nor are the spectators less intent on the play, or less sapient in remarking on the various hits and misses that take place ; while every one is evidently satisfied in his own mind that he can tell how this or that player might have made better shots.

But there is a silent observer, who appears to take no particular interest in the sport, but who at the end of the rehearsal approaches our hero, with this question,—“ Are you not, sir, to play a match at —— ? ”—“ Yes,” was the reply.—“ Then I'll not play ; I'll pay the forfeit.”

This was one of the many triumphs poor B—— obtained, in marbles and at cricket; in draughts, too, equal success awaited his skill; and it was his *own* powers that gained him his victories. It was not his horse, or his dog, that gave him credit, as by proxy. Is the man at Doncaster, York, or Newmarket, an inch the taller, or a whit the better, that the strength or speed of his mare or gelding wins the race? Even his brethren of the turf think him not a skilful, but a lucky dog. B——'s good fortune was of a different kind—it was the work of his own creation.

It may so happen that the possessor and the thing possessed may have mutual relations, and reflect credit the one on the other. The possessor of an English house and grounds may be a man of taste; the collector of pictures, a man of judgment; that of antiquities, a man of virtue; and so on; but to suppose that any or all of these should obtain credit from the *mere* possession, would be idle in the extreme: we might just as well attribute to the vase the sweetness of the flowers it contains, or praise the pedestal that sustains the statue, or panegyryze the frame that holds the picture.

But it is the game of cricket* that should occupy the principal place in these remarks; and though it

* "I doubt if there be any scene in the world more animating or delightful than a cricket-match," says Miss Mitford, in the first volume of "OUR VILLAGE," where she describes—"not a set match at Lord's Ground for money," but—"a real solid old-fashioned match between neighbouring parishes, where each attacks the other for honour and a supper, glory and half-a-crown a man." Indeed, so full of genuine character—so expressive of rustic feelings—and, altogether, so admirably well related, is her history of a country cricket-match, that we are irresistibly led to quote a very considerable portion of it. Miss M. writes, as will be seen, not only with all the ardour of a partisan, but like one who well understands the subject.

"Thus ran our list:—William Grey, 1.—Samuel Long, 2.—James Brown, 3.—George and John Simmons, one capital, the other so, so,—an uncertain hitter, but a good fieldsman, 5.—Joel Brent, excellent, 6.—Ben Appleton—Here was a little pause—Ben's abilities at cricket were not completely ascertained; but then he was so good a fellow, so full of fun and waggery! no doing without Ben. So he figured in the list, 7.—George Harris—a short halt there too! Slowish—slow, but sure. I think the proverb brought him in, 8.—Tom Coper—oh, beyond the world, Tom Coper! the red-headed gardening lad, whose left-handed strokes send *her* (a cricket-ball, like that other moving thing, a ship, is always of the feminine gender), send her spinning a mile, 9.—Robert Willis, another blacksmith, 10.

"We had now ten of our eleven, but the choice of the last occasioned some demur. Three young Martins, rich farmers in the neighbourhood, successively presented themselves, and were all rejected by our independent and impartial general for want of merit—*cricketal* merit. 'Not good enough,' was his pithy answer. Then our worthy neighbour, the half-pay lieutenant, offered his services—he, too, though with some hesitation and modesty, was refused—'Not quite young enough,' was his sentence. John Strong, the exceedingly long son of our dwarfish mason, was the next candidate,—a nice youth—every body likes John Strong,—and a willing, but so tall and so limp,

is not apparently so connected with Danger and Death as war, or the hunting of wild animals, it is

bent in the middle—a thread-paper, six feet high! We were all afraid that, in spite of his name, his strength would never hold out. ‘Wait till next year, John,’ quoth William Grey, with all the dignified seniority of twenty speaking to eighteen. ‘Coper’s a year younger,’ said John. ‘Coper’s a foot shorter,’ replied William: so John retired; and the eleventh man remained unchosen, almost till the eleventh hour. The eve of the match arrived, and the post was still vacant, when a little boy of fifteen, David Willis, brother to Robert, admitted by accident to the last practice, saw eight of them out, and was voted in by acclamation.

“That Sunday evening’s practice (for Monday was the important day) was a period of great anxiety, and, to say the truth, of great pleasure. There is something strangely delightful in the innocent spirit of party. To be one of a numerous body, to be authorised to say *we*, to have a rightful interest in triumph or defeat, is gratifying at once to social feeling and to personal pride. There was not a ten-year old urchin, or a septuagenary woman in the parish, who did not feel an additional importance, a reflected consequence, in speaking of ‘our side.’ An election interests in the same way; but that feeling is less pure. Money is there, and hatred, and politics, and lies. Oh, to be a voter, or a voter’s wife, comes nothing near the genuine and hearty sympathy of belonging to a parish, breathing the same air, looking on the same trees, listening to the same nightingales! Talk of a patriotic elector!—Give me a parochial patriot, a man who loves his parish! Even we, the female partisans, may partake the common ardour. I am sure I did. I never, though tolerably eager and enthusiastic at all times, remember being in a more delicious state of excitation than on the eve of that battle. Our hopes waxed stronger and stronger. Those of our players, who were present, were excellent. William Grey got forty notches off his own bat; and that brilliant hitter, Tom Coper, gained eight from two successive balls. As the evening advanced, too, we had encouragement of another sort. A spy, who had been despatched to reconnoitre the enemy’s quarters, returned from their

yet a service of danger, and has been fatal to many : and I remember it is related by Wraxall, that his

practising ground, with a most consolatory report. ' Really,' said Charles Grover, our intelligencer—a fine old steady judge, one who had played well in his day—' they are no better than so many old women. Any five of ours would beat their eleven.' This sent us to bed in high spirits.

“ Morning dawned less favourably. The sky promised a series of deluging showers, and kept its word, as English skies were wont to do on such occasions; and a lamentable message arrived at the headquarters from our trusty comrade, Joel Brent. His master, a great farmer, had begun the hay-harvest that very morning, and Joel, being as eminent in one field as in another, could not be spared. Imagine Joel's plight! the most ardent of all our eleven! a knight held back from the tourney! a soldier from the battle! The poor swain was inconsolable. At last, one who is always ready to do a good-natured action, great or little, set forth to back his petition; and, by dint of appealing to the public spirit of our worthy neighbour, and the state of the barometer, talking alternately of the parish honour and thunder-showers, of lost matches and sopped hay, he carried his point, and returned triumphantly with the delighted Joel.

“ In the mean time we became sensible of another defalcation. On calling over our roll, Brown was missing; and the spy of the preceding night, Charles Grover,—the universal scout and messenger of the village, a man who will run half a dozen miles for a pint of beer, who does errands for the very love of the trade, who, if he had been a lord, would have been an ambassador—was instantly despatched to summon the truant. His report spread general consternation. Brown had set off at four o'clock in the morning to play in a cricket-match at M., a little town twelve miles off, which had been his last residence. Here was desertion! Here was treachery! Here was treason against that goodly state, our parish! To send James Brown to Coventry was the immediate resolution; but even that seemed too light a punishment for such delinquency. Then how we cried him down! At ten, on Sunday night (for the rascal had actually practised with us, and

present Majesty's grandfather got his death (though not immediately) by the blow of a cricket-ball :—to

never said a word of his intended disloyalty), he was our faithful mate, and the best player (take him for all in all) of the eleven. At ten in the morning he had run away, and we were well rid of him ; he was no batter compared with William Grey or Tom Coper ; not fit to wipe the shoes of Samuel Long, as a bowler ; nothing of a scout to John Simmons ; the boy David Willis was worth fifty of him—

‘ I trust we have within our realm
Five hundred good as he,’

was the universal sentiment. So we took tall John Strong, who, with an incurable hankering after the honour of being admitted, had kept constantly with the players, to take the chance of some such accident—we took John for our *pis-aller*. I never saw any one prouder than the good-humoured lad was of this not very flattering piece of preferment.

“ John Strong was elected, and Brown sent to Coventry ; and, when I first heard of his delinquency, I thought the punishment only too mild for the crime. But I have since learned the secret history of the offence (if we could know the secret histories of all offences, how much better the world would seem than it does now!) and really my wrath is much abated. It was a piece of gallantry, of devotion to the sex, or rather a chivalrous obedience to one chosen fair. I must tell my readers the story. Mary Allen, the prettiest girl of M., had, it seems, revenged upon our blacksmith the numberless inconstancies of which he stood accused. He was in love over head and ears, but the nymph was cruel. She said no, and no, and no ; and poor Brown, three times rejected, at last resolved to leave the place, partly in despair, and partly in that hope which often mingles strangely with a lover's despair, the hope that when he was gone he should be missed. He came home to his brother's accordingly ; but for five weeks he heard nothing from or of the inexorable Mary, and was glad to beguile his own ‘ vexing thoughts,’ by endeavouring to create in his mind an artificial and fac-

say nothing of the many fractures and contusions incident to this manly and skilful exercise.

titious interest in our cricket-match—all unimportant as such a trifle must have seemed to a man in love. Poor James, however, is a social and warm-hearted person, not likely to resist a contagious sympathy. As the time for the play advanced, the interest which he had at first affected became genuine and sincere: and he was really, when he had left the ground on Sunday night, almost as enthusiastically absorbed in the event of the next day as Joel Brent himself. He little foresaw the new and delightful interest which awaited him at home, where, on the moment of his arrival, his sister-in-law and confidante presented him with a billet from the lady of his heart. It had, with the usual delay of letters sent by private hands, in that rank of life, loitered on the road in a degree inconceivable to those who are accustomed to the punctual speed of the post, and had taken ten days for its twelve-miles' journey. Have my readers any wish to see this *billet-doux*? I can show them (but in strict confidence) a literal copy. It was addressed,

‘ For mistur jem browne
 ‘ blaxmith by
 ‘ S.’

“The inside ran thus:—‘ Mistur browne this is to Inform yew that oure parish playes bramley next monday is a week, i think we shall lose without yew. from your humbell servant to command

‘ MARY ALLEN.’

“ Was there ever a prettier relenting? a summons more flattering, more delicate, more irresistible? The precious epistle was undated; but, having ascertained who brought it, and found, by cross-examining the messenger, that the Monday in question was the very next day, we were not surprised to find that *Mistur browne* forgot his engagement to us, forgot all but Mary and Mary's letter, and set off at four o'clock next morning to walk twelve miles, and play for her parish and in her sight. Really we must not send James Brown to Coventry—must we? Though if, as his sister-in-law tells our damsel Harriet he hopes to do, he should bring the fair Mary home as his bride, he will not greatly

Nothing is known of the origin or history of this game but that it is purely English; and it perhaps deserves as many encomiums as Roger Ascham

care how little we say to him. But he must not be sent to Coventry—True-love forbid!

“ At last we were all assembled, and marched down to H. commou, the appointed ground, which, though in our dominions according to the map, was the constant practising place of our opponents, and *terra incognita* to us. We found our adversaries on the ground, as we expected, for our various delays had hindered us from taking the field so early as we wished; and, as soon as we had settled all preliminaries, the match began.

“ But, alas! I have been so long settling my preliminaries that I have left myself no room for the detail of our victory, and must squeeze the account of our grand achievements into as little compass as Cowley, when he crammed the names of eleven of his mistresses into the narrow space of four eight-syllable lines. They began the warfare—these boastful men of B. And what think you, gentle reader, was the amount of their innings? These challengers—the famous eleven—how many did they get? Think! imagine! guess!—You cannot?—Well!—they got twenty-two, or rather they got twenty; for two of theirs were short notches, and would never have been allowed, only that, seeing what they were made of, we and our umpire were not particular.—They should have had twenty more if they had chosen to claim them. Oh, how well we fielded! and how well we bowled! our good play had quite as much to do with their miserable failure as their bad. Samuel Long is a slow bowler, George Simmons a fast one, and the change from Long's lobbing to Simmons's fast balls posed them completely. Poor simpletons! they were always wrong, expecting the slow for the quick, and the quick for the slow. Well, we went in. And what were our innings? Guess again!—guess! A hundred and sixty-nine! In spite of soaking showers, and wretched ground, where the ball would not run a yard, we headed them by a hundred and forty-seven; and then they gave in, as well they might. William Grey pressed them much to try another innings. ‘There was so much chance,’ as he cautiously observed, ‘in cricket, that, advantageous as our

bestows on his favourite archery, or Isaac Walton pours forth when descanting on the art of angling.

What Dr. Johnson has so judiciously and so elegantly applied in a dedication to Payne's Treatise on the Game of Draughts, might equally be said of the game of cricket, or even of that of marbles.*

“ Triflers,” observes the profound critic, “ may find or make any thing a trifle ; but since it is the characteristic of a wise man to see events in their causes, to obviate consequences, and to ascertain contingencies, your lordship will think nothing a trifle by which the mind is inured to caution, foresight, and circumspection. The same skill, and often the same degree of skill, is exerted in great and in little things.

position seemed, we might, very possibly, be overtaken. The B. men had better try.’ But they were beaten sulky, and would not move—to my great disappointment ; I wanted to prolong the pleasure of success. What a glorious sensation it is to be for five hours together winning—winning—winning ! always feeling what a whist-player feels when he takes up four honours, seven trumps ! Who would think that a little bit of leather, and two pieces of wood, had such a delightful and delighting power ?”

* This dedication, under the name of Payne, is “ To the Right Honourable William Henry, Earl of Rochford, &c.”

It may also be observed that in drawing a parallel between the game of life and that of cricket, there is more aptness of allusion than may at first strike the reader; for in the former, as in the latter game, there is much to *do*, and much to *guard against*; and if any *runs* are made, in the way of speculation, whether of pleasure or of gain, they must be made with caution, skill, and vigour; or the presumptuous adventurer, through some adverse event, will inevitably be *bowled out*!

BARNARD BATWELL.



THE CAPTIVE.

DEATH AND THE CAPTIVE.

LIBERTY! Liberty!* thou hast heard
 My weary prayer at length,
 But the plumeless wing of the captive bird
 Is shorn of its buoyant strength ;
 I am too weary now to roam
 Through sun-light and the air,
 To bear me to my mountain home,
 Or joy if I were there.

Liberty ! Liberty ! thou hast been
 The prayer of my burning heart,
 Till the silent thoughts that were within
 Into life and form would start ;
 And, oh ! the glorious dreams that roll'd,
 Like scenes of things that be,
 And voices of the night that told—
 “ The captive and the earth are free !”

* The author, in order, as it would appear, to avoid the almost inevitable monotony of the subject, has represented the Captive as at first mistaking the Vision of the King of Terrors for that of Liberty—the burning passionate hope of the heart, cherished through years of gloom, may well, indeed, be imagined to have this effect in the feverish excitement of struggling nature.—EDITOR.

Yet leave me not again to lie
Through untold years of gloom,
I would once more behold the sky
And earth's unwasted bloom ;
Not yet hath hung the chilly air
So murky in my cell,—
The heavy darkness seems to glare,
The dreary night-gales swell.

And art thou she—the holy one !
Whose banner o'er the world,
Before their destined race was run,
Chiefs, prophets, saints, unfurled ;
Art thou the starry form that bowed
Beside the patriot's shield,
When, with clos'd lips and bosom proud,
They bore him from the field ?

Thou art not she,—I know thee now !
The glorious dream is past,—
There is a fever on my brow,
And life is ebbing fast.
Unmoved I bow me to thy power,
Stern friend of human kind !
Thou canst not make the spirit cower,
A dungeon could not bind.

THE CAPTIVE.

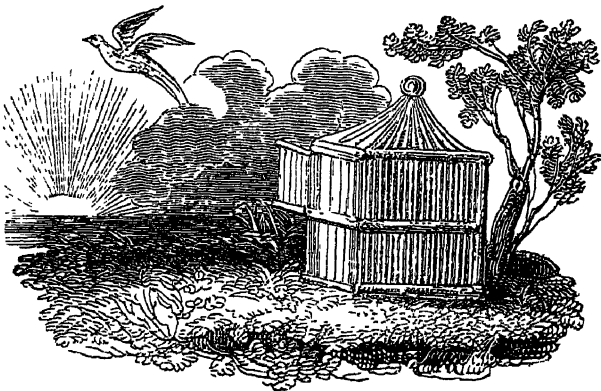
To Death.

WHO treads my dungeon, wild and pale ?
 Or do my weary eyeballs fail ?
 And art thou of the shapes that swim
 Across my midnight, sad and dim,
 Where in one deep confusion blend
 The forms of enemy and friend ?
 Shut out by mountain and by wave,
 Or slumbering in the ancient grave.

Ha ! fearful Thing !—I know thee now,
 Thy hollow eye, thy bony brow,—
 I feel thy chill, sepulchral breath ;
 Spare me,—dark King ! pale Terror ! Death !
 Still let me, on this bed of stone,
 Pour to the night the captive's groan ;
 Still wither in the captive's chain,—
 Still struggle, hope, in vain—in vain ;
 Still live the slave of other's will,—
 But let me live, grim Spectre, still !

I faint; thy touch is on me now—
I feel no sting, no fiery throe :
My fetters fall beneath thy hand !
I see thee now before me stand,
No shape of fear ! My fading eyes
Behold thee, Servant of the Skies !
Crowns thy bright brow the immortal wreath,
Celestial odours round thee breathe,
Spreads on the air thy splendid plume,—
Welcome, thou ANGEL OF THE TOMB !

ALFRED.





THE GAMESTER.

THE GAMESTER.

(By the Author of " Dartmoor.")

LOUD howl'd the winter storm,—athwart the sky
 Rush'd the big clouds,—the midnight gale was high ;
 O'er the proud city sprang th' avenging flash,
 And tower and temple trembled to the crash
 Of the great thunder-peal. Again the light
 Swift tore the dark veil from the brow of night ;—
 And, ere the far-chas'd darkness, closing round
 As the flame vanish'd, fell still more profound,
 Again the near-heard tempest, wild and dread,
 Spake in a voice that might awake the dead !
 Yet while the lightning burn'd—the thunder roar'd—
 And even Virtue trembled—and ador'd—
 Alone was heard within the gamester's hell
 The gamester's curse—the oath—the frantic yell !
 Fix'd to one spot—intense—the burning eye
 Mark'd not the flash—saw but the changeful die !—
 And, deaf to heaven's high peal,—one demon vice
 Possess'd their souls—TRIUMPHANT AVARICE !

Loud howl'd the winter storm:—night wore away
Too slow, and thousands watch'd, and wish'd for day;
And there was one poor, lonely, lovely thing,
Who sat and shudder'd as the wild gale's wing
Rush'd by—all mournfully. Her children slept
As the poor mourner gaz'd—and sigh'd—and wept!
Why sits that anguish on her faded brow?
Why droops her eye?—Ah, Florio, where art thou?
Flown are thy hours of dear domestic bliss—
The fond embrace—the husband's—father's—kiss—
Bless'd tranquil hours to Love and Virtue given,
Delicious joys that made thy home—a heaven!
Flown—and for ever;—love—fame—virtue—sold
For lucre—for the sordid thirst of gold;—
The craving, burning wish that will not rest,
The vulture-passion of the human breast—
The thirst for that which—granted or denied—
Still leaves—still leaves—the soul unsatisfied,
Just as the wave of Tantalus flows by,
Cheating the lip and mocking the fond eye!

Yet oft array'd in all their genuine truth,
Rose the sweet visions of his early youth;—
More bright—more beautiful those visions rise,
As cares increase, on our regretful eyes;
And when the storms of life infuriate roll,
Unnerve the arm, and shake th' impassive soul,

Then Memory, always garrulous, will tell
The glowing story of our youth too well ;
And scenes will rise upon the pensive view,
Which Memory's pencil will pourtray too true !
Thus when Repentance warm'd his aching breast,
He turn'd him, tearful, to those scenes so bless'd,
And fresh they came,—a dear, departed throng,
Of joys that wrung the heart, by contrast strong ;—
Lost, lov'd delights that forc'd the frequent sigh,
And chill'd the life-blood while they charm'd the eye !
Could he forget when first—O thrilling hour !
He wooed his Julia in her native bower ?
Forget ?—the tender walk—the gate—the cot—
The impassion'd vow,—ah, could they be forgot ?
Sweet noons—sweet eves—when all—below—above,
Was rapture—and the hours were wing'd by love !
But chief one dear remembrance—one more bright
Than all, though cherish'd, rush'd upon his sight—
The morn that, blushing in her virgin charms,
Gave the wrong'd Julia to his eager arms !—
Ah, wrong'd,—for though Remorse full deeply stung
His bosom, to the damning vice he clung ;
And she, poor victim, had not power to stay
The wanderer on his wild and desperate way ;—
While round her, ever, sternly—fiercely—sweep
Views of the future,—gloomy—dark—and deep !

provinces of China, or turn to the uncultivated islands in the Pacific Ocean, we find man yielding himself up to the same destructive passion, and entailing on himself consequences equally appalling.*

A more heart-sickening spectacle cannot well be

* The Siamese, Sumatrans, and Malaysians are warmly addicted to gambling; and the former will sell themselves and families to discharge their gambling debts. The Chinese play by night and day; and when ruinously unsuccessful, hang themselves. The Japanese have secured themselves from yielding to their innate fondness for gambling, by edicting a law, "That whoever ventures his money at play, shall be put to death." Speaking of a running-match performed by the inhabitants of some islands in the Pacific Ocean, Cooke remarks, "We saw a man beating his breast, and tearing his hair in the violence of rage, for having lost three hatchets at one of these races, and which he had purchased with nearly half his property." The ancients too, were gamblers. The Persians, Grecians, Romans, Goths, and Vandals, may be adduced as examples. To the wasteful partiality of the Romans for gambling, Juvenal strongly alludes in his Sat. I:—

" Neque enim oculis comitantibus itur,
Ad casum tabulæ, positâ sed luditur arcâ."

Among the modern nations, the French and English are mournful instances of the horrors and depravities arising from gaming. The annals of every family abound with their sad mementos. *Gamester* and *cheater* were synonymous terms in the days of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare:—late facts will warrant a continuation of the synonyms. Formerly, gambling-houses were established on a more systematic and official plan than the *hells* of the present times. The following is but a *partial* list of the officers then in attendance:—A *commissioner*, a *director*, an *operator*, two *croupers* (who gathered the money for the bank), two *puffs*, a *clerk*, a *squib*, a *flasher*, a *dunner*, a *captain*, a *New-gate solicitor*, an *usher*, with linkboys, coachmen, &c. &c.

imagined than a room replete with regular gambling parties, each engaged at their particular game:—take, for instance, one of the metropolitan *hells*. An *unvitiated* stranger, on his first entrance there, may learn a lesson that will remain indelible while the soul is capable of remembering former sympathies. The mantling glimmer of the various lights, the hushful silence of the room,—rarely disturbed but by the passive footfalls of waiters, and dismal sighs escaping from sorrowed hearts,—the mournful associations that wait on every unhallowed spot, and the deepening consciousness that misery is busied in pensive revels—all commingling, sink on the visitant's soul with appalling reality. Though untainted himself, his tenderest pity and most melancholy presentiments must be awakened for the deluded victims of a selfish passion. While standing by and gazing at one of the attentive gamblers, what room for moralizing compassion! Observe his glittering eye, that rolls so wildly under its fretful lid, the alternate wrinkling and relaxing of his moistened brow, his baking lips, and their frequent despairing mutter of convulsive anguish! His countenance is the faithful mirror of his soul: its internal passions may be seen working there. Now, a trepid gleam of joy illumines his sunken cheek,—

again the smile dissolves, and the gloomy sullenness of disappointment sheds there its monotony of shade. His visage may be compared to a lake on a breezy spring-day, where dizzy sunbeams mellow for a while its placid surface, to be succeeded by pattering rain-drops, and the rippling play of ruffled water. Thus pleasure awhile lights up the gamester's face, the features glow as it passes over them, and then relapse into the emotions of deep-rooted melancholy! Miserable feelings are not only betrayed in the countenance: they are perceived in each movement of the hand, the peevish grasp of the dice-box, or the dubious selection of a card, in the arrangement of the tricks and disposition of the counters: the whole air of his denotes a *mental* struggle. Suppose he be the momentary winner:— even then his delight is but a mockery of felicity, while the losing adversary awes down its demonstration by the livid contortions of his visage, and the patient sternness of avarice writhing for speedy retaliation.

He who endures the pangs of unmerited woe, may have a hapless lot; but the very consciousness of its being undeserved, is a source of a fitful consolation. Like the day-god, which, amid the dark thunder-

clouds that overshadow his empyreal radiance, will sometimes gleam through the cleft gloom, so is the heart of the guiltless mourner occasionally shone upon, by that sweet beckoner, Hope. But what source of consolation has the gamester? What relieving balm when tortured by his wretchedness? His soul is then a volcano of rioting passions and remorseless fires. The past is a scene that yields no retrospective calm; the present is but its faithful commentator. Suppose, as it frequently happens, that during his gambling course he has risen on the ruins of a fallen victim; and the wrecks of decayed youth and blasted genius: what then are the phantoms of misery that hover round his reflections? To have ruined one's self is a doleful consummation; but add the remembered distraction of those we have traduced, and there is nothing equivalent to the recollection of the circumstances. I can easily imagine such a one before me—picture him attempting to repose within the curtained loneliness of his chamber. There is but little slumber to visit his eyelids! He is haunted, like the murderer, by the shadowy resemblances of the murdered. The blossoming hopes he blighted, the promise of years that he wrecked, and the once light bosom he burdened with affliction now felt by his own,—all throw a ghastly

hue on his imagination, and wake up the phrensies of his brain. Perhaps he was the elder, and once would have shuddered at the idea of tempting to destruction the counselled associate of his early days. He may have beheld the mother's sainted fondness for her son, and the father's united cares for the welfare of their offspring,—what are the horrors of his recollections! Who was it, that deadened by despair to the sympathies of honour and friendship, allured him from his principles, and charmed away the bashful regret on his first appearance at the haunt of the gamblers?—Himself:—and can he forget the dreariness of aspect, the wildness of his stare, and the convulsions of his person, when he last rushed, like a maniac, from his presence,—stripped of honour, virtue, and happiness? Convicting conscience condemns him as the traducer of the inexperienced, and answerable for all the unknown woes of his after-life. Then, as for himself,—what is he?—The perpetrator of his own destruction,—a reduced, degraded wreck of guilt and crime that seem too deep for penitence to absolve. It is probable, too, he may be the destroyer of domestic felicity, that depended on his welfare for its continuance. He may look round and meet the gaze of a heart-broken wife,—observe the clinging

children whose beggary he has earned,—a parent whose hoary fondness claimed his most pious solitudes. Methinks I can see the remorseful victim with the cold sweat of anguish on his brow, and hear his whispered groans as he turns restlessly on his bed!—There is nothing overdrawn here: many are his resemblances in the metropolis at this hour.

And what can the successful gamester possess to create *his* happiness? If happiness, as we are told, arise from the mind, the gamester's is too inhuman to be of a mental nature. Suppose him a swindler,—will not the dread of detection harrow his bosom and corrode his soul? Will the griping clutch of hundreds from a defrauded novice, repay him for his moments of uncommunicated torture? The transitory flush of joy for fortunate guile, is succeeded by the vengeance of conscience, that elicits tortures even amid his struggles of fancied delight. Then, what dreamy shadows of remorse are ever floating before his imagination! Miserable indeed is penitence wrestling with fondness for crime. If virtue be pursued, the haunts of guilt must be deserted; the dice-box and long-accustomed fellowships are to be relinquished, and the stinging jeers of insulting folly must be endured: nor is this all. Tears must be the precursors of resolutions, and his plundered

victims must be repaid, or peace resides not in his breast. But where are the thousands which honour and justice are to restore?—lavished in dissipation or rendered the purveyors of criminal delight. The gambler therefore feels it is easier to practise than to forsake crime; and thus his heart, after hovering, like the descending eagle, between remorse and love for vice, returns to its dreadful propensities.

The idea of one human being extracting enjoyment from another's misery, is dreadful even for consideration. High play is but savageness refined. The barbarian can pierce his victims with venomed arrows, or deliver them to the devourment of his native beasts; but in this case, death speedily closes his agonies. He that deliberately seats himself down with the ardent hope of rising on his adversary's downfall, is, in principle, far more cruel than the barbarian. True, he plunges no weapon into the flesh; but how deep and cureless are the vulnerations of the loser's mind, while he leaves him enraptured at his conquest and splendid from the completed ruin? It may be objected, that both are equally in fault; since they endeavour for mutual spoliation;—and, consequently, cruelty is too harsh an application. But does the reciprocity of the deed

remove its attendant fierceness? On the contrary, it only renders it more lamentably observable. It should be remembered, too, that the *finished* gamester seldom combats with his peer, but seeks a novice for his plunder. The truth is, gambling is an inexcusable disgrace to this country; and an attempt to connect it with innocent *amusement* is only a wretched perversion of the term. A social game of cards is, perhaps, not culpable, where, we suppose, pleasure will not degenerate into excess, or benevolence into selfishness. But the routine of the regular gambler, one who makes it his profession, and braves all consequences, deserves no epithet but greedy and merciless. There seems to be a living paradox in the present age: charity is the colloquial subject of the drawing-room, sympathy and tenderest sentiments drop glowing from ready tongues, and yet dinner-parties retire from the feast for reciprocal endeavours of plunder! The host will frequently invite his guest, and repay the hospitality of the table by sending him purseless to his abode! It is a notorious and sickening fact, that many of the metropolitan resorts of *amusement* often contain the daughters and mother quadrilling in the ball-room, while the father is ruining himself and their fortunes at the card-table. This speaks volumes on the moral degeneracy of the times.

Even women now,—they, whose bosoms should be the stainless sanctuaries of none but soothing passions, are becoming gamblers. What a repulsive spectacle, to observe a female face expressing all the feelings of a thorough blackleg! to observe eyes that were made for beaming fondness, darting glances of inward spleen and resentment;—lips whence delicate tones should only be breathed, curled up in anger and masculine sternness! Once more, and we will leave this topic. May we not expect that future years will increase the prevalence of feminine gamesters? Women, whose weight of years should be supported by matronly dignity and reverential aspect, are now employed from midnight to morn at the gambling-table, and betray all its concomitant vices in the presence of their youthful offspring. What must be the state of society when fashionable mothers thus wantonly forget their character, and permit their children to witness their depravity—in after-times to *represent* it!

Theodore was the son of a country gentleman, equally blessed in the affection of father and mother: the days of his childhood were attended with those cares and prudent indulgences so necessary to mould the future man for active life and virtuous consistency. Early initiated into the duties of self-

cultivation, and taught properly to estimate the good qualities of the heart, at nineteen he was such a son that a father might be proud to recognise. Each vacation found his studies greatly advanced, and his capacity enlarged for the enjoyments of taste and intellectual pursuits. His versed acquaintance with the bards of Greece and Rome, together with the delicious ones of his own country, had engendered a love for the muse; which, though unexpressed in words, was embalmed in the *heart*. He examined Nature with the eye of a poet, and drew an indescribable inspiration from her varied scenery. The grouping clouds of an evening sky folding round the sun, as if in homage for the light of day, were to him not merely *beautiful*—something beyond this—a spectacle that awoke visions which were shadowed forth in fancy and pensive ecstasies. The stars of night,—the verdant spread of the distant meadow,—the peering mountain and the sleeping vale,—all were looked on by him with a mental delight. Those who, at this period of his life, beheld him accomplished, gentle, and amiable—one who would have trembled at wilful vice—could scarcely have imagined that he would ever be the victim of vicious folly; but such the conclusion of this brief sketch will show him. These traits of Theodore's youthful character are mentioned, in

order to illustrate the force of corruption, even on a *refined* soul and *cultivated* imagination.

At the decease of his father, Theodore arrived in the metropolis, to pursue the usual course of his chosen profession. Dr. Johnson has remarked, “to a man whose pleasure is intellectual, London is the place.” Theodore felt this; and had he been blessed with as much *firmness* as refinement of soul, he would have realized all his fancy had pictured. He entered on the busy arena of the metropolis with sanguine hopes, and resolutions which, he thought, would never be broken. His mother, aware of the many perilous temptations in London, fondly and earnestly alluded to them on their farewell evening. She did not *expect* he would be imprudent, but she had known others, similarly situated, to fall; and, therefore, her parting tear was not an omen of her son's misfortune, but the fond betrayer of internal anxiousness for his welfare. A tear from his mother's eye was ever followed by another from Theodore's with instantaneous sympathy, and, as he sealed his last kiss on her lips, the language of his heart was,—“Can I ever deceive, or pain *such* a mother—never!”

Theodore had not resided long in London, ere his

father's grave was opened to receive his mother. But alas! a few years had deteriorated his principles and debased his heart. The death of a mother for awhile carried him back to the hours of childhood,—he thought of what he *was*, and what he *had* been. It was true his letters had deceived her, and that she left the world with the conviction of his future prosperity; still conscience was not yet sufficiently stifled not to upbraid him. But he was leagued too closely with his ruin to escape it! It would be tedious to trace his career, from the moment of his arrival in London, to the morning on which he was informed of his mother's death. It will be enough to account for the conclusion, to state that his profession had introduced him to the acquaintance of some dissipated young men; his natural goodness of heart for awhile foiled each temptation; but as long as this was the case, he was too companionless to be happy. He did not continue his resistance; one visit to a gambling-house was speedily followed by others. At first, fortune attended him, and he returned for several evenings with increased property. But it was this very luck that occasioned his ruin: he now hazarded to play high, and at one game lost all his former gains. By various means he had contrived to dispose of his property to supply his exigencies, and was now

about to risk his last sum. Many were the palpitations of his heart throughout the day. Sometimes he determined to retire for ever from the scene of his ruin;—but then the remembrance of his losses, and the hope that this last risk would recover them, interrupted the half-formed resolution, and allured him to the trial. The hour came at last, and with a thrilling bosom did Theodore take his accustomed seat at the gambling-table. He knew that his *all* was risked, and this fatal truth chilled every limb, and woke up the cautiousness of terror and hope. If he rose a winner, he should then be free to renounce his present mode of life, and return to that of peace and virtue; if not, there was nothing but despair to refer to, and its dictates to follow! He sat tremblingly opposite his adversary, and commenced the game. The first two throws of the dice were equal on both sides,—it now depended on the last one for the termination of the contest. Theodore threw—the number was low, though not so low but his adversary's might be more so. He watched with breathless anxiousness the raising of his arm,—heard the dice rattle,—too plainly saw the icy sternness of his adversary's features,—murmured a tone of anguish,—the dice were thrown by Death!



THE SERENADE.

THE SERENADE.

'Tis midnight, and there is a world of stars
Hanging in the blue heaven, bright and clear,
And shining, as if they were only made
To sparkle in the mirror of the lake,
And light up flower-gardens and green groves.
By yonder lattice, where the thick vine-leaves
Are canopy and curtain, set with gems
Rich in the autumn's gift of ruby grapes,
A maiden leans :—it is a lovely night,
But, lovely as it is, the hour is late
For beauty's vigil, and to that pale cheek
Sleep might give back the roses watching steals.
Slumber, and happy slumber, such as waits
On youth, and hope, and innocence, was made
To close those soft blue eyes. What can they know
Of this world's sorrow, strife, and anxiousness?
What can Wealth be to the young mind that has
A mine of treasure in its own fresh feelings?
And Fame, oh woman! has no part in it; and Hate,
Those sweet lips cannot know it; and Remorse,
That waits on guilt,—and Guilt has set no sign

On that pure brow : 'tis none of these that keep
Her head from its down pillow, but there is
A visitant in that pale maiden's breast
Restless as Avarice, anxious as Fame,—
Cruel as Hate, and pining as Remorse,—
Secret as Guilt ; a passion and a power
That has from every sorrow taken a sting,—
A flower from every pleasure, and distilled
An essence where is blent delight and pain ;
And deep has she drained the bewildering cup,
For Isadore watches and wakes with Love.

Hence is it that of the fair scene below
She sees one only spot ; in vain the lake
Spreads like a liquid sky, o'er which the swans
Wander, fleece-clouds around the one small isle,
Where lilies glance like a white marble floor,
In the tent made by pink acacia boughs ;
In vain the garden spreads, with its gay banks
Of flowers, o'er which the summer has just pass'd,
The bride-like rose,—the rich anemone,—
The treasurer of June's gold ; the hyacinth,
A turret of sweet colours ; and, o'er all,
The silver fountains playing :—but in vain !
Isadore's eye rests on that cypress grove :
A bright warm crimson is upon her cheek,
And her red lip is opened as to catch

The air that brought the sound upon the gale.
There is a sweet low tone of voice and lute,
And, oh! Love's eyes are lightening,—she has caught
A shadow, and the wave of a white plume
Amid those trees, and, with her hair flung back,
She listens to the song :—

Lady sweet, this is the hour
Time's loveliest to me ;
For now my lute may breathe of love,
And it may breathe to thee.

All day I sought some trace of thine,
But never likeness found ;
But still to be where thou hast been
Is treading fairy ground.

I watched the blushing evening fling
Her crimson o'er the skies,—
I saw it gradual fade, and saw,
At length, the young moon rise.

And very long it seemed to me
Before her zenith hour,
When sleep and shade conspire to hide
My passage to thy bower.

I will not say—wake not, dear love,—
I know thou wilt not sleep ;
Wilt thou not from thy casement lean,
And one lone vigil keep ?

Ah ! only thus to see thee, love,
And watch thy bright hair play
Like gold around thine ivory arm,
Is worth a world of day.

Gradual he had drawn nearer and more near,
And now he stood so that his graceful shape
Was visible, and his flashing eyes were raised
With all the eloquence of love to her's :
She took an azure flower from her hair,
And flung it to him.—Flowers are funeral gifts,—
And, ere his hand could place upon his heart
The fragile leaves, another hand was there—
The hand of Death.

Alas for her proud kinsmen !
'Tis their work ! the gallant and the young
Lies with the dagger in his faithful breast,—
The destiny of love.



THE TOILET.

DEATH AT THE TOILET.

(By the Author of "*The Lollards*," "*Witchfinder*," &c. &c.)

It seems that every bard, or clown, or lord,
 Finds Death a striking subject to talk o'er,
 He who counts syllables, in each long word,
 With rhyme, his hapless relatives to bore,
 And he who strikes the highest-bounding chord,
 Who with immortal eloquence can soar;
 Yet nothing make of *Death*, with all this fuss,
 But, that he nothing means to make of us.

And some appear intolerably grieved,
 While dolefully lamenting earthly woes,
 To think that they must one day be relieved:
 And gain through *him*, a season of repose.
 But I, thank Heaven! have never yet perceived
 That I am likely to be one of those:
 For, gratefully admiring Nature's plan,
Death seems to me the comforter of man.

“ Your love I thank,” said he, and grinn’d a smile ;

“ I will explain, but must be brief and free,
For I to-night shall journey many a mile,
And you would hardly wish to go with me.
Rightly you have imagined that my toil
Makes life a little like what it should be.
Few, very few, would care on earth to stay,
Were I for one whole century away.

“ For how terrific were the tyrant’s rod,
Had he no dread that Death might be at hand !
And how relentlessly would Avarice plod,
How domineering would be all the grand,
If me they could forget, as they do God,
And hope to live for ever in the land !
I make proud affluence the poor befriend,
Or bring its sordid projects to an end.

“ This, my vocation, sternly I pursue,
In peace or war, submission I compel,
The latter, ’twill sound wonderful to you,
My lists, perceptibly, could never swell ;
Nay, joined with steam, balloons, *safe* coaches too,
Ne’er furnished out a half per-centage knell.
My blows are most repeated, are most sure—
Where wealth and comfort whisper ‘ all’s secure.’

“ I choose not for my arms, the beggar’s meals,
His tatters, or his lodging on the ground ;
No ; but magnificence my arrow feels,
Where pomp presides and luxuries abound :
In dainty viands, to life’s source it steals ;
And costly wines, my instruments are found.
These—these to Death far richer harvest yield,
Than all the slaughter of the battle-field.

“ More would you learn, to Beauty’s toilet go
And see my weapons, in the fair array
Which all around her careful hand may throw,
To decorate her for the festive day.
There, in her gauzes, nets, and muslins know,
My formidable host in ambush stay.
But hast thou seen a nymph, both young, and fair,
For conquest, and for revelry prepare ?”

“ Yes,” I replied, and transport at the thought
Prompted unwonted energy of speech,
“ But yesterday, a blissful glimpse I caught
Of that which mortal excellence may reach ;
And this idea to my mind it brought,
However eloquently churchmen preach,
Though with it strange extravagance breaks loose,
Yet love’s idolatry claims some excuse.

“ I gaz’d on all that’s fragrant, gay, and bright,
In Heaven above, on earth, or in the sea,
Celestial blue in Chloe’s orbs of sight,
And starry lustre there enchanted me.
The blushing rose, and lily, now delight
With pearl and coral, in soft unity.
It was a picture, radiant!—glorious!—rare!
Divine epitome of all that’s fair!

“ Superb embellisher of human life!
How dear the joy thy influence can impart!
Blest recompense for scenes of care and strife!
Loved tyrant of the subjugated heart!
Beauty! resistless still in maid or wife!
Through being’s course—but here you almost start
Afraid that I shall covet when I die,
O Mahomet! thy sweetly peopled sky!

“ Source of our bliss! but fountain of our sighs!
The poor for beauty pant—the rich adore;
The madman’s vows, the homage of the wise,
In every age are thine, on every shore.
Thy smile inspires our noblest energies,
The warrior’s prowess, and the poet’s lore;
And our sublimest deeds confess thy sway,
As flowers and fruits date from the sun of May!”

“ But saw'st thou,” Death inquired, “ although so fair
And almost more than mortal to behold,
How Chloe, dressing, to her aid called there
Wreaths, toys, and gewgaws, more than can be told?”
“ I did, and marvelled at the fruitless care,
Thus whitening snow, or gilding purest gold,
And still, when all as I thought had been tried,
Her milliner, new finery supplied.”

“ And while you leisurely could this descry,”
Said Death, “ who waited on her did you ask ?
Know the attendant you beheld—was I !
'Twas I who wore the officious servant's mask !
The fair was destined in life's bloom to die ;
To hand the fatal trappings was my task :
Wholly superfluous I deemed open force,
And let the thoughtless beauty take her course.

“ 'Tis thus that Death accomplishes his aim :
Most human beings sigh for what destroys ;
Mirth, Vanity, and Pleasure, play my game,
And crush life's hopes beneath deluding joys.
More perish from caprice, and Fashion's whim,
Than by the cannon, battle's rage employs—
But I must hence,—another glass is out,
And I am going to my lady's rout,”

LUCY; OR, THE MASKED BALL.

A TALE.

WHO, wandering at early hour,
 While dewdrops hang on every flower,
 And twinkle, in the slanting rays,
 Like stars with iridescent blaze;
 While birds, from copse and limber spray,
 Welcome with song the infant day:—
 Who, wandering then, can coldly view
 The smiling Daisy bathed in dew;
 The Violet, from her leafy bed,
 The sweetest colours round her spread;
 And blushing, as her buds disclose
 Her all-unrivalled charms, the Rose,
 Lovely with Nature's simple grace!
 And ever wish to change their place?
 The Daisy in the rich parterre
 Would, cheerless, smile unnoticed; there,
 Vainly, the Violet dispense,
 Her perfume on the pamper'd sense,
 Which scarce can rouse from apathy
 The scents of Ind and Araby;

And, but contemned her native grace,
Droop the wild Rose in such a place.

Like these young Lucy blossomed, ere
Her bosom knew the pangs of care :
A floweret meet for peaceful vale,
Green glen, or still sequestered dale ;
A village maid, in simple dress,
All meek retiring loveliness :
Her joys so pure and innocent,
She scarcely knew that Discontent,
Corroding Envy, Hate, and Care,
Inhabitants terrestrial were :
For, in the hamlet where she dwelt,
Their pestilence had not been felt ;—
Her world, within whose narrow bound
Those gentle sympathies were found,
Which harmonize frail human kind
As earth and heaven were conjoin'd.

But, where from earth is Grief exil'd ?
Young Lucy was affliction's child !
Her sire had for his country bled
And died, on Honour's gory bed ;
And, far from towns, his widow sped ;
Hoping, in this sweet solitude,
She might the scorn of Pride elude ;

For well she knew, that the world's eye
Falls cold upon adversity.

In a green glen, embowered in trees,
Yet open to the western breeze,
Lay the small village, where she chose
To seek for shelter and repose.
Few were its habitants, and these
Nature's rude sons; yet, if they knew
But little, vice was absent too.
The only solace that beguiled
Her melancholy, was her child,
Whose smile of love and fond caress
Oft cheer'd her spirit's loneliness;
And as she hung with pure delight
Upon her neck, in colours bright,
Hope would the future paint, and through
Her grief-cloud ope a spot of blue;
A fitful gleam, which passed; and, then,
Gloom settled over all again.

Time wings his flight, the rosebud blows;
The child to lovely woman grows;
The beauty of the infant face
Is heightened by maiden grace;
Lucy is artless Lucy still,
But, in her swelling bosom, thrill

Feelings and thoughts, which all declare
The infant is no longer there.
The archness of her blooming face
To modesty hath yielded place ;
Her cheek glows with a fainter red,
Save when quick kindling blushes spread
Their damask flush, and tint the snows
Of her bosom's lilies with the rose :
Her eye, a sparkling diamond set
Within the lustre-softening jet
Of the fringed lid, no more repays
Responsive every passing gaze ;
The parted lip, the dimple's wile,
Only betray the chastened smile ;
While, beaming with expression sweet,
For angel woman truly meet,
Each feature bears the stamp of mind,
By culture moulded and refined,
For her sole parent strove to store
Her opening mind with useful lore ;
Spread Nature's volume to her eye,
Pure fount of true philosophy,
Source whence the streams of knowledge flow,
And of the flowers that round them blow.
And, save her sacrifice to heaven,
To Lucy all her hours were given ;

For Lucy all her bosom's care,
Her morning hymn, her evening prayer.

Oft has the mother's eye survey'd
The change Time in her child had made,
And onward glanced, although a tear
Would now, and now a smile appear,
As Fear and Hope, alternate, threw
Their clouds and sunshine on the view,
Yet, in the future, would she see
The promise of felicity.

As when autumnal morning breaks,
And earth from her soft slumber wakes,
While the first rays scarce pierce the clouds
That wrap the vale in hazy shrouds,
Above the sea of mist, is seen
Some tufted knoll, like islet green,
Or summit of gigantic oak,
Or hidden cot's blue rising smoke ;
Till, as if dream of phantasy,
The orb of day, uprising high,
Flings back the vapoury veil, and lo !
The landscape glitters bright below.
But, ah ! ere noontide hour, is gone
The splendour which we gazed upon !

And who hath found, who shall e'er find
Fortune immutable and kind ?
The purest flake of fallen snow
Is crushed the peasant's foot below ;
The brightest stream of mountain spring
Runs troubled in its wandering ;
And Lucy's life, through sun and shower,
Was chequered to its closing hour.

And, now, across the stubbled field
The fowler stalked, and, harshly, peal'd
The gun's hoarse note. The timid hare
Cowers closer in her sheltering lair ;
And, as her brood she gathers round,
Scared by the death-denouncing sound,
Whose boomings, borne upon the gale,
Startle the silence of the vale,
The partridge feels her little breast
With all a mother's cares oppress.
'Twas in that season—the last beam
Of Even shed a golden gleam,
When Lucy stood beside the rill
Which turned the hamlet's little mill,
And, chaffering its pebbles white,
Glittered beneath the parting light ;

Half lost in thought, half listening
To its sweet chidings, when the spring
Of a dog startled her :—amazed—
She turned—a youth upon her gazed,
Whose garb and bearing, form and face
Bespoke him of a gentle race.
As the doe starts, when the loud horn
Bursts on her ear at early morn,
And forward springs with winged bound,
Then stops and listens, glancing round
Quick panting, yet delays to fly ;
So Lucy meets the stranger's eye,
All perturbation : and, as turn
Homeward her trembling feet, and burn
Her cheeks with blushes, as impell'd
By some strong power, while onward held
Her trembling limbs, each step she flies,
Turn backward her inquiring eyes ;
While the fond youth, her cause of care,
Stands moveless as he marble were.
“ Such matchless beauty ! such a mien !
Is she a mortal I have seen ?
Do dreams on waking sense obtrude ?
Or, in this earthly solitude,
Exiled awhile from heaven's bourne,
Is sent an angel to sojourn ?”

So mused the youth.—O'er Lucy stole
A pensive listlessness of soul :
In sleep, her dreams,—awake, her thought
The rill before her ever brought ;
And, when eve came, she wist not why,
Turned there her steps unconsciously.
Need we describe the lover's eyes
Encountering in Love's emprise ?
How oft they met, and gazed, and strove
To give an utterance to love ;
Yet, silent gaz'd, as if afraid
The air would whisper what they said ?
For thus, since love on earth has dwelt,
Have looked his votaries and felt.
At length, a tongue each bosom found,
And vows were pledged, and hearts were bound ;
And holy rites and blessings o'er,
Lucy and Edmund part no more.

The moon hung in the vault of sky,
A thousand bright stars twinkling nigh :
Dancing beneath her silver sheen
The ripples of the rill were seen ;
But, as if soothed their chafferings,
They babbled in low murmurings.
The soft light spread a soothing gleam
On bank and brae, on cot and stream ;

And, straggling through the leafy grove,
Chequered the path of whispering love :
While the breeze scarcely breathed a sigh
As it kissed the flowers in passing by,
Stealing the odours of their breath
For incense to the sleeping earth :
For Nature lay in balmy rest
Soft as babe's on a mother's breast ;
And all on earth, in air, in sky,
Seemed tuned to perfect harmony.

Such was the night when Lucy took
A last and melancholy look
Of her loved vale. Can words impart
The conflict of the bursting heart,
When to the spot our childhood knew
And loved, we bid a first adieu ?
Where path, and bank, and stile, and tree
Have witnessed our felicity,
And seem as friends, who still should share
Our bosom's pleasures and its care ?
'Tis vain !—Say we that Lucy's mind,
Yet scarcely to her fate resign'd,
That deep affliction keenly felt
As on the past it fondly dwelt.
Her arms were round her husband flung,
And, weeping, on his neck she hung.

The past was all a fairy dream,
A joyous hour, a sunny gleam :
While Doubt upon the future flings
His dark, foreboding shadowings.
But tears, in lovers' bridal hour,
Are droppings of a summer shower,
Soon spent : and, if to man be given
A foretaste of the bliss of heaven,
It is, when, at Affection's shrine,
Two faithful hearts their fates conjoin.
Alas ! that all so short should be
Their dream of young felicity !
Like scene, depicted by the eye
Of Fancy, on an evening sky ;
Scarce formed, before it fades from sight
Behind the curtain of the night.
For since, in Paradise, began
The influence of Love on man,
The hour of rapture still hath been
Short as the twilight's closing scene.

Now changed the daisied mead, the hill,
The vine-clad cot, the grove, the rill,
Nature and all her green retreats
For squares, and palaces, and streets :

And Lucy, simple village maid,
As Fashion's votary arrayed,
Gracing with beauty Rank and Pride,
Is hailed as wealthy Edmund's bride.
But true to Nature, for a while
Lucy saw only splendid toil
In fashion, and oft sighing, cast
A wistful look upon the past:
But Edmund still was kind; and he
Declaimed of wealth's felicity;
And she believed; and quickly shone
Of Fashion's stars the brightest one.

Her mother wept the change, in vain,
And sought her solitude again:
While midnight hours, routs, concerts, balls,
The feverish sleep till noon, the calls
Of heartless visitors, the ride
For morning air at eventide;
Meeting old dowagers in shops,
The gossip of intruding fops,
Scandal, the fulsome flattery
Of those who prey on vanity,
Dress, news, the opera, the play,
Fill'd Lucy's hours from day to day.

But, ah ! no more the blushing rose
Of health upon her soft cheek glows ;
For Death, beneath whose blasting lower
Already drooped the fragile flower,
Had glared on her. The toilet nigh
Tended he oft assiduously ;
And whispering soft, as Bridget dare,
What slight habiliments to wear,
What rouge the faded cheek could dye
In mock of Nature's mastery,
On her fair bosom breathed :—the air,
Envenomed, chilled the current there
Of life's warm flood, and its fell load
Left in that bosom to corrode.
Poor Lucy ! weetless of thy fate,
Like bird by serpent fascinaté,
Pleasure allures thy careless heart,
But rankles there the poison's smart !
Why that commotion ? wherefore all
Those ornaments in room and hall ?
Upon the walls are festoons hung,
With roses and with lilies strung ;
While ivy wreaths the columns bind,
By nicest skill of art design'd ;
And, carved in purest gold, the vine
Their lofty capitals entwine.

Pictured upon the floor, is seen
The story of Cytherea's queen
Just risen from the waves, while nigh
Cupids on wanton pinions fly.
From sculptured urns, fresh flowers distil
Their sweetest scents the air to fill ;
And, Art with Nature striving, seem
All realized which poets dream ;
And Edmund's house a temple smiles
For Pleasure's ever-witching wiles.

The cards are sent, the night draws nigh
For the masked ball's festivity :
And, with the toilet's tasteful cares,
Lucy to meet her guests prepares.
Her graceful ringlets, trained to throw
Soft shadows on the bosom's snow,
Are bound with wreath, where rubies made
The flowers, on leaves of diamond laid.
Strings of pale, orient pearls lie
On that fair bosom's ivory,
Whose heaving charms the kerchief's gauze
Scarce from the wandering eye withdraws ;
While, on the cheek, is lightly spread
The rouge's softly blended red,
For the live rose that blossomed there
Withered in Fashion's atmosphere.

Circling her slender waist, the zone
Was clasped with a large onyx stone,
On which was carved, all disarray'd,
Of beauteous form, a stooping maid
Laving her feet with crystal wave
That issued from a gelid cave.

But, vainly, dress and jewels try
Her native charms to amplify ;
And, vainer still, to stay the dart
Death levels at her youthful heart.
He, grisly tyrant ! silently
In the pearly lustre of her eye,
Marking how slow his poison wrought,
Impatient, for an instant, thought
To strike the blow : but paused, and o'er
Her bosom breathed as before.
Like northern sleety blast it fell
And froze life's current to its well ;
Shook her whole frame, through limb and arm,
And all was horror and alarm :
But, soon revived, Lucy is found
The gayest of the festive round.

What needs it that gay scene describe,
The dazzling lights, the masked tribe,

The music's melody, the feet
That, glancing to its measures beat ;
What needs it say, how were display'd
The characters in masquerade ?
The matron, in the maid's attire,
Cloaking with modesty desire ;
The sober squire of seventy
Tottering in guise of chivalry ;
The widow, in her second weeds,
As nun devout with cross and beads ;
The faithless wife as vestal pure ;
The rake in clericals demure ;
The clown, the king, the saint, the thief,
Lawyers who never saw a brief,
Priests, soldiers, madmen, England, France,
Love, Folly, DEATH, all mingled in the dance.

What youth is he, whom Lucy's eye
Still follows so assiduously ?
Who ever tracks, from place to place,
That nymph in habit of a Grace,
Whose interchange of amorous glance
Bespeaks the future dalliance ?
Oh ! hapless moment !—weight of woes !
'Tis Edmund, and him Lucy knows.
Can words the wounded feelings speak
That flushed with ire her angel cheek !

Can language paint the deep distress
Which changed that flush to pallidness ?
Now swims the room before her eyes ;
Quenched seem the lights, the music dies ;
She feels a horror o'er her creep ;
She sobs, but tries, in vain, to weep ;
But, uttering shrieks of wild dismay,
Sinks to the ground and swoons away.

Is there a sight more full of woe
In the wide range of ills below,
Than youthful loveliness, when laid,
Bereft of sympathetic aid,
On couch of sickness ?—and is nigh
No breast, on which the head may lie,
No hand, to wipe away a tear,
No voice, to whisper in the ear
Sweet words of Hope :—but her last moan
The sufferer must breathe alone ?
Ah ! none :—yet such was Lucy's fate,
Though crowds of menials on her wait,
When Death's fell breathings tainted all,
Even the cup medicinal.
Still, wildly, her delirious eye
Would roll, her mother to descry ;
And, “mother,” that endearing name,
Her tongue a thousand times exclaim.

Ah, Lucy! when it was too late,
Thy mother, and thy faithless mate,
Both wept beside thee.—Woke to shame,
A humbled penitent he came
And pardon craved.—She turned her eye,
Like a pure angel from the sky
Smiling in peace, and mildly said—
“Edmund, ’tis given,”—then droop’d her head.
’Twas o’er—but, yet, the smile remain’d:—
’Twas all of Lucy *Death* had gained.

A. T. T.





THE MOTHER.

TO THE MOTHER.

NAY! youthful Mother, do not fly,
 Though pleasure lure, and flatt'ry court thee,
 Soothe thy sick infant's moaning cry,
 And wake the smile that must transport thee.

Life has no charm so deep, so dear,
 As that soft tie thou blindly leavest—
 No love so constant and sincere,
 As that which fills the heart thou grievest.

In all the bloom of beauty's pride,
 In all ambition's vainest splendour,
 Ne'er was thy woman's heart supplied
 With bliss so pure, with joy so tender.

Canst thou forsake that joy so soon?
 Canst thou forget the lips that bless'd thee,
 When, bending o'er this precious boon,
 The Father wept whilst he caress'd thee?

Is it for gauds of dress, and dance,
Thou canst renounce a claim so holy,
To win the warm, insulting glance,
And woo the praise of idle folly?

Then go!—a fair, but fragile flower,
A dazzling, heartless, careless beauty,
To risk thy fame—to lose thy power—
That power which dwells alone with duty.

Go!—and thy bosom's lord offend,
Consign thy suff'ring babe to sorrow—
Death, the kind nurse, its woes will end—
Thy boy shall grace *his* arms to-morrow.

B. H.

TO THE MEMORY
 OF
 MY INFANT NIECE.

[OB. FEB. 6, 1826—ÆT. 2.]

FOR ever gone?—sweet bud of spring!
 Yes;—from its parent stem 'tis riven!
 Scarce had it drank the morning dew,
 Or oped its petals to our view,
 Ere destined 'twas, aside to fling
 Its earthly form, and bloom in Heaven!

Yes—thou art gone!—nor pray'rs, nor sighs
 Can aught avail!—'twas Death who sought thee!
 Those cherub smiles, that lisp'ing tongue,
 Those arms which round thy MOTHER clung,
 Had mark'd thee for the Tyrant's prize,—
 And in his cold embrace he's caught thee!

How oft, when lulling thee to sleep,
I've seen thy MOTHER fondly press thee!
How often, kiss away thy tears,
And hush thy cries, and calm thy fears,—
And when thou still wouldst sob and weep,
With what affection she'd caress thee!

For, as she watch'd thy opening bloom,
Predicting future days of pleasure,
She little thought misfortune's blight
So soon would wither her delight;—
She dreamt not that an early tomb
Would close upon her infant treasure!

Great were her hopes!—yet, doubtless, fears
With all her cheering hopes were blended;
For, haply, none like parents feel
The hopes and fears they'd fain conceal,—
Increasing with increasing years,
Till Life and all its cares are ended.

Yet, who could view thy dimpled cheek,
And look for aught but years of gladness;
Or see thy laughing dark-blue eye,

And think that sorrow was so nigh ;—
 Or hear thee first essay to speak,
 And then forebode this scene of sadness ?

But, ah ! our prospects—oh, how vain !
 'Our anxious cares—oh, how requited !
 A Mother's love—a Father's pride—
 How near to misery allied !
 Their joy, how soon exchanged for pain !
 Their every hope, how quickly blighted !

And is it *weakness*, then, to mourn,
 When thus our dearest hopes are thwarted ?—
 When in the arms of icy DEATH
 A spotless babe resigns its breath !
 To see it from its kindred torn !
 A MOTHER from her INFANT parted !

Oh, no !—it weakness ne'er can be,
 When woe-begone, to show our feeling !—
 To shed the sympathetic tear
 In mournful silence o'er the bier
 Of one so lov'd in infancy !—
 Such grief, alas, there's no concealing !

As the young mother said this, she cast her eyes on the child, and saw in its little heavy eyes something which she felt assured *was* particular—she saw, moreover, more strikingly than ever, the likeness it bore to a justly beloved husband, and in a tone of self-correction added, “ Poor little fellow, I do think you are not quite the thing, and should it prove so, mamma will not leave you for the world.”

The countenance of the father brightened, and he departed assured that the claims of nature would soon fully triumph over any little lingering love of dissipation struggling for accustomed indulgence; and as he bade her good by, he did not wonder that a star so brilliant desired to exhibit its rays in the hemisphere alluded to, which was one in the highest circle of fashion. Nevertheless, as he could not be present himself, he thought it on the whole better that she should be absent. A young nobleman, who had been his rival and wore the willow some time after their marriage, had lately paid marked attention to a young beauty every way likely to console him; and Mr. Seymour thought it would be a great pity if his lady, whom he had not seen for some months, should by appearing before him in the full blaze of beauty (unaccompanied by that person

whose appearance would instantly recall the sense of her engagement) indispose his heart for that happy connexion to which he had shown this predilection.

Unfortunately, the fond husband gave indication of his admiration alike in looks and words; and as the fair young mother turned from him to her mirror, she felt for a moment displeased that her liege lord should be less solicitous than herself to “witch the world” with her beauty; and whilst in this humour she called her maid to show her the turban and dress “in which she intended to appear.”

“Lauk, my lady! why sure you intends it yet—did ever any body hear of such a thing as going for to stay at home when you are all prepared. Why, you’ve been out of sight ever so long because you was not fit to be seen, as one may say; but now that you are more beautifuller than ever, by the same rule you should go ten times as much—do pray, my lady, begin directly—ah! I knows what I know. Miss Somerville may look twice ere she catches my lord, if so be he sees you in this here plume; cold broth is soon warm, they say.”

Could it be that this vulgar nonsense—the sense-

less tirade of low flattery and thoughtless stimulation to error—could affect the mind of the high-born and highly educated Lady Sophia? Alas! yes—a slight spark will ignite dormant vanity, and the love of momentary triumph surpass the more generous wish of giving happiness to others in a sphere distinct from our own.

The new dress was tried on; its effects extolled by the maid, and admitted by the lady, who remembered to have read or heard of some beauty whose charms were always most striking when she first appeared after a temporary confinement. The carriage was announced, and she was actually descending when the low wail of the baby broke on her ear, and she recollected that in the confusion of her mind during the time devoted to dress and anticipated triumph, she had forgotten to send for the medical friend of the family.

Angry with herself, in the first moment of repentance she determined to remain at home, but unfortunately reconsidered, and went before the arrival of the doctor;—'tis true she left messages and various orders, and *so far* fulfilled a mother's duties, but she yet closed her eyes to the evident weakness of

her boy, and contented herself with determining to return as soon as it was possible.

But who could return while they found themselves the admired of all, and when at least the adoration of eyes saluted her from him whom she well knew it was cruelty or sin to attract. The observation forced upon her of Miss Somerville's melancholy looks told her this, and compelled her to recollect that she was without her husband, and therefore critically situated; and as "in the midst of life we are in death," so she proved that in the midst of triumph we may be humbled—in the midst of pleasure be pained; and she resolved to fly from the scene of gaiety more quickly than she had come.

But numerous delays arose, each of which harassed her spirits not less than they retarded her movements, and she became at length so annoyed, as to lose all her bloom and bear herself as much condoled with on her looks as she had a few hours before been congratulated;—she felt ill, and was aware that she merited to be ill, and had a right to expect reproaches from her husband, not less on account of herself than her child; and whilst in this state of perplexity was summoned to her carriage by

her servants, who, in the confusion occasioned by messengers from home as well as from herself, had increased her distress.

The young mother arrived in time to see the face of her dying child distorted by convulsions, and to meet from her husband anger, reproach, and contempt. She was astonished, even terrified, by witnessing the death of the innocent being she had forsaken in a moment so critical; and bitter was the sorrow and remorse which arose from offending him who had hitherto loved her so fondly and esteemed her so highly. These emotions combining with other causes, rendered her soon the inhabitant of a sick-bed, and converted a house so lately the abode of happiness and hope, into a scene of sorrow, anxiety, and death. Lady Sophia, after much suffering, recovered her health; but when she left her chamber she became sensible that although pity and kindness were shown to her situation, esteem and confidence were withdrawn. She had no child to divert the melancholy of her solitary hours, and, what was of more consequence, no husband who could condole with her on its loss—silence of the past was the utmost act of tenderness to which Mr. Seymour could bring himself on this subject, which recurred to him with

renewed pain when his anxiety was removed for the life of one still dear, though no longer invaluable.

And all this misery, the fearful prospect of a long life embittered by self-reproach, useless regret, and lost affection, was purchased by a new dress and an ignorant waiting-maid—a risk so full of danger and so fatal in effect was incurred, to strike a man already refused, and wound a woman who never injured her. Such are the despicable efforts of vanity for temporary distinction, and such the deplorable consequences of quitting the tender offices of affection and transgressing the requisitions of duty.

B. H.

HYPOCHONDRIANA.

 THE LAMENT.

OF all the ills foredoomed by Fate,
 That haunt and vex this mortal state,
 None holds such firm and dismal sway,
 Augmenting night, and darkening day,—
 As the foul pest—accurst, unholy,
 Sad-eyed, soul-sinking melancholy!

The fears that come without a call,
 The shade that, like a thrice-heaped pall,
 Drops o'er the shuddering, unstrung sense,
 In wide and drear omnipotence!
 The aimless blank, the sightless stare,
 The nerve, with all its fibres bare;
 The shapes grotesque that start to view,
 And, as their victim shrinks, pursue;
 The sickening languor, “last not least,”
 That spreads o'er all the damp chill breast,
 Unnerves the will, and racks the head,
 And brings the tears into their bed;



THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

These are *amongst* the horrors, thou,—
Dread Demon, heapest on my brow.

Reader! these are no fancied woes,
For could I to thy view disclose
The visions that torment my sight;
Each grinning elf, each grisly sprite,—
However strong thy neves may be,
Thou wouldst not mock, but pity me.

* * * *
* * * *

Ah! see you not that monstrous birth
Engender'd by yon teeming hearth?
Mark that fantastic shapeless frame,
All head and legs, with eyes of flame!

My vision reels * *
* * * *
* * * *

Maddening, I to my window crawl,—
Alas, alas, discomfort all!
Rain, rain, eternal rain descending,
My weather-glass no change portending;—
The black wet mass of yesterday
In loosening torrents drowns the *May!*
Oh, happy climate! beauteous *Spring!*
Last *Winter* was the self-same thing.

Why not at once give all the slip?—
Yon sleepy potion tempts my lip :
The waning hour-glass seems to say,
“ Thy sand, like mine, has drained away ;”
And by the Death's head on the ground
Again my straining sight is bound.—
One glass suffices—shall I try,
And shift this clinging agony?—
Shall I * * *

Here the desponding MS. from which these lines are copied abruptly breaks off; and we are left in doubt whether the wise suggestion of the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet was adopted by the writer or not.

J. O.

S P L E E N.

CANKER of Life ! beneath whose baneful sway
The kind affections wither and decay,
Whose torpid influence and whose dark control
Can “ freeze the genial current of the soul ;”
With self-inflicted fears the bosom’s lord
In every dreaded semblance finds accord,
Shaping a horrid chaos on the brain,
To forms and colours of the darkest stain.—
Ah, wherefore had the tyrant-monster birth,
To blot the fairest prospects of the earth !
Veiling the richest treasures of the skies,—
Damping the sounds of pleasure as they rise,—
Stamping its horrid coinage on the thought,
Where the base image into visions’s brought !
’Tis like a substance—that we cannot hold ;
Speaks like a legend—that may not be told :
Whose import’s felt—imparted without breath—
Shades to the sight,—but every shade a Death.

EDWARD.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

A TALE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

TOM WUNDERLICH was the son of Jacob Wunderlich, an honest sugar-baker, on Fish-Street Hill, who, having acquired an ample fortune in trade, was anxious to elevate his descendants, above the humble German stock from which he sprung, by marrying into some patrician family of his adopted country, to whom his wealth and interest in the city would make him acceptable. He fixed his choice upon the eldest daughter of Sir Roger Penny, a Baronet, of an ancient family, with much pride, two sons, eleven daughters, and twelve hundred a-year; but the match was not concluded without the stipulation that he would get himself previously knighted, a matter which, although at variance with his sugar-baking ideas, yet, he was convinced, was consistent with the object of his marriage; and, having accomplished it, he quickly transformed Miss Penny into Lady Wunderlich.

My lady gained some long-anticipated points by her marriage. She had acquired the same title as her mother, and, although the rank of her husband was inferior to that of her father, yet, his fortune turned the scale greatly in her favour. She had much at her command; and by her power of occasionally obliging the old lady in pecuniary matters, she obtained an ascendancy over her mamma which consoled her for deficiency of rank. Poor Wunderlich, on the contrary, found that he had spread his bed with nettles. His sugar-baking concern he willingly relinquished, as his fortune was ample; but to quit Lloyd's; his old cronies and city habits; to be forced to enter into the beau-monde; to pay and receive forenoon calls with my lady; attend evening parties, give at homes, balls, and suppers; and, to use his own expressions, "to have his house turned inside out," without daring to exclaim, "My Got, meine ladie! this will not do"—was too much for the worthy knight; whose chagrin, having brought on an attack of confirmed jaundice, terminated his disappointment and his life, a few months after the birth of our hero. Previous to his death, however, Sir Jacob had made a will, leaving a very moderate jointure only to Lady Wunderlich; and the reversion of his property to his son; failing whom it was

to devolve upon a nephew who had succeeded him in the sugar-baking concern. This deed blasted the hopes of any second alliance, in the mind of Lady Wunderlich, and obliged her to devote her life to the superintendence of the health and education of her son, on whom all her expectations now rested.

“I recollect Tom” (says the writer of this narrative,) “at school; a fine spirited boy; a little wilful, perhaps, and too timid in the play-ground, if a shower threatened, or the wind blew from the north-east. But then, although all the boys quizzed him, yet, they pitied him; for his mamma sent every morning to inquire after his health. Mr. Bolus, the apothecary, saw him regularly twice a week, when he was well, and twice a day if labouring under the slightest symptoms of indisposition; and, frequently, when the boys, on a half-holyday, were at cricket on the common, a servant would ride over from the Pavilion, to see whether Tom had cast his jacket; or, if the air happened to be chilly, whether his neck were encompassed with one of the numerous bandanas her ladyship had sent for that purpose in his trunk. Tom was not devoid of ability, but Doctor Bumpem was ordered not to overstrain his mind; for being a delicate boy, an only child, and the heir to a

large fortune, learning was quite a secondary concern; health was every thing, and to secure that all other considerations were to yield. Tom was, nevertheless, a mild, good-natured, friendly boy; and, although he was frequently laughed at, as much on account of his mother's weakness as his own, yet, he was universally liked. But, as he did little in the way of classical literature, he quitted Bumpem's with the character of being a good-natured, idle, soft-headed boy; whom the doctor said it would be useless to send to Eaton or to Harrow; and, therefore, in order to fit him for Oxford, in which university his fortune, in her ladyship's opinion, rendered it necessary he should sojourn, he was placed under the care of a clergyman, near Cheltenham. This arrangement was formed by Lady Wunderlich, in order that Tom, whilst his head was stored with classics by his tutor, should have the health of his body confirmed by the constant use of the waters; to superintend which, her ladyship took a house in that modern Sinope.*

* The original name of Sinuessa, a town in Campania, celebrated for its hot-baths and mineral waters, was Sinope.—Ovid, *Met.* 15, v. 715.—Mela. 2, c. 4.—Strab. 5.—Liv. 22, c. 13.—Mart. 6, ep. 42, l. 11, ep. 8.

From this time I lost sight of Tom for nearly ten years, during three of which I have been informed he had lived in Exeter College, Oxford, where he kept a couple of horses and a servant; that, four years after leaving the University, he had travelled to Italy, attended by Dr. Bolus; for the quondam apothecary had procured an Aberdeen diploma, at her ladyship's request, in order to confer dignity on himself, and to add to that of his patron, in the eyes of foreigners. The doctor was chosen for this important office, because he had been acquainted with Tom's constitution from his infancy; and not less on account of his knowledge of that of her ladyship, who was to be the companion of her son and the doctor; for the latter of whom, it was scandalously reported, she had a more than ordinary attachment. How Tom passed through this journey, and what harvest of knowledge he reaped from travel, I could never learn; although I have heard him declaim against the continent generally for its want of comfort and of medical talent; and once descant feelingly on the insupportable heat of Naples and the infernal scorching sirocco which he felt at Nice. Tom, however, having become of age when on his travels, her ladyship and the doctor contrived to

wheedle him out of twenty thousand pounds ; and, having united their destinies, Mr. and Mrs. Bolus remained behind at Naples ; whilst their son returned to England with a young Scotch physician, who was glad of an opportunity of being franked home. Tom had arrived ten days only, when I happened to meet him in Hyde Park.

It was towards the middle of May : the wind was blowing rather sharply from the north-east, when looking in at the window of a chariot, which formed one of the line of vehicles that moved slowly along on each side of me as I walked my horse up the drive, I perceived a gentleman, whom I thought I ought to recognise, seated in the corner of the carriage, muffled up in a fur cloak. He seemed also to be actuated by the same feeling, for, as if by a simultaneous impulse, his fingers were tapping at the glass at the moment I was turning my horse's head to beckon him to let down the window. I soon perceived he was my old schoolfellow, and waited for a minute expecting the carriage-window to be opened ; but finding that, from the shake of his head and his signs, he wished me to go round to the leeward side of the carriage ; which, with some difficulty, I was enabled to effect ; in a few minutes I

was convinced, from the shake of his hand, that my friend Wunderlich carried in his bosom the same heart, as a man, which had beaten so warmly in it as a boy. "Hah! Dick, my worthy fellow!" said he, "how happy I am to meet you. Let me see! it is ten years since we parted at old Bumpem's:—how is the old boy?—Ten years! i'faith time has altered both of us, Dick; I have been over half of Europe since we parted, and it is only ten days since I arrived from Italy. But," continued he, holding a handkerchief to his mouth, "this cursed, variable climate will kill me. Indeed, my dear friend! you must excuse me from talking more at present: but come to me this evening. I have lodgings at the bookseller's, in Holles Street:—went there to be near my doctor:—good bye, Dick! don't fail to come, good bye! adieu!" and drawing up the window, he beckoned to the coachman to drive on. I had returned my friend's salutation with all the warmth in my nature; but after the first "how d'ye"—could not wedge in a single sentence; and remained, as it were, rivetted to the spot, for a few minutes after his carriage drove on, uncertain whether the whole was not a delusion. "If it be not so," thought I, "the poor fellow must be either on the verge of insanity, if not already insane: but I

will determine the point this evening, by calling at his lodgings;" and, turning my horse, I rode home to dinner, revolving in my mind the oddness of our meeting, after so long an absence.

It was nine o'clock in the evening, when I entered Tom's lodgings. He was seated before a large fire, in an elbow-chair, rolled in a chintz dressing-gown, with his nightcap on, and his feet pushed into a pair of red-morocco slippers lined with fur. On a small table near him, lay his watch, six apothecary's phials, full of medicine, one of which, by the label, was to be taken every fourth hour, and a pill-box containing half a dozen pills. On the same table, also, was a pair of scales, in which I perceived he had been weighing two ounces of biscuit; and a graduated pint measure, which contained one ounce and a half of distilled water. Tom rose and shook me warmly by the hand as I entered the room; but his eye had lost the animation it displayed when we first recognised one another in the park; and he was more emaciated than I had anticipated I should find him. "I am truly grieved to see you in this plight, my dear friend!" said I, glancing my eye upon the garniture of the little table; "what are your complaints?" "Ah!" replied he, forcing a faint smile,

“there’s the rub!—Were my complaints but known, there would be no difficulty in curing them. At least, so says Dr. Frogsfoot, who, however, assures me that it is a gastric affection; and that the uneasy state of my head is merely symptomatic, depending on the connexion between the par vagrum, the symptomatic nerve, and the great semilunar ganglion.” I saw I had hit upon a wrong key. “My learning, my dear Tom!” said I, “does not enable me to follow you into the depths of physic which these terms imply.”—“I know nothing of them either,” replied he, “I only give you the doctor’s words.” He, however, with the greatest politeness changed the matter of our discourse, which gradually became extremely animated; and taking me kindly by the hand, as I rose to depart, he acknowledged that my visit had done him an essential service; that the pain in his eye, which he was apprehensive was an incipient cataract, had completely left him; and he earnestly begged that I would repeat my visits every evening, whilst I remained in town. My hand was upon the handle of the room-door, and he had rung the bell for his servant to attend me to the street-door, when I turned round, recollecting that I had not inquired after his mother; and merely asked “how and where she was?” He started up and ap-

proached me—"You must," said he, "sit down, only for ten minutes, to hear that part of my story." I sat down accordingly. "You know that d——d fellow Bolus?—but, I am forgetting," looking at his watch, "it is time to take my pill and draught." He instantly placed one of the pills upon his tongue, and washed it down with a draught, which he emptied into his mouth from the phial, without evincing the least reluctance to it, in any feature of his face; and, having sat down, again began his narrative.

"You know that fellow Bolus? He became a physician and attended me on my travels, in which my mother also formed a party. He quite mistook my case, and treated me improperly from the beginning; but, at length, he formed a design upon my poor mother; and, as his suit advanced with her, he became more and more negligent of his patient, until he had the impudence to tell me, that my complaints were all imaginary; although the rascal knew that my liver was in the most torpid state, and the secretions consequently vitiated; that my stomach had lost its digestive functions; that the bowels were in such a sluggish condition as to require the constant aid of art; all which had so shaken my nerves that

life was a burden to me, and I would have given a thousand pounds to any wretched bravo, to have blown my brains out." Here my poor friend sunk back in his chair, and seemed almost affected to tears with the recollection of what he regarded as the height of inhumanity in Dr. Bolus. It was in vain for me to interfere. I said nothing, and he soon recovered his self-possession. "I really believe," continued he, "that the fellow would have poisoned me if I had remained longer his patient." I soon convinced him, that the Doctor could have no interest in his death, as his fortune would pass to his cousin, and not to his mother, with the detail of whose marriage with Bolus he had concluded his story. He appeared struck that he should have forgotten this fact; and then, as if he thought I also doubted the validity of his complaints, beseeched me to meet Dr. Frogsfoot on the following day; and concluded by assuring me, that he believed he had water on his brain, for that, "this morning, two drops of as clear fluid as ever distilled from a rock, dropped from his nose whilst he was at breakfast." I promised to be present at Dr. Frogsfoot's next visit, and hurried out of the house, happy again to get into the world of reality; fearful that my own

imagination might become infected, were I to remain long in the imaginary atmosphere of evils which surrounded my unhappy friend.

I entered Tom's apartment, on the following day, at one o'clock, and in less than two minutes the Doctor was announced. He was a tall, spare man, of much gravity of demeanor, rather advanced in years, with a thin sharp visage, an ample forehead, deeply sunk eyes, hollow cheeks, and a hanging of the nether lip, as Shakspeare would express himself, which gave a marked peculiarity of expression to his countenance. He made a slight inclination with his head as he entered the room, and, having seated himself close to my friend, inquired, in a soft undertone of voice, how he felt himself; whilst, at the same time, he took out his watch, and placed his fingers upon the pulse of his patient. Tom said nothing until this ceremony was over, after which he put out his tongue, then drew a deep inspiration, and immediately commenced a voluble detail of all his symptoms and feelings since the doctor's last visit, not forgetting an exact account of the ingesta, and the quality and aspect, to the nicest shade of colour, of the egesta. He had had pains in his legs, arms, head, and heart; he was certain his complaint

was retrocedent Gout ; he was alarmed this morning with straitness in the swallow, indicative of *Dysphagia* ; his perspirations were sometimes so great, that he conceived he must be the first victim to a return of the *Sudor Anglicus* ; and concluded by seriously inquiring, whether *Phlegmasia dolens* ever attacked the arm, as his right arm was so much swelled in the morning, that he was certain it could not have entered the sleeve of his coat, if the swelling had not greatly fallen. I heard, with amazement, Tom's knowledge of diseases, and their names ; the doctor listened to him with patience ; and, at the end of each sentence, ejaculated the word—" Aye !" He then made a few remarks ; told him that he must be galvanized again, on the following day ; wrote on a sheet of paper, "*Pergat in usu medicamentorum,*" took his fee, said, " Good day," in his soft, low voice, with a gentle smile on his features ; and, again gently inclining his head, left the room.

" This is really too much," said Tom as the door closed upon Frogsfoot ; " that is the tenth fee which I have given the Doctor, without receiving any more satisfaction than you have heard to-day, or one new prescription. As for his galvanism—my skin is excoriated with the heat of it where the brushes are

placed; and I am certain, that if that hot stream is passed through my spine and liver much longer, I shall be burnt to a cinder. I will write him, this instant, to discontinue his attendance; and procure some other advice. Do you know any good physician, my dear Dick?" As I was convinced that this hasty determination of poor Wunderlich afforded me an excellent opportunity to try the effects of change of air, scene, and social intercourse, in diverting his mind from his corporeal ailments, in which I could not help thinking that fancy had a considerable share, I told him that I knew an excellent physician, who lived near me in the country, and who I was satisfied could cure him. He caught at the information. "But," continued I, "you must go with me into Worcestershire; the air of the Malvern hills, the pure water, the skill of the doctor, and my own good nursing, will do wonders for you. I shall be here, to-morrow, with my travelling-carriage, at twelve: so have every thing in readiness—I will take no refusal." He looked seriously at me, for a few seconds; and then said, "I thank you greatly; but I cannot stand the fatigue of such a journey."—"Nonsense, Tom! trust that to me. Be ready at twelve:" and I abruptly left the house before he had time to utter a negative. "A pretty

scrape I have got into," thought I, as I walked down Regent Street: "to volunteer myself as the keeper of an hypochondriac on the verge of insanity!—yet—he is my friend; and I am rescuing a drowning man, which is the duty of every passenger who sees his danger, be he friend or foe."

I had ordered the carriage to be in Holles Street at twelve precisely; and, anxious to secure my friend, walked to his lodging immediately after breakfast. I was surprised to find the knocker of the door muffled; but only supposing from it that his landlady was in the straw, I inquired hastily of his servant if his master was packing? "Lord, Sir!" said John, "he is in bed." The look of John told me something was wrong, but I was not willing to take the hint; and, stepping into the drawing-room, said, carelessly, "Tell your master I am here." Whilst I waited the return of the servant, I took up several books, which were all upon medical subjects: for instance, the Gazette and the Oracle of Health:—Paris on Diet and Digestion:—Abernethy's Works:—Thomson's London Dispensatory:—and Good's Study of Medicine.—"Alas! poor Tom! if this be your course of reading, my efforts to wean you from your malady will prove fruitless," said I,

soliloquizing aloud, as John entered the room to conduct me to his master.

I found my friend in bed, in a deplorable state. He informed me that he had been attacked with spasms in the night, and could not have survived but for the skilful aid of Doctor Palm, whom he had sent for, and who he, momentarily, expected would repeat his visit. He had scarcely uttered his name, when the bed-room door opened, and the doctor was announced. I had no time to make my physiognomical observations, before the learned gentleman was at the bed-side, which he approached with a light springy step, on tiptoe; and seizing my friend's hand between both of his hands, and leaning forwards, inquired with all the apparent warmth and anxiety of an old associate, into the state of his present feelings. "I trust, my dear Sir!" said he, "that the medicines which I prescribed speedily relieved those frightful spasms?" And, without waiting for a reply, turning to me, with the sweetest smile, voice, and manner imaginable, "I found Mr. Wunderlich in a very critical state." He then seated himself, still holding the hand of his patient, and recommenced his professional quèries. . I had now an opportunity of observing the doctor. He was below the ordinary stature, and of a meagre form;

plainly, I should almost say shabbily, attired; but his head might have been selected by an artist as the finest model for that of a philosopher. It was partly bald; the forehead beautiful, broad, and elevated; the eyes small and shaded; the cheek bones rather high; the nose straight and projecting, and the mouth large and compressed. The forehead was, indeed, the finest I had ever seen; and although he could not be called good-looking, yet his countenance bore the impression of superior intellect, great gentleness, and an anxious desire to please. When he had finished his inquiries and written his prescription, he politely addressed himself to me;—spoke of the news of the town; inquired if I had read the last Edinburgh Review, made many just and critical remarks upon its merits, and those of its rival, the Quarterly; and entering a little into the characters of some of the leading members of both parties in Parliament, displayed powers for conversation truly enviable. As he rose to take his leave, he again pressed his patient's hand between both of his hands; promised to see him in the evening, and left the room with the same light springy step, with which he had entered it.

“ Ah! my dear Dick!” said Tom, looking after the doctor, “ if I had met with that worthy man two

years ago, how much misery I should have escaped. Would you believe it, I had, besides Bolus, three different physicians at Naples, five at Rome, two at Geneva, three at Paris, my young Scotch travelling companion and Dr. Frogsfoot since my return; and not one of them understood my case. Now I feel that I shall get well; and be able to visit you, in comfort, in Worcestershire. Did you not admire the tact with which Dr. Palm conducted his inquiries? He is the man." I nodded an assent; and, telling my poor friend that I expected, on my return to town, in eight or ten days, to find him quite recovered, I took my leave, pondering on the delusions which tyrannize over reason, in certain states of our habit; and raising a thousand metaphysical conjectures on the nature of the connexion between body and mind.

Having been detained longer in the country than I expected, twelve days had elapsed before I had an opportunity of again calling in Holles Street. On answering my knock, John received me with a significant smile as he made his usual bow. "We are still here," said he; "and master in the old way. The doctor is with him just now; but you,—I am sure *you* may walk up. My master is in the drawing-room." I followed John;

and was kindly received by my poor friend. I expected to have seen, also, my late acquaintance, Dr. Palm; but the individual who now supplied his place, was the antipode, both in form and manner, of that fascinating disciple of Hippocrates. He was a little, portly figure, with a round, fresh-coloured, pleasant face; and his head, which was rather large, covered with a profusion of white hair, dressed in the fashion of the close of the last century. Indeed, his entire figure and dress were those of a substantial citizen of 1790. He did not rise when I entered; but merely made a slight inclination of his head, and waved his left hand, which held his hat, raising it from his knee on which it rested. He then fixed his eyes steadfastly upon me, whilst I addressed my friend. After a few minutes, turning suddenly round to his patient, he abruptly inquired, "Have you any thing more to say?" Tom assured him that he had not; that he fully understood his orders; "But the pain"—"Stop!"—ejaculated the little man,—"I know what you are going to say; it is all fudge. If you know my orders, follow them." Notwithstanding this specimen of his abrupt manner, I ventured to address the doctor; and stated, as my opinion, that my friend would benefit greatly by a change of air and scene. He again eyed me,

for a few seconds, and demanded, "Are you a physician, Sir?"—"No."—"Are you a surgeon?"—"No."—Then, Sir, what right have you to form an opinion on the subject?"—and, without waiting for a reply, rose from his seat and left the room.

"Your new doctor is the pink of politeness, my dear Wunderlich!" said I, as he shut the room door with a bang. "He is a character;" replied my friend. "You must have heard of him: Mr. Mybook, the eminent surgeon; a man of great learning, consummate skill in his profession; and, although apparently rough and abrupt in his manners, yet, I am informed, possessed of the kindest and most benevolent disposition." He, at this moment, again opened the door; and having peeped in and said "Friday," shut it, this time, in a more gentle manner. "What a pity," said I, "that the diamond has not passed through the hand of the lapidary! . But what has become of my favourite, Doctor Palm?" Here Tom informed me, that he and the doctor had gone on very well together for a week; but at length, coming to a stand still, he thought he would try Mr. Mybook, whose work he had perused, and under whom, although he had been only four days, he really thought he was improved. "He relies little upon medicine," said

Tom, "of which he says, I have taken too much, but greatly upon diet and regimen. I ride out twice a day, dine at an early hour, and eat a certain quantity only of food at each meal; after which I lie down on the carpet for an hour, and then crawl, on my belly, to the corner of the room for my tumbler of water, which is all the liquid he allows me. —You smile, Dick! but, trust me, all this is done upon principles, which experience has verified." I smiled at the gravity with which my friend had gone through these details: telling him, at the same time, that I approved much of that part of his plan which referred to horse exercise; on which account the country was the best place for him; and that I had come, on purpose, to take him into Worcestershire. He thanked me, but said he could not accept my offer: that he was in the search of health, and must be near advice. I perceived it was a hopeless case; and shaking my poor friend by the hand, with a melancholy foreboding departed.

It was not until the end of August, whilst I was busied in preparing for the shooting season, that I again heard of Tom Wunderlich. I was thinking, one morning at breakfast, how much I was to blame for having neglected so long to inquire after him, and wondering whether he was now well enough to

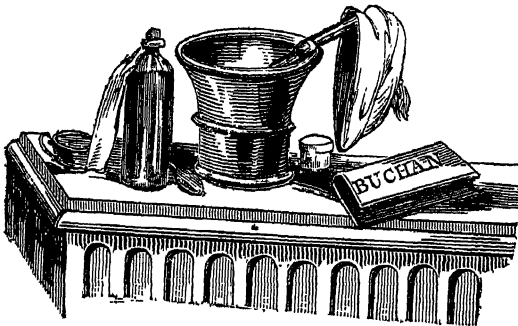
bring down a partridge, when a letter from the poor fellow was put into my hands. It entreated me, earnestly, to come and see him, in the vicinity of Dorking, where he had taken a cottage; and, as his health was worse than ever, he hoped nothing would prevent me from forthwith seeing him. The epistle, indeed, was written in a strain which left me one mode only of decision: and, therefore, ordering my tilbury, I drove over to Gloucester; threw myself into the mail; and on the afternoon of the following day, found myself seated in the little parlour of my friend's cottage. He could not at that moment be disturbed; but John informed me, that he feared his master was now ill in good earnest; that he had retained nothing on his stomach for four days; was delirious, and reduced to "an atomy." I inquired what he had been doing. "Ah! Sir, said John, "you know how fond he is of new doctors: he has had twenty since you saw him; and has taken a waggon-load of physic. Lord, Sir! I have turned many a good penny on the empty phials; but it wont do. I really fear that the poor gentleman is dying." In a few minutes my friend was ready to see me, and I entered his bed-room.

Alas! what a change! a young man, not twenty-six, metamorphosed to an old, infirm invalid of

seventy; his skin yellow and shrivelled, his cheeks sunk, and his wan eyes almost lost within their bony sockets. He could not rise to welcome me; but stretched out his skinny hand, and with a hoarse yet scarcely audible voice, said: "God bless you, my dear Dick! This is indeed a visit of true friendship." I took hold of his hand and sat down by him, for my heart was too full to speak. He perceived the state of my feelings; and as he feebly returned the pressure of my hand, a hectic smile passed over his countenance, to check a tear which stood in the corner of his eye. "Ah! Dick!" said he, "this is a severe trial. After finding that all the regular faculty had mistaken my case, and having at length found a remedy for it, to be unable to avail myself of the blessing." Here he paused to fetch his breath, for the least effort exhausted him; and although he was up, yet he had scarcely strength to support himself in the chair. I ventured to inquire of what remedy he spoke. "It is," said he, shuddering as he uttered the words, "a live spider; and I have the most implicit faith in the prescription: but I cannot overcome my aversion to the insect. I see a spider in every article of food I swallow; and it, consequently, does not remain a moment on my stomach. Two nights ago I dreamt that I saw a spider, with a body the size and exact

resemblance of a human skull, and legs like those of a skeleton. It crawled up to my mouth, which it was about to enter; and—" Here he was again forced to pause to draw breath: a cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and his fleshless hand was bedewed with an icy moisture. He heaved a deep sigh, and looked me full in the face; and, then, as if recollecting himself, he continued his detail. "This spider haunts me day and night, so constantly, that I am perfectly conscious of its existence; and I am also aware that it is the identical one which I must swallow." At this idea he became so much convulsed, that I called aloud for John, and ordered him instantly to fetch a doctor. My poor friend seemed insensible to the sound of my voice and the order I had given. I felt that he was making an ineffectual effort to push back his chair, and I saw that his eye was following, as it were, something on the ground. "Do you not see there," said he, pointing with the finger of his right hand, which he could scarcely raise from his knee—"there!" "I see nothing, my dear Wunderlich!—it is your imagination which is thus distorted by your disease." He drew himself up with horror: "No! no!" he feebly exclaimed, "it is not fancy:—see, it has crawled up my leg: there—there—it is

on my heart—I feel it;” and he sunk into his chair. I thought he had fainted; but in a few seconds, he gave a convulsive sob; which was succeeded by another at an equal distance of time: these were then followed by a hissing, expiratory sound; his limbs became powerless, and he would have fallen on the floor, if I had not supported him in the chair. The doctor entered the room: but it was only to confirm my apprehensions. The force of the delusion had overwhelmed his nervous system; and, *in this doing*, Death, in his triumph over mortality, had demonstrated that life may be expelled from her fortress by a phantom of the imagination.





LIFE'S ASSURANCE.

LIFE'S ASSURANCE.

'TWAS a wild dream!—I had grown old—
 Dim was my aching sight—and cold
 The blood that crept, in languid course,
 Through each dried vein. Tired Nature's force
 Was spent; yet, yet I longed to live—
 To mingle in earth's crowd—to give
 Another sigh, another tear,
 To those who were by kindred dear—
 To those my heart best loved. I wept,
 In the dark thought that Time had swept,
 Remorseless many a blooming flower,
 The sunshine of my spirit's hour
 Of happiness, away!—Alone
 I wandered forth: no soothing tone—
 No blessing breathed, in accents dear—
 No "Speed thee, Heaven!" to charm and cheer—
 Was mine. I came—and went; a sigh
 Hailed me with its sad minstrelsy;

Shrieks of despair the rude gale swelled,
And demons of the night-storm yelled,
At my departure.—*Could* it be—
She, the beloved one!—where was SHE?

Ha! 'twas a sudden flash! that spire,
Seen through the lightning's lurid fire,
Had met my gaze before! Deep, deep,
In Memory's page, awake, asleep,
It dwelt in sacred vividness,
Through weal, through woe, my soul to bless.
MARY!—My vows!—The bright, bright ray
That shone upon our favoured day—
The joyous peal that on our ear
Rang its glad changes, full and clear—
The words that, 'neath that sacred shrine,
Proclaimed thee mine—*for ever* mine!—
Yet sweetly haunted me,—when, lo!
A change came o'er my dream of woe!
It was a rapid, sudden change,
To darkness—mist—moonlight—a range
Of mountains in the distance; then,
A desert heath, from press of men
Removed; and then, a fitful sky
Of battling clouds—of anarchy—

From which the moon, with sullen ray,
Looked down on mortal man's decay.
The place of tombs was frowning there :
Beneath that beam, so coldly fair,
The bones of beauty, youth, and age,
Were bleaching. Winter's fiercest rage,
And summer's gale—the breeze, the blast—
O'er that lone scene unheeded passed,
Nor waked the sleepers.

Midnight dews—

Damp graves—and night's pale flowers, diffuse
A chilling sadness.—Hark! What sound
Is that from yonder humble mound
Of ungrassed earth?—Poor FIDO here?
Man's fond unfailing friend, whose fear,
Whose hope, joy, sorrow, peace, and love,
Dwell in his master's eye! Above
The world's cold Janus-smile I greet
Thy honest welcome at my feet!

What means that look—that piteous moan?
Ah, 'tis a *recent* grave! The stone—
Sad land-mark, reared by hands of earth
O'er the last home of buried worth—

The name—the story—may reveal,
 Of him who now has ceased to feel
 The thrill of bliss—the throb of woe—
 The pang young minds are doomed to know,
 When Disappointment's withering glance
 Dissolves the spell of fond romance
 That on her heart's proud beatings hung,
 And songs of hope and gladness sung—
 Pæans that told of future fame—
 The heaven-born lay—the deathless name!

I read :—“ MARY, *the honoured wife*”—
 MARY!—my worshipped love! the life
 Of life! *My Mary*—art *thou* gone?

* * * * *

Another change.—Lo, now there shone
 A glorious sun in Heaven ;—and yet
 The yew-tree's sable pall was wet
 With tears of night;—and yet the mound—
 Not grassless *now*, but osier-bound—
 Was there ;—and still the moaning gale
 Sighed o'er that stone—that tribute frail.
 But time had dimmed its freshness—moss
 Crept o'er the words that spoke the loss
 My widowed soul had known.—Beneath
 A rank and deadly nightshade wreath

These broken lines I read :—“ *Here sleeps
Her husband*”—“ LIFE'S ASSURANCE”—“ *weeps*”—
“ *In anguish weeps.*”

The vision fled—

I was no more amongst the dead—
The world's swift stream—the rushing throng—
Carried me with its tide along,
Like a seared leaf that yet lives on,
When all its kindred leaves are gone.—
Strange, that amidst the ceaseless strife,
Though joy was dead, I longed for life !
Those words—those words—that vision still
Haunted my heart and brain. The *will*,
Without the *power* to live, was mine !
O, for some voice—some voice divine—
To whisper to my secret ear,
“ *Life—Life's ASSURANCE—waits thee HERE !*”

That instant, smiling through the storm,
My mental glance descried a form,
Attired in robes of dazzling white,
With lip of rose, and eye of light.
That lip—that eye—had blessed my gaze
In other, brighter, happier days—
When love was warm, when life was new,
And years like minutes swiftly flew !

In her white hand a cup she bore—
 The cup I quaffed in days of yore.
 'Twas HOPE—and thus she spake :—“ O, drink !
 And though upon the gloomy brink
 Of the dark grave, yet thou shalt *live*—
 The draught shall LIFE'S ASSURANCE give !”

Life! Life!—O, *magic* words, whose power
 Wrought on my heart in that wild hour
 Of visioned woe !—I drained the bowl—
 That nectar of a fainting soul !
 Would gracious Heaven my days prolong ?
 Yes ! for methought my limbs grew strong ;
 My breast no longer owned despair,
 For HOPE—the syren HOPE—was there !

I gazed around—what words were those ?
 What mansion that so stately rose ?
 Ha ! “ LIFE'S ASSURANCE !”—Breathe I yet !
 I rushed within the gate—I met
 The fleshless form—the orbless eye—
 The breast without a heart—a sigh—
 That man's worst foe declared ! Around—
 Huge folios—bags of gold—embrowned
 With dust of time :—Was gold the price
 Of earth's *still* longed-for Paradise ?

“ Ah ! give me years of vigour—health—
And take, O, take my sordid wealth !”

The spectre grimly smiled, and said :

“ Thou fool—go, rest thee with the dead !
Behold yon feeble withered crone—
Like *thee*, she'd breathe, a thriftless drone—
Like *thee*, she'd live o'er life again,
Through years of feverish grief and pain.
To-morrow, she must meet her doom—
To-morrow, rest within the tomb !

“ THY days are numbered, too. Away !
Thy mother earth now chides thy stay !
Go—and, within her silent home,
Await the life—*the life to come !*”
With gaunt and outstretched arm he gave
A scroll—my passport to the grave.
I shrank, and read with gasping breath—
“ *Thy* LIFE'S ASSURANCE is alone through DEATH !”

T. H.

THE ASSURANCE OFFICE.

“ I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate.”—*Shakspeare.*

To persons ignorant of commercial and financial mysteries, the notion of insuring life seems a strange one. How a house or a ship may be insured is easily comprehended; for the first may probably never be burnt, nor the second wrecked. But man must, at some time or other, die; and yet, against death, not only the young and vigorous, but the aged and valetudinary, find no difficulty in obtaining, on various conditions, what is technically called a policy of insurance. Is it not rather a sentence of execution, the term of which is not precisely defined?

Slanderers of human nature deny that there is such a thing as friendship. Even the less misanthropic consider themselves remarkably fortunate if they possess one true friend. Shall I inform you how you may make yourself certain of having at least eight staunch hearty friends, who will feel the

greatest interest in you during the whole course of your existence? Go, and insure your life, for a good round sum, at the office of one of the assurance companies. From the very moment of your doing so, the directors of that company will become your warm and sincere friends; friends, whom no neglect of yours, except neglecting to pay your annual premium, can alienate. The “how d’ye do?” of other people is merely the conventional phrase by which conversation is commenced, but with the gentlemen to whom I allude it is a *bonâ-fide* inquiry. To them your health is an object of constant solicitude. They watch with anxious sympathy the expression of your countenance; exult when your eye sparkles with vivacity, and are depressed when your cheek is invaded by “the pale cast” of sickness. And when at length the awful moment shall arrive,—

“For come it will, the day decreed by fate,”—

that is to terminate your earthly career, their grief at your loss will be unmingled with the slightest hypocrisy. Why? The event which puts your nearest connexions in possession of twenty thousand pounds, takes exactly the same sum out of the pockets of these gentlemen. Yes, my dear madam; notwithstanding what you hasten to tell me about

“the emotions of conjugal affection,” and “the tears of filial sensibility,” I maintain that the most inconsolable mourners over a man’s grave are the directors of the company by whom his life has been insured.

There is no rule, however, without an exception. Among the conditions on which a policy of life assurance is granted, is generally one, which it is difficult to describe in terms of sufficient delicacy. The benefits of the policy are withheld from that particular casualty to which a want of due regard for the lives and property of others may unhappily subject any man. In plain English, the insurance company declare that if the person insured should be hanged, they will be hanged if they pay a farthing to his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns. He and the policy drop together. It is clear therefore that this unamiable reservation is likely to produce a little deviation from the otherwise uniformly warm tone of friendship to which I have been adverting. In fact, it must create an anomaly of feeling rather curious. “My dear sir, I have the highest regard for you, and put up daily prayers for your health and prosperity; I am delighted at the ruddiness of your complexion, and the firmness of your

step;—but it would give me infinite pleasure to hear of your making an exhibition, about eight o'clock one of these fine mornings, before the Debtors' Door, Newgate."—Such is not exactly the address one would wish from one's friends.

It has puzzled me for the last half-hour, and if you, my gentle reader, are not clearer-headed than I am, it will puzzle you for the next, to determine whether this awkward proviso be or be not advantageous to the interests of morality. They say, "and I believe the tale," that the love of money is a great temptation to crime. But here the love of money is a great temptation to abstinence from crime. We may be tolerably certain that a person of any *nous*, who has insured his life at a life-insurance office, will take care not to be easily betrayed into the commission of burglary or murder; were it only that he would be ashamed of showing himself so deficient in worldly knowledge.—On the other hand, is that altogether fair towards the insurance company? Ought a humane and honourable man to check his evil propensities, because their indulgence would be beneficial to a certain portion of his fellow-creatures? Is it honest on his part to do all he can by his good conduct to disappoint calcula-

tions and expectations founded on a just view of the degravity of human nature? These are questions which I strongly recommend for discussion at the Westminster debating-club.

After all, and notwithstanding my nice scruples, I believe it must be conceded that the institution of these societies has been productive of great good. By a return which was laid on the table of the House of Commons during the last session of Parliament, it appears that the number of stamps issued for policies of life assurance, has more than doubled during the last ten years. After making every proper allowance for the increase of population, this fact is a strong proof of the growth of kind and moral habits. That man cannot be a very worthless member of the community, whose natural affection induces him to deny himself all, or many of the luxuries of life, and in some cases even to abridge what the self-indulgent consider its absolute necessities, in order that, when he is cold in the grave, his wife, or his children, may be placed in circumstances of ease and independence.



THE ANTIQUARY.

THE ANTIQUARY.

“ There’s a lean fellow beats all conquerors.”

Decker’s Old Fortunatus.

THE Antiquary, wrapt in busy dreams
 Of old world things, the dead alive he seems,—
 The living record of the time gone by,—
 The chronicle of the first century :
 His eye faint glimmering ’neath o’erhanging brow,
 Bespeaks entire forgetfulness of “ now :”
 To modern lore he makes but small pretence,
 And drops the present for the preterite tense.
 Ask of his garb ?—He wears the same cut coat
 Dryden might wear when Dryden lived and wrote.
 His politics ?—To state and country true ;
 Beyond, he knows nor cares no more than you.
 His mansion’s chequered walls attract the eye,
 And round his roof ancestral ravens fly.
 Within—but none save he that now may know
 The wealth of that prodigious raree-show ;
 There in his day-dreams, blest, he musing sits,
 And roams o’er every by-gone age by fits ;

Pores o'er the forms heraldic labours tend,
Or pens a prosing letter to a friend :
For Anno Domini writes A. U. C.,
Or heads his letter with a kind S. D.
In fancy o'er the Via Sacra walks,
Or with a Pliny or a Strabo talks ;
At Horace' Villa culls his early beans,
Or in Etruscan kettles boils his greens.

With rising pride he views his swelling store
Of wonders never mortal owned before ;
Strange relics of all tribes that spoke or speak—
Assyrian, Turkish, Jewish, Roman, Greek.
Busts, statues, images, involved in dust,
Swords, helmets, javelins, precious in their rust ;
Black-letter books, some grass from Trojan's park,
An ephod, and a piece of Noah's ark.
Whatever useless rarity you name
Of ancient date, look here, you find the same :
These he collects, these gathers night and day,—
For these, pounds, shillings, pence, he flings away ;
And though reputed in his senses sound,
He for a Roman penny gives a pound.
But say—what prize, what treasure meets his sight
Unseen before—what promise of delight ?

A shield of price ! with rust corrosive traced,

The true *æru*go of an antique taste.

“ And whence,” he cries, “ the gift ? What gen’-
rous friend

Has fate propitious tempted this to send ?

Say, say from whom ?” his rapture stays his breath ;

Brief the reply—“ From *me* it comes,” quoth DEATH.

He starts—he sees upon the shield his name,

And feels a tremour stealing through his frame ;

Beholds the grinning messenger with fear,

And grieves to find ANTIQUITY too near ;

He drops the shield with fearful import rise,

And quits at once his treasures and his life.

CHEVIOT TICHBURN.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.

“ A plague,” says Time to Thomas Hearne,
 “ Whatever I forget you learn.”

OUR poetical contributor has taken a view of the Antiquary under the idea of what Doctor Johnson calls “ Curiosity in Excess,” where straws and trifles occupy that time which might be more seriously or advantageously employed. But this spirit of imagination may be pardoned in a stranger to the pleasures of virtu, when one of its most ardent votaries indulged in the ridicule of a profession he both followed and admired. But Grose, while caricaturing pretensions to connoisseurship, did not consider that a handle might be made of this satire to draw down the contempt of some, ignorant of the pleasure and advantage of antiquarian research; in which there is more than is dreamt of, in the philosophy of many, who wonder that men should be found to puzzle themselves about the *past*, when there is so much to be done with the present.*

* Under the head MISCELLANEA CRITICA in Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1826, is an article which prominently introduces

The labours of the Antiquary serve to trace things up to their source,—to throw light upon the old for the improvement of the new,—to show the advance

the subject we are now attempting to illustrate, and from which we beg to be allowed to glean a few sentences. It thus begins:—"One use of Poetry is to nurse in us the feeling of the Beautiful. Another, among many others, to cherish, or produce, *the love of ANTIQUITY.*" After showing how "essentially poetical" are the manners and transactions of past ages, and what a high-wrought interest the Poet feels in the "remembrance of long-buried generations of our kind," the writer thus proceeds:—

"If there be in the Past, as such, the natural aptitude here supposed for affecting the Imagination, the *affection* will be enhanced by intercourse with *that Art*, which not only especially awakens this Faculty,—but greatly delights to lay open, and draw forth, these particular sources of its pleasure." And how this is effected, we learn from the following sensible observations:—"In the extension of our sympathy with human kind, taking in that portion which may least require it, indeed, the dead—but, further, those living, in whom the old times imaged, live yet:—In the wider field put under the dominion of thought; since that which we learn to love we then first understand:—In the solemnity added to our meditations on man's nature:—In loftier, calmer, juster views of human affairs:—In increased love of our country, itself ancient:—Lastly—among a high-cultivated people a consideration of no slight importance—In the ampler materials placed under the hand of those inventive, beautiful Arts, which are much of the brightness, and give much of the happiness, of distinguished civilization:—if it may not seem too much arguing in a circle, to say that Poetry is useful, by enlarging *its own* powers.—*What is this LOVE OF ANTIQUITY?* Not the coldly-curious taste, sometimes seen, of research into parts of knowledge from most minds hid by rareness, or separated by want of evident, common, compelling interest,—but a *feeling* placed half in imagination, half in our social nature, by which we accept our union of brotherhood with our kind, take concern in them, most distantly divided from us by time, and confess a title to

in some, and the failure of others towards that perfection, which is the ultimate aim of art, science, and literature.

There is, besides what belongs to the useful and important in antiquarian researches, an innocent pleasure and a harmless gratification, that perhaps more exclusively belong to the collector of antiquities than to most other pursuits.

By the aid of his treasures, he can call up past ages, and as it were make them refund the riches they had secreted. His minerals, his fossils, and his gems, discover in part the organization of the material world; his coins and medals connect many links in the chain of history that would otherwise be lost. His ambition raises no armies to disturb the peace or destroy the happiness of mankind; his triumphs are not sprinkled with blood, nor is his path to fame washed with the tears of the widow or the orphan: a more perfect tome, a more rare example

affect us, in their MEMORY, by whatever shapes of matter it may be borne.

“Men, for the most part, love the Present. The joy given them in the consciousness of their living being, is of the hour, the moment: which it fills with animating, sparkling, fires. But the urn of the Past they can believe to contain only extinct and cold ashes,—misjudging,—nor aware how ‘even in our ashes live their wonted fires.’”

of virtu than has yet been acquired fills him with delight; the flame of his ambition is fed on the hopes of obtaining some antique lamp or other curiosity; and while the thoughts of the greater part of mankind are bent on the pursuit of honours or wealth, his may be more quietly engaged in admiring the beauties of an Etruscan vase, or commenting on the form and use of a lachrymatory :

“Behold I have put thy tears in my bottle.”

Here a passage of scripture is explained,—there a mine of inquiry is sprung, and the ore of the intelligent and useful revealed.

Antiquarian researches are like vessels of discovery,—sometimes fraught with the marvellous, at other times laden with cargoes of the richest materials, the produce of every clime and of every shore; or if these fail, there is matter at hand which, though not of so costly a quality, may by an alchymy (well known to the initiated) be converted into a substance more valuable than intrinsically belonged to it. Such are the legendary tales of the olden time, with their quaint language or grotesque ornaments; beneath whose homely features and rude address are often concealed some important lesson, some stroke of satire or shrewd research; where, if the laugh is

raised, it is at the expense of vice or folly ; or if the bells are jingled, it is for the purpose of obtaining attention to some moral instruction.

It is true, conjecture and fancy will mix themselves up with the solid materials, or in some instances become substitutes for the true meaning ; but then they are often so ingenious and inventive, that the resemblance is readily admitted, as in the case of the Scotch novels, where history and fiction so imperceptibly unite, that they cannot easily be separated ; though what may be lost by the absence of the one, is gained by the skill displayed and the amusement found in the other.

Our design goes simply to show that the Antiquary may be surprised by Death in the midst of his treasured relics ; and that, while recording the wonders of antiquity, a monumental record may be preparing for himself. Not that it would have been impossible to introduce Death as a consequence of antiquarian researches. He might inoculate himself with the canker by licking a coin, or be poisoned in tasting the liquors used in the preserving of certain bodies ; he might die of chagrin, when missing the purchase of a unique or a non-descript. There are other instances in which, like Jonathan Oldbuck,

the Antiquary's temper and frame, even, might receive a shock, when told that his antique of 400 years had by some awkward discovery been deprived of an 0. But Antiquaries do not die of chagrin,—whether there is any “cause in nature,” or in the study of virtue, that fortifies the heart and keeps the brain cool, in the disappointed views, the accidents, or mistakes that attend these pursuits, is not perhaps known or has not become an object of inquiry. True it is, there are men of such phlegm, or of such philosophy, as to bear up against mortifications that would annihilate persons of more morbid sensibilities; nor are there wanting instances in which the most fatal effects have followed the destruction, either designed or accidental, of a favourite plan. Madame Sevigné relates a melancholy instance of this keen and desperate sensibility, as it may be called, where the *maitre-d'hote* of a French nobleman fell upon his sword and expired, because the *roti* was ill served or ill cooked. After all, may it not be the number and variety of his resources which give to the Antiquary's mind a nerve, or elasticity, that shall cause him to recover from a blow or a fall by which another man would be stunned or killed outright. Indeed, had it been possible for an Antiquary to have died of chagrin, it must have oc-

curred in the case below cited,* which we have extracted from the *European Magazine* for March, 1790,

* *ARCHÆOLOGICAL ANECDOTE*, 1789.—“ We hear, that a valuable morsel of antiquity, containing a Saxon inscription, commemorative of particulars attending the death of *Hardyknute*, has been discovered among the foundations of his Palace in Kennington Lane. This memorial is in Saxon characters, sculptured on white marble, which, though discoloured by damps, is still in high and excellent preservation.

“ The curiosity before us, but for an accident, might have returned to its former obscurity. An able and intelligent draughtsman luckily saw it in a window at a cutler's shop on the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge. It was subsequently examined and authenticated by the learned Director of the Antiquary Society; and by him, or his order, was copied and sent (no beautiful detrition, conciliating freckle, or picturesque fissure, omitted) to the Reverend and very acute Mr. SAMUEL PEGGE. He expeditiously furnished an ample comment upon it, which was lately read, to the general improvement of its auditors, in Somerset Place, when formal thanks were unanimously voted for so erudite a communication. Such, indeed, was the effect of this discourse, that the personages present at its recital (as Lydgate observes of the fortunate Trojans who beheld the carbuncle that illuminated the Hall of King Priamus)

* ——— mervayled ech one,

Soche lyghte ysprang out of thylk stone.’

“ The inscription aforesaid is expressed with that simple but majestic brevity which marks the performances of ancient times. It states, in unaffected terms, that *Hardyknute*, after drenching himself with a horn of wine, *stared about him, and died*. Our language, however, will not do complete justice to those harmonious and significant words, *ymbstarud* (or, as it should rather have been written—*starude*) and *swelt*.—The sculpture of the fatal horn itself, decorated with the Danish raven, affords sufficient room for belief that the imitative arts, even at that early period [1042], were not unsuccessfully cultivated in England.—The public is now waiting, with every mark of impatience, for a plate

where a learned professor is described as having been betrayed by a hoax into a situation the most

representing this precious marble, as well for a perusal of Mr. *Pegge's* illustration of it, in the next volume of the Society's Archæological Collections.

“ But, notwithstanding this venerable relic has passed the ordeal of such well-instructed and microscopic eyes, a set of ridiculous and shallow critics are to be met with, who either ignorantly or maliciously pronounce the whole inscription, &c. to be the forgery of some modern wag. They say, that it was designedly left with the cutler, as a trap for a certain antiquary, who deliberately and obligingly walked into it:— that its exhibition was accompanied with a specious request from its clandestine owner, that he might be assisted by the learned, in ascertaining the quality of the stone, and the true import of the mystic characters upon it; though he perfectly knew that the substance containing these letters, &c. was no other than a bit of broken chimney-piece, Saxonified by himself in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.—The same malignant junto likewise disseminate a report, that the capitals in question are not engraved, but corroded by aquafortis, a chymical invention posterior to the reign of *Hardyknute*. Nay, to such extremes do real or affected prejudices against a genuine piece of Saxon literature transport these scoffers, that they venture to assert that all the captivating discolourations on its surface are the mere effects of repeated urinary sprinkles, which, by degrees, induced a mel- low cast of antiquity over the whole tablet.—They moreover declare, that *ipse doli fabricator* contrived to procure admission for some of his associates, on the very evening when the dissertation of Mr. *Pegge* was read by a Pro-Secretary; and that these accomplices are every where describing it as a production intentionally jocular; and add, that it was as unsuspectingly listened to by the Society, as was the performance of a Dutch translation of Fielding's Tom Thumb, which the Burgomasters of Amsterdam received, from first to last, with that profound and silent attention which becomes an enlightened audience at a deep tragedy. —Lastly, they would wantonly persuade their hearers, that the senior Secretary (if experiments were thought needful on the occasion) most zealously offered to drain a horn of equal dimensions with that of *Hardyknute*, provided it were first replenished with ancient and sound

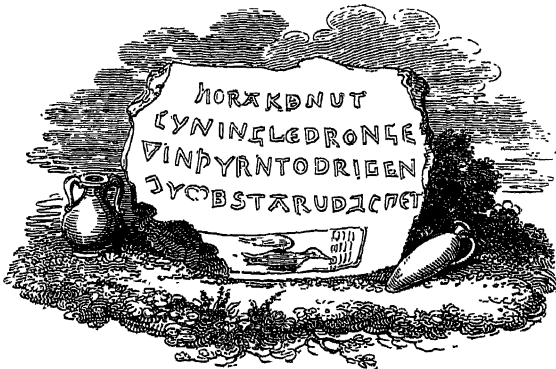
mortifying and trying to the temper that can be imagined. As, from the distance of time, and the scarcity of the work, some of the particulars may not be unacceptable to the reader, and, as it may also serve as a beacon or warning voice to the tyro in virtu, we hope to be excused for having made so long an extract.

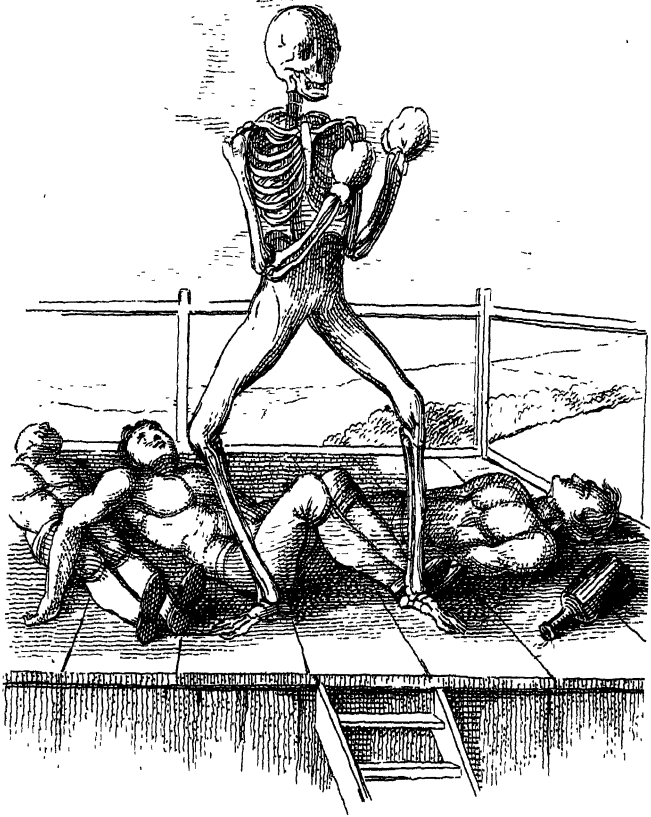
R. D.

port, such as he, the said Secretary, had often quaffed (though with strict moderation, and merely to wash down the cobwebs of Archæology) on Thursday evenings, at the Somerset Coffee-house, in the Strand.

“How much is the impertinent levity of this age to be deplored! Pity it is, that the poems of *Rowley* and the record of *Hardyknute's* death were destined to emerge during such an era of laughter, scepticism, and incredulity.”

The tail-piece here subjoined is accurately copied from a print in the *European Magazine* for March, 1790, where it is given as a correct representation of the “venerable relic.”





THE CHAMPION.

DEATH IN 'THE RING.'*

WELL! so I've 'floor'd' these 'fancy' fighting-cocks,
 And 'finish'd' them in style! Presumptuous fel-
 lows!

They 'chaff'd' of *Science*—and, forsooth, would box
 With one whose 'hits' are sure to touch the 'bel-
 lows!'

Conceited mortals! thus to 'spar' with DEATH,
 Whose fame's almost as old as the Creation!—
 For knock-down blows, which take away the breath,
 I've ever had a first-rate reputation:

* Although honourable mention has been made of this poetical trifle by several Reviewers, in their notice of the first edition of 'Death's Doings,' yet some few there are who have, in sober seriousness, lamented that the writer should have lent his aid in giving currency to *flash!* We certainly thought that the *ironical* language of the concluding note sufficiently disclosed the author's *real* opinion of the subject; but since *critics* have mistaken the writer's meaning, it is incumbent on us to state, that our Contributor is a very antipugnacious character, who neither visits the Fives' Court, nor admires the jargon of the 'prize ring,' but who, notwithstanding, kindly consented to furnish the artist with something in the nature of a *characteristic* illustration of his plate of 'The Champion.'

And yet these *heroes* of the science fistic,—

Poor stupid drones!—

Thinking I couldn't ' come it pugilistic,'

Threw up their ' castors,' stak'd the ' ready bustle,'

' Peel'd,' and prepar'd with DEATH to have a tussle—

As though their *flesh*, and *blood*, and *muscle*,

Were proof against my *bones*!

They talk of championship!—what next, I wonder!

Did they imagine DEATH would e'er ' knock under?'

Could they, in fact, suppose

I car'd about their blows?

I! who can ' draw the claret' when I please—

' Fib,' or ' cross-buttock' 'em, or close their

' peepers?'

I! who can ' double up' the ' swells' with ease,

And make 'em senseless as the seven sleepers!*

* Whether DEATH here alludes to the *seven giants*, who, lying down to sleep on Salisbury Plain, slept "to wake no more," as an old west-country nursery legend so *truly* tells; or, whether the simile has reference to some seven animals (the dormouse, &c.) whose torpid existence during the winter months has given *them* the appellation of the "seven sleepers," we pretend not to determine. That there should, however, be a degree of mystery attached to the metaphor will by no means be considered a poetical defect; and as it may probably induce certain learned commentators to discuss the question, and to favour the world with many a curious hypothesis in eliciting the truth, we are right glad, for the sake of mankind in general, that DEATH was not more communicative on the subject.

Shortly after the appearance of the first edition, a correspondent, for

Not I, indeed;—and, so it seems, they found,
 For there they all lie sprawling on the ground:
 They'll never 'come to time' again—no, never—
 At least, not *here*—
 For, 'twill appear,
 When *I* their business do, 'tis done for ever!

whose opinions we have no slight respect, intimated that the west-country nursery legend above mentioned might, in all probability, date its origin from the 'seven giant sleepers' who, in the time of Dioclesian, were laid asleep, but, according to the infallible testimony of the Romish Calendar, where a festival in honour of the event may be found, awoke again after the lapse of 300 years. This miracle, he adds, is devoutly believed in by all 'good' Catholics, and the festival still commemorated by them.

Another correspondent compliments us on the 'lucky hit' we made in naming Salisbury Plain as the place where the 'giant sleepers' reposed in the arms of Death, and refers us to an article on 'STONEHENGE,' written by Mr. J. F. PENNIE (one of our valued Contributors), and inserted in the *Literary Chronicle* of January 6, 1827, where not only are divers proofs given of the existence of giants in days of yore, but the most substantial evidence of, at least, one giant's bones and weapons having been dug up on Salisbury Plain. The subject is discussed by Mr. Pennie with much ingenuity, and we shall take leave to extract that portion of the article which more particularly relates to the gigantic remains of the human form which have been found in this country:—

'Why may not, I would ask, the Phœnician giants (for such, if we may credit the historical parts of the Bible, actually did exist at the time of the invasion of Canaan, by Joshuah, and emigrated into far distant countries about that period, as is evident from inscriptions found at Tangiers, and other places); why may not they, or some of their race, have erected this astonishing temple at Stonehenge? That giants of

The greatest champions that the world e'er saw,
By turns have bow'd obedient to my law.

Look back at History's page,
In every clime and age,

vast stature once dwelt in this island, is no lying fable of Geoffry of Monmouth, and other still more ancient authors. We have indisputable evidence of their real existence, in the late exhumation of an immense human skeleton, at Weston Super Mare, a small island, some time since purchased by Mr. How, of Bristol, for the purpose of constructing on it hot and cold baths.

' Also, in the church-yard of Walton, about five miles from Dorking, in Surrey, was dug up, in the reign of Charles II., a skeleton, which measured nine feet three inches in length !

' At Doward Hills, in the parish of Whitchurch, not far from Rosse, in Herefordshire, some men who were digging, found a cavity, which seemed to have been arched over, and in it a human skeleton, which appeared to have been more than double the stature of the tallest man now known. The bones were, not many years ago, in the possession of a surgeon at Bristol.

' At Corbridge, near Hexham, in Northumberland, some human bones were found about the close of the last century, of so prodigious a size, that the skeleton to which they belonged must have been seven yards high, the thigh bone measuring two yards! and at Ailmouth, in the same county, there have been found human bones of so prodigious a size as those at Corbridge.

' Camden, speaking of Godmanchester, on the Ouse, says, " that the bones of divers men dug up there, proved them to have been of far greater stature than is credible to be spoken of in these days."

' But to come nearer home, in point of locality to this very temple, I shall give the following account by Leland, from the *Bibliotheca Eliotæ*: — " About thirty years past, I myself beyng with my father, Syr Rycharde Elyot, at a monisterye of the regular chanons, called Ivy Churche, two miles from the city of Saresbyri, [*Salisbury*] behelde the bones

You'll find I 'mill'd' the mightiest of them all ;
 No matter how they sparr'd,
My blows were *sure* and *hard*,
 And when I threw them, fatal was their fall.
 From Alexander down to Emperor Nap,
 Whene'er I chose to give the rogues a slap,
 Not one could parry off a single rap ;—

of a dead man very depe in the ground, where they digged stone, which beynge held together, were, in length, fourteen feet ten inches, whereof one of the teethe my father had, which was of the quantitee of a great walnutte. This have I written, because some men will believe nothing that is out of the compasse of their own knowledge. And yet some of them presume to have knowledge above any other, contemnyng of all men but themselves, and such as they favour."

'Giraldus Cambrensis says, that the British writers called this temple *Corea Gigantum*, and said, that it was brought from the remotest parts of Africa. "Now," says Aylett Sammes, "to find out an ancient tradition wrapt up in ignorant and idle tales, why may not those giants, so often mentioned, be the Phœnicians, and the art of erecting those stones, instead of the stones themselves, be brought from the fathermost parts of Africa, the known habitations of the Phœnicians ?"

'Again, in the *Universal History*, vol. 19, it 's asserted, that in one of the barrows on *Salisbury plain*, "was found a weapon like a pole-axe, which weighed twenty pounds, and given to Colonel Wyndham." Now this huge instrument could not possibly have been wielded in battle but by the hand of a giant, possessed of amazing strength.'

Thus it will appear we were quite right when we hazarded an opinion that Death's allusion to the Seven Sleepers would lead to a discussion of the question, and elicit facts which the *great Champion* himself had probably quite forgotten.

No, no!—nor had they each a thousand lives,
Could they have stood against my rattling ‘ bunch of
fives!’ *

S. M.

* DEATH has not merely the authority of Pierce Egan, Lexicographer and Chronicler to ‘ The Fancy,’ for using the *scientific* terms here introduced, and specially marked for the benefit of the uninitiated, but he is also sanctioned by the classic Blackwood, in whose pages may be found some high encomiums on the transcendant merits of that *eloquent style of composition vulgarly called flash!!* And is not its use also sanctioned by the sweetest of all sweet poets—the ‘ bard of Erin?’—What better precedents *would* the Critics have!

THE FANCY.

WITH a disposition little inclined to the violent, either in exercise or in amusement, I am sometimes prevailed on to mix with the multitude, and am then generally carried along with the impulse of feeling and curiosity excited by the occasion. I have an aversion to all brutal *sports* (as they are called), yet I nevertheless make a distinction between those which are voluntary, and those which are inflicted: by the voluntary, I mean pugilistic combats, in contradistinction to those imposed on animals, which, having no choice of their own, are instigated by the will of others who have the power over them.

Having accepted the invitation of a friend to witness some of those trials of skill in the noble art of self-defence, as practised at the Fives Court, I prepared my mind for the expected novelty, and bent my attention to the nature of what I was to expect.

I was perfectly aware that there was nothing new

or peculiar to the present day in the practice, of which I was about to visit the exhibition. I was only puzzled at the name chosen to designate the amateurs in the science of boxing. To be one of the "Fancy" might, by a foreigner, be readily supposed to apply to something of the imagination,—some matters of taste or virtu, in which gentlemen of *fancy* were engaged. I had met with fancy bakers, fancy brushes, and fancy dresses; but of the application of such a word to the sports of the Bear Garden! It was at least an odd fancy.

The entrance to the Fives Court was surrounded by expectant groups of spectators, eager to catch a glance of those who entered, happy if they could recognise a Cribb, a Belcher, a Spring, or any of the other noted bruisers, as he made his way to the chosen spot; and envying those whose means could procure them admission to so gratifying a spectacle.

After securing our pockets as well as we could, we elbowed our way through the motley crowd without, to as motley a crowd within. By this time my own eagerness became apparent, and I was glad to find we were in time; for I was as fearful of missing a blow as any of the combatants could be. Before

the sparring began, I employed myself in observing the various company brought together on this interesting occasion; and nothing could exhibit more of contrast than this mixture of high and low, from the well-dressed amateur to the aproned cobbler. The hum of conversation and the shifting of stations were at length broken and interrupted by notes of preparation. The acting manager of the pugilistic stage announced that —— and —— were about to *set-to*, and, calling them forward, they came from among the crowd, with small marks of likelihood either in their dress or address: the elder, a man little short of fifty, mean in his appearance, and with a head so bald, that it might well be imagined a warm night-cap would be better suited to it than an exposure to the buffetings of his antagonist; who appeared much younger, but whose habiliments and demeanour afforded sufficient evidence that he was one of the same class and character.

They made their bow in the true style of the Fancy, and, after having had their gloves tied on by the aforesaid manager, were left to pursue their sport, divested of their clothes, which showed the body to great advantage even in men not of the best make; and the animation of the countenance at

once obliterated the character of meanness. The head thrown back, and the chest forward; the wary eye, the compressed lips, and the firm station of the legs, bespoke their practice. A short interval was spent in feints and manœuvring, when blows were given and parried with much dexterity, succeeding in rapidity till fresh breathing was required: several rounds went on in this way, till, as if by mutual consent, the first pair of pugilists made their retiring bow, amidst the shouts of the company and the rattling of pence, which, to the eternal disgrace of heroism, were carefully picked up and pocketed.

There now followed several others, most of them very young; these sprigs of laurel showed but little science compared with the combatants whom I have described, their principal object being, to all appearance, to lay on blows till they were out of breath. We came at length to the scientific and skilful men who had distinguished themselves in the severest conflicts.—Belcher and Pullen were announced. They ascended the stage with a bounding elasticity, and, merely throwing off their coats and waistcoats, they went to work with a lightness and dexterity which gave a grace and interest to the sport. It need hardly be mentioned, that here no

largess of copper coin (which in this elegant school I learnt was denominated *browns*) was offered.

Richmond the Black and Isle of Wight Hall came next. The former I had observed among the spectators: his countenance had an expression of menace even in his ordinary address, but when stripped and opposed to his man it assumed a higher character; steady and wary at the onset, it became gradually darker, and, as the rounds increased, was ferocious to a degree. This appeared the more striking, from the contrast it afforded, both in expression and colour, to Hall, whose features never once lost the temper and good humour with which he set out, or rather set-to.

Names of note continued to be given, and frames of the finest athlectic proportion divided the attention, and, to the eye of the anatomist or the artist, afforded subjects of the first class for contemplation. The most manly forms among the antique statues can boast of nothing superior to what was here exhibited; and to the flexibility and varied action of the muscles, a light and shade, and colour were added, from which the painter might have taken his finest tints.

Nearly three hours were spent in witnessing these exploits, when my friend and I thought we had seen enough to satisfy our curiosity. Upon our legs during the whole time, the sameness now became tedious, and we left the Court a little before the sports of the day were brought to a close.

The impressions made upon my mind by the novelty of the spectacle remained for some time; and, in the reflections which followed, I clearly convinced myself that, whether it elevated or degraded the national character—whether it gave to Englishmen true courage or ferocity—still it was not an amusement suited to *my* “fancy.” But so much has been said, and so ably said, both for and against the “manly science,” that I dare not trust myself in delivering an opinion upon that which, while it has found advocates and patrons even among the most distinguished of our senators, has been denounced by others as a blackguard and vicious pastime, calculated not only to check the growth of all that is amiable in the human heart, but to sink man below the level of a brute.



DEATH:

A DRAMATIC SCENE

DEATH:**A DRAMATIC SCENE.**

(By the Author of "The Arabs.")

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**MELPOMENE—THALIA—DEATH.**

SUPPOSED SCENE.—*A dark and cavernous foreground, softening into a beautiful landscape in the distance.* **TIME**—*Twilight.*

*Enter MELPOMENE and THALIA.***MELPOMENE.**

THE night is waning, and the moon-eyed owl
 Long since hath hooted from her lone retreat
 The last dark hour which suits my walks with Death.
 All now is fresh and fair; the o'er-watching heavens
 Are full of eyes, and see too much of earth:
 The sullen ocean, in its hollow bed,
 Lies hushed; or doth but murmur in its sleep,
 Dreaming of storms: the clouds, that late were big,
 Have proved abortive; and yon gleamy dawn
 Forebodes a day that suits not with my mood.

O Death! my lonely bosom's only love,
Why dost thou linger?

THALIA.

Nay, my sister sad,
Prithee compose that rueful face of thine,
Lest it affect that buoyancy of heart
Which makes the world so beautiful to me.
Behold—the day-god lifts his radiant eye,
And looks upon the kindling prospect, through
The blue and golden lattice of the morn!
O how his presence will inspire my love,—
Gay, blithesome *Life!*—the wild—the young—the free
The ever-laughing idol of my soul!
Who, scorning sleep, and seeking endless change,
With mirth and frolic, quips and jocund pranks,
Roves through the busy world, from peep of dawn,
'Till morn again outstares the winking stars.

MELPOMENE.

Catching at bawbles—gewgaws of the brain—
That press to air.

THALIA.

Plucking the poisoned stings
Wherewith thy hand would fence the honey'd sweets

Hived in the bosom of the breathing world.
 Why war with nature—hang the sun with crape—
 And put the saddened earth in mourning-weeds?
 Mine is the balm—the heart's catholicon—
 Which springs from every gushing fount of joy,
 In every season, and in every scene;
 But chiefest in the gay metropolis.

MELPOMENE.

The living cemetery, where men walk
 Shrouded with woes; where wild Perversion reigns;
 Where Misery appears in borrowed smiles,
 Virtue in rags, and Infamy in robes;
 And each and all, according to their garb,
 Meet scorn or homage.

THALIA.

Say it is the scene
 Of Fashion, Splendour, Eloquence, and Grace;
 The fount of Wit, the focus of Delight.

MELPOMENE.

And what are all the gaities of earth?—
 Turmoil and Trouble, Megrim and Despair,
 Tricked in the gaudy trappings of Deceit.

THALIA.

These are *thy* minions, mingling 'midst the crowd
Of better spirits that attend my smiles.
Even the follies of mankind present
An ever-changing aliment for Mirth;
Bustle imparts an impetus to Life;
And Life, through all his Protean attributes,
Gives fire and brilliancy to all around.
Together oft we make our gay career:—
If 'chance, at court, in rich embroidered vest,
We're doomed to wade through billows of brocade,
To catch the corner of a royal eye;
If at some ball, or festival or rout,
Too warmly pressed to feel ourselves at home,
We pant through hours of elegant un-ease;
If, for the theatre, (where thou and I
Preside alternately,) we melt through crowds
Of beaus and flambeaus, to more crowded tiers,
And that to list some fine apostrophe,
Or pretty—witty—ditty of the day,
Crushed by the roar of dissonant applause;—
These may be follies; yet they pass, with Life,
As things of course—the mere exuberance
Of that full feeling which cements mankind.
Rove we the City's mart—the busy 'Change—

That Babylon, confused with many tongues,
 No trade, no project, but presents some theme
 To feed the comic humour of my vein.
 And then the tender passion! how replete
 With pleasant thoughts and sprightly incidents!
 This is the master-spring, for there would be
 No love of Life, without a life of Love.

MELPOMENE.

A dream! a dream!

THALIA.

'Twere better far to dream,
 And think us bless'd, than wake, like thee, to woe :
 All nature glows with universal love:
 All nature smiles;—shall we then frown on *her*?
 The sky's blue ocean, and the deep's blue heaven,
 The laughing valley, and the mountain free,
 Invite us to a gaiety of heart.
 And why was man made noble—woman fair?
 Is beauty not a treasure to be prized?

MELPOMENE.

By eyes that fade as soon;—dizzy to-day
 With dreamy longings, and to-morrow dim
 With doting age:—what are thy treasures then?

THALIA.

May they not live in glowing portraiture,
 Ages of splendour and unfading youth?
 Art *thus* can triumph, by its magic power,
 E'en over Death's inexorable hand.
 Many there be, bright beauties of past years,
 To whom the world makes daily pilgrimage,
 Looking on eyes—with centuries between—
 Still clear as in the breathing May of life.
 The fadeless locks, the richly ruffled dress,
 The sweet unruffled softness of the face,
 Seem so like present life—

MELPOMENE.

Hist! hist!—he comes!
 The king of kings!—but yet he marks us not.

Enter DEATH.

DEATH.

Man builds the Pyramid, the ant its hill;—
 And *this*, perhaps, the wonder of the two:
 Yet more I marvel that creation's *lord*
 Should ape the grandeur of creative power,
 And rear these sculptured mountains but to show
 His own contrasted littleness. Vain fool!

Could he outlive the simorg's countless years,
And close, like that, his dreamy eyes on me,
What were his wisdom? I and hoary Time,
Mine old coadjutor, at last must sweep
Him and his wonder-works, alike, to earth.
Pale, pining atrophy, and bloat disease;
Murder, grim casualty, and penal blood;
Immedicable anguish, stealing life,
Drop—drop by drop; phrenetic suicide,
Wide-wasting war, and sap-consuming age—
These are the minions that attend my power;
And pride, ambition—all must bow to them,
Down to the dust. Man's grasping mind may pile
Pelions on Ossas, and, with giant stride,
Strive at the inaccessible;—my hand
Shall hurl the huge recoiling mountains back,
And overwhelm him in the ruin. When I climb
'Tis by an escalade of thrones on thrones—
Seats of the long succeeding Pharaohs, or
The more imperial Cæsars, from whose brows
I spurn the shivered diadems to dust.
What have I *done!* how much remains to *do!*
Where'er I've trod, all sleep the sleep profound;
But I am restless, and must never sleep
'Till all shall wake; and this brief episode
In the vast history of the universe,

Shall be out-blotted, as a needless thing.
If aught could move my lipless jaws to mirth,
'Twould be to see these creatures of an hour
Fanning the flame of glory 'till the fire
Consumes themselves:—how glorious to become
Unconscious of the honours they have won!—
To carve their names in granite, and exchange
The breath of life for stones, o'er which decay
Soon throws the shadow of its dusty veil!
Yet all this works to one great end of mine.
Red is the soil where grows the laurel-tree,
That Upas of the earth, round which men fall
In undistinguished multitudes;—for why?
Just or unjust the cause, I reckon not;
Yet greatest oft the bale when cause is least:
Torrents of grief have flowed for Victory's smile;
Oceans of blood for Beauty's single tear.
Some few have been of merited renown
In war and peace, whose deeds shall long survive,
Like mighty swimmers 'gainst the stream of time;
But these must sink at last:—nay, all alike—
Men—cities—nations—pass, in turn, away.
A shapeless mound is all of Babylon:
Tyre—Sydon—Carthage—vapours long exhaled:
The proud Acropolis, the eye of Greece,
Is dim with age: the city of the sun,

Old Thebes, is silent; for its hundred gates
Were never barred against the flood of time:
E'en phoenix Rome on half its ashes sleeps—

[*Sees the others.*]

My Melpomene!

MELPOMENE.

My liege!—where hast thou been?

DEATH.

Amongst the catacombs, where I have heaped
My mummied treasures; and in many a vast
Necropolis, my cities of the dead;
And through the sepulchres of kings, where now
Moulder alike their sceptres and their bones:
And I have visited my harvest-fields
Of Marathon, and Leuctra, and Platea;
Cannæ, Pharsalia, and the thousands more,
Which nameless millions have manured with blood;—
Scenes of *my* glory, where I warred on war,
Armipotent—sole victor—and the last
Sole refuge of the vanquished; for I love
To whet mine appetite with old exploits
That stimulate to new. Then I have made
Long journeys on the hot sirocco's wings,
To feast me in the cities of the plague;

And I have ridden on the red simmoom,
Across the stifled desert; and have swept
The ocean's bosom with the lightning's blast,
Gulphing whole navies in the yawning deep:
On shore I have beheld the troubled earth
Heaving around me; and the tumbling dome,
The reeling column, and the staggering tower,
All drunk with ruin; whilst I, sole, bestrode
The sudden mountain and the black abyss.
But wherefore thus recount where I have been?
Where have I *not* been present? what have not *done*
For thee, Melpomene?—Come to my arms!
And, Thalia! give to me thy playful hand:
Nay, shrink not; though it shall be mine at last,
Despite thy lover; and though oft my touch
May meet with thine amidst thy gayest hours;
Yet shall my grasp ne'er freeze thy glowing blood,
'Till I myself prepare to lift the crown
From off my brows, and, with my sceptre broke,
Recline me, with thy sister and thyself,
Beneath the fragments of the ruined world—
The only fitting MONUMENT OF DEATH.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

